**The Magistrate: part 3**

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Conwalact was looking out to the sea before him. He was one of the most powerful people in this colony. He was the long descendent o the founder of this city. He had power, money, leadership the only thing he lacked was a wife. His family was strong and pure, he knew he had to continue the family tree by giving the girl he dreamed of the pendent that was given to him that belonged to his old grandmother who founded this place. It was made for her when she was first born. Who wouldn’t want to say yes to him? He would finally have a family to take into his house. He had been so lonely after his mother and father were brutally slaughtered by the Romans when he was 15. In the two days he would ask her to marry him on the beach below his house. But for now he must return to his job as a leader in the magistrate. This was the government of his grand Colony of Carthage. For now he was deciding with a few others from the magistrate whether they should have peace or attack the Roman army that was now advancing on the Colony. “The threat is too great we must surrender to the Romans” argued Alexander. “We don’t have enough men to fight we don’t have supplies to go to war, and if we don’t surrender to them who knows what they will do the Women and children.” It was an ongoing argument. Half of them wanted to fight back to the Romans and the others wanted to surrender or evacuate the area. Knowing they wouldn’t find an agreement Colwalact tried to change the subject to the problem with fresh water. Three days before hand one of the streams that provided Carthage with most of its water had dried up and stopped flowing.

Addressing the Magistrate Conwalact said “We should concentrate on the water problem before we discuss what we will do when the Romans invade, or many people could die of thirst,”, sounding as if he was trying to show his confidence. “It is many days walking to get fresh water without that water source not flowing.” Once again the group argued back and forth trying to decide whether it was too much work to get people to try to dig up the place were the spring was and makes it flow again. It and they should just send people to fetch the water. “and who do you think will go up to the Fresh water spring and then carry the pounds of water all the way back,” argued Balsiniean.

“Well we don’t need volunteers we just send up the prisoners. After all they do nothing but rot in there prison cells so we might as well put them to work,” Replied Alexander. Balsiniean gave a look of disgust toward Alexander. “O come off, it those men had their change to be good and support their country. But no, they killed and stole from people like you and me. I say they are being let of easy staying in a cozy cell with food and beds while our own people are dying of hunger and freezing in the cold, its time for them to give back to whom they stole from.” this went on for another thirty minutes. Finally they decided that they would bring it in front of the people and ask for a vote. Conwalact hoped that the people would agree to go and try to get the stream to bring them water to the thirsty people. After a quick speech of why they should try to get the steam to run or find a new water source, and not send prisoners to fetch it, Conwalact stepped down to let Alexander present his speech. In forty minutes the people agreed to send the prisoners up the long journey to get water then they would investigate how bad the damage was and see if they could get it to flow. Conwalact cursed at his failure, for the second time this week Alexander had topped his judgment. He knew that if the people started to see that he was losing his leader ship skills he would lose his job and very thing that meant a lot to him. Pushed and defeated he trudged to his lonely home were maybe he would be able to sleep.

Conwalact awoke the following morning with a pounding headache. He dragged himself out of his bed and got dressed for work. He put on the pendent of his great-great grandmother and went to eat breakfast. It was a cloudy day, dull and gloomy. Slowly he made his way to the government building. Passing the town area he saw the prisoners already being chained to gather and loaded with skin bags that would hold the water. Half of them looked as if they might make it a mile and then fall over dead. Conwalact watched as a fourteen year old boy was hit in the face by a soldier for trying to resist the chains and the load on his back. Conwalact remembered the boy had stole bread to feed his sister when they both became orphans, he was then arrested and the sister was sent to a foster home some were in another colony three miles north of Carthage. The boy was in no shape to make the journey let alone carry water all the way back, he would surely die. Conwalact turned and wept for the misfortune of this poor boy. When he finally arrived to his destination his headache had increased, but he would not go home and let Alexander harass him for being weak. “Aw Conwalact” greeted Balsiniean “you are just in time we are trying to decide whether we should increase the taxes so we pay people and go and find a new way to get water.” Conwalact and all the others debated for the rest of the morning and agreed on raising the taxes by 3 percent. By afternoon it started to rain and the water party had left a good hour earlier. When Conwalact returned home he changed out of his wet clothes and then ate a quick lunch, his spirits rose when he remembered that he was going to ask the girl of his dreams, Claris, to marry him tomorrow. He then finished his lunch and then returned to the Magistrate with a cheer he had not felt in days.

