

**The Deeds of Count Roger of Calabria and Sicily and of Duke Robert Guiscard his
brother.**

By Geoffrey Malaterra

Translated by G.A. Loud

**Here begins the letter of the monk Geoffrey to the venerable father the Bishop of
Catania.**

To Angerius, Bishop of the Catanians, most deserving of our reverence, I, brother Geoffrey, who derives his name Malaterra from his predecessors, after an unhappy life in the world in the company of Martha, am restored like her brother Lazarus to life and happiness in the peace of Mary. Since, most holy father, I recognise that I am joined to you by the religious habit which we wear, even if I am unworthy [of it], and thus by a special friendship, rather than to other bishops who are clad in the habit of a different sort, I have indeed the presumption to rest my hope in you rather than in these others, and I request you to act as my protector in all my affairs. I therefore entreat that through your favour, or at least with your presence, my book may be well received, and that with the backing of your authority it may be more acceptable to the prince, and because of reverence for you it may anticipate less harm from the envious - if any of these should rise up! However you, or anybody else who comes forward as reader, or assuredly as a critic of this book, ought to know that if you discover events noted down in the wrong order from the one in which they actually occurred, or indeed some things which have been accidentally omitted, the fault should not be ascribed to me, but rather to those who told me about these events, particularly since I was not present in person at the times when these matters took place. For you should know that I come from those regions beyond the Alps, and am only a very recent Apulian, and even more recently a Sicilian. But if however there should be complaint about my rather uncultivated style, it should be known that although the stream might be clearer or indeed I could have come forth in a more stately manner, the prince himself urged me to write in words which were clear and easy to understand, that the meaning of what was written should be apparent to everyone. Therefore whichever fault is ascribed to me, I

seek refuge under the safety of your protection, that leaning upon your great assistance, I may have less to fear from those who want to sink their teeth into me and do me harm, and that with this support I may be more acceptable to our prince.

To all those throughout Sicily to whom the name of bishop or cleric has been assigned, Brother Geoffrey Malaterra signifies himself with the signing of his name. Handed down from the ancient philosophers to the generations who have followed them, the custom has grown up that the deeds of brave men should be recorded in writing and transmitted to posterity. This prevents actions which ought to be remembered, and those who have performed them, being consigned to oblivion; and, even more, it enables those deeds which have been entrusted to writing and are read about and known by future generations, to make those who did them seem to live on through the memory of their lives. So Sallust argues - an author much admired by historians - when he writes at the beginning of his book, saying: 'Every man who wishes to rise superior to the animals should strive his hardest to avoid passing his life in obscurity, like the beasts of the field which go with their faces to the ground and are the slaves of their bellies'.

Roger, that most celebrated of princes, was taught by many authors who used to read out to him the histories of the ancients. On the advice of his followers he determined to record for later generations his victories, won in the face of great difficulties and dangers, namely his conquest through force of arms first of Calabria and then of Sicily, and he instructed me to prepare myself for the task of writing this down. In view of the benefits which he has already conferred upon me, I am not in a position to refuse to do anything which he has instructed me to perform. But I commence my task timidly, for my style lacks learning and my powers of expression are poor. It is as though I was in the middle of a very deep lake and knew not how to swim. I am also exceedingly afraid of you and your anger towards me, all the more so since it is you, who are steeped in the clearest fountain of the literary art, and not me - starved of the bread of such knowledge, who should be preparing for such a task.

But, realising that you are busy with labours of greater importance, at times toiling with Martha in the affairs of churches and at other times labouring with Mary in holy

contemplation, the prince spares you, not wishing to take you away from more worthwhile activity. However, he strives to render me, who seems less busy and not usefully employed, more active, with, as it were, a blow from his fist. I ask you therefore to remember Scripture, which says: 'Bear ye another's burden, and so fulfill the law of Christ' [*Galatians* vi.2], and elsewhere it says that, 'if brother helps brother, both are comforted' [after *Proverbs* xviii.19]. Stretch forth the foot of your favour to prop up my feeble recitation, so that I, protected by the shield of your authority, may be less afraid of the attacks of my detractors, and of those who seek to nibble away with their hostile teeth at the words and actions of others. For there are some people who, once they have achieved any sort of knowledge (by whatever means), and have thereby attracted favour and praise from other men, are swollen with pride and are so envious that they do not wish to have anybody near them who has learning equal to their own. If such a thing should happen then they attack the work of this person unceasingly, tearing at it with their sharp teeth, for they are afraid that their own work is devalued by praise of someone else's. To them one can rightly apply that passage from the Scripture which says that 'knowledge puffeth up', but not the phrase which follows, 'charity edifieth' [I *Corinthians* viii.1]. There are by contrast others whose knowledge and character enoble them to such an extent that, the more they are intoxicated by the wellspring of philosophy, the less they are carried away by pride. They always direct their mind along the path of humility, and do not criticise the words or actions of others, but rather when they hear something said inelegantly by another they gently correct it in private, so as to avoid public scandal. And they strive to praise them, and through their words to assist them to a more favourable reception among the powerful, regarding praise given to other people as though it were profit for themselves.

I beg that the kindly goodwill of this latter sort of person be granted to me. But I shall think that whatever I have said requires your corrections, and to be decorated by the flowers of your knowledge; so that the vine which you have cultivated and watered with application of your learning may render a more fruitful crop, and may attract greater praise and favour from the prince.

Book I

(1) The land of Normandy is in Gaul, but it was not always called Normandy. Once it, and everything that appertained to it, was a part of the royal fisc of the King of the Franks, which was called by the general name of Francia; up to the time when a very brave leader called Rollo sailed boldly from Norway with his fleet to the Christian coast, accompanied by a strong force of soldiers. He ravaged Frisia and other maritime areas to the west, and finally reached the port where the River Seine flows into the sea. His great fleet sailed up this river into the more inland areas of Francia, and seeing how fertile this area was, more so than the other regions which they had crossed, he conceived a desire to seize it and take it for his own. For it is a land with rivers full of fish and woods full of wild animals, fertile and suitable for corn and other crops, with rich meadows to feed cattle, and thus very likely to excite the greedy. For this reason they landed on each bank and began to make the inhabitants of the province subject to his rule.

(2) However, the king who was at that time ruling over Francia - I think it was Louis II - was at first furious when he learnt that enemies had invaded the frontiers of his empire. He raised an army, marched against the enemy and appointed a duke to expel them from his lands. But then he realised that this could not be done without great casualties among his men. Fearing the uncertain events of war and wishing to spare bloodshed among his followers, he took counsel and concluded a peace treaty. Accepting the service which they offered to him, he granted them the bulk of the land which they had invaded as a benefice.

