



I Will Cure You

Find / Quest / Walk



*Each silent foolish moment,
each luxury of contemplation,
residing in the dreams we all have nurtured,
abound in reason, the frozen night,
the forest of our reason,
lays clouded in the mist of our doubt.*

*"You never have an answer though do you?"
She swept the hair from her eyes,
her voice, an accusation
pinning me to that single moment.
"All you ever do is dream."*

*Through the open window, a breeze
stirred the curtains as the light from the room
fled its confines and
became lost in the dark of the night.
She sighed,*

*her eyes, they seemed to search my soul.
You can't search for meaning in everything,
not everything has a reason
"...and there you go again."
she shook her head.
"What am I going to do with you?"*

*She smiled, the moon
arced gracefully in a midnight world,
as the stars above shone as they always have,
the curtains danced in a moonlight breeze,
She laughed as i smiled*

*i held her then as i always will.
"At least you believe in some things"
she whispered,
"and not all stories have unhappy endings..."*

Find

"I have decided to travel the boards of my youth, to seek once again, the innocent air of my formative years and retread the steps that led me to where you find me now: author, archeologist, philanthropist and explorer. Following my success and fame bringing the deepest depths of the unknown of distant continents to light, I have resolved to echo the footsteps of my younger days, and bring you, my dear audience and readers, a glimpse into the making of the man you all know."



Theodore Ashcroft was an explorer. During his early life, he published many books detailing his travels and findings on the African continent; he enjoyed moderate success and prestige for his knowledge and anthropological findings. Though a minor figure in the ____ era, his works have enjoyed a strong legacy due to their flamboyant and exuberant prose, and his strange later years.



"Here, in the sunny glades of Long Itchington, we find the sweet nostalgia of years gone by; the canals house their sleeping inhabitants as they float in the moonlit shadows of late evening. I, your humble narrator, recall a time when I would come here with my dear Tilly, my fiance and sweet rose. We would frolic in the sunlight haze of the splendours of our youth, unencumbered and unburdened by those slowly growing accumulations that time so steadily heaps upon us. Few lights shine here now, in the solace of night, where once was joy and laughter and the shining sun hid all darker horizons."



Theodore grew up a quiet and solitary boy. His long walks in the Warwickshire countryside gave rise to dreams of venturing further; the explorer in him was evident from an early age. His exact birthplace remains a mystery. Clearly born to wealth, those walks and his predilection for poetry and art indicate a life of leisure. The few remaining verses from his early life show a sensitive, lonely and anxious young man.





"After a long walk through the night, we reach the borders of our youthful expeditions. We have passed the familiarity of my favourite oaks, under whose shadows I would spill the crumbs of happier times. Here we would lounge, Tilly and I, at the limits of our respective circles, betwixt the borders of indiscretion and laughter; you can almost hear the echoes of those days trapped amongst the hanging branches and hedgerows of the aptly-named Boundary farm."





*Of Callow hearts and fricklin minds, the village elders swayed,
the minds of all who came to pass that sallow, brookly glade,
in minstrel tones and barded sonnets, trunkly, snide and fed,
of minds that sow and weap repasts of ancient slumbering heads,
in fields of blue and streams of green, in rhyming, signet streets,
the thoughts i pass, akin to you, adjacent in my dreams,
in crimson beats and liquid rhyme and chested, hard, intoned,
in thickly rushed arterial frames, the fields i have now sown,
in air of starlight, brushed with song, remembered, long ago,
in freedom, red and shaven light, comes sunset as we know.
The dawn of wasted night appears, of burgundy and mauve,
and frenchted, cloven, stifled, broken, yawning, once it hove
to feel the feckle, feckless moans of those who sleeping by,
in dreams and songs and story, in the mound where freedom lies,
and thus no torment, loss and fade, like snow before the sun
no waste but truth, i find in you, till my every day is done.*

