

TIMETRAVEL

Book 1, Chapter 6

Life 15

Daughter of a Condottiere* on Sicily

(*a leader or a member of a troop of mercenaries, especially in Italy, fifteenth-century.)

My father was an combat trained soldier that served as a tax-collector for the King of Aragon (Spain) whom at that point of time own a third of the Island Sicily.

The upper third so to speak. Thou he traded goods with merchants coming via the Silk Road and his main business was in a town up North at the East coast called Taormina.

His name was Gregor or Gregori Il Vinciente and my name Maria Gabriella Il Vinciente, I was named Maria after my mother, who died in birth.

(The surname means; the winning.) (IL VINCIENTE)

I time framed it from experiencing the war between several Sicilian localities and the King of Napoli who was interested in ruling over both Sicilies. ('The Boot' and the Island, they are both called Sicily) From that war started I never saw my father again, although he survived but was badly wounded, brought to a Monastery up in Northern Italy were there was still peace.

Giving an over view of this life is difficult because it was very dramatic and tragic. It was one of the life I had to re-enter several times because of the traumas I suffered I couldn't stay in it for very long period at time

My father told me one story of my beloved mother and I later learned another.

As the war started and he left, a woman in black dress picked me up, dressed me and put a crown on my head, drow me to at gigantic Catholic church on a steep hill, the ocean was right below.

She dragged me in the church were an old man dressed in fine black coat took my hand, where after the Priest laid his hands on top of both our hands, he said some words in Latin, blessed us both, made the sign of the cross and the woman dragged me out of the church, put me in a black horse carriage and said to me: "You are now married, we are on our way to your new home. You shall now live in the Castle of the man you got married to, it will take two days to get there. We will spend the night at an Inn South of Etna tonight " and after that she did not speak to me any more before we arrived to the castle.

I was in total shock. Particularly because my father promised me I would marry for love like him and at that point in my life I was sure I would marry my childhood friend Orlando, who was the adopted son of our stable master.

Turned out my father's very old friend, older than himself who lived and ruled over the Southern Eastern part of Sicily, had swopped an army of soldiers to support my father in the war against the King of Napoli, for my hand in marriage. I was maybe sixteen or seventeen old and he was close to 70.

There was a very specific reason for that marriage that I should later learn, I will have to get back to describe this life further in a later part of this book..

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Life 17

Young man on Quest to the Holy Land, from a small village in Flandern.

This life I only briefly touched, it was tricked out as I met a young man that worked in a spiritual center in town and I recognized him as my husband from a life in England. He too remembered something from that life, but not quiet as much as me.

He was also the same soul in a young nobleman's son that encouraged me to join him on a crusade to the Holy Land. There has been quite many crusades so it's difficult to say what time, it exactly was.

The crusades started in the 11th century.

I was son a the village black smith and had teenage trouble with my father, the young nobleman came by to have his horse shooed ever so often.

He told me that he soon went on a crusade to get the Muslims* (I think they were called *Saracens back then ?) out of Jerusalem and the Holy Land. I found that rather fascinating and better than following in my fathers footstep.

So I asked if I could join him and he said yes. My father forbid me to go, and I think it was exactly why I went.

So in the morning darkness I took my fathers best mare, a sword and a shield and found the crossroad where the other men gathered and followed the nobleman.

He mistreat his horse so bad I would call it animal molester, and then he got behind the others. He then order me to ride on my horse with me, and if I complained about it was to heavy for the mare or she needed a rest and water, he kept driving her on until she was wounded and so exhausted she fell and would not rise again.

I let him drive me over the edge, following his demands because he spoke so well for him self and I suddenly regretted that I took my father's best mare and realized the animal was now worthless, so I took my sword and cut off her head to save her from further pain and misery. I loved that horse, so it was very hard for me to do.

He got furious and started fighting me, I cut his sword out of his hand, and said: "Don't fight me you lousy nobleman, I'm not the enemy. You will never get to the Holy Land, because you don't treat your horses right. Leave, - or I cut your head off as well !"

He left me, and I turned around and walked back the my village. It took over a month. I was pretty dirty and hungry as I arrived to my fathers smithy.

I expected him to yell at me, but he just said: "There you are, see to that the oven is hot, blow the bellows boy, what are you standing there for ?" And we never talked about my 'crusade' ever again. I became the village blacksmith after him.

Life 18

Laundry woman in Paris

You have already been introduced to my life as Gabrielle, a young laundry woman in the poor quarter of Paris. If you would like to have it repeated, read chapter 4, Book 1.

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Life 19

Daughter of a Prostitute in the South of France.

My mother and I lived in the area we now a days call the Riviera, it could have been one of several harbors; Marseille, Toulon or even a smaller town ?

The ships that came by were usually cargo ships and very large sail ships, the time is difficult to decide.

The sailors came from all sorts of foreign countries and sometimes my mother even did not understand their language, but what the sailors wanted she got.

She had rented a lousy, small apartment and the third stock in a side alley with only one room and a kitchen. My father was a random sailor who's name she didn't remember. Have my early childhood was I had blocked out of my mind. She sought her customers in a nearby bar and dragged them home to do her business. To stand the life she lived she had to drink all day and there wasn't much food served there.

