Zakaria

The High Way Man stepped calmly into the city on his dirt-brown horse. He steadied his feet and swiped them on the ground, kicking pebbles like they were miniature foot-balls. The only thing in the world that was absolute in this corrupt age was crime, thieving, treasures and (only to a few) love. He waited till the cover of night engulfed the western town, a purple black with brilliant white stars dotted over the night sky. The High Way Man and his horse snuck into the town’s golden parts. A stale silver gate loomed over them, guarding the elephantine mansion that stood behind it. He whistled an empty tune to his hazel-like horse, he climbed onto his inelastic back and ascended over the hackneyed gate. His eyes gazed at the titanic mansion, a splash of colourless paint and a sprinkle of maroon. He thundered at its entrance and gushed his raging leg at the nut-brown door, it easily left its position and slowly hugged the walls, the house’s twilight shadows oozed over him. He slithered upstairs and aimed his azure eyes at a silverware safe, it had four aluminium locks. All of those codes had to be kept somewhere, after all it would be too hard to remember something like that.

He walked peacefully into the main living room as if it were his own, a marble floor, and velvet banners of violet with a leathery rose pink sofa cutting away to a oak-wood floor and finally a kitchen, also oak-wood. He didn’t want to be at a viewing house all day, he wanted jewels that would dazzle, flicker and radiate golden shines that would beam of into the stars. He then –feeling annoyed- fled the living room and went upstairs again, he opened another chocolate-coloured door, this time is was a bed room, a cold night light beaming onto the bed were a body lay, he ignored the body, instantly he saw a crumpled yellow note written with a black marker, the words spoke out like treasures themselves “CODES: 1) 094861920 2) 111239003565 3) 898989812 4) 4801738138” the codes were extended like they would never end, he quickly ran out with success and over growing joy with the thought of infinite bliss , he struck at the first safe like how a snake strikes at a mouse, he quickly exchanged the numbers into the lock and felt a wave of satisfaction as the lock clicked, he then traded in the second set of numbers, once again the click had appeared then faded like all other sounds. He turned the third set then the last, it was open! He saw a shimmer of glass-coloured crystals and a light, amber gold there were others such as brilliant white pearls and a single sapphire. Finally he fled out the mansion and hung onto his horse and raced into the megalithic moon.

It was a dry morning, though his beady eyes were as wide as an eagle’s. His hazel horse was scraping sand of his steel horse shoe by the corner of the local pub, it smelled of beer and it was the perfect place to pretend to be a drunken fool, tirelessly passing the hours, until, two voices spoke. “Haven’t you heard?” he spoke quietly and he could tell he felt anxious,

“What is it?” The other voice replied hot – headed and sounded young.

“The landlord’s daughter…? The voice quietened. The message was slowly passing through his mouth.

“Has died”.

Now the voice was completely silent.

A scarlet troop came marching into his presence when the High Way Man was in a fury of rage, a group of aluminium bullets raced to his forehead, he was lying still. His life was gone, all he was, was dust to be cleansed. He was riding onto to the afterlife.