“Sir it is morning and you must wake” called Conwalact’s servant. He awoke with a start, he suddenly realized that he was sweating, *I must have had a really bad dream* he thought. But he pushed the thought out of his head and got dressed. He put his pendent on hoping this would be the last morning he would wear it. He ate really quickly then head to the Magistrate practically skipping. No one would crush his spirits today not even Alexander. “Today, you’re really going to do it!” exclaimed Balsiniean “I am so happy for you I know she will say yes.” The day had already be going swell, Alexander was sick and could not come to work that day. The messenger from the water party had came and informed them that the steam was going to be able to provide water in a few days. The water party made a detour to see what they could do. At this Conwalact ask the number of deaths on the journey. “I am not pleased to report this but out of the 160 people we brought they will return with about 48” replied the messenger as he bowed his head. “And the little boy who was caught for stealing bread” questioned Conwalact almost dreading the answer. “He was a lucky one; he broke a leg and was put in the hospital in a town about seven miles from here.” Said the messenger who was confused why a rich magistrate leader was asking about a poor convict. At this he turned and headed the opposite direction.

*Ok you can do this, just take her to the beach and ask her the simple question.* How could he be so nervous about this. *Knock knock, “*come in”.

“Claris how are you doing”

“why I am just fine how are you doing Conwalact.”

“I am good would you like to come on a short walk with me” ask Conwalact trying to sound more confident then he really was.

“I would love to” came the answering voice of Claris.

The sea was beautiful, a perfect place for him to ask her. The waves coming in with the sound that could make anyone calm and lose all thoughts. After fifteen minutes Conwalact took Claris’ hand and ask her the four words. At this the reply came “yes I will”

It had been three days since Claris moved in with Conwalact. Time was just flying by thought Conwalact as he headed to the magistrate. His life he thought had took a turn for the better. Little did he know it was the beginning of the end. “O hi Conwalact how are you?” the greeting came from Conwalact’s good friend. “I am great, a perfect day isn’t”

“Sure I guess, any way you better come with me we have some things to talk about with the magistrate.” Mumbled Balsiniean. As they entered the room Conwalact felt as if everyone was looking at him. “Well Conwalact it seems we have a problem” the tone in Alexander’s voice gave Conwalact have goose bumps. “Since the problem with the water people have been talking, you seem to be losing your touch.”

“What do you mean losing my touch,” replied Conwalact in a cold voice.

“Well you have worked here for a long time, and, well you know we have to do the best for the people by having the best people at the job. And that is why sometimes you have to make tough choices. And a vote yesterday concluded that you no longer have a place to be here. So I hear by declare that you are no long a part in this magistrate by in means necessary.” The words of Alexander hit Conwalact like a razor sharp sword. He turns to Balsiniean for support but his old friend was looking away. He felt his world start spinning, his friends, his job, all his hard work, gone “But this is my job and I love it, this is where I belong” Conwalact cried. “I have done so much and so good.” He could not leave without a fight.

“well we must do what the people ask in order to keep this grand colony running. You are dismissed.” Conwalact felt a push in his stomach a strange feeling of hate and anger. He Lunged at Alexander and threw a punch at his face. His mind told him to stop but his hands where controlling themselves as he beat Alexander, pushed by anger he could not stop, until two guards grabbed him and threw him out of the building. And from that moment Conwalact would never be the same.