Quest



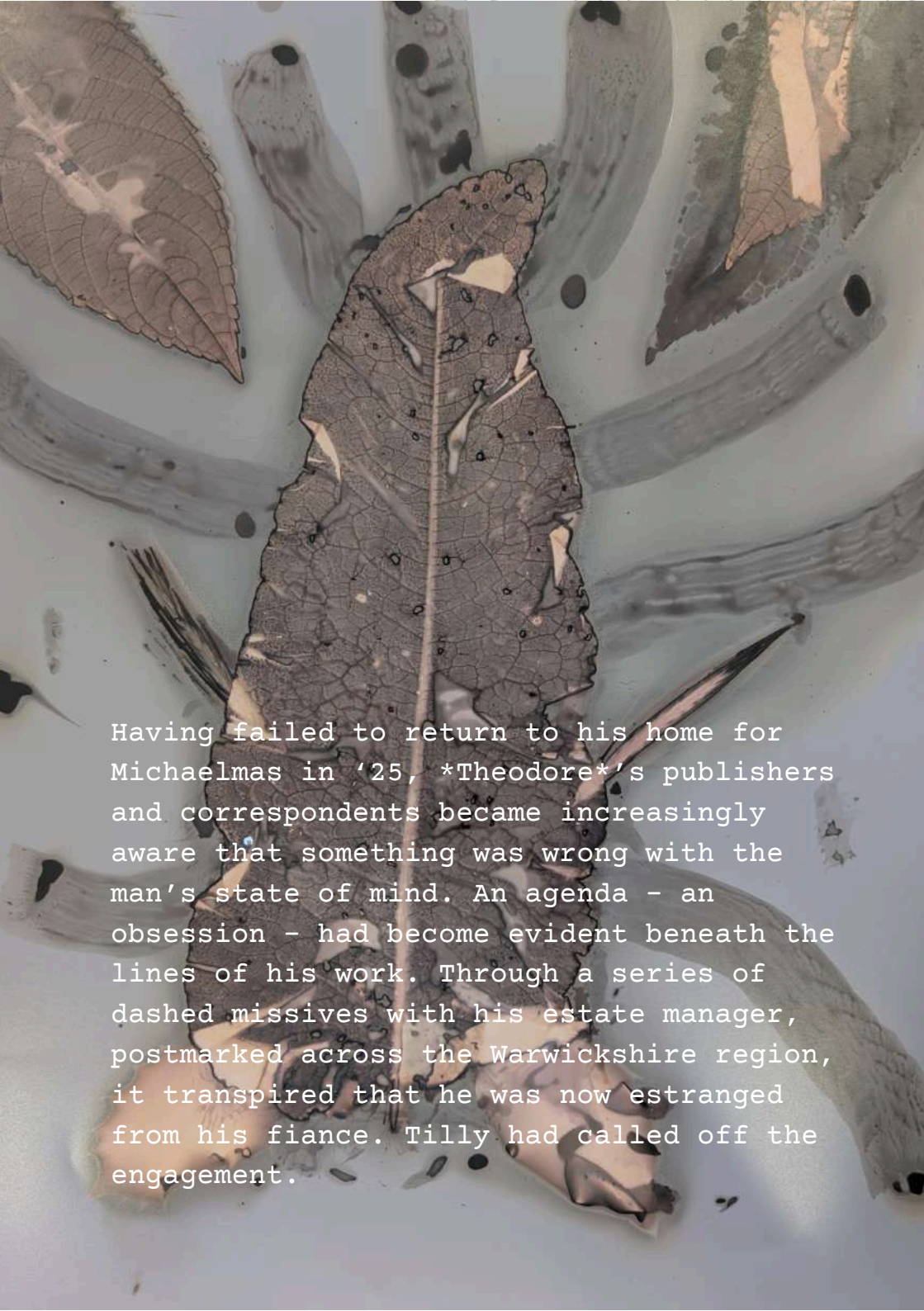
Following a successful series of expeditions abroad and a number of acclaimed textbooks, he returned to Warwickshire. There, he met the love of his life, a young local woman known only as Tilly. Here lies one of the first peculiarities within Theodore's early history; following his pursuit and later engagement to Tilly, he changed his name for reasons unknown. He became estranged from his family soon afterwards.



"After an extended period at the Greyhound in Bilstone, I find myself here at the gibbet post: home, until recently, to the notorious, John Massey. I can almost feel his eyes staring into my soul, though the crows and worms have long disposed of the last specks of his earthly remains. It is with dread that I linger here."

"I must venture forth once more though my legs ache; the residue of my intemperance lays as heavy as my heart. I cannot help but think of the man's final moments before his act, the thoughts that conspired to bring him to such a deed. It is in stark contrast to my own journey, my search and my endeavour that now threatens to consume every last vestige of my being."

