

Dear Friend

Today me and my merry band of raiders robbed the King Georges Guard while they were marching through Warsash! Which means me (The Highwayman) and the boys (Black Way and Golden Leopard) are the best raiders EVER!

The day started like any other, we were scouting the beach road for anything interesting when the crack of a gunshot echoed over the pebbles and across the water. Then Black Way darted from the gorse (a small, thorny shrub that lines the coastline) yelling "Redcoats! Redcoats! They're coming, the Redcoats!" and we sprinted for cover. "Bloomin' maniacs" I heard them say. "They can't get so close to the gold we're transporting." When I told the others we were thrilled and we immediately staged an ambush at the next ambush point, a spot where we could use traps.

Once everything was in place I manned Way at the roadblock (a load of trees held by a piece of rope) told Goldie to scatter them from the back and I lay in wait between them both. Eventually they came and Goldie stood at the back, firing six rounds with his muskets while the guards fell into a line trying to shoot him (no chance!) Meanwhile I cracked my whip at the horses and they reared up just as I snapped the reins with my penknife, no-one noticed me in the chaos. The horses broke free and Way let the roadblock fall, preventing their escape and keeping their chariot from running. I snuck aboard, grabbed the loot and ran through the chaos. There were wounded everywhere and Way was being shot at so I waved a hand and we fled to the woods leaving confusion in our wake.

Two hours later, we are now at the hideout and Way is picking the lock on the chest. I hope you enjoyed reading this adventure and will send me a letter of your crusade in France brother.

Yours truly,

The Highwayman