

I'm brother Cuthbert, one of the few monks to survive the attack on St Cuthbert's church on the Holy Island, Lindisfarne in the year 793AD. It was such a peaceful place, the only sounds were that of the sea, our church bell and the gulls, but the assault upon our gentle lives was so sudden and brutal. I was tending to the vegetable garden, when I heard the war horns and angry yells, then I heard screaming. I stepped out to see what all the commotion was about and was so shocked at what I saw that I simply froze with absolute terror. My brothers, the monks whom I knew and loved as dear friends, were being hacked to pieces with axes and swords in front of me. The men attacking were laughing as they carried out their slaughter. You might wonder how I survived, well I managed to recover from my shock and ran. I hid in some bushes away from the buildings and I watched as the older brothers were slain and the younger ones bound and led away, together with all our treasures. It seemed to me that the raid had been well organised.