The land which had been granted to them stretched [westwards] from the pagus of Ponthieu on its eastern border, and was next to the English Channel, which lay between it and Britain on its northern side and bounded its western extent also. On its south-west frontier there was the pagus of Maine, and then the border went as far as Chartres, from Chartres it went to Abbeville and Beauvais, up to Ponthieu [once again]. Duke Rollo received this land outlined above from the King of the Franks as a hereditary fief; he then distributed it among his followers [in varying amounts] depending on how close he was to them, reserving the most valuable land for his own use.

Since we have now given a brief description of the land which they held, it seems proper to say something about the character of this people.

(3) They are a most astute people, eager to avenge injuries, looking rather to enrich themselves from others than from their native fields. They are eager and [indeed] greedy for profit and power, hypocritical and deceitful about almost everything, but between generosity and avarice they take a middle course. Their leaders are however very generous since they wish to achieve a great reputation. They know how to flatter, and are much addicted to the cultivation of eloquence, to such an extent that one listens even to their young boys as though they were trained speakers. And unless they are held in thrall by the yoke of justice, they are a most unbridled people. When circumstances require they are prepared to put up with hard work, hunger and cold; they are much addicted to hunting and hawking, and they delight in fancy clothes and elaborate trappings for their horses and decorations on their other weapons. They derive the name of their land from their own name: *north* in the English language means 'the northern wind' [*aquilonis plaga*], and since they come from the north they are called Normans and their land Normandy.

In this province there is a city called Coutances, and in its territory there is a village named Hauteville; called thus not so much because of the height of any hill upon which it is situated, but rather, so we believe, as a an omen predicting the extraordinary fortune and great success of the future heirs of the this village. who with the help of God and their own dynamism [*strenuitas*] raised themselves step by step to the highest of ranks. We do not know whether divine providence saw what was pleasing to it in the preceding generations, or foresaw it in their heirs who came after, or even both, but it raised these heirs to great estate so that, as was promised to Abraham, they grew into a great people and spread their rule by force of arms, making the necks of many peoples subject to themselves, as we shall explain little by little in what follows.

(4) There was a certain knight of quite distinguished family who possessed this village by hereditary right from his ancestors. He was called Tancred, and he married a wife called Moriella, who was notable both for her birth and her good character, and as the years went

by he received from her in lawful manner five sons, who were in the future to become counts: namely William, known as 'the Iron Arm', Drogo, Humphrey, Geoffrey and Serlo.

Their mother died while their father was still a young man and unsuited for celibacy, but this good man detested extra-marital unions and therefore married again, preferring to be contented with one legitimate union rather than soiling himself with the filthy embrace of concubines, mindful of the word of the apostle: 'to avoid fornication let every man have his own wife' [I *Corinthians* vii.2], and of what follows: 'whoremongers and adulterers God will judge' [*Hebrews* xiii.4]. So he married Fresenda, a lady who in birth and morals was by no means inferior to his first wife. In due time he had from this union seven sons, who were of no less worth or dignity than their brothers mentioned above. We shall list their names here. First there was Robert, called from his birth 'the cunning' [*Guiscardus*], afterwards prince of all Apulia and Duke of Calabria, a man of great wisdom, ingenuity, generosity and boldness. The second was called Mauger, the third William. the fourth Aubrey, the fifth Hubert, the sixth Tancred, the seventh and youngest Roger, later the conqueror and count of Sicily. Their mother raised her sons with most carefully and affectionately, and she demonstrated such love to the ones who were not hers but born of her husband and his first wife that unless one had learnt from some third party one would not have known which was her own son and which was not. As a result her husband loved her all the more, and she was greatly estimated by their neighbours. As the years were granted to them, the children grew from childhood and one by one reached the age of adolescence. They began to imbibe military skills, to practice the use of horses and weapons, learning how to guard themselves and strike down their enemies.

(5) They saw that their own neighbourhood would not be big enough for them, and that when their patrimony was divided not only would their heirs argue among themselves about the share-out, but the individual shares would simply not be big enough. So, to prevent the same thing happening in future as had happened to them, they discussed the matter among themselves. They decided that since the elders were at that time stronger than those younger to them, they should be the first to leave their homeland and go to other places seeking their fortune through arms, and finally God led them to the Italian province of Apulia.

(6) They learned that, as a result of various disputes, hostilities had broken out between two very famous princes, those of Capua and Salerno. Since they discovered that on the road by which they came Capua was the nearer of these two places, they took themselves to its prince, ready to fight for hope of gain. They remained there for a short time, accepted his wages, and vigorously carried out their duties. But, realising how stingy the Prince of Capua was, they abandoned him and changed sides to enter the employ of the Prince of Salerno. He received them as was fitting, because their military reputation had already made them extremely well-known throughout Apulia, and particularly since they had deserted the prince his enemy and joined him. Their loyalty to him was encouraged with generous gifts and they wreaked havoc on the Capuans with all sorts of frequent raids, terrorising the whole province as though some dreadful epidemic had broken out. Revenging the injuries suffered by the Prince of Salerno far and wide, they continued to do this indefatigably and so curbed those in rebellion against the prince that all the districts round about were reduced to peace.

The race of the Lombards is indeed a most untrustworthy one, and always treating any honest man with suspicion. They secretly criticised those [Normans] in the prince's entourage, nibbling away at them, suggesting that he drive them from him lest some wicked person do him harm in future. With their innate malice they added to this calumny, suggesting that a people who combined such astuteness and valour [*strenuitas*] might by their cunning drive the prince out and seize possession of his hereditary property. As a result the prince's mind was swayed by these insinuations, and easily turned against them. But, although the prince was under the influence of the evil counsel of his men and he agreed to do what they urged, he was however afraid of their valour, and was careful not to show publically what in fact he intended.