As I became older I ran out in the streets and provided for myself by petty thefts.

I ran away from home and had enough of her lifestyle as she thought it was time I made a proper living for my self, meaning the the sailor she just served could have me next. As he threw himself over me I stabbed him with a knife in his leg and run off.

I was around 11 or 12 y old. I kept walking until I was out of the town and came out the country.

I've never seen anything so beautiful. There was a fold with a lot of handsome horses and I claimed the fence and walked towards them not realizing they were pretty wild.

A stallion felt threaten and wanted to protect his mare and a fol and kicked me hard and hit my stomach and I fell down in terrible pain. The pain was so strong I fainted.

As I woke up, still in pain I was laying on a hard bed with a cover over me and a nun looked at me.

She explained to me I was brought to a Convent. The would give me some herbs to ease my pain.

The nuns had a kind of hospital where the treated the ill of their parish.

The were all nice and lovely except for the Prioress, she learned I was a daughter of a prostitute and could give me a bible lecture ?!

She spoke of more dirty words than my mother ever did, and wanted me to pray for forgiveness for my sins being the daughter of a whore the Devil needed to be driven out of me. She spoke as a thunderstorm.

The nuns tried to do their best to heal and cure me, and prayed for me, but I soon died from inner bleeding there was nothing they could do.

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ffLife 20

Daughter of a Farmer in France (Cabaret dancer/singer at Chat Noir)

From Wikipedia:

Le Chat Noir (French pronunciation: [lə ʃa nwaʁ]; French for "The Black Cat") was a nineteenth-century entertainment establishment, in the bohemian Montmartre district of Paris. It opened on 18 November 1881 at 84 Boulevard de Rochechouart by the impresario Rodolphe Salis, and closed in 1897 not long after Salis' death (much to the disappointment of Picasso and others who looked for it when they came to Paris for the Exposition in 1900).

What year I was there, I don't know for sure.

Again my name was Gabrielle ! As I was thirteen years old I run away from home to pursue a career as a singer. We lived on a farm far south of Paris in a small village. I had 13 siblings both younger and older brothers and sisters.

We had many animals but mainly lived from selling goat cheese. I was bossed around by my parents to do all sorts of work, mostly taking care of my younger baby siblings and my mother kept giving birth to one baby after another, and I was not ready to be a mother. I was singing in the church choir and had a phenomenal voice. So I had big dreams about meeting a young handsome man, marrying him as he provided for my singing carrier and I got famous. So I run away from home.

Poor and starved, dirty and tired I ended on the steps in front of a big building. It was night and the streets were dark. A sweet prostitute felt sorry for me and let me stay over in her room. Next day I told of my plans and song for her. She was totally amused and said I know just the right place you should go.

She introduced me for the owner of Chat Noir and he connected me with one of the dancers called Francisca. I was installed in her room on the opposite site of the street. We had to sleep in the same bed, there was no heat in our room. We became close friends.

She helped me learn to dance 'Can-Can' and instructed me in the Cabaret lifestyle. Soon I entertained every night and to stiff myself up I began drinking before going on stage. I got to know all the great artists of that time and non of them I liked, except for Van Gogh, he was the sweetest soul and very badly treated.

I became an alcoholic and Francisca tried desperately to sober me up. One night the owner of the establishment wanted me to do a little extra for one of the painters, meaning having sex with him. He was obsessed with me. We never slept with the customers so I denied his request.

The painter caught me back stage, while I tried to get to my dressing room. He kept saying that he knew I wanted it as bad as him, and used force to get to me. I was very drunk so I told him to go to hell and he removed the handle of his stick and dragged out a long thin knife and stabbed me in the abdomen and there after ran out.

I glided down the wall and sat in foster position to stand the pain. I cried for help but no one heard me. The owner later found my dead body in a pool of blood. He could figure out what had happen. I was a run-away teenager and my parents never looked for me, all the time I worked there. He put me in a sack, dragged me to a bridge and tossed my body in the nearest river.

As they found my body Francisca knew what had happen. I was considered a 'Jane Doe' and burned at the morgue. Francisca was ordered not to tell who I was, since it was not good for business.

I met Francisca in this life, she could remember pretty much of our past lives together in Paris. The painter who killed me, became my father in this, my present life

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Life 21

Rich woman married to a Captain in England.

I was born and raised in Harwich, Essex in the late 1800. Huge cargo sail ships came and went from that harbor, most of them had a connection with South American Businesses or Eastern Businesses. Harwich is an harbor on the East Coast north of London. My name was Evelyn Rose, don't remember my maiden name. Was later married Evelyn Rose Winswood.

My parents lived on the first floor in a 2 stock building with many apartments in a narrow shopping street in the center of the old town.

They were pretty old as they got me and I was their only daughter, so they overprotected me. Since they feared they died before I got married and thereby provided for, they created a trust fund for me.

My father had a kind of loaning/investment business but did not work in a bank. He kept loads of cash in a safe deposit at our home behind a hidden panel in the walls.

