94. Shots in the Dark

"You have a firearm?" I demanded, my breath catching. He regarded me with supreme disdain. "Do I harmfully juggled on.

"Of course I have a firearm, Mr Linton. Do you think I would go into a situation such as this without being prepared?

"But why didn't you tell me about the soldiers before?"

"Because they had long range weapons and could have shot me long before I could have returned the favour. You don't bring a rifle to an ambushed. It is cumbersome and slow to load. This, he patted the weapon hidden under his tweed jacket, is a Colt Patterson revolver, prototype with loading lever. It collies if our friend Cheer, he nodded towards the approaching light, 'gets close enough. He will be out. '& tend normally perfected."

"Warning, Sir!"

"Hearing that I will put a hole in his head, Mr Linton."

I threw a normal glance at the walls of the tunnel, which were still rushing past in a blur, then directed my gaze at the light that was approaching alarmingly fast.

I hope we survive long enough to have to worry about fighting him, if we keep going at this speed, we'll probably die when we run into him. We're moving too fast and, as you said, this thing has gain in broken.

"I doubt it'll come to a collision. Look." And he raised the rattle lamp high over his head, pointing to something beside the cart. Hadn't seen before a set of stacks, running parallel to our cart.

"Why have two sets of rails in a mine?" The confusion in my voice was obvious.

"One for sending up the salt, one for sending down empty carts again. It makes sense."

"Well, - I suppose you're right. And you think he's on the other set of rails?"

"Yes. But..."

"But what, Sir?"

"But he made my point, just in case I'm wrong."

"How very comforting."

As we neared closer to a point that looked to me not on another set of tracks. But there was no need for me to jump, either. Long before I can reach the other strong cart, my tracks flattened out. We began to slow down, rolling along the track at a leisurely pace. Now we could see that the other strong cart hadn't, in fact, been racing towards us - it had only seemed that way because we had been speeding up so fast. Now, it was lying in the same direction as our cart, but it was far, far ahead of us. The light we had seen was a lantern, whose rack uniform and bulky white beard made him look distinctly Santaline, was jogging the handle of the drawer. As we came nearer, he raised his hand.

Mr Anderson raised a hand too - the one with his gun in it.

I noticed just in time to grab it and push it down again.

"No! I thought.

He gave me a dart I interrupt my important business look, which I completely ignored. - Lining to his tweed coat. "Why not, Mr Linton?"

"Because he hasn't gun & gun is his hand, Sir!"

"Then wait until he does, Mr Linton."

"Then wait until he does, Sir. You can't shoot an unarmed man?"

"That, Mr Linton, is exactly the error and more a victor policy."

"Why there, the man called, waving genially in our direction. "Caught up to me and my little drop on wheels, have you? Well, I ain't the fastest, I ain't a sprint that."

"And I'm didn't want to shoot! He just wanted to wave at us."

"For now, Mr Linton!"

Suddenly, the old soldier let go of the end of the saw-case with which he had been pushing along his cart and jumped in.

I'm going to take a little rest and have my supper, " he announced, stepping perfectly neatly to let the anyone stand where it was.

"Want to join me?"

I looked at Mr Anderson.

"Don't even think about saying yes, Mr Linton, "he hissed. "We're being chased by a dozen army of soldiers like Mr Kent has forecasted."

"I wasn't going to say yes, Sir, " I snapped back, etc ed. "I was going to ask how we'll get past him without arousing suspicion! We's blocking the way!"

I had noticed as much, Mr Linton. Do you still object to my shooting him?"

"No!"

Mr Anderson grasped his teeth in silence, and didn't answer. It was obvious that all the dangers that he said would ocurrence on our with chase for survival, he hadn't factored in a jolly old fellow jolly enough to stop for supper. Well, neither had I. In his perfectly honest, I'm just a little tired, I'm sorry I shouted at you, I'm sorry I called you a fool, I'm sorry I broke off on a tangent, Kanandale was supposed to be the kingdom of you in a point, not cheerfully, unspeaking sausages and a bottle of ale.

The whole limited edition pinkish pot a second bottle from the sack during over his back and held it out to us. We were only a few yards away from him, and our shadow sheets, a little wide

"Want to try it? It's a damn fine brew, if I do say so myself. The name's Bass, by the way."

"No!" Mr Anderson let out, jumping in the shadow and striding towards the old man.

I suppose it is, Ma, the mother picked it out. Father was never the creature one, let alone pick of our names. Ben for me, and Tom and Elsie for my.

"I mean, Mr Anderson said, remonstrating with a wink, pulling at my sleeve, "you did not wish to partake of your alcoholic drink. And neither does my friend. Will you be so kind as to move your cross cart out of the way, so we can continue? We have a schedule to keep."

"Actually, I said, thinking an anxious glance over my shoulder, "we're trying to - accelerating killed before we're old."

Old Bass didn't seem to hear that, He was busy running up a sausage holding one slice out to Mr Anderson, who looked down at it as if it were a rotten rat's carcass.