(7) A Greek called Maniaces, whom the emperor at Constantinople had placed as governor of those parts in Calabria and Apulia which belonged to him, planned to lead an expedition to conquer Sicily and sought help from all sides. Thus on the emperor's behalf he requested the Prince of Salerno, who was well-disposed to the emperor, to send him the men through whom he was reputed to have conquered his enemies, that they might aid the

holy empire. He promised to reward them generously. The prince seized the opportunity to get rid of them in an honourable way, and immediately agreed to this request. He urged them to do this, and to persuade them he promised them rewards. He made speeches to them; he even promised them [the help] of his own men. They finally made the necessary preparations and went to join Maniaces, not however so much because of the prince's order but rather seduced by the hope of securing the rewards which they had been promised. Maniaces was extremely pleased by their arrival, for he relied very much on their assistance. He set sail with a huge force and landed in Sicily. He first attacked Messina, since it lay very close to the shore where he had landed, and forced [the inhabitants] to negotiate its surrender. For the the most valiant soldiers among the people of Messina had sallied forth and met the Greeks in a great battle, and the Greeks had retreated, leaving the battlefield to our men. The inhabitants of Messina had not yet experienced the valour [*strenuitas*] of our men, and to begin with they put up a fierce resistance. But when they saw that they were being attacked unusually fiercely, then, as though shrinking from the warlike nature of this new people, they turned their backs to our men and fled to the immediate neighbourhood of the city, yielding up the areas further away.

After our men had been responsible for his obtaining the city, Maniaces started to appreciate their worth and encouraged their ardour with gifts and promises. They then set off to invade and conquer the more distant parts of Sicily and came to Syracuse. Its citizens made a sortie and gave battle to Maniaces's men. Archadius [*the Caid*] who ruled over that city gave our men a tremendous fight and killed a number of them. William son of Tancred, who was known as 'the Iron Arm' became exceedingly angry, charged forward, rushed bravely upon him, and with a mighty blow cut him down dead. This deed was much praised and admired by both Greeks and Sicilians. The Sicilians raised an army of up to sixty thousand men, and tried to offer battle to Maniaces and his men in the neighbourhood of Troina. Then that mighty man of arms William son of Tancred, who was proud of his warlike reputation and led the vanguard of the Greek army, began the battle and engaged the enemy with the knights of his own people before the Greeks had even arrived at the battlefield. Through his brave action he killed many, forced the rest to flee and emerged as the victor. Our men pursued the enemy; meanwhile the Greeks arrived at the place where

the battle had been and seized the booty. They divided it among themselves, and left nothing at all for our men since they were not present with the rest of the army.

(8) When our men returned from their pursuit of the enemy and realised this, they were extremely unhappy. They sent an Italian called Arduin, who was part of our contingent, to negotiate with Maniaces, since he was able to speak Greek. He was to request Maniaces for a division of the booty, either immediately or [at least] after he had made proper consideration of their efforts. However the general was furious, and interpreted this as an affront to his authority since it was his right to do as he liked with the booty. He ordered Arduin to be punished by being beaten with staves right the way through the camp, and by doing this to shame our men. When Arduin returned with this news our people took it exceedingly ill, and decided to attack the Greeks. Arduin was barely able to restrain them, but he suggested a better plan; namely that he should conceal his anger and approach Maniaces in a more humble manner. Once suspicion was dispelled, he would obtain a chryrograph from Maniaces's notary, with whom he was friendly, which would enable them, after the city was taken, to go back over the Straits. He contrived to do this; for Maniaces, who did not know what they planned, started to praise the knight's good nature and to promise him gifts, although with his own people he laughed at and mocked him. When Arduin, who pretended that he had business in Calabria, had got the document from the notary, our men set out secretly by night for Messina and crossed the Straits unscathed. They thus headed for Apulia, hastening through Calabria, plundering along the way all those places which they knew to be under Greek jurisdiction. They did this until they reached Apulia. But, knowing the untrustworthiness of Prince Guaimar, they did not go back to him, instead they planned to invade that province and make it entirely subject to themselves.

(9) Since they lacked a fortress [*castrum*] through which they could protect themselves from the inhabitants of that area, they built one, which was called Melfi. There were though only five hundred knights there when the Greeks who ruled that land raised a huge army from Calabria and Apulia, numbering nearly sixty thousand troops, and marched against them, intending to drive them right out of the country. They sent an envoy ahead of them to inform them that they should choose what they preferred, either a battle with them next day,

or they would be granted a truce to cross back over the border unharmed. The envoy who had been sent on this mission rode a particularly handsome horse. One of the Normans, Hugh Tudebuis, started to pat this horse. He wanted the Greeks to be told something amazing about him and his fellows which might terrify them, and so he struck the horse in the neck with his bare fist and with one blow knocked it down as though it was dead. The other Normans rushed forward and picked up the Greek, who had been thrown to the ground with his horse and was laying there as if dead, although he himself was not injured, but merely afraid. The horse however they dragged to a cliff and threw off. The Greek, who had only just been restored to his senses by the Normans' assistance, received a better horse from them and reported back to his compatriots that they were prepared for battle. But when he told the leaders of his people all that had happened to him, they were struck with fear and admiration. They kept this information to themselves, afraid that if it was spoken about openly the army might flee in terror. The next morning they were attacked at dawn by the Normans and resisted bravely. Both sides fought fiercely. Of the sons of Tancred, [only] William the Iron Arm and Count Drogo were present at this battle, for none of their other brothers had yet followed them. These two very valiant knights heartened their companions and themselves fought bravely, laying low many of their enemies, until they finally put the rest to flight. Once the victory had been secured they pursued them, killing the stragglers, and many of the enemy were drowned as they tried to swim across the River Olivento.

(10) The conquered enemy, exhausted as they were, roused each others' spirits, and gathering a much bigger army, and prepared for battle. They were joined by Doceanus, who had been sent out for this task by the emperor in Constantinople. The Normans rapidly marched to meet them and met them bravely in battle near Montepeloso. Far from showing their fear of combat, they sought it as if by choice. In this battle the Greeks, contrary to their usual custom, behaved bravely and the Normans started to be weakened by heavy casualties. William was suffering from the quartan fever, and because of the desperate illness under which he was labouring could not be present at the battle. He was laying nearby, close to death. But when he saw that his men were not behaving bravely and were all but defeated, his wrath and indignation made him forget the illness from which he suffered. He seized his arms and threw himself like a raging lion into the midst of the

enemy. He rallied his men with words of encouragement and by his valiant conduct put the enemy to flight. Their general, the duke Doceanus, was a cowardly man who was slaughtered like an ox. His men were in despair and could not believe their ill-fortune. They fortified their *castra*, and did not dare to fight the Normans any more without walls to shelter behind, but not even these walls could protect them, for the Normans launched frequent and damaging raids against them. Destroying their vineyards and olive groves, and seizing their herds, flocks and the other supplies which they needed, they left them nothing outside their *castra*. Indeed their army surrounded the *castra* in which the Greeks had taken refuge, and they attacked them with siege engines, for which there had both highly-skilled engineers and adequate supplies of the materials for their manufacture. A hail of blows damaged the walls and towers and undermined the foundations. With the walls broken down they were able to enter and storm them, and they seized them all for themselves. The Normans realised that they could take the other *castra* round about, and imposed their rule over these places too.

