

seemed to have gone to his head just like the beer. Jan pushed two lansquenets aside and stood in front of him.

"Shouldn't we wait to talk until you are sober again," Jan tried to elude the conversation.

"What do you allow yourself? To tell me when and how I want to talk to you, my son? Come to me immediately and kneel before your father or you will be beaten by me, so that hearing and seeing will pass you by.

Several people on the street had stopped. Partly out of respect for the master weaver, partly out of curiosity as to what might come next.

"You have my respect, father," Jan van Koninck replied coolly to his father's roar, "I won't give you a knee. From now on I will go my own way. As a weaver you will do without me

I have nothing to expect anyway, because the weaving mill will inherit Wim. What remains for me? To be your servant? No, that is not the life I dreamed of. I did not fight for the freedom of our people and put my life at risk. I am going to Paris".

"Where are you going? To Paris? To the enemy? I won't allow that."

"Father, you have nothing more to allow me. I am not going to the enemy and I will not join King Philip either. But I will not stay here either.

Pieter van Koninck staggered towards his youngest son with undermined eyes. Shortly before he reached him, he pulled his sword out of its sheath and lifted it over his head.

"Before you go to Paris, I will strike your head off myself," cried van Koninck angrily, while his son Wim tried to snatch the sword from him, and some other people who

witnessed the fight also stood in van Koninck's way.

"Leave it alone, master," one of the butchers tried to reassure the weaver. As the butcher continued to invade his son, he wrestled the sword from his hand and gave it to Wim.

"Boy, see to it that you bring your father to his quarters so that he doesn't do any harm," said the bear-strong butcher, helping to drag the sinking weaver aside.

With horror Jan had followed the scene motionless. His father almost killed him. Sure he was drunk, but he shouldn't have gone that far. Now it was clear to him that Gerald van Nieuwland had been right. Here in Flanders there was no future for him. So he took his hat, turned around and left Kortrijk without saying goodbye to father and brother. He set off for Paris.

Jan knew the route to Lille, from where he had picked up the knights around Jaques de Chatillon about a year ago and led them to Wynendael Castle. Voluntarily he had not done that at that time and the one or other detour with inserted. De Chatillon had scratched himself sometime in a narrow hollow way at a blackberry bush slightly, his right sleeve backed and had seen that a thorn had hurt his skin. Although it wasn't a big deal and the small injury had been caused by himself, de Chatillon had scolded in Flanders.

"I believe the boy deliberately leads us through such dreadful paths. I think I'll tie him up on the next tree. Come closer once, you rascal," he had called and waved Jan to himself. But he had retreated and it looked as if he wanted to escape. De Chatillon had become even more angry and had asked his squires to catch the boy and hang him

from the next tree. Only then had a second knight intervened and stopped the action.

"Stop now with this theatre, de Chatillon. Pull yourselves together. We have to go to Wynendael today. So ride and let the Flanders live."

The knight who called de Chatillon to order was a handsome man with a white coat and a red cross under his left shoulder. The Frenchman still had a few objections to resolve the matter without losing face, but then gave in growling, not without shouting another threat.

"If we meet again, you won't survive."

"We'll see," Jan had replied and had disappeared into the dense forest, while the knights had to continue swearing without a guide.