



The wind hisses among the ruins of the ancient castle, which towered over the inhabited area, benefiting at the same time of a spectacular and strategic view. A ghostly figure wanders careful and undisturbed among these ruins, observing the horizon in search of something or someone. He has no peace, his soul is destined to wander in this world forever, standing on eternal guard at the castle, because of the mistake made when he was still alive.

So long ago, on that cold Christmas Eve night, he was just a young guard at the service of the family who owned the castle. It was very cold there on the watchtower and so he decided to leave his placement to warm up a little. At any rate, nobody would attack that impregnable castle on Christmas Eve. But their enemies had different plans. When he noticed their arrival, it was too late. The family had already arrived at the watchtower to escape the castle's siege. The enemies, however, attacked on two fronts and nobody could escape. If only he had noticed their arrival, he would have sounded the alarm and the family would have managed to save himself in another way.

He still sees before his eyes his master, brave and combative, who exhausted succumbs to the blows of the enemies that surround him. A soldier pulls out his master's throbbing heart and the triumphing screams of enemies still roar in his ears. When he was pierced by a sword, he thought that eternal rest would put an end to his shame. But his soul still wanders and will never have peace.