(11) The younger brothers, who had up to now been forced by their youth to remain at home, heard rumours of how their elder brothers, who had gone before them, had by their valiant behaviour raised themselves to the heights of honour and lordship, and as soon as age permitted they followed after them. Two only were left at home to prevent the hereditary possessions coming to them being lost to the family. Those leaving could scarcely persuade those remaining to stay, but managed to prevail upon them by promising that if their heirs were to follow after them, then they too would share in what was to be gained. But since this work would be tedious if everything which they did in Apulia was related, let us just say in summary that not only us but the facts themselves testify that they subjected the whole country to themselves by force of arms. A great multitude of their relatives and compatriots, and even people from the surrounding regions, followed them in the hope of gain, and they were extremely generous to them, giving them horses, arms, clothing and all sorts of gifts. To some of these men they granted extensive lands, preferring the assistance of brave warriors to worldly riches: as a result nothing they undertook ended in failure. They thus benefited from the Gospel, where it says, 'Give, and unto you it shall be given' [*Luke vi.38*]; for the more generous they were, the richer they became.

(12) Then Count William, the eldest of the brothers, fell ill and died, and all the Normans were prostrated with grief since they doubted whether they would in future ever have a man of such wisdom and skill at arms [*armis strenuum*], and one who was so generous, kindly and accommodating to them. But after they had as was customary celebrated his funeral rites with the greatest care and with deep (and by no means unmerited) lamentation, his second brother Drogo undertook rule over all Apulia. Let us sum him up by saying that he was a man praiseworthy in every way. On the advice of the Apulians and Normans he appointed his brother Humphrey Abelard, a man of great wisdom, as count at a *castrum* called Lavello, and he sent Robert Guiscard to Calabria, granting him a *castrum* in the Crati valley called Scribla, from which to attack the people of Cosenza and all those who were still holding out in Calabria.

(13) The Apulian Lombards are always a most treacherous race, and they conceived a secret plot to murder all the Normans throughout Apulia on the same day. On the day chosen Count Drogo was staying at the *castrum* of Monte Oleo, which name the inhabitants have corrupted to Montillaro. At daybreak he went to church, as was his custom. As he entered the church a man called Riso, an intimate companion [*compater*] of the count who was bound to him by oath, lay in hiding behind the door and, breaking his faith, he stabbed the count. In this way he and many of his men were killed, and only a few got away. Many others throughout Apulia met their end in this conspiracy. Humphrey Abelard, who was greatly angered by his brother's murder, then laid claim to his lordship for himself, and took over the *castra* which his brother had held; those Normans who had escaped this dangerous conspiracy bound themselves to him. He set off to exact punishment for Drogo's death, and after a lengthy siege he finally captured the *castrum* in which his brother had been killed. He inflicted all sorts of tortures on his brother's murderer and his accomplices, and after a while the anger and grief he felt in his heart were quenched by their blood.

(14) The Apulians had not yet come to the end of their treacherous plots. They sent secret envoys to Pope Leo IX, inviting him to come to Apulia with an army, claiming that Apulia sought his rule and that at the time of his predecessors it had been under the jurisdiction of the Roman Church; they themselves would help him and the Normans were cowardly, their

forces diminished and few in number. Although he was a most prudent man, he was (as is usually the case) seized by ambition. The emperor sent an army of Germans to help him, and he entered Apulia, trusting in the assistance of the Lombards. Count Humphrey however behaved splendidly, preferring to die honourably rather than living on in shame. He raised an army and marched bravely against the enemy. Drawing up his battle line, he began the conflict and, as was his custom, led the first charge courageously. The terrified Lombards tried to save themselves by flight and left the battle to the Germans. The latter put their trust in their arms and fought bravely, but the Normans were victorious and nearly all of the Germans were killed. The pope sought to save his life by flight and took refuge in a city of the province of Capitanata called Civitate. His enemies pursued him and laid siege to it, throwing up earthworks and preparing siege engines to storm the city. Such threats were intended to make the inhabitants surrender the pope. These people, untrustworthy as ever, were not prepared to seek any agreement which might benefit the pope unless their own safety was guaranteed, and so they drove the pope out of their gates. His enemies met him and, because of their reverence for the Roman See, prostrated themselves with great devotion at his feet, asking for his pardon and blessing. They brought him, behaving in the most humble manner, to the spot where the army's camp and tents had been placed. The pope was grateful for their respect and kindness towards him, gave them pardon and blessing for their offences, and granted them all the land which they had seized, and of which they could possess themselves in future in Calabria and Sicily, to be held as an hereditary fief from St. Peter by themselves and their heirs. This was about the year 1053.

(15) On the pope's return to Rome Count Humphrey escorted him with all honour for as far as he wanted. On being granted leave to depart he returned to Apulia, where he found the whole country peaceful and obedient to him, and for a long time he ruled it in peace. There was virtually no robbery or plundering there, at any time, nor could one find anybody who dared to contest his rule. He made two of his brothers counts, Mauger of the Capitanata, and William in the Principate. Mauger however died and left the whole of his county to his brother William. The latter gave it to his brother Geoffrey, whom he loved.

(16) While Robert Guiscard was dwelling at Scribla, gallantly waging war against the Calabrians, he saw his men sicken because of the place's unhealthiness and bad air, and so he sought for a healthier spot. He did not however go further away, like a coward who retreats to avoid his enemies, but rather, as though advancing against his foe, he transferred his base to a nearby *castrum* called S. Marco which he fortified. But, after the *castrum* had been established, he was unable to obtain supplies for it, for those who dwelt nearby had taken their property into the nearest castra, to prevent them being taken by his men. One evening the steward who oversaw the affairs of his household asked him what he and his knights were going to eat the next day; saying that he had neither food nor the money to buy food, and that, even if he had the money, he knew of no place where he could go in safety. Guiscard had with him some sixty men whom they called Slavs, who were well-acquainted with Calabria, and whom he had, through gifts and promises of greater ones, made so loyal to him that they might have been brothers. He asked them whether they knew of any suitable place from which he might obtain plunder. They replied that they knew where very great booty could be obtained, beyond some very high mountains and down a precipitous road into deep valleys, but it would be impossible to take it away without undergoing great risks. Robert is said to have given this reply: 'So my followers are very mindful of my safety! To avoid danger, both Guiscard and you yourselves shall have to face famine! We shall have to risk bad luck, and even danger of death, if we are to find food. Those who dare have often escaped triumphantly, but we have never heard of anyone being praised for having died of hunger. Let's go, night robbers!', he said. 'Drink will make the Calabrians less watchful, and since they treat today as a feast day, they will as usual be devoting themselves to eating and drinking. You go on ahead, and the armoured knights will follow'.