One day a handsome gentleman approached. He was a widower, his wife died suddenly and left him alone in a big house not far from my parent's home. His name was Robert E. Winswood. (Or Wynwood ??)

He and his brother inherit their father's business which was a Shipping Limited owning several sail ships. These ships mainly sailed with cargo from South America. He was a highly educated military man and furthermore Captain on one of the ships.

He wanted my father to finance something for him and my father saw him as an optional target for bringing me safety in the form of a marriage. He was very often invited for dinner. How the marriage really was arranged, whether my father insinuated that he could only loan the money if he took care of me or otherwise, - I'm not sure.

I found him handsome, distinguished and polite but I wouldn't say I was in love with him. He seemed far to old for me, rather a father figure than a boyfriend.

But I ended up marrying him and living in his house. He was pretty rich and had anything a woman could need and a maid to do household work for me.

My overprotective parents had put me in a private Catholic School with nuns. There were a very few children. I met a girl there who became my friend for life. She became a typical spinster and didn't keep quiet about how much she hated men. In spite of that she was a regular guest in our home.

He tolerated her embarrassing remarks of his behavior and suddenly she changed from being a Catholic to become a Protestant and dragged me into it. My husband still tolerated it.

She groomed me to believe that in God's eyes it was a sin to be rich and I had to make a penance by feed the poor people in the streets of London. A brand new railway connection between Harwich and London, was used for that purpose. And we went regularly by train to feed to pour with cabbage soup boiled on bones.

Women did not know what their husband's financial status were in those days, and I didn't find out my husband made book keeping forgery in his and his brothers business and he was on the brink of getting caught, as he killed me blaming my spinster friend for it, by poisoning me, to get to my trust fund. After my death I spooked about to save my lifelong friend for being hung for the murder of me.

Long story short, I succeeded to involve her Protestant Priest and a young lawyer in London who took her case for free since she was poor, and he proved that she was innocent and my husband was the killer, since he was the only one to get access to Curare poison in South America, and he was the one that swapped innocent cough medicine with the very poison she gave me a spoonful of, while I was sick with a high fever.

In the court case it came forward that he also killed his first wife with the same poison to get her money to cover up for missing money in his and his brothers book keeping.

Still I hovered over my husband feeling sorry for him as he sat in jail for the rest of his life, because in spite of it all, I still loved him. His brother was highly respected and made the judge change a dead sentence by hanging, into: life in prison.

I met my husband and my best friend from this life, at the same time, in this my present life, furthermore in the same place. Non of them could stand each others sight and they avoided each other. Both of them thou remembered parts of our lives together. She also became a good friend in this life.

There are thou many more betrayals and drama going on in that life, than here revealed.

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Life 21 a
and Live 21 b

Two lives as female slave in the Southern States Of America, the two lives I probably lived during the same time, I was Evelyn Rose Winswood in Harwich.
It surely sounds weird, but there might be a connection ?

What I didn't tell about my life as Evelyn was, that I finally got pregnant at the worst time of my life. I expected my husband to come back before the winter storms as usual, but this year the storms came early. When his ship arrived he was missing. They told me they feared he went over board in a storm

That made me deeply worried and probably had an influence on my pregnancy. Right before I was due, I receive a letter from him, telling me he was well and had a high position at a Fortress fighting in the Civil War against North, He sat well protected in an office and among others distributed the soldiers payrolls.

I was overwhelmed with happiness and wrote him a letter telling him we were about to receive a child.

It was a rather difficult birth a the child was a girl and misshapen.

I was totally devastated and got a nurse to help me handle her since she was very ill.

Turned out she had **ricketts disease**.

My husband never wrote me back. I thought he was killed in the war.

My child never learned to talk, nor walk, she was very crippled and just lay in her bed with sweaty hair drooling and rolling her eyes around. Ever so often she had spasm and threw up. I had difficulties nursing her and blamed myself because I was unable to feel love for her. Only pity. My friend told me over and over it was God's punishment for being so rich and vain.

She died 4 years old and I had just buried her as my husband suddenly stood in the doorway. He explained he deserted from the army and took al the money with him as he flee through a trapdoor during an attack were North set fire to the Fortress. He came up in a nearby Forrest and followed the main road South after taking his uniform off.

With the money he stole he manage to get to South America and get on board a ship to England. He explained that money was missing in the cash flow in his and his brother Shipping Limited and for his brothers families sake (he had 4 children) he took the job as hired soldier fighting on the Southern side in the Civil war to be able to send him money every month.. This was not the true reason.

Might this be why, I simultaneously lived two lives in a row as a slave woman in some Southern State of USA. I don't know !??

Both both lives a died young from the wounds of being whipped to death.

In both lives I was the daughter of people that already where slaves.

In the first life the slave owner was a mean as the slave driver, but in the second the owners, our masters treated us as well as family. We went to school and learned reading and writing so we could read the Bible and become Christian. They brought us to church every Sunday.

The slave driver was a nice black man, but he died of age and a new white man was hired for the job.

He raped me in the cotton fields and as I told my father, he got in fight with him and was killed. He dragged me into a shelter and whipped me to death.

All this must have happen almost at the same time. Short, - but gruesome lives.