

“We witnessed it. We saw the house aflame and we are very sorry to hear what must ~~ha~~’ve happened to your sheriff. As a fellow man of God, I am truly appalled by what has ~~happentranspired~~.” said the thin one ~~holding a bible~~.

“We just wanted to ride into your town and find out if bandits had done to you what they did out there,” said another man on a horse.

I recognized his voice as being the leader of the Shannon gang. I slowly crept up; no one ~~taking~~ ~~took~~ notice of a dirty ~~10~~ten-year-old boy, ~~hands shaking~~ ~~with shaky hands~~, who was nervously leveling a pistol. Some of the townsfolk had begun to gather; ~~but~~ still, no one took notice of me. I crept right up; ~~and~~ I pointed that gun; I was ready. My hands were ~~shaky~~ ~~unsteady~~; but I was close enough. Suddenly, a hand reached down, ~~and~~ knocked the gun ~~out of my hand~~ ~~from my grasp~~, and ~~gripped~~ ~~grabbed~~ my wrist. I looked up. It was a ~~British~~ ~~dignified~~ ~~looking~~ man in a bowler hat, ~~who was finely~~ dressed ~~very finely~~, especially in ~~comparisoned~~ to the soot-covered rags I was in. He gave me a ~~stern~~ ~~severe~~, ~~warning~~ look. The commotion caught the attention of the newcomers to town. Before any of the regular townsfolk could get ~~too good a~~ ~~very good of a~~ look at me, the man with the ~~bible~~ ~~Bible~~ spoke.

“Aw, now. Look at you. ~~You must be an~~, ~~little~~ urchin. Looks like a homeless child. ~~By~~ ~~As~~ God ~~as is~~ my witness, I think we ~~should~~ ~~will~~ take you in and teach you the ways of the Lord.” The man grinned ~~at me with a~~, ~~It seemed~~ ~~greasiness that made me~~ ~~ysquirm~~. The gentleman who had slapped the gun out of my hand, which now resided unseen; between the feet of his horse, stepped forward. ~~The British gentleman~~ ~~He~~ looked at the self-described man of God. ~~He saw~~ ~~and~~ ~~noticed how~~ the man ~~had~~ ~~looked~~ at me and ~~licked~~ his lips. My unexpected protector spoke ~~up~~.

Commented [HP1]: We won't know he's British until he speaks.

“We witnessed it. We saw the house aflame and we are very sorry to hear what must’ve happened to your sheriff. As a fellow man of God, I am truly appalled by what has transpired,” said the thin one.

“We just wanted to ride into your town and find out if bandits had done to you what they did out there,” said another man on a horse.

I recognized his voice as being the leader of the Shannon gang. I slowly crept up; no one took notice of a dirty ten-year-old boy with shaky hands who was nervously leveling a pistol. Some of the townsfolk had begun to gather, but still, no one took notice of me. I crept right up and pointed that gun; I was ready. My hands were unsteady, but I was close enough.

Suddenly, a hand reached down, knocked the gun from my grasp, and grabbed my wrist. I looked up. It was a dignified-looking man in a bowler hat who was finely dressed, especially compared to the soot-covered rags I was in. He gave me a severe, warning look. The commotion caught the attention of the newcomers to town. Before any of the regular townsfolk could get a very good look at me, the man with the Bible spoke.

“Aw, now. Look at you, little urchin. Looks like a homeless child. As God is my witness, I think we will take you in and teach you the ways of the Lord.” The man grinned at me with a greasiness that made me squirm.

The gentleman who had slapped the gun out of my hand, which now resided unseen between the feet of his horse, stepped forward. He looked at the self-described man of God and noticed how the man had looked at me and licked his lips. My unexpected protector spoke up.

