
The Man on the Moor

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drove out of Newtown and went to begin my search for the mysterious man on the moor. There were hundreds of the old stone huts on the moor. Barrymore did not know in which of them the mysterious man was living. I had seen the man on the night when Sir Henry and I had chased Selden, so I decided to start my search near that place.

The path I took ran past Mr Frankland's house, and I saw him standing at his gate. He called to me, and invited me to go in and have a drink with him. He had been arguing with the police, and was angry with them. 'wow power level, He began to tell me about it.

'But they will be sorry,' he said. 'I could tell them where to look for the escaped prisoner, but I am not going to help them. You see, I have been searching the moors with my telescope, and although I have not actually seen the prisoner, I have seen the person who is taking him food.'

I thought of Barrymore and Mrs Barrymore's worried faces. But Mr Frankland's next words showed me that I did not need to worry.

'You will be surprised to hear that a young boy takes food to the prisoner. The boy goes by at about the same time each day, and he is always carrying a bag. Who else can he be going to see—except the prisoner? Come and look through my telescope, and you will see that I am right. It is about this time each day that the boy goes by.'

We went up onto the roof, and we did not have to wait long. There was someone moving on a hill in front of the house. I looked through the telescope and saw a small boy with a bag over his shoulder. He looked around to make sure that no boy was following him, and then he disappeared over the hill. wedding dresses,

'Remember that I don't want the police to know my secret, Dr Watson,' Frankland reminded me. 'I'm too angry with them at the moment to help them.'

I agreed not to tell the police, and said goodbye. I walked along the road while Frankland was watching me, but as soon as I was round the corner, I went towards the hill where we had seen the boy.

The sun was already going down when I reached the top of the hill. I could not see the boy, and there was nothing else in that lonely place. Beneath me on the other side of the hill was a circle of old stone huts. In the middle of the circle was one hut that had a better roof than the others, so it would keep out the wind and the rain. This must be the place where the mysterious man was hiding! I would soon know his secret.

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As I walked towards the hut, I saw that someone had certainly been using it. A path had been worn up to the door. I took my revolver out of my pocket, and checked that it was ready to fire. I walked quickly and quietly up to the hut, and looked inside. The place was empty.

But this was certainly where the man lived. As I looked round the hut, I knew that the mysterious man must have a very strong character. No other person could live in conditions as bad as these. There were some blankets on a flat stone where the man slept. There had been a fire in one corner. There were some cooking pots, and a large bowl half full of water. In the middle of the hut was another large flat stone which was used as a table, and on it was the bag the boy had been carrying. Under the bag I saw a piece of paper with writing on it. Quickly, I picked up the paper and read what was written on it. It said: 'Dr Watson has gone to Newtown.'

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I realized that the mysterious man had told someone to watch me, and this was a message from his spy. Was the man a dangerous enemy? Or was he a friend who was watching us to make sure we were safe? I decided I would not leave the hut until I knew.

Outside, the sun was low in the sky. Everything looked calm and peaceful in the golden evening light. But I did not feel peaceful or calm. I felt frightened as I waited for the mysterious man.

Then I heard footsteps coming towards the hut. As they came closer, I moved into the darkest corner of the hut. I did not want the man to see me until I had looked closely at him. The footsteps stopped, and I could hear nothing at all. Then the man began to move again, and the footsteps came closer. A shadow fell across the door of the hut.

'It's a lovely evening, my dear Watson,' said a voice I knew well. 'I really think you will enjoy it more out here.', aion kinah,

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