

## **Pilgrim**

**I am named Peter, and I am travelling as a pilgrim. We are a band of travellers making a pilgrimage from the holy spring of Our Lady of Walsingham, in Norfolk, across the seas to Compostela in Spain. We hope through this journey to secure our places in Heaven.**

**I am carrying holy water from Our Lady's spring in this shell shaped bottle. The badge I wear on my hat shows Our Lady herself. See I have a spoon, given to me by my father for this long journey. It is a verily modern tool, most useful for eating broth and wet foods.**

**We have walked for 4 days to reach this great port of Dunwich and truly my feet are sore. As we walk we make a merry noise. We shake our bells and blow our whistles and people come from their houses to watch us pass.**

**This night we sleep at Maison Dieu, cared for by Grey Friars, from the monastery atop that hill yonder. On the morrow we board a ship in the harbour, which, God willing, will carry us on the ocean to Spain. I am verily excited but also most afraid, for never have I been aboard a vessel to go to sea. They do tell me that my belly may lift to my mouth with the movement of the ship, blown across the waves by the powerful winds.**