

Bourne toWrite...

creative writing
workshops

Diary of a Nobody

by Lesley Dawson

Week One

Today I came back to my hometown of Eisenach. I thought I had escaped from the provincialism, the back biting, the snide comments about my birth and was glad to move to Leipzig where very few people knew me. My intention was to make a life for myself there. I did not expect to be expelled from the university for heresy, but I was.

Week Two

Every day that I am here life gets worse. How will I survive here? Who will give me a job? I must ask my mother's brother, Martin if he can help me get employment at the castle, where he is the chaplain to the Duke.

Week Three

My pleas to my uncle and his requests to the castle chamberlain have proved successful. I have a job at Wartburg Castle. Not that is much of a job really, but better than having to face my mother's disappointment and my father's disgust. This wonderful job is something I would never have imagined doing when I thought myself somebody special in Leipzig wearing my scholar's bright robes. Now that I am nobody I work as an under gardener very much under the thumb of the head gardener at the castle.

Week Four

Life is becoming more bearable as nobody here know about my previous life a trainee lawyer, although most nights I am exhausted after a day digging ditches and pulling down trees. Last one in on the gardening team gets all the jobs nobody else wants to do.

Week Five

Each week begins to merge into one period. Nothing new happens. Each day is predictable, and each week has its own particular tasks. However, on the Lord's Day there is a noticeable rustle in the air. Something was happening but nobody knew what it was. I guess it had something to do with the unexpected arrival of the Duke. Later that night the sound of a carriage came to my ears as I tried to sleep on my pallet. Getting up to answer a call of nature, I saw a figure bundled up in cloaks and scarves being hurried in through the servants' door to the main building.

Week Six

Nobody is saying anything about our mysterious visitor. In fact, when I tried to broach the subject with my superior he frowned and accused me of imagining things. I know what I saw but nobody will believe me. There is something going on here that is supposed to be a secret.

Week Seven

On my day off I return to my home in the town and spend time with my elder brother, Marcus, who is home for half term. He has got involved with the radical student group at his university in Wittenburg. He tells me all the news about his famous teacher, Martin Luther and his stand against the indulgence sellers authorized by the Pope in Rome to raise money to rebuild St Peter's Basilica. Apparently, Martin Luther was summoned to appear before the Diet at Worms to answer to his beliefs and was kidnapped on his way home. In fact, there are rumours that Luther has been killed.

Week Eight

This castle seems to be a place where nobodies congregate. I have seen servants quietly take food to a room that I have been told is unoccupied. I have also seen a man with long hair and a bushy beard creep into the castle chapel when nobody else is there. He doesn't attend the normal Mass but goes there to pray by himself. Who is he, this invisible nobody?

Week Nine

I am beginning think that my fellow nobody is actually somebody. I have not said anything to anybody else, but I am sure that Martin Luther is not dead, but hiding in Wartburg castle. I have no real evidence expect my own eyes and ears but, I am sure.

Week Ten

I realise that I have information that could change me from a nobody to a somebody. If I tell the Catholic authorities that Martin Luther is alive and being protected by my Duke, I could make a great deal of money and become the man who found Martin Luther.

Week Eleven

So far, I have done nothing about my discovery. I have been turning things over in my mind. Personally, I think that Luther is correct to challenge the Pope on indulgences. I read some of his copied lectures when I was in Leipzig and agreed with his sentiments about scripture being the most important source of faith and that God's grace was the way to salvation.

Alongside this is my very natural fear of losing my job and facing the anger of the Duke, when he realizes that he had a spy within his own castle. I need to think about this.

Week Twelve

I have thought things over and decided that the Duke must know what he is doing. I will say nothing and keep his and Luther's secret. No doubt it will all work out in the end.