

I trembled as I saw the dark figure standing right in front of me. I'd be caught for sure this time.

I was just a poor man, struggling to keep his large family alive. I left home almost a year ago now. It only feels like yesterday when my brothers and sisters were waving goodbye as I left the family farm.

I had to find a job, one that would bring money in really quickly. I searched from town to town to find one. I was just about ready to give up until I met Jack.

Jack was a bushranger, apparently one of the best out here in the outback. The word had spread that I was in desperate need of a job and Jack saw this as an advantage to get a sidekick that would do almost anything for money.

I agreed to working with him and the morning came of my very first job. Jack didn't quite explain what it was, he said it "wasn't important information".

I met Jack near the old bridge at Walkabout Creek. He handed me a bag and said "You must take this to Edgemont Bridge, there will be a man waiting there for you. You'll know who it is. Oh and by the way, don't look in the bag under any circumstances!". Before I could say a single word, he had ridden away on his dark brown horse. It galloped away so swiftly that it looked like its feet weren't touching the ground.

I rode my old grey mare to exactly where I was instructed to, and sure enough there was a man waiting. He looked at me and chuckled. "Are you Jack's new recruit aye?" he stated. "Why Yes, I am" I said straight back to him. He took the bag and asked "Have you ever dealt with people like Jack before?". I was a bit confused and said "No". The last thing I heard him say was "Hah good luck", and then he cantered away leaving me scared and curious.

I continued delivering packages for Jack and always remembered “..don’t look in the bag under any circumstances!”. I was always curious about what it was but never looked.

The money was rolling in but still it wasn’t enough to save my family.

The dealings went on for months and Jack really started to respect me. One day Jack explained that he had a very important job and that I was the only person up for it. He was going to rob a bank and that if I helped him pull it off he’d give me the amount of money necessary to save my family. How could I refuse? He told me that I’d have the special job of waiting outside town to get the money and that I’d have to use the skills that I have learnt to get myself through the bush and to the exact spot that Jack had planned on hiding the money. That place was a rickety old shack that was falling to pieces.

The day came, I was scared but ready. I waited at the exact spot that I was told to. Shivers ran down my spine.

I waited and waited, for hours almost. Until suddenly I heard gunshots, being fired from all around. I knew that this day would either make me or break me.

I saw Jack’s dark figure galloping down the road in the distance. I was petrified. He came rushing to my side, throwing the heavy bag at my face and then taking off into the dense bushland. I didn’t waste a single second. I kicked my horse and we shot off quicker than a speeding bullet. Bullets were still being fired in every direction.

The track became thicker and thicker. The tree branches felt like a million arms, trying to hold me back and let me be caught. All I could hear was the thundering sound of the police’s horses footsteps, racing to catch up to me. It was a quick decision but I decided to leap off my horse and slap it as hard as I could. It cantered into one direction and I ran in the other.

I crouched next to a large gum tree and waited. The police kept on chasing my horse, except one. He wasn't fooled. I ran until I saw a hollowed out tree trunk that I could use as a hiding place. Sweat dripping down my face. The policeman