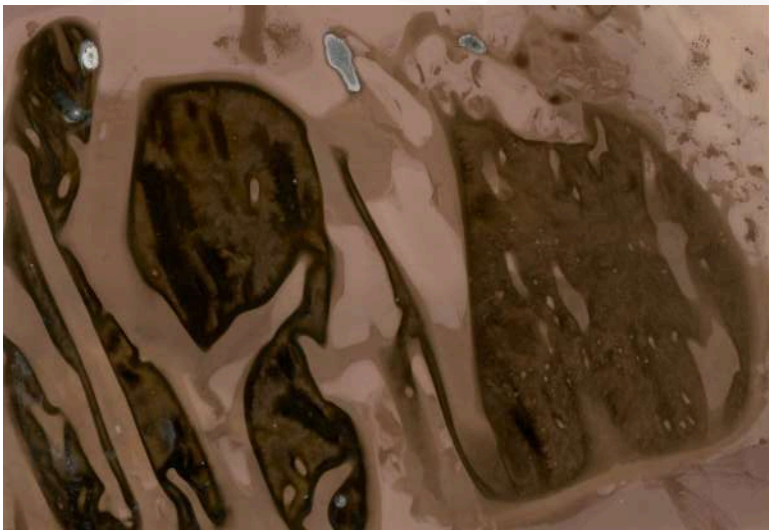


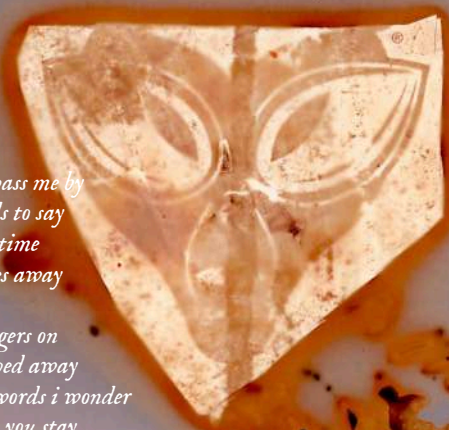


Having failed to return to his home for Michaelmas in '25, *Theodore*'s publishers and correspondents became increasingly aware that something was wrong with the man's state of mind. An agenda - an obsession - had become evident beneath the lines of his work. Through a series of dashed missives with his estate manager, postmarked across the Warwickshire region, it transpired that he was now estranged from his fiancée. Tilly had called off the engagement.



" Here at Holy Well, one cannot help but feel a sense of irony. I sit, soaked, though the sun still shines. The waters of the monument drip from my garments. If ever there existed a divinity or a sense of the sacred here then I do not feel it - perhaps it eludes me - perhaps all that remains is the profane. All is lost, wine soaked and rambling, I stumble endlessly, My footsteps overlap where once I tread weeks before, I fear to make acquaintance with the post for fear of yet more demands."





*As the clouds they pass me by
as i search for words to say
never seeing at the time
as the dusk she fades away*

*as each moment lingers on
where before they sped away
would i found the words i wonder
to beguile and have you stay*



*should those words then be enough
to stop daylight turning sour
to caress my skin and not my dreams
take this darkness from this hour*

*and dreaming of an answer
every answer brings a sigh
every sigh a wonder, questioned,
as the clouds, they pass me by.*