A week had passed since Conwalact life had turned. A week of nothing, it was strait up hell. He had burned all of his belongings that had to do with the magistrate. Twice Balsiniean tried to visit him but he refused to let him in. For days he just stayed in his room without any food or water. No madder who tried to cheer him up nothing worked not even the voice of Claris could even make him move. On the eighth day from when he was fired Conwalact finally came down to eat dinner with his new wife. It was a quiet dinner nether said a word until it was finished. “I must go to bed I have had barely any sleep this past week.” Mumbled Conwalact as he headed up the stairs toward his bed.

“My lord you must get up we are under attack.” Came the despite cry of Conwalact’s servant, however it was the shouts from the people woke up him first. Conwalact threw himself out of his bed and rushed down the stairs. “We must leave before they attack our house.” Cried the servant as he grabbed a sword. They fled down toward the out skirts of the colony they ran along a hill side to avoid any enemy encounters. The smell of blood and fire was so thick made them all gag. Sprinting with all her might Claris paused to see were Conwalact was to see that he was stopped looking to his side. “Don’t stop we must keep…” she never finished her sentence. Because Conwalact pushed her and his servant down the hill. They rolled like a sack of flour, and fell into a muddy stream below. At the bottom Claris recovered just in time to look up and see two attackers jump on her husband and stab him in the back with a sword, the triumphant look on the attackers face made Claris vomit. They waited for a few minutes after the other warrior’s left then rush to assist him. But they were too late, kneeling before him Claris wept for her lose. In his final breaths Conwalact reached up and put his hand over the pendent that hung form Claris’ neck. He then turned to his servant and in a whisper said “protect her no… no madder the cost” and with that Conwalact past. The building next to them was burning in a fiery mess; a proper burial would take too long. Claris and the servant lifted the body of Conwalact and set it in this final resting place. Claris took one last look at her husband’s body before it was swallowed by the flames.

It was the following morning the people of Carthage had pushed out the attackers (a tribe near who loathed Carthage) and was already rebuilding what was ruined. Claris and Conwalact servant had fled to the country side. There Claris had cried for her Husband, they had been together for one fortnight. Walking up a trail she stumbled on a beach next to the great ocean. She turn to the servant “You are faithful and always have been and for that you are free.” Trying to explain why he could not leave her was a losing fight. He decided she deserved to be respected. With that he turned and left going down the hill back to town. Claris turned to the beautiful ocean, the place where Conwalact had ask her to marry him, she looked down at the pendent he had given her. The ivory surface was so smooth, she had failed him. She no longer deserved to where this master piece he had given her. And with that she threw the pendent into the flowing water of the ocean. She then continued up the hill, nobody ever saw her ever again.

1. “Well you have worked here for a long time, and, well you know we have to do the best for the people by having the best people at the job. And that is why sometimes you have to make tough choices. And a vote yesterday concluded that you no longer have a place to be here. So I hear by declare that you are no long a part in this magistrate by in means necessary.” The words of Alexander hit Conwalact like a razor sharp sword. He turns to Balsiniean for support but his old friend was looking away. He felt his world start spinning, his friends, his job, all his hard work, gone “But this is my job and I love it, this is where I belong” Conwalact cried. “I have done so much and so good.” He could not leave without a fight.
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C. Sprinting with all her might Claris paused to see were Conwalact was to see that he was stopped looking to his side.

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I learned in my research that the Magistrate (the government that Carthage had) was almost a combination of democracy and a dictatorship. They sometimes had votes with the people but sometimes they also just decided what they wanted to happen. They also were very rich people so they controlled had power to destroy any one who disagreed to what they wanted.

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I think I could have gone more into depth on the art pillar more with the pendent that he gave to her.

1. My character wants a family of his own. He cannot have it because his parents were killed when he was young. And he is not married yet.
2. He loses his job at the magistrate because they think he is losing his grip. He also gets married.
3. A
4. I think I did best on the part explaining why he is loses his job. I really went into depth I think on the detail.
5. I think I could improve on the ending. I felt like I rushed the ending for it to be over. After going on and on in t the beginning I think I might have had a better ending if the rest of the story was not so detailed and long.