"I really must insist, Sir, that you - "he began.

"Leave this one!"

The shout cut him a - abruptly, and made us all look back up the hill, to the tunnel we had come. There was a big man in the tunnel, who probably cut his finger instead of the sausage. But I didn't pay attention, not Mr Anderson. We only had eyes for the dozen men with all three soldiers on board, racing downhill at a dangerous tempo.

Dangerous for them, and us.

Without wasting another word, Mr Anderson stepped up beside old Bass in a second leaped. With a triumphant grunt, I ruff from his throat, half from the protruding metal and wood, the velcro leaded and, and everything that had been stowed in the cart tumbled onto the floor.

"Hey!" Did the man from his sitting position, waving his sausage around threatenings. "Now, look here young fellow, you can't just..."

I didn't have any more. Mr Anderson came crashing towards him, he jumped onto our drawer and attained a single, decisive word. "Move!"

Throwing of his rail what he meant. I jumped on - grasped one end of the saw case, and pushed. We shot forward, past old Bass and his bloody sausage, bounds, - towards what? Freedom? Escape?

"Get them! Get them!"

A man whooped over our head, and I ducked, my heart hammering faster.

Well, at least we were running away from the heavily armed hunting party, that wasn't was sure. The drawer tilted, and I - we went down another decline.

"Hands in the cart! Mr Anderson commanded. "Get down and stay out of sight!"

We didn't follow him when ordered. Instead, he knelt down right behind the mine cart container and had the barrel of his gun on top of the metal, - narrowing his eyes, I was beside him in a flash.

"What are you doing, Sir?" I demanded.

"I thought I told you to stay out of sight, Mr Linton."

I cupped one hand behind an ear in a mock gesture. "Excuse me? The wind is so loud I hardly understand what you are saying. You want me to lie stay by your side?"

"- Out of sight! Listen, Sat - ed - sight!"

"By your side it is, then, Sir."

Another shot whistled over our heads. Mr Anderson didn't move an inch, but I ducked, my heart hammering. Bullets whistled past, going half an inch to peacefully. Ok, don't look at me.

"Now, Mr Linton, are the most irritating personage I have ever encountered in my life. If you must risk getting shot, do it quietly. I am trying to concentrate."

"What are you doing, Sir?"

"I mentioned a potential just now."

"I'm be quiet if you tell me what you are doing."

"I am trying to shoot those inconsiderate gentlemen behind us."

"But I thought you said they were too far away to be hit with a revolver."

Suddenly, an ear-splitting explosion jarred my skull. It threw me backwards so hard I smashed painfully into the metal of the drawer's floor. If the other gunshots had been loud, this was beyond loud - because it was from right beside me. A flash of light flared up at the mouth of Mr Anderson's revolver, and from somewhere up the tunnel heard a roar, mingled with curses.

Mr Anderson turned to me, his eye coloured eyes glinting in the dark.

"Now, I'm sorry. He said. "No longer. They're catching up. Stay down!"

For worse, I could find no words to reply. I didn't know much about shooting, but I knew enough to guess that this had been one hell of a shot. A hunt better on that was why Dr Branson should be capable of. But then, I had already known that Mr Anderson was more than he first. Much more.

Two gunshots answered him out of the darkness. They slammed into the tunnel wall not far above our heads, and at the same moment, I - was grim satisfaction flashing in Mr Anderson's eyes.

"Why do you look so content?" I growled. "They nearly hit us!"

"No. With a - ion, ably, he rotated the cylinder of the revolver. The new bullet was in place. "But only twice. The third even wasn't shooting."

The meaning of his words come into me in a rush - the man had to be grossly mendacity - or dead. For a long moment, I wondered if that should be a matter. It probably should. I know that this would be wrapping or screaming in terror in my place. But all I felt was... excitement.

"Can you teach me to shoot like that?"

Mr Anderson's hand, resting on the wall of the metal container again jerked, and his next shot flew wide of the mark.

"Whether he head.

"Can you teach me to shoot? I'd like to learn."

A shot hit the metal wall of the drawer, which reverberated like a church bell. Mr Anderson ducked, as a second shot raced over his head.

"You cannot be serious! "he hissed.

"Of course I am, Sir. Wouldn't be useful to have some more firepower right now?"

"But you... you are a..."

"Yes!"

"Nothing, Mr Linton."

My eyes sparked.

"You were about to whom that I am female?

"Nothing of the kind, Mr Linton.

"Stop with the drama! Jesus! I am a girl! Ask girls could and guns go as well as men, if somebody took the trouble to teach them."

Another shot rang the tunnel. And another.

"This is hardly the right time to discuss gender politics, Mr Linton. "Mr Anderson glared at me with a cold intensity that would heat were a point of ours running for the hills. "Shoot or hide, but don't - ion."

"Because," he said in a distinctive voice, "we are about to reach the end of the tunnel. And when we do, we need to run."

My head whirled around - and light streaking in sunlight.

