Such murderous acts I have witnessed; such cruelty. May God give me the strength to find the words to retell the events of that dreadful day.

The peace and tranquility of the early morning seas on that day was to be brutally shattered by plunder and slaughter. At first I was certain that malicious dragons had found their way to the Holy island. Breaking through the morning mist, stretched a long neck with eyes of red. Yet voices speaking foreign tongues could be heard through the sound of the breaking waves and I knew at once that it was not dragons but men that were to bring fire to our place of peace.

In the past, I had seen many vessels from many far lands whilst collecting shellfish on the sands. But these were no traders and this was a ship the likes of which I had never encountered. A fearsome beast was carved into the bow, great sails of red and white and the line of shields above the oars told me that this way no trader's ship. Dropping my basket of cockles, my heart beat like thunder as I held my cassock and raced desperately towards the dunes.

Trembling, I held my rosary against my heart as I watched from my hiding place; I whispered a silent prayer for mercy.
As the strange and menacing vessel stilled, the Lord gave me strength to continue to fix my eyes as these terrible events began to reveal themselves. Fearsome men with painted faces waded from the ship to land. Great swords hung from their leather belts and strange furs hung from their shoulders. As they crossed the sands they beat their coloured, rounded shields with mighty axes. Without doubt, these were men of war.

As they headed towards the priory I dared not contemplate the brutality of what I knew was to unfurl. These savage and ungodly men had nothing but death in their eyes.

I can not begin to imagine the pain of my brethren. The air was filled with shouting and screams of terror cutting through the air of the Holy Island. My heart became leaden as spirals of smoke began to emerge from God's church. The silence that followed spoke only of the terrible fate of my brethren.

What men are these that plunder and ravage a place of God, that savage men of God?

These barbaric heathens will return, I know that. God has sent me as his messenger to tell of these horrors and warn of these merciless invaders.