Walk

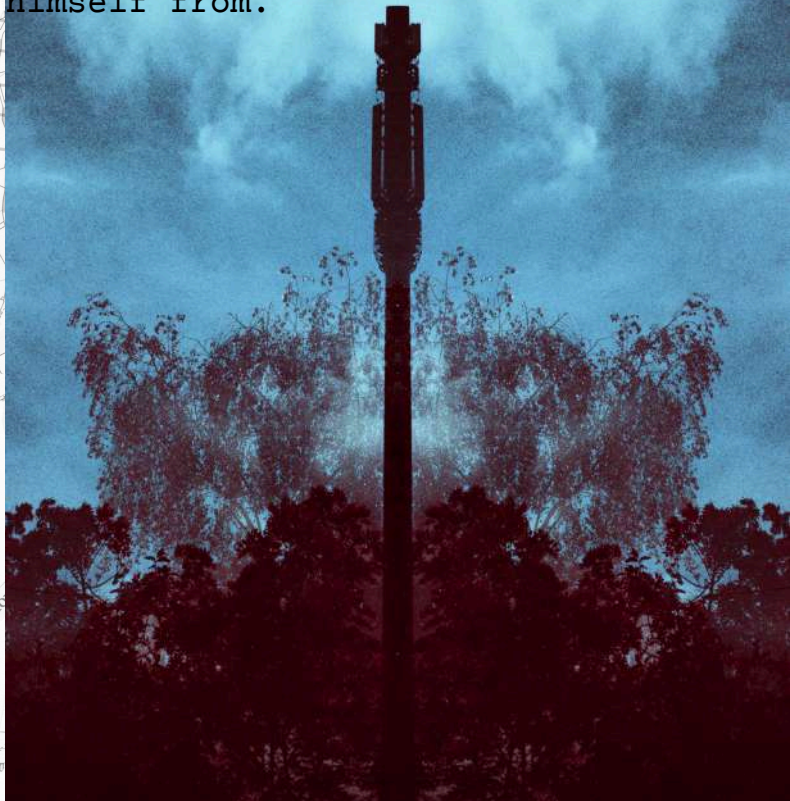


Theodore had resolved himself to find Tilly and win her back; he spent the last of his publisher's advance - meant for a short work on cartography and light capture - searching the lovers' former playgrounds and trysts. He became increasingly impoverished through choices unbecoming of a gentleman of his standing, and his finances became as strained as his fickle and delicate emotional state.



"I am resolved. I have cast aside my foibles. My goal is near. I sense it. She will see I have changed. She will see my unrelenting commitment and unending... I can finish my notes later. When all is well between us, the writing will almost write itself, together we shall reap the rewards of my success, just like we once did, Here, under the clear skies of Alcester, I have found peace, I passed recently a place with the name, Cold Comfort, the irony sobered me."

Theodore's obsession worsened. He rarely returned home and on the two occasions in '26 when he did, his estate manager noted in his diary that *Theodore* had a 'dishevelled appearance' and carried only a 'camera, some paper and a satchel of natural detritus'. He no longer responded to mail; he remained reticent when met in the country lanes and, when he did speak, he did so in garbled erratic outbursts. Any attempt to return him to his senses, through interactions on the estate or across the parishes, resulted in, what seemed to be, a greater desire to follow a purpose that he was unable - or unwilling - to free himself from.



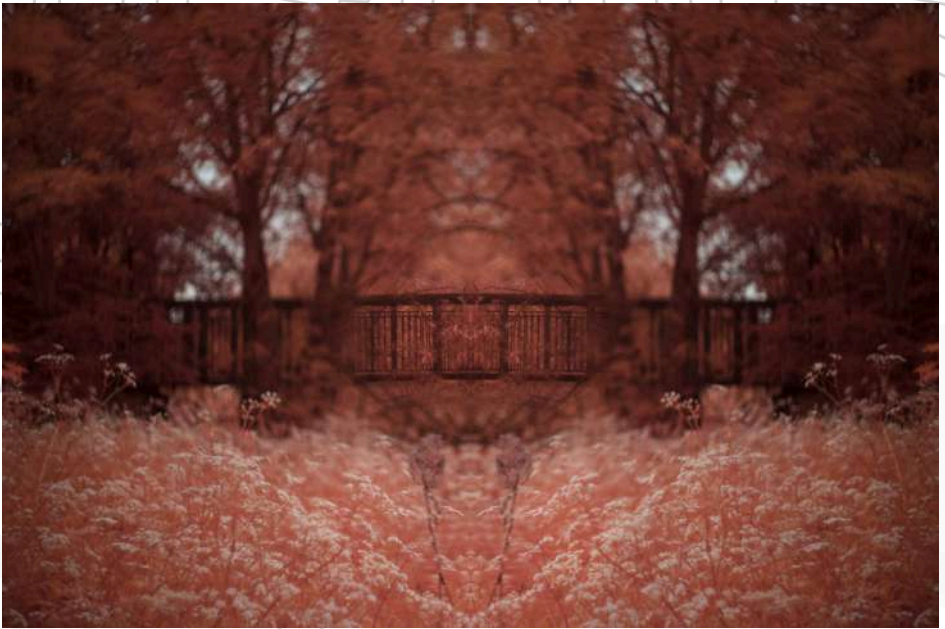
contained by neat boundaries,

*There's a god at a temple who's weeping
theres a thorn with the blood of his sins
in a room with a table sits virtue
in the sorry embrace sorrow brings*



*in a desert theres a man who is dying
for the tears of a god who can't see
for the love that poor virtue has wasted
for the things that temptation can't be*

*On a branch theres a bird who is singing
for the dreams that the wind passes by
in a bedroom temptation lays waiting
for virtue, who knows she'll soon die*



*In a bedroom that once was a palace
by a candle that never will glow
sits a figure, his head in his hands
for the dreams that the cold wind will blow*

*And death sits alone by the candle
and he dreams of a dream he once knew
with his head in his hands he does mourn
the sweet doom of the purist virtue.*

