

Campbell himself. 'If you're worried about me,' I said, 'I'm not a Stewart, but a Lowlander, and I'm for King George.'

'That's well said,' replied Campbell, 'but, if I may ask, why is an honest Lowlander like you so far from his home? Today is not a good day for travelling. This is the day when the Appin Stewarts have to leave their farms, and there may be trouble.'

He was turning to speak to the lawyer again, when there came a sudden bang from the hill, and Campbell fell off his horse. 'They've shot me!' he cried, holding his heart.

He died almost immediately. The men's faces were white as they looked down at his body. I saw something move on the hill, and noticed, among the trees, a man with a gun, turning away from the road.

'Look! The murderer!' I cried, and began to run up the hill towards him. He saw me chasing him, and went faster. Soon he disappeared behind a rock, and I could no longer see him. I stopped next to some trees, then I heard a voice below, on the road. The lawyer was shouting to a large number of red-coated soldiers, who had just joined the men around Campbell's dead body. 'Ten pounds if ye catch that lad!' he cried. 'He's one of the murderers! He stopped us in the road, to give the killer a better chance to shoot Campbell!'

Now I felt a new kind of fear. My life was in serious danger, although I had not done anything wrong. My mouth felt dry, and for a moment I could not move. I stood there in the open, on the hill, while the soldiers lifted their guns, ready to shoot.

'Jump in here among the trees,' said a voice near me.

I did not know what I was doing, but I obeyed. As I did so, I heard the banging of the guns, and realized that the soldiers were shooting at me. In the shadow of the trees, I found Alan Breck standing there. It was he who had spoken to me.



*'Look! The murderer!' I cried.*