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I follow Jesus. Was he a killer? If we're supposed to love our enemies and pray for them, why did the Pope send us on these crusades? Is the Pope supposed to be a warlord?

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So I made it to Jerusalem. The journey was longer than I expected, but it gave me plenty of time to experience the world. I heard new languages and even tasted a strange new spice called "cinnamon".

I also spent a lot of time drawing. Lord Fredrich noticed my skill and asked me to make maps of the areas where we traveled. He also told me to write about the paths we took to get to the Holy Land, saying they could be used for future trade routes.

So I made it to Jerusalem. After two years of travel my feet were swollen with blisters, and my muscles burned from exhaustion. As our troop of Holy Crusaders approached Jerusalem, we were ready to die for Christ... but our commander, Lord Cecil, stopped our advance. Something wasn't right.

Our Christian brothers who came before us had been slaughtered. Our small troop was alone and had no chance for victory. We waited for four months hoping more Crusaders would join us, but no one came. Our hopes for Heaven and riches were dashed and we came home with nothing.

So I made it to Jerusalem. We fought bravely trying to regain control of the city, but we couldn't defeat our Saracen foes. One thing we did get, though, was a large number of classic Greek and Latin texts that had been translated into the Saracen language of Arabic.

When I returned to my monastery in Sicily, my fellow monks and I began the difficult work of translating these texts into Latin. We learned much about the Greek philosopher Aristotle and discovered Ptolemy's maps of the world in his book *Geography*.

So, I made it all the way to Jerusalem and back and I'm still in one piece. It is good to see my family and German home again, yet I often think of how many times I almost died out there.

Meeting that Spanish merchant in the Holy Land saved my life. He gave me bread when I was starving and he didn't ask for anything in return.

Life is much as it was before I set off on the Crusade, but I now see that my fellow Europeans aren't that bad. After all, we are all Christians.

So, I made it all the way to Jerusalem and back home to France. It is good to see my family again, yet I often think of how many times I almost died out there.

Like the time that German soldier helped me fight off that Saracen soldier. That infidel was about to take my head off with his sword but my German brother was too fast and blocked the blade with his shield.

Life is much as it was before I set off on the Crusade, but I now see that my fellow Europeans aren't that bad. After all, we are all Christians.

So, I made it all the way to Jerusalem and back home to England all in one piece. However, on my way back I became lost from my fellow English men. If it hadn't been for that group of Franks who took me in, I never would have survived. They let me set up camp with them and guided me all the way to the shores of the English Channel.

Life in England is much as it was before I set off on the Crusade, but I now see that my fellow Europeans aren't that bad. After all, we are all Christians.

So I made it back from Jerusalem with the smoothest, most beautiful fabric. The men there called it silk and only the richest people wore it.

I was lucky to meet that Indian merchant. He had so much he couldn't carry it by himself. I was able to trade for twelve rolls. I know the lords and other nobles will spend a fortune for this fabric with its amazing patterns of red, purple, blue, and green.

Maybe I will make enough money to go back and get more. Then I would be a merchant and wouldn't have to work the land anymore.

So I made it home to France with several glass circles that I got from a Saracen trader. If I put them up to my eyes I am able to see clearer images than ever before.

He also had a larger glass that was just as amazing. When I look into it I can see myself. My reflection is much clearer than it is in the pond. I never knew I had such a big nose!

I wonder if I could make these things myself. The Saracen told me it was as easy as melting sand. I will have to give it a try.

I made it home from Jerusalem and lucky for me I was able to bring back a Chess board and all 16 pieces that go with it. The game is a battle between two armies and each piece can move to different spaces depending on his role. I cannot wait to teach my brother how it is played.

The pieces I have look like Saracen armies, but I bet we can carve our own wooden pieces to look more like European armies.

I cannot believe I made it home from Jerusalem with all of these new types of foods. I am sure my wife will love to cook with these rich spices and sweet sugars. Oh and this coffee will be wonderful for celebrations. Even the rice and the date fruits have a wonderful new taste to them.

If she likes them I bet other people will too, I mean it sure beats eating pottage. If I can sell things I can go back and get more. Then I could be a merchant and would not have to work the land anymore.

So I made it back from Jerusalem with a new weapon called a crossbow. The design is so simple, too. I can't believe my people had never thought of these amazing weapons. They're slower to load than a normal bow and arrow, but the bolt they fire can easily cut through the Saracens. It saved my life on more than one occasion.

Lord Hugh got a hold of a mangonel catapult. It was marvelous! We were able to put a hole into the city wall with one shot. It is a good thing I remember how it was made. Maybe if I make one for my King he will give me a big reward.

So I made it back from Jerusalem safely. I brought back a bag of gunpowder in my sack. It is probably pretty valuable to the King. I bet he or his armies have never seen such a magic powder like this one before.

It can blow holes in the ground the size of a few shields. If the King is ever to become ruler over all, he has to get this stuff. If he gave me enough money I could

probably go back and get more, or even learn how to make it myself. Better yet I could find new ways to use it to blow bigger things up.

The journey to Jerusalem was a long and dangerous trip. I didn't even make it halfway to the city before I was wounded.

One night after setting up camp, I decided to take off all of my heavy armor and relax. I took a nighttime walk before attempting to sleep for the night. Unfortunately, one of Crusaders I was traveling with mistook me for the enemy and shot me in the leg with his bow and arrow. Now I will spend the rest of my days with a disfiguring limp.

