

THE BANDIT
THE GIRL & THE WITCH QUEEN

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By C. C. Brass

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For Victoria.

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CHAPTER I

Silence Of The Night

Not in my time, not in yours, but in a time when the world was full of wonders. On a moonlight night, fog covered the landscape with a heaviness you could almost cut with a knife. Summer nights were usually warm and bright, but on this particular night, Old man McAlister's farm, it was cold as the first day of spring.

Old man McAlister himself was trying his very best not to wake his son and two granddaughters who were tucked up in their nice warm beds on such a miserable night. As he made his way down the long, thin corridor creaking on every floorboard, he let out a grunt and swore.

"DAD go fast or don't go at all!" his son whispered quite loudly from the end room on the corridor.

"Away with you boy" said the skinny old man wearing his nightcap and a dirty string vest. He finally reached the door and began to walk down the path to the outhouse. The wind nipped his fingertips all the way down to where the house stood. After five minutes or so of doing his business, he pulled his trousers and his red and white socks up and headed back up to his nice warm bed. The path seemed longer than when he came down it, with the wind howling and blowing into his face and a