He was right. I had been so focused on him and the man who were - and I'd on that I hadn't noticed how the tunnel around us had become steadily brighter and brighter. It took my eyes a few seconds to adjust. When they had, I could make out a patch of light up the hill. No, it glittered. The sun. The Mediterranean. Dear God, the tunnel ended in a cliff face, and we were in a cart that was being pushed down a slope long enough to hurtle us to our death, to provide a treat for the lookers of the island, eager to take revenge on humans for the massacre the crew of Cerry had committed among their people. Yes a jolly thought. Especially since I hadn't taken a single tablet in my life.

Suddenly, though, there was brown and green mixed in with the blue. Trees growing from tons of bushes and grass. Grass that ended in the Mediterranean. Huzzah!

Behind me, another shot burst Mr Anderson's revolver ripped the air apart. Quickly, I pressed my hands to my ears. My head was beginning to hurt.

"Why don't you take your own advice, Sir, and do that more quietly?"

"I am afraid nobody has yet invented a silencer yet, Mr Linton."

"How disappointing!"

He didn't even glance at me, which, under the circumstances, I suppose I could understand. My eyes were firmly trained on our pursuers. Back to the matter at hand, Mr Linton. Do you see the only - "

"Is it far ahead?"

"Yes, I don't think so. "I ponder. "There wn't the best circumstances to judge distances, though. I don't have a pointed, and I've never sat in a distance racing downhill in a mining tunnel with shooting maniacs right behind me. Why?"

"You don't ask. What do you see outside?"

"Why don't you look yourself, Sir?"

"Years ship small metre of strategy is about our pursuers before they shoot us, it is distracting my ability. Now - what do you see?"

I responded to the direction of the opening ours. "The ground is not very still so bright in comparison with the tunnel's gloom that I could actually miss anything.

"Some bushes, I think. Grass."

"Good. As soon as we leave the tunnel, we are going to throw ourselves into those bushes."

"To disrupt the nests of ravenous nightingales, Sir?"

"To cushion our fall, Mr Linton. Cover your face with your arms so your eyes won't be scathed by a branch. And... be careful."

I had just opened my mouth for a witty comebacks, but closed it again. Had I heard right? Mr Richard Anderson had just wasted valuable time and breath telling me to be careful? Not only that, but he had sounded genuinely concerned. Could it be that he, - ?

Another gunshot cleared through my ball-finished thought. Hastily, I turned my gaze from the bottom to the approaching rock. I had to keep an eye on it. We were pushing our backs, making turn three sets of bushes didn't get us. I had to do my part.

We're getting close, I announced. Several hundred feet ahead lay a bushiest again, although the pit in the tunnel was still ca, and I was still pushing, pushing, and pushing. The sun shone on the rock ahead of us.

He gave a grunt, and fired again. I took a deep breath.

"Now, I called.

Two more shots burst from his revolver, and the enemy answered.

"Two."

He slowly pulled back his revolver and crouched lower, preparing to jump.

"Um... Sees on a half."

"What Mr Linton, what is that supposed to mean?

I extrapolated the distance, all right? Two and three quarters?

"Your version of a conversation is not very valuable, Mr Linton!"

"Why? I said on the count of three, and on the count of three it'll be. Two and four? 'ed."

"Mr Linton..."

"Three!"

I reached his arm and tucked myself sideways, into free air.

Ho Ho! Lords, Ladies & Gentlemen,

The overwhelming response for the publication of "Storm and Silence" has now come to a conclusion, and so many among you have previously voted/had ideas, a few of you told me that they would have very much liked to contribute towards the publication of Lily & Mr Ambrose's grand adventure, but were unable to do so since they don't have access to a credit card. But now - bonanzing, anyone can do to help out! Bonnie Dickinson couple on their way to publication, regardless of whether you are a credit card or not, wrote: Bonnie Dickinson

Up until recently, "Storm & Silence" has only received a total of 3 reviews on Goodreads. Since I have been a fan of Bonnie's material, while most other Wattpad fangirls have received hundred reviews and "real" published books ever get as much as a paltry review, Bonnie, I'm so sorry, my fabulous fan, can be something to change that (replicable stats of a sorts) :)

I will gain many one of you to grab your pens, pencils and green quills, and start scribbling reviews! Write about what exactly you enjoyed, loved (or hated) about "Storm & Silence", what you think the main characters are like, and why everybody should go out purchase this book straight away! :)

The Goodreads website of "Storm & Silence", where reviews should be posted, can be found at:

http://www.goodreads.com/book/show/24028404-storm-and-silence

(Because this link is posted as part of the chapter text and thus probably won't show in Wattpad, I have put a clickable version in my author bio on my profile page here on Wattpad.)

Oh, and relationship / ster, now this book is a totally published and available to buy in all the bookstores, you can also leave your opinion as reviews on Amazon, Barnes & Noble and other online retailers. Those will be really helpful!

Only again you, my dear fans & this, and I look forward to reading what you come up with.) Thank you!

Yours Truly,

Sir Rob

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