

12.6.25

Intrepid Colonial Boy

The scorching sun tip-toed over the horizon as a nefarious, naive boy with huge, heavy guns rode out from the heart of the mountain range on a muscular, prickly horse. Jack Doolan, the wild, colonial boy.

His tangled, twisted and dishevelled hair poked out from underneath his wide-brimmed, straw hat.

A pungent, repulsive stench of the dirty, dusty bushranger filled up the air.

Smoky, salty gunpowder on his lips that were as dry as dead dingo bones tasted like victory.

The grim-visaged malevolent bushranger with hatred for the law, looked over the town beneath like a hawk scanning the plains for prey.

He grotted down the gullies and creeks, through the labyrinthine of twisted cobbah trees that whispered secrets of the past.

The refreshing, cool water trickled down the river, Drip, Drip!

As Jack Doolan[^] galloped down into the town, shooting and snatching gold from the wealthy squatters like taking lollipops from little children.

"Give us your gold or I'll take your lives!" he shouted fearlessly.

"Stop right there!" The town troopers yelled - Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy.

A wild chase began and^{even} Jack Doolan's horse seemed to dance with excitement, sensing the thrill of the chase.

After what seemed like hours, the troopers finally lost the bushranger as the night cloaked the outlaw in darkness from the prying eyes of the law.

But the next day, as Jack Doolan was riding along the mountain side, listening to the chirping birds' song of harmony, Jack faced an unpleasant dilemma.

Trooper Kelly, Davis and Fitzroy sprang out of nowhere, ferociously shooting their guns.

"Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you see there's three to one, Surrender now, Jack Doolan, you daring highway man!" the troopers yelled.

Jack Doolan drew his gun and fired at Trooper Kelly.

Bang! Down went he.

Jack Doolan cried out, "I'll fight, but I won't surrender!" ^{To} ~~the~~ the last he was game.

Jack Doolan's determination was a sturdy coolibah standing strong against the harsh winds.

But Davis shot back and the sinister bushranger received a mortal wound.

'What do I do now?' Jack Doolan thought, as the eruptive, explosive bullets burst like fireworks.

The troopers snickered. "We'll definitely get that reward now," They whispered to each other.

All chattered through the jaws, Jack lay still firing at ^{Fitzroy} ~~Fitzroy~~.

And that was the end of the wild Colonial Boy.

But At night, adventurers still go up into the ranges looking for Jack Doolan's buried gold. But Jack Doolan's ghost can be heard in the mountain ranges, protecting his treasure like a wolf prowling beneath the southern stars.