I was just barely not being seen. All someone had to do to find me was look closer at the platform! I was squeezed in between two large planks of wood. I had jumped in there when the door came down. I don’t think anyone saw me. The thing I’m worried about is them finding the many letters from my family back home, or even the family portrait I brought with me. Then they would know about Chrisiltan, and might go after them, too.

Chrisiltan is where I live. Or, used to live, anyway. I had to leave my family behind because I was called away on a business trip to Rome, and while I was here, a group called the Visigoths invaded the empire. I found out about it just a few hours before my door came crashing down, and the group had entered my home where I had been cowering. They bounded in, and I had just enough time to jump in here before they came into the room. That was about an hour ago. A couple of the group are lounging in here, thinking that this inhabitant (me) was caught running around outside the house, and was killed. They are sure that no one is in here, luckily. But they are just in the other room. Any small noise, and I would be dead meat. And, if one of them wandered in here, and looked closely at this platform, I would be dead too.

“Well, let’s check the rest of the house for valuables,” said one of the thugs.

“Yeah, I think I saw some good stuff in that room across the way,” said the other one.

“Alright, let’s go.”

They were talking about my room! They started walking in, and just as they were coming in,...

“Hey! There’s someone in there!”

They rushed in, and…