The journey to Jerusalem was harder than I ever imagined it could be. It took nearly two years and I was constantly attacked by Turkish bandits. I collected quite a few battle wounds and scars from the various fights along the way. In one attack a Turk gouged out my eye with his thumb and my left hand was cut off in a sword fight.

By the time I reached Jerusalem, all of those wounds had taken their toll on my body. I stayed in the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem for 3 years, but was forced to return home when the Saracen General Saladin retook Jerusalem.

After two long years, I finally made it to Jerusalem. The journey was difficult, but I thanked God for allowing me to reach the Holy Land unharmed. The fight for control of Jerusalem was long and bloody, with many deaths on both sides. I, myself, was one of those casualties.

Right before the end of the battle, a Saracen's sword pierced my armor and ran right through my chest. I was dead before I hit the ground.

The Pope had promised that I would go to Heaven if I died while fighting the Saracens. I hope he was right...

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Right before the end of the battle, a Saracen's sword sliced open my leg just above my knee. I tried to stop the bleeding, but there was nothing I could do.

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Just as the battle was beginning, a Saracen's arrow flew through the air and stuck itself in my neck. I died while still sitting on my horse.

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During the battle, a Saracen's arrow struck me in my side. I lived for nearly two weeks, but everyone knew right away that infection would take my life.

The Pope had promised that I would go to Heaven if I died while fighting the Saracens. I hope he was right...

After two long years, I finally made it to Jerusalem. The journey was difficult and I lost many of my friends along the way. I thanked God for allowing me to reach the Holy Land unharmed, so that I might retake it in His name.

Unfortunately, I never even fought in a battle. I died before the fight even started. A poisonous snake crept into my blankets as I slept in camp and bit me. I felt the poison slither through my veins. I hope I will still get into Heaven.

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I survived both the journey and the bloody fight to gain control over Jerusalem but, just after the fighting stopped, a Saracen soldier crept up behind me and chopped off my sword-arm. I lost so much blood that I died in a matter of minutes. Hopefully my death will get me into Heaven.

After two long years, I finally made it to Jerusalem. The journey was difficult and I lost many of my friends along the way. I thanked God for allowing me to reach the Holy Land unharmed, so that I might retake it in His name.

I survived the fight for control over the city and began the long journey back to Europe. I did not prepare enough for the trip home and ran out of water while still in the desert. I died after the fight, so I wonder if I can still get into Heaven.

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Even though I survived the fight and killed a lot of Saracens in the Lord's name, the trip home was not so eventful. One night after setting up camp, I tripped over a rock

in the ground and broke my leg. It became infected and before long, the infection spread throughout my body. I died just a few days later. I hope God lets me into Heaven.

After two long years, I finally made it to Jerusalem. The journey was difficult and I lost many of my friends along the way. I thanked God for allowing me to reach the Holy Land unharmed, so that I might retake it in His name.

God allowed me to survive the fight, but I didn't survive the journey home. I was riding my horse back home through a valley and a boulder fell from the cliff above and crushed my head. I lost my helmet in Jerusalem and, without it, I died instantly. Thankfully, I should still get into Heaven.

Two years of traveling through the deserts of Europe and I finally reached Jerusalem only to die once I got there. Instead of finding glory and riches in this world, all I found was the sharp end of a Saracen's sword in my neck.

Once word reached Europe of my death, my family's lands were immediately taken by the king. I am sure he will give it to some bootlicking noble who does not deserve it. My death meant my family lost everything. What will happen to them now? Was it really worth it to go on this crusade?

Two years of traveling through the deserts of Europe and I finally reached Jerusalem. I didn't die in the battle, but I didn't even get to leave the city, either. Just as I was about to begin my journey home, something scared my horse. I was thrown from the saddle and snapped my neck as I hit the ground.

Once word reached Europe of my death, my family's lands were immediately taken by the king. I am sure he will give it to some bootlicking noble who does not deserve it. My death meant my family lost everything. What will happen to them now? Was it really worth it to go on this crusade?

Two years of traveling through the deserts of Europe and I finally reached Jerusalem. The fight for the city was crazy and in the confusion, one of my fellow Crusaders accidentally killed me instead of the Saracen soldier I was fighting.

Once word reached Europe of my death, my family's lands were immediately taken by the king. I am sure he will give it to some bootlicking noble who does not deserve it. My death meant my family lost everything. What will happen to them now? Was it really worth it to go on this crusade?

The journey to Jerusalem took two long years, but I made it there without a scratch. I was even able to survive the battle for the city, but I was wounded in the fight. My armor was damaged during the battle and my sword-arm was exposed.

In the heat of battle, a Saracen infidel slashed me, leaving a deep gash. Luckily, Lord Roderick was nearby and was able to kill my opponent. I survived the wound, but for the rest of my life my arm was useless. At least I served my God and fought to avenge my fallen brothers

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So I made it all the way to Jerusalem and back home to Christian lands. I'm still alive. I'm better than alive. It seems as though God is about to bless me with the riches I had been promised.

We ransacked a library in our attack on the Holy city of Antioch. I pulled a damaged sketch from among the torn and burning books. God has given me a part of a diagram for a strange new Saracen technology.

If only my fellow crusaders and I could put the image back together and figure out what it does... Maybe then we get the riches God promised.

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