

Conhert Fecher – 14 years old

It is 1598, born and raised in Warwickshire, a small village in the west of Middle England, Conhert Fecher, a 14 years old boy, living with his 3 younger brothers and his parents hears the sound of the bells from the church ringing from across the small village.

The morning is chill biting through the drafty timbers of their cottage. It's time to get up.

He shares a mattress with one of his siblings.

After a quick breakfast, bread and ale, Conhert walks to his work as he's no longer a child and works as an apprentice for the village blacksmith. He wasn't able to go to school because his family needed his hands in the forge.

While walking to the blacksmith he notices that the village hums with life: women heading to the market, boys chasing geese, etc.



In the evenings, the villagers gather around the fire. Conhert sometimes joins other villagers by the fire. They talk about the latest royal decrees, wild stories and talk about the strange new words from abroad used in their new speech. Conhert listened with wide eyes, not understanding but learning. He had never been to school.



As night falls, he returns home with his clothes smelling like sweat. He eats by the fire while his father talks about rumours about war and the price of grain.

Before bed he prays to god, thanking him for the day and **hoping for the next one to be better.**