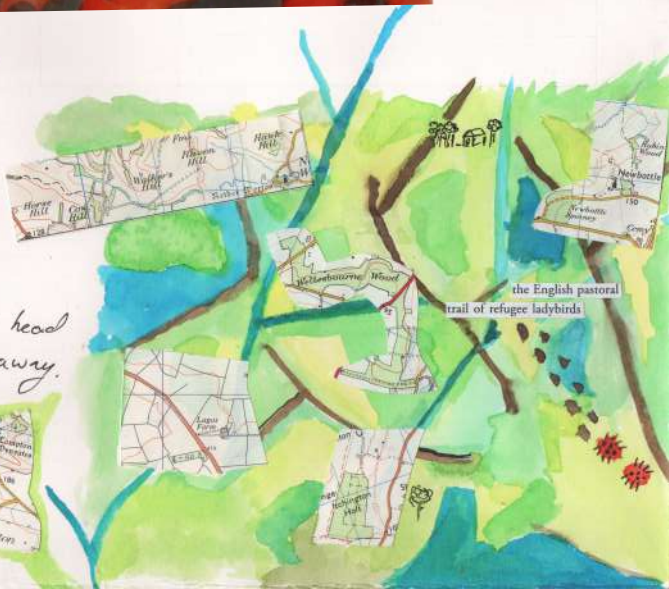
Cure

"I can walk no further, I shall lay here, by this tree, I can barely write, I have been humiliated, I, A paragon of virtue; they shall see, I know my worth - how dare they turn me away and call me a vagrant, if only she could have seen me, she would have wept with joy, her cursed family, who are they to bar my entrance? how could they do this to me? to us? All is lost, my dreams have become my only companions and my memory, an enemy."



Across the following years, *Theodore* was believed to remain nomadic. He did not return home nor, it is believed, did he respond to any correspondence left for him at various inns across the county. Occasionally, it was said that he had been spotted in the countryside near Three Ash Hill: the estate harbouring Tilly and her family.

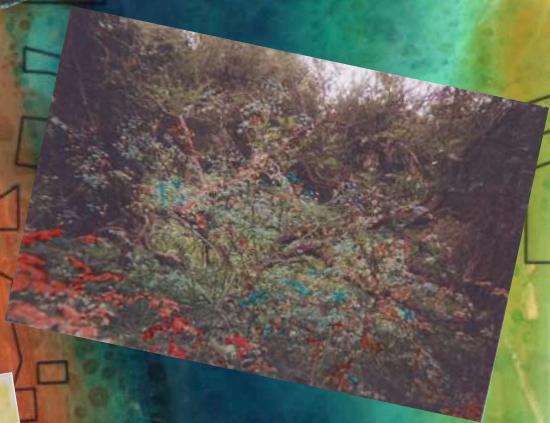






His final sighting concluded with the delivery of a bundle of obscure documents to a small group of walkers in the area of Binley in the West Midlands, a fair distance from his normal pattern of wanderings. He was not seen again and with the passing decades, it was assumed that he either returned to his intercontinental travels or lived under an assumed name. His final book remains unfinished.





Tell us about that.



"One day, he saw her through a window of an old cottage, and she smiled sadly before turning away. She reminded him of the girl he knew so long ago, and it wasn't him that died that day, just a part of him, seeing her walk out of sight, and take his dreams with her - never stopping to turn and look. As he staggered backwards, his dreams shattered silently in the evening sky, blown like leaves in summer wind, scattered and fleeting.

He stumbled then stood in the street across from the window where she had turned. The wind blew leaves round his feet as he stared up at the night sky, at the stars so far away, at the moon as it moved slowly through the dark of night, arcing gracefully in a midnight world. As the stars above shone - as they always have - the curtains closed in a moonlight breeze, a final silent goodbye.

He turned to walk away. A last few steps, his shadow faltering against the road where so many feet had trod before, a hand upon a wall, and fading. Something in an old man's heart beat for the last time and then finally died, in the shadows, near an inn where an old man sang his songs, a memory now forgotten and a dream that never died."

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Weave

*Our Lives, they weave a story
on the ancient clockwork loom
and dance and smile and laughing
sing together, now in bloom*

*in springtime as our love it grows
like the orchards in the sun
like the orchard, slowly bearing fruit
like our love, though just begun*

*And when wintertime has come to pass
and our bones will turn to grey
will you share with me your last embrace
together, come what may*

*were our lives too poor for heaven
and for hell our sins too poor
then within this earth, I'll be content
in your arms forever more*

Alan Silver