His bed was prepared, as had already been arranged, but in the night he rose, without anybody knowing, and dressed just like those who were making the sortie, putting on a ragged tunic and the sandals which they wore instead of shoes. The count then went into their midst, but did not talk to anyone, and in this way his identity remained undiscovered the whole night long. He did not wish to let them know who he was, in case he was then taken prisoner, for since they were of that same race [as the local inhabitants?], he did not wholly trust them. They finally arrived at the place to be plundered, and gathered up

whatever they could find there. He then urged his fellows, with frequent gestures and waving his spear, to hasten their retreat. But before it grew light, those from whom the booty had been taken realised their loss, and they set out in pursuit with two hundred soldiers to recover the booty. Guiscard saw the pursuers drawing near, and heard his own men encouraging each other in a spirited manner to behave bravely and not to be deprived of the plunder; and so he let them know who he was. He cried out, 'I am here sharing in your work! If you are in danger, I am here too! Be brave of heart and let us charge our enemies. For through God we shall have good fortune and shall easily prevail!' On saying this he rushed furiously against the enemy and fought them, killing many of them, capturing others and putting the rest to flight; and thus emerging the victor. With the booty so triumphantly won, he made his footsoldiers knights [*equites*]; and as everything was now safe, he went on ahead with the prisoners, leaving a few men behind to bring the plunder after him. Since it was now light and his knights could see armed men whom they thought to be enemies approaching the camp, and furthermore they had no idea where their lord was, they started a noisy search through the *castrum* for him. Not finding him, they were much upset - however they marched bravely out of the *castrum* and hastened to attack those whom they thought to be enemies. Guiscard then got the horse he was riding to move on ahead, urging it on with his heels and crying out 'Guiscard' in a loud voice. Once he was recognised, he made them all joyful by his presence and his good fortune. However, they sternly rebuked him for attempting such deeds, and warned him not to try something like that in future, lest the good fortune which now smiled upon him should, if he took such chances, change for the worse. Thus the *castrum* was enriched both with the booty and with the prisoners' ransoms, and he launched frequent and very damaging raids against the Calabrians.

(17) One ought not to pass over in silence how he captured Peter de Tira, who lived at Bisignano. This Peter was indeed the wealthiest citizen of Bisignano, and outshone the others too in wisdom and courage, and was therefore the leading man there. However he and Guiscard were in the habit of having frequent meetings, as though at a court [*quasi ad placitum*], to discuss the various disputes which occurred between their men. Since Guiscard knew that Peter was rolling in money and was the leader of the others in the

castrum, he began to think how he might take the *castrum* and get his hands on the money that Peter possessed. He pondered this for a long time and finally, after he had discussed it with his men, they met one day in the plain outside the castrum of Bisignano, which is where they were accustomed to have their conferences. No formal truce had been agreed. Seeing the crowd of people with Peter, Guiscard sent a messenger to suggest that, because he was reluctant to get mixed up with this crowd in case an argument about some thing or other was started, they should rather both move away from their companions and meet together between the two parties to have their discussion. He had however warned his own men what he planned to do, so that when the necessity arose they could come to his help as fast as possible. Peter agreed to Guiscard's proposal, and being quite unsuspecting, sent his fellows some way away while he went to meet Guiscard in the middle of the plain. They stopped and talked to each other for a long time, but when they stood up to leave, Guiscard, having had a good look at the other's considerable size and weight but trusting in his own strength (for he was always super-confident and extraordinarily daring in attempting great deeds), seized Peter round the middle and began to carry him over his shoulder towards his men. Both sets of supporters rushed forwards, the men of Bisignano to rescue Peter, the Normans to aid their lord. Guiscard meanwhile hauled Peter towards his men - partly carrying him, partly rolling him over, partly dragging him - the latter's attempts at resistance proved futile. The Calabrians then despaired of Peter, and without attempting to fight the Normans on his behalf they fled back into the *castrum* of Bisignano.

Rejoicing as though they had won a battle, the Normans took Peter back to the *castrum* of S. Marco. There he was held prisoner for quite a long time. After paying out an incredible sum of money, he finally managed to secure his freedom, but he was unable to hand over the castrum, for the citizens would not agree to this. Learning of the cunning Guiscard had displayed in this and similar enterprises, the Calabrians (a most timid people) were all absolutely terrified of him: indeed they said that there was nobody who could equal him, either with weapons, in strength, or in craft.

After receiving such a large sum of money, Guiscard generously rewarded his men and by doing so strengthened their loyalty to him. He attacked the Calabrians, and so

weakened them by daily raids that he forced the men of Bisignano, Cosenza and Martirano and the province round about to make a treaty with him, whereby, while they retained their *castra*, they also paid service and tribute only to him. They pledged themselves to this agreement with oaths and hostages.

(18) Count Humphrey ruled over Apulia most gloriously and in a praiseworthy and peaceful manner. But he was taken ill, and - sad to say - died. Guiscard was at that time staying at S. Marco. On hearing of this he was extremely sad, and hastened to Apulia where he was received by all the leading men from his land who made him lord and count over them all in his brother's place. He arranged matters there and united all of Apulia in peace and obedience to himself, but he could not forget the project which he previously had in mind. Now that he had been endowed with rule over a wider area and gained greater strength, and in particular a strong force of knights, with which he could carry through what he had started, he set his plan in motion once again. He raised an army and after making all the necessary preparations for the expedition, he led his troops into Calabria. He crossed into the territory of Cosenza and Martirano, and then remained for two days near the hot springs close to the River Lamita, to allow his army to relax after a hard and tiring march and to reconnoitre the land ahead. Then he went on to the *castrum* called Squillace, and from there marched along the coast until he reached Reggio. He spent three days in a reconnaissance of this city, but when he realised that neither by threats nor by promises could he make its citizens surrender, and with a number of matters requiring his attention in Apulia, he prepared to withdraw. On his return journey, Neocastro, Maida and Canalea made peace and surrendered to him.

