**Till Death Us Do Part**

 The room was filled with hot air scented by the wax candles glowing all night long. The lady was sitting by the fireplace whispering prayers to a wooden rosary dangling from her hands. A large white shirt was carefully folded in her lap with all the newly sewn silver buttons shining with the reflection of fire.

 Her face was shining with a holy rest for the first time since she had received that envelope signed by the captain. She still did not dare to open it. The battle had ended more than a month ago and hence, this letter could contain only one message. The only way to reconcile was to keep the promise and make the silk white shirt for him to wear on their wedding day.

 Suddenly, as the lass was beginning to fall asleep, the candles went off and the eerie wind passed through the room. The church bells stroke eleventh hour. There was something sinister about this fading sound from the distance.

 “Have you missed me, my beloved?”

 And there he was standing right in front of her with his arm stretched forwards. Looking longingly on the shirt of the floor, he didn’t even let her speak and just grabbed his bride and the shirt and stormed out of the house.

 “But where are we going, my dear? It is dark and cold!” she asked.
 “Why, my love, we are going to the chapel to get married!”
 “So late at night?”
 “Before the cock crows, thou must be my wife! But what is holding thou back? Why aren’t thou running faster? Let me see!”

 He saw a rosary in the small white hands and a big golden crucifix hanging on the tender neck. He grabbed them both and threw them to the ground.

 “You will run faster now.”

 At this exact moment they reached the old rusty gate with nothing but stone crosses and marble statues behind.

 “But this is cemetery, my dear! Where is the priest?”
 “Come with me and I will show thou!”

 However, by this time the maiden had already noticed the greyish colour of the skin and the scarlet glow in the eyes of her betrothed one. She took a deep breath and ran to the sanctuary of the chapel. She closed the door and turned the key. The loud knocking started almost immediately. The banging noise from the yard intertwined with the outcries of prayers from inside. Then the knocking stopped and the words of marriage vows started to be pronounced very clearly from the outside. After some time, the praying also stopped and a shaking female hand reached for a doorknob…

 When the priest had come to the church next morning, he found a white silk shirt on the ground in front of an opened door.