

The Great and Wondrous Tale of Saint Gerome and the Serpent

as told by Kevin, he who is not called Veracity

Sit my children and you will learn of the ferocious battle betwix good and evil that transpired before mine own eyes when I was just a wee lad of 42. It was the time of the great tempest of 97, in the highlands of the land of the Lone Star. I was on a quest of adventure with my child-bride, Mamie, when our little caravan was assailed from the heavens with a mighty flood. We found ourselves in dire straights and almost lost our lives with the rising waters of that far off enchanted land. The rivers rose and the waters in their anger reached out to snatch our very souls. But for the intervention of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Lawrence O'Toole, and all the saints of the Emerald Isle, we would have been flotsam in the devils own cistern.

But that sweet wee ones is another story altogether. I am here to tell of the struggle I was blest to witness when my bride and I fled the southern highlands to seek refuge in the cottage of my cousin, Bridget, who by the way, was named after the blessed St. Bridget of Ireland, in the northern lands. The higher counties where she resides, suffered their own pummelling from the rains and there was much destruction in that small village. But on with the story.

It was on the third day that we were at Bridget's and I was toiling in the ruins of Bridget's wee boat moring, when a great serpent child of Satan himself, reared his horrible head from the putrid waters and struck at me with fangs the size of huge timbers. I was horror struck and but for my quickness of youth would have been devoured whole. I cried out in terror and retreated from the beast. Nearby, the great knight of Holy Mother Church, F. Gerome of the clan Madden, sept Madadahaine, heard my cries, and rode forward on his great battle steed, to my rescue. With nerves of iron and the courage of ten men he placed himself and his mount betwixt myself and the huge serpent. I, of course, was overcome with great awe and humility before the sight of this great warrior who was obviously sent by the saints to my rescue.

A great battle ensued. Time and time again the snake of hades struck at him. Time and time again he thwarted the serpents evil intent with mighty blows from his staff of steel and fire. Then, the evil one delivered unto his great war horse a fatal blow. The sound of that mighty steed's scream of anger and despair still to this day haunts my sleep. The sight of his faithful mount and companion lying broken and dying on that acre of fire and blood enraged the courageous knight to a blinding rage and in one mighty blow, he cleft the monster almost in two.



But the battle was not done. The serpent bellowed in pain, and his eyes took on a glow that reflected the fires of hell itself. He struck out again with such ferocity, that he felled the good knight and he wrapped his bloody body around the warrior in an attempt to crush him before feasting on this noble servant of good. The knight, wrapped in the coils of the demon, fixed one mighty hand about the throat of the beast and they were locked in a macabe dance of death. The universe seemed to pause and wonder at this horrible struggle. Then of a sudden, the knight again raised his weapon, and in a final, swift, and determined strike, destroyed this devil's minion. The blow was so fantastic, that little was left of the giant snake's head. For a time the body of the beast writhed and thrashed, then fell still. Noble Gerome, gave out a victory cry that seemed to thunder even the surrounding mountains. He laid the carcass of the devil on the ground for all to see, and as a message to hell that this fair piece of earth, is not open to his visitations.

This my dear little ones is the true story of Great Uncle Jerry and the snake, for I was there, and you know I would never bend the truth.