(19) His younger brother Roger, who had up to now been kept at home because of his youth and the affection felt for him by his family, now followed him and came to Apulia. Guiscard was extremely pleased by his arrival, and received him with the honour which was his due. For he was a most handsome young man, tall and well-made, a most fluent speaker, shrewd in counsel, far-sighted in the planning of things to be done, cheerful and pleasant to everyone, strong and valiant, fierce in battle: through these qualities, in a short time he achieved general admiration. Since he was ambitious for both power and praise, as is usual

in one of his age, he attracted other ambitious young men to follow him, and whatever he could obtain was freely and generously shared with them.

Since he wanted to be absolutely sure of his brother's resolution and courage in military matters, Guiscard sent him to Calabria with sixty knights, there to fight against thousands of foes. He carried off the enterprise audaciously, pitching his camp on a high peak in the mountains of Vibona which could be seen far and wide, and from where he could coerce the inhabitants of the surrounding area. News of this spread through all the towns and *castra* of that region and the valley of Saline and all the people were terrified. They sent envoys to beg for peace, gave him lots of gifts, and feebly handed over the strongest *castra* in service to him, binding themselves with oaths and hostages.

(20) Once this area had been made obedient to his and his brother's wishes, he sent messengers to his brother in Apulia to inform him of the news of what he had done and to hand over the large sum of money which he had acquired. Meanwhile he himself carefully fortified a *castrum* called Nicefolia with towers and ramparts, garrisoned it with heavily-armed knights, and furnished it with all the supplies it needed. On realising his brother's valour [*strenuitas*] and receiving the money which he had sent, Guiscard was extremely pleased. Wishing to talk with him, he sent instructions that he should hurry to meet him. Roger took only six knights with him and travelled to see his brother in Apulia; he left the rest of his troops to guard the *castrum* which he had built and hold down the region, in case any treachery should be attempted. His brother received him as was proper, and they rejoiced much in their talk, each telling the other in turn their news.

(21) He stayed with his brother while together they made the preparations needed for their expedition. Then they crossed the Calabrian mountains with a large force of both cavalry and infantry and marched on Reggio. On their arrival at the valley of Saline, Guiscard heard that the inhabitants of Reggio had collected all the available foodstuffs from the surrounding area and brought them into the city, leaving nothing for his army, intending thereby to drive the besieging force away through hunger. So he sent his brother Roger with three hundred knights to plunder the area round the *castrum* of Gerace, giving him strict

instructions to bring whatever foodstuffs he could seize to the army at Reggio. He himself stuck to the direct route and hastened to besiege the city.

(22) Roger meanwhile, on behalf of his brother and the whole army, did his best to fulfill the orders he had been given. Climbing the highest mountains and descending into the deepest valleys, he returned to the army like a faithful and busy bee, laden down with plunder. Before his arrival everybody was almost destitute; he restored abundance. Guiscard however saw that he was making little progress against the city, and his army would be delayed there until the cold of winter. He therefore raised the siege, allowed all his forces to go home and went himself with only a few men to spend the winter at Maida.

(23) Roger lacked anything with which he could reward his knights, and they were becoming importunate in asking him for reward, so he sought this from his brother. The latter acted in an ill-advised manner towards him, and while generous to others began to be stingier with him than was proper. For he saw that young knights from all over Apulia were adhering not to him but to Roger because of the latter's valour [*strenuitas*]; fearing that his brother rise up against him, he wanted to force him through poverty to be content to remain with only a small following under his wing. But Roger was great of heart, and he knew that his brother was treating him as though he was ignoble and unworthy, rather than as someone who was climbing step-by-step to the top, as he was doing. So in his anger he abandoned his brother and went to Apulia.

(24) When his [other] brother William, Count of the Principate, heard of this, he sent messengers to Roger inviting him to join him, promising him that he could share in all that he possessed, treating everything except his own wife and children as his own. On his arrival he was welcomed with the honour he deserved. Roger remained with him for some time, until finally he received the *castrum* of Scalea from him; from there he launched many raids against Guiscard and devastated the country round about. When this was announced to Guiscard he raised an army and went to besiege the castrum, destroying the olives and vines which lay around the town. William however fell on him with his mighty lance and depleted the ranks of his knights through frequent skirmishes. Seeing that he was

accomplishing nothing against the town and that his forces were day by day diminishing, Guiscard took counsel and retreated before he suffered even more serious losses.

(25) Not long afterwards, and through the work of intermediaries, peace was for a time restored between them. On his brother's invitation Roger went to serve him with sixty knights faithful to himself; as a result he was reduced to such penury that he was largely sustained by the robberies committed by his squires. We do not say this to shame him but, on his own instructions, we shall write even more shocking and reprehensible things about him, so that it shall be clear to everyone how much struggle and anguish was needed for him to raise himself from the depths of poverty to the heights of wealth and honour. Indeed he had a certain squire [*armiger*] called Blettin, in whose presence nothing was concealed, whom he told what to steal. During his poverty-stricken youth, the man who was later to be such a wealthy count coveted some horses which he had seen in someone's house in Amalfi. He persuaded Blettin to come with him and steal them away by night.

(26) He remained loyally in his brother's service while two months went by, in the course of which he and his men received nothing as reward except for one single horse. He knew as if by instinct, even though he had not read it, this proverb of Sallust: 'to struggle in vain and after wearisome exertion to gain nothing at the end except hatred', (when taken finally to extremes) 'is the height of folly' [*Bellum Iugurthinum*, III.3], thus good fortune is very necessary for those who serve, and he realised that fortune was indeed less favourable to him. So, after an argument with his brother, he repudiated the agreement which they had for a time had between them and returned to Scalea. He sent out his knights to plunder Guiscard's castra, sending them that very night to attack one called Narencio, and laid waste the province. While he waited at Scalea for those who had been sent out to plunder, a man called Bervenis, coming from Melfi, announced that some Amalfitan merchants, laden with precious commodities, would be travelling from Melfi to Amalfi and would pass not far from the castrum. Hearing this he was very happy, sprang on his horse and, accompanied by thirteen knights, he encountered the merchants between Gesualdo and Carbonara. He captured them and brought them to Scalea, deprived them of everything which they had with them, and even made them ransom themselves. Aided by this money, which he handed

out generously, he bound one hundred knights to him, and with them he harried Apulia with frequent and wide-ranging raids, and put Guiscard to such trouble that, forgetting about the conquest of Calabria, he came near to losing what he had already acquired.

