

## Wicked Pursuit

I left the ball around the midnight hour. There on the steps outside I noticed the man in the red cloak on horseback in the distance. The moonlight outlined his menacing figure. Upon closer inspection I discovered a madam to be across his lap. She gave a shriek into the night as he sped off. My gallant instincts told me to pursue this man. I rushed to my horse and gave chase.

My eyes never lost hold of this red-clad figure on his demon horse, nor did my ears lose sound of the madam's screams. Then, he stopped ahead of me and turned around in my direction. I unsheathed my sword as he did his. During his approach is when I first caught sight of his eyes, red and frightening, the most evil I had ever looked upon. This image caused my mind to wander, and his sword entered my shoulder. I have a slight groan as I fell off my horse. The madam's screams continued into the darkness.

However, with lightning speed I was on my horse again. Soon he was in my sight once more. Through the forest I chased him, deep away from the comforts of humanity. He then turned a corner at fierce unearthly speed, and simply disappeared on a covered bridge over a creek.

I halted a few feet from the bridge. All was quiet. I hopped off my horse and slowly moved towards the bridge, sword in hand. Every noise got my attention. My head gave a turn every which way. Suddenly I felt a cold wind on my neck. I turned to find the red-clad figure looming over me.

We engaged in swordplay, but for the love of me it was no use. He fought with a grace not of this world. I managed to push him to the ground, but he sprung up with ease and made a leap over my head no human could ever achieve. He landed behind, and the last thing I remembered was my head hitting the ground.

I awoke to find this poem posted on my horse, which was white-haired with fear;

*She wished her powers from me,  
For the purpose of defeating foes,  
But nobody denies the Devil's fee  
So down to Purgatory she goes!*

Taylor Leonard