

Catherina Linck-

Executed for 'Sodomy' - 1721 Germany

I tell you this story of my life from the part of me already left this earth for the quietude of death. For my body, though alive still, does quake and shake and I am wet with piddle all down my legs.

At dawn they cut my head off and burn my body and I cannot make my peace with God for I do not understand his ways. To make me as I am, strong and straight, yet wrong of mind, an abomination the priest calls me, I cannot grasp the workings of such a God, though all my life I tried.

I am born at Gehowen, my father dead afore I come. My mother could not raise me and sent me to the orphanage. There I grow tall and brave, I hunt and fight with boys but when my tits come I bind them tight and dress my body in men's clothes. I went to my mother then and she says I must stop my carrying on and find a husband, one who'll have me that is.

So it is that I leave the town and seek my fortune as a man. First, I am sworn to God and the spirit does come upon me fierce in violent prophecy. Then this spirit deserts me and the future, once so clear in his light, comes dark and muddled.

It's then I make my way in trade. I am good at making and I craft my cock and balls from pigs bladder and good soft leather. When the regiment passes through the town I join their ranks and fight as brave as any soldier. My cock does serve me and I pleasure the womenfolk, much more they say, than their pasty boys with their little pricks.

Then I meet my Kitty and we marry and scratch a living as we can. She's a good wife to me and, though as God's my witness I'm not a saint, I care for her with keen affection. It's her mother that drives a wedge between us, she is dark in thought and mean in her soul. Always wantin' money, aye and usin' her daughter ill an' all. It's her that's bought me here. She come one night and wi' a sword, cut free my breeches and stripped me naked. Then she fetches the sergeant and the priest. They bring me afore the judge and I says my Kitty does not know me and took me for her husband, so's they don't take her head 'longside mine.

I doze awhile and dream I rock a baby in its basket and as I leans in to kiss its head, it takes my face in tiny hands and screams at me in demons tongue, 'YOU ARE DEATH'.

A crack of watery light seeps now through the roof and I hear the executioner, his pocket jingling with key and coin. I hope and pray this villain wields his sword clean and that my brain does die afore my heart, that I'll not see his vicious blows nor the devils flame lick the flesh clean off my bones.

Deborah Delano

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