(27) In the year 1058 there was a great disaster and the flail of God's wrath, caused (so we believe) by our sins, was sent by heaven; it ravaged the province of Calabria for three months, namely March, April and May, to such an extent that people believed themselves to be menaced by a threefold plague. While one could be enough to put life in peril, scarcely anyone at this time reckoned that they could escape three dangers raging so furiously at the same time. For on the one hand the swords of the Normans were wielded so savagely that hardly anybody was spared, on the other hand there was widespread famine, which sapped people's strength ; and thirdly there was the onset of disease, which spread horribly, far and wide, raging out of control like a fire in a dry reed bed, and allowing almost no one to escape alive. Those who had money could find nothing to buy. People sold their weeping children from freedom into slavery for paltry sums, but then could not find anything which they might purchase for food, and their grief was made worse by their loss through this profitless sale; it was as though they were afflicted by a fourth calamity. Eating fresh meat without bread caused dysentery, which killed many people, and made others mad. Fear destroyed the sacred observance of Lent laid down by the holy and religious catholic fathers, to such an extent that it was violated through eating, not merely milk and cheese, but also meat, even by those who had seemed previously to be of good character. Drought took from the earth the green sweet-smelling wheat which customarily nourished them; indeed when winter wheat was to be found at all and was cooked, it seemed, through some defect of the air, more harmful than nourishing. They tried to make bread with with river sedges, tree bark, chestnuts, acorns and holm-oak nuts, which we call gleanings, dug up by pigs, as well as from the course meal left when wheat is dried mixed in with a little millet. Raw roots, eaten on their own with salt, blocked the vitals with a swelling of wind, and made countenances ashen. Mothers preferred, through pious affection, to indulge in open violence by snatching such food from the mouths of their children rather than giving it to them. So this three-fold disaster gave rise to other damaging consequences, and, with the intervention of these new factors, the famine became worse and the sword of death cut

more sharply. For bodies weakened by hunger, want and unaccustomed food were as just as much endangered by over-eating in those rare cases when food was abundantly available.

(28) The Calabrians are always a most untrustworthy people. When they saw that the brothers were at loggerheads with each other and that neither of them therefore would visit their land, they began to throw off the Norman yoke, and refused to pay the tribute and service which they had sworn to give. An agreement was negotiated to surrender a fortress called Neocastro, with the Calabrians simulating good faith, but that same day they slew the sixty Normans who had been left as its garrison.

(29) When this was announced to Guiscard, he realised that he was losing Calabria and that [meanwhile] Apulia was in total uproar. He sent envoys to his brother and made peace with him, granting him half of Calabria, from the saddle of Monte Nicefolo and Monte Squillace, an area which had already been gained, as far as Reggio, which still had to be conquered.

(30) Robert Guiscard had a wife of noble birth and virtuous descent called Alberada, by whom he had a son called Mark, who was known by the nickname Bohemond. They were however related by consanguinity, and being unwilling to go against canonical prohibition he now repudiated the marriage, and then entered into matrimony with Sichelgaita, the daughter of Prince Guaimar of Salerno.

(31) The betrothal was agreed at Salerno in the year from the Lord's Incarnation 1058. Before they gathered there, he sent instructions to his brother Roger to act as his agent in fulfilling his promise to Gisulf, the girl's brother, to destroy two *castra* which his brother William, the Count of the Principate, had built within his hereditary lands, and by which Gisulf was much threatened. Then he returned to Melfi and the marriage was solemnly celebrated.

(32) After these events had taken place, Roger returned Scalea to his brother William with a semblance of goodwill, and on Guiscard's request went to Calabria. He took over of the castrum of Mileto, which his brother granted to him as a hereditary possession, and

began to do battle with the rebellious Calabrians in the surrounding area. One day in the year 1059, when he was attacking the *castrum* of Oppido, the Bishop of Cassano and the *praesopus* (we would call him the provost) of Gerace raised a very large army and set out to attack the *castrum* of San Martino in the valley of Saline. When this was announced to Roger, he abandoned the siege and force marched to the place where he had heard that they were. He attacked and brought them to battle, trapped almost all of them and scarcely one escaped. He enriched all his men from the captured booty, horses and arms. As a result, although Calabria was still not entirely reduced to obedience, it was so terrified by his presence that it posed less of a problem to him than it had hitherto.

(33) Meanwhile Robert Guiscard went, at the request of his brother Geoffrey, the Count of the Capitanata, to help him against those whom he was fighting in Chieti, a land which he had invaded in an attempt to increase his dominions. Since he had great confidence in the valour [*strenuitas*] of his brother Roger, he requested him to come as fast as possible and to accompany him on his expedition there. The latter received his message, and realised his brother Geoffrey's need, even though he was busy dealing with his own affairs. It was however always his custom to help his friends with their problems as though they were his own, and so he was at pains to hasten to help his brother. They both therefore raised an army and, leading their battle line to the aid of their brother, they took the *castrum* of Guillimaco by storm. They brought the man who had previously ruled over this *castrum*, Walter, a prisoner to Apulia and had his eyes gouged out, to prevent him causing their brother any further trouble as he might do if he still had his sight on his release from prison. This man had a sister who was led off into captivity with him. She was alleged to have been of such beauty that, if by any chance she went to bathe in the sea or went paddling for pleasure in a river, the fish were so attracted by her shapely white form that they would swim up and could even be caught by hand.

(34) After gaining the *castrum* of Guillimaco through his brothers' help, Count Geoffrey then began the conquest of the whole province of Chieti. Robert Guiscard returned to Calabria with his brother Roger, and there arranged affairs very much to his and his

brother's advantage. He raided as far as Reggio, and then went back to Apulia for the winter while Roger remained in Calabria.

Once the winter was over, burning with the desire to capture Reggio, he gathered the provisions and other supplies which were needed with great care, raised a large army and went to Calabria. This was the year from the Incarnation of the Lord 1059. Bringing his brother with him, he surprised Reggio at the time when they were beginning to harvest the crops and laid siege to it. The defenders fought bravely, as if for dear life, and both brothers eagerly encouraged their men, rousing them to attack the *castrum*. On the occasions when they charged the enemy, both performed many brave deeds. Roger was indeed at the forefront of his men in every engagement lest it be said that he spurred on others to fight while hanging behind himself. He attacked a very brave man of enormous size who was reviling the Norman army with many insults and of whom everybody was terrified as though by a giant, overthrew him with his strong lance and killed him. His death in this manner so frightened the others in the *castrum* that, when they saw the machines being prepared for the capture of the city, they doubted their own forces and felt themselves to be lost. An agreement was concluded that two men who seemed to be the leaders of the others should be allowed to depart with all their own men while the rest surrendered the city and submitted to the Normans' rule. The men who left took refuge in a *castrum* called Squillace.

(35) After receiving the city, Robert Guiscard put into effect a long-standing desire of his and was gloriously and triumphally created duke. He profusely thanked his brother and the rest of the army with whose help he had attained such a high honour, and rewarded the deserving. He [then] directed his brother to take the army and make all the towns and *castra* throughout the whole province subject to his rule. Meanwhile he relaxed at Reggio after his labours.

(36) Roger was not indeed deceived by this excuse, but he led the army wisely, and in a very short space of time, partly by threats, and in part by diplomacy, he had gained eleven of the most important *castra*, in fact he was so successful that in the whole of Calabria only one *castrum* still dared to resist - this being Squillace, which was held by the people who had left Reggio.

(37) On besieging Squillace, Roger saw that it could not be captured quickly and that his army would become weary with the strain of the siege. So he fortified a castle [*castellum*] outside its main gate, furnished it with knights to attack the place, and the supplies which they needed, and disbanded the expedition. When the men who had gone to Squillace from Reggio found themselves under fierce assault from those whom Roger had stationed in the new castle, and after they had been unable to do anything for a considerable time, they took ship by night and fled to Constantinople. The people of Squillace then approached Roger, made peace with him and surrendered the castrum. This was in the year 1059. And thus the whole of Calabria was at peace, remaining quietly under the rule of Duke Robert Guiscard and his brother Roger.

(38) However, lest anybody think that those who had not come to Apulia with the other brothers but had remained in Normandy were less worthy than their siblings, something ought to be said about Serlo. He was considered to be one of the more outstanding knights in Normandy, and so, when he was wronged by a certain powerful man, he sought revenge and killed him. Not wishing to suffer the resulting anger of Count Robert, the son of Richard II and father of the renowned William, King of the English, he fled into Brittany. He remained there for some time, where he was universally esteemed for his valour [*strenuitas*]. He sent envoys to secure peace from Count Robert, but when he could not obtain this he launched a number of damaging raids into Normandy.

(39) On one particular occasion this same Count Robert was besieging a castle called Tillières on the border between France and Normandy. A certain French knight left the castle every day seeking single combat with men from the Norman army, and vanquished many challengers. The count became afraid of the loss of men, and forbade anyone to go out to meet him. He told his men that although they were avoiding a dangerous task they could plead in mitigation that they were not doing this through fear but because of their prince's prohibition. Serlo, who was at this time living in Brittany, was told of this, and could not stomach the shame brought upon his people. So, accompanied by two squires, he went to Tillières, and outside its gate he offered a challenge to single combat, waiting on horseback with his lance at rest. The man who was used to cutting down others was roused

to anger and, splendidly equipped, rode furiously out, shouting at him; he demanded to know who the challenger was, and urged him to retire and save his life. Serlo revealed his name, but refused to withdraw, and when they fought together the man who had cast down others was himself overthrown by his mighty spear. Many people from both sides were looking on, but none of them knew who Serlo was; however as the victor he was given a glorious reception by the Normans. He paraded through their camp with the severed head on his lance, but said not a word to his own people, and hurried back to Brittany. The count therefore sent an envoy with orders to find out who he was and summon him to come to see him. The announcement was made that he was Serlo, son of Tancred, and that he had gone to Brittany because an order had been given to drive him forth from his own people and he wished to avoid the anger of the prince whom he had offended. He would willingly remain in exile, even as a pauper, in obedience to the prince's order, until the latter's anger had been appeased. The count was filled with remorse, and being unwilling to do without such a man any longer, told Serlo to come to him. He hastened to meet the count who received him back into his grace, and granted him the kiss of peace. The possessions which he had lost were restored to him; he was enriched with a wife who herself was well-endowed with property, and the count treated him as one of his *familiares*.

(40) It is by no means absurd to say something worthy of record about Tancred, the father of these great sons. During his youth he was dedicated to military endeavours and passed through a number of different regions and princely courts. He was anxious to secure praise through his exploits, and during the time when he was one of the household [*familia*] of the count of the Normans, Richard II (the fourth in line from Duke Rollo) he not only gained a great reputation but also made his fortune.

One day the prince went out hunting. He was much addicted to such a sport, as is the way with wealthy men. He flushed out an boar of extraordinary size, of the type known as a *sanglier*. It was however his custom, as it is with other powerful men, that when he himself had flushed out some game, it should be left to him, and nobody else should dare to kill it. The hounds were rushing after the boar and the count was following on behind more slowly, because the forest foliage was extremely thick. The boar was afraid of being

attacked from behind, and so when it found a rock it used this as a bulwark to guard its rear, and then it put forward its head with its tusks to protect itself from the dogs. Since these hounds lacked the hunter's assistance, the boar had soon inflicted many wounds upon them with its sharp tusks when, quite by chance, Tancred arrived. Seeing the carnage among the hounds he rushed to help them, even though he was well-aware of the prince's custom. On seeing him, the boar ignored the dogs and charged towards him. Tancred was confident of his strength and waited for it, sword on high. He did not just inflict a wound upon it, but drove the sharp point right through his tough forehead down into its heart, and left the hilt sticking out next to the head - indeed out of the whole long length of his sword only the hilt was left outside the boar's body. So it was vanquished; but Tancred, leaving the sword in its forehead, took himself a long way off, to ensure that the count would not find out who had done this.

Coming upon the dead boar, the count was amazed. He ordered his companions to find out whether anyone was wounded; the sword was discovered, stuck in the boar's forehead, and this blow caused amazement. The count asked whose sword it was and, to prevent whoever had done this concealing his exploit, he pardoned him. When it was discovered that Tancred was the culprit, he was much praised by the count and the others, and though already much-prized, he was thereafter even more highly honoured. From then on he served in the count's court with ten knights under him. Now that we have narrated, albeit in an unpolished style, not admittedly everything which ought to be commemorated, but those few things about which we have learned from common report among the many done by the brothers in Apulia and Calabria, we shall turn our attention to the incredible deeds which they performed in Sicily, a land which resisted them for a long time but which was eventually subjugated. However, when the opportunity arises the events which took place in Apulia, Rome or Greece will not be passed by and consigned to oblivion.