

D.O.B. 22/11/95

*Handwritten notes and signatures:*  
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Sherwin Fernando

The Death of Jesus

07/05/08

I am Octavous Villiaus of Rome and I am a centurion. I have been for most of my life but as you may see, I am dressed in the rags of a beggar with my only worldly possession, the pen that's ink shall spread His words. That is because of the one thing that changed my life, he is called Jesus. Here is my story, my story of His death.

It all started at Gaul, where I was fighting for the glory of Rome, or so I thought, but my commanding officer told me that he had a special assignment for me in The Land of The Jews. So I hastily rushed to Jerusalem to be briefed by the roman governor Pontius Pilate.

When I entered the outskirts of the town of Jerusalem I was told to take a short walk to the governor's villa by the roman guards. So now was my time to get a glimpse of what was the town of the Jews. There were many exotic smells of spice and food, of rich frankincense and of flowers. That host of exotic smell was mixed amongst the smell of rot and dirt. I could only describe it as a flower meadow growing in a wasteland of blood.

Seeing that the escort was impatiently stamping his clothed foot, I thought it wise to walk on. We passed many houses that were made of pure mud and water, I felt that this was the poorer part of the city and that showed in the sights that I saw: children that were starved and had the weight of a feather, old women and yet more children who were begging for money and at the end of the road I saw a cross; it was blood stained and there was a skinless skeleton hanging from the steel of a nail.

When I reached the villa of the governor I was immediately greeted by a tan skinned man who took the name of Pontius Pilate he spoke to me "Octavous Viliaus of the 12<sup>th</sup> legion?"

I replied "Yes my lord, I place my services upon your hands," it was a formality to say that.

"Good then here is your assignment, you are to guard Jesus of Nazareth up to his death, am I understood?"

I replied "Yes my lord". I thought that this Jesus of Nazareth would be a vicious criminal and so I prepared for the worst for the next day.

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On the day of the trial of Jesus of Nazareth I was woken early and was taken to the court of the Jews where I saw Jesus of Nazareth. He was an ordinary man with long hair and a large beard. Jesus of Nazareth was not thin but he was not fat either, his hands were hard after years of experience in that carpenter's guild.

As I went to take my post on his left side, he looked at me and I felt something happening in my head, it was queer, as if a voice in my head spoke it felt as real as the hair on my head but it felt as unreal as the myth of the Hydra.

✓ good detail

*My friend Octavous, Octavous of the Sword, do not fear for I am speaking to you, God shall grant unlimited power to you but for this time do what must be done for it is said that death grants life and life grants death do not fear one or the other for they are both good men and do what they must they shall dine with me in heaven just as you shall but for this moment let the will of evil be done.*

Was it him; was it Jesus of Nazareth who had talked to me? If it was him why should he talk to the likes of me, I am his enemy, am I not and you should hate your enemies.

Soon the trial was over and Jesus had been lead to the governor Pilate. Pilate asked Jesus "Are you the king of the Jews?" Jesus replied "Yes it is as you say." "Aren't you going to answer? See how many things they are accusing you of." Yet Jesus made no sound and left Pilate amazed.

Then Pilate went to the balcony and addressed the people "Do you want me to release to you the king of the Jews." He shouted. The crowd said in screaming shout that they would rather release the murderer Barabbas. I knew that this was a vicious and blood hungry crowd. Pilate addressed the crowd again "Then what do you want me to do with the one you call the king of the Jews?" he asked. The crowd said that they wanted to have Jesus crucified and continued uttering this chant, "Crucify him, crucify him".

So I lead Jesus away to the palace and as I touched his hard and experienced hands I heard that queer voice in my head again. Similar to the last incident that voice was like a drop of water, it was so clear and sharp and yet I could not make it out amongst the other drops.

*My friend Octavous, Octavous of the Sword, do not fear for I am speaking to you, I see soldiers here and there but they have thoughts of evil, thoughts of money and thoughts of bringing death to my people, yet in this bad harvest of minds I see that you are the only ripe one and so you fruit shines out to me but for this moment let the will of evil be done.*

Was it him, was it Jesus who was speaking out to me was he casting some light onto my future. On the day of the trial, Jesus had told the courts nothing and the Jewish lawmen made evil and unjust claims.

Soon it was my time for a break and I stood by Jesus as he sat. Then a whole company of soldiers came and mocked Jesus. They put a purple robe on Jesus and they buffeted him and spat upon him, they scourged him so cruelly, they pressed the cruel thorns of the crown into his brow and left him bleeding.

At once I helped him up to his feet and he gave me a look of gratitude. At once I realised, it was Jesus all along who had been talking to me and in the ponder of my mind I saw Jesus smiling.

*My friend Octavous, Octavous of the Sword, do not fear for I am speaking to you, the time is at hand in which I shall leave this world but not yet but for this moment let the will of evil be done.*

Soon the day of crucifixion came and Jesus was forced to carry the cross that so many thieves had carried. And so Jesus was counted amongst thieves and bandits. I so longed to help him but I remembered his words: *but for this moment let the will of evil be done.*

Weak and tired, Jesus fell three times in the long journey to Golgotha and soon a man from the crowd was asked to carry the cross, no he was forced to carry the cross for Jesus.

*My friend Octavous, Octavous of the Sword, do not fear for I am speaking to you, the hour is at hand where the lord shall leave his manor and the servants, who are bitter with jealousy will steal the master's property but for this moment let the will of evil be done.*

Finally we reached the place of the skull where Jesus was to be hoisted up on the cross and there he was for all eyes, rich or poor to be seen. I felt that this was not right why is a man persecuted for his beliefs?

*My friend Octavous, Octavous of the Sword, do not fear for I am speaking to you, so the time is at hand when the Son of Man shall die for the sake of others, blood shall be spilt for my enemies and the prophecies shall be complete. I have passed my teachings to many but to you I shall give my final words as a man. Now it is done my friend, let the will of God be done!!*

Then Jesus shouted at the top of his weak voice. "Father, Father why have you forsaken me?" and as infinitely powerful bolts of lightening struck the Earth and I exclaimed "Surely this is the Son of God."

Indeed, God's will was done and I am no longer Octavous the roman. For I have seen that true power can not come from weapons but from the heavens itself. So I shall lay my sword to rest.

\* \* \*

Now you have heard of my story and of the events that changed my face forever. Now farewell my friend and thank you for listening. I must get back to my work in spreading His words. After all, that shall be my title in heaven, Matthew of the gospel...

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A+

Well done - an incredibly vivid and imaginative piece of work, which really captures the interest of the reader and fleshes out a minor character in the story you have accurately written.