

The Chase

I rode and rode not knowing who exactly was behind me but I knew they were out to kill me.

I am a robber but that is only what they call me. I am just getting the things that don't belong to them! Most of those things were mine but the things that weren't I returned to their owners. I am a good person, well a hero to those people who I return their things to. They are very grateful, but the people trying to kill me, they are the people of Tim Gibson. He is a very powerful man. He will steal money and valuable possessions from innocent people, just because he wants power. With money anyone can have power and with power and money he can buy more weapons to kill anyone who won't give him money. Then he can especially kill me. So I ride and ride through bush and all. Finally they lose me again and I ride free again but I know it won't be for long.

It's been a week and I am riding back up to Tim Gibson's castle on the top of the hill. I am on my usual track riding up the hill in the thick bush where I am very well hidden. I reach the clearing that I have to cross to get to the castle. I look out into the gloomy night and the coast seems to be clear. But something just didn't feel right. I took one step, one step out into the open and there I saw them, all of them, waiting for me. They had planned this and they had planned it well. They weren't going to let me go this time. My horse turned and rode back the way we came but we weren't on the track, we were rustling through the thick bush. I was scared that every breath I took might be the last. Bang! There it was. The bullet I hoped would never come. It didn't hit me, but my horse. He stumbled to the ground and I was thrown to the ground beside him. Shocked I ran. All the emotions ran through my head. That I had just left my horse I had had since I was a child in the middle of thick bush to die in agony. But I had no choice. So I ran, ran for my life stumbling over rocks. But then the second bullet sounded and this one was mine.