

## St Gallen Legendry

Lucas is sitting on a pile of books, looking at the legendry. Notker continues: "After Columbanus and the other monks had gone, Gall rowed across the lake back to Arbon where he was nursed to health." Lucas wonders if Gall had really been ill, since he was able to row across Lake Constance; maybe the fever had been an excuse after all.

"When Gall was well again, he searched for a place where he could live as a hermit. He followed the course of the river Steinach." Lucas is leafing through the legendry again. "There you see him fishing in the river. Gall was a good fisherman."

Lucas has to think about the old man with the ponytail, who pulled a fish out of the fountain and stuck it in his pocket.

"On the next page, you see Gall in the brambles," Notker goes on.

"There's the little bear again!"

"When Gall fell into one of the bushes, he saw it as a sign that he should stay here."

"And the bear?"

"Gall talked to him. Then the bear carried over some wood for the fire, and in return Gall gave him a loaf of bread."

Lucas notices that the *pf*fsounds before Notker's words aren't bothering him anymore.

"I see him," the grey woman in the alcove mutters.

"Does she work in the library too?" Lucas asks quietly.

Notker sways his head. "She feels responsible for the books."

The woman turns around, and her eyes appear even more blue. "After Gall frees the duke's daughter from a demon, they want to appoint him bishop, but he refuses."

Notker nods. "Gall didn't want to become a bishop, he wanted to remain a hermit. People came from far away to ask him for his help and advice. He lived here for many years until he ..." Notker stops.

"Until he what?"

Notker glances at the woman in the alcove, then leans over to Lucas and whispers: "Until he died."

The woman in the alcove cries out: "Gall is alive! I can see him. You think everything that is written in your books is true." The woman is shaken by sobs, and Lucas notices the thin body under her dress. "You stuttering bookworm," she sobs and slumps down in her alcove.

"Wibi, everything is okay." The man in the undershirt and the cutoff jeans leans over the crying woman. Lucas couldn't believe his eyes when the man suddenly stormed into the chamber. Now he is digging through his shoulder bag. A roll of bandaging material, a syringe, some plasters and a box of pills fall out. It's unbelievable how much fits into his bag. "Here." He pulls out a small bottle and pours the woman a glass of pink liquid.

"That looks like syrup," Lucas says.

"Do you want a sip yourself?" the man asks and holds out the bottle. It's almost empty; Lucas shakes his head. "No, thank you."

The man attends to the crying woman again. "Come on Wibi, stand up and take a few steps. You'll feel better right away."

"No," the woman screeches. "I'm staying right here in the alcove."

"Then at least sit up on the window sill." With his help, she slides onto the sill, sniffing. The man in the undershirt turns to Notker: "What happened?"

"Pff..." Notker can't say a word.

"She called him a stuttering bookworm," Lucas explains.

"He doesn't believe that I see Gall," Wibi wails.

"Not everyone can see what you see." The man stuffs the small bottle back into his bag.

"Gall is dead," Notker cries out.

"You don't have to keep repeating that," the man reprimands him. "You know how sensitive she is."

"I'd be sensitive too, if I were to spend my whole life in alcoves and cells," Notker grumbles.

Lucas wants to object; he saw the grey woman at the bus stop after all, but he can't get a word in.

"You've been sitting in this chamber for ever as well," hisses Wibi.

"I have my books, where everything is written."

Lucas looks at the volumes and wonders if that could be true. "Why is this library so big?"

Notker and Wibi point to the man with the cutoff jeans: "Because of him!"

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