Escape is at Hand for the Travelling Man

The carriage shuddered as something slammed into the side. Valeria, my unbearable twin sister sitting beside me, shrieked in fright. The carriage seemed to balance on two wheels for a fraction of a second before tipping back onto the cracked dirt road. Outside, I could see nothing, for the windows that Uncle had installed when he made this carriage were wavy, so that no prying eyes would be able to catch a glimpse of me, Prince Nikolai, rarely seen heir to the throne. A second time, something slammed into the carriage with sudden, surprising force. I sent up a prayer that the driver sitting outside of this furnished, plush box was not hurt from these attacks, and for myself and my sister. I kicked the dock open, letting the cold waft in. I jumped out, unleashing my sword, and heard the distinct twang of Valeria notching an arrow. I looked around at the empty road and looming black forest. Then, rushing out of the dark thicket, came an enormous auroch, as tall as a horse, and stronger than any ox. I steeled myself, and then rushing towards the huge animal, snow marred by nothing but the bull's hoof-prints crunching underneath my feet. An arrow, tipped my fire whistled past my shoulder, and lodged itself in the bull's chest, spot on where the heart would be. I waved my sword, and with a final red, angry, and somehow wise look into my eyes, the massive auroch turned and loped into the thick darkness of the trees. I crouched down panting, and inspected the dark blood in the snow. Valeria squatted beside me and put a hand on my shoulder. "No unnecessary deaths today, Nikolai. The creature will live." she whispered. I nodded, and my sister led me back to the confines of our luxurious life in the stuffy carriage. We sat there for a few hours, numb with the events of the day. Valeria turned toward me and with a smile said softly, "Maybe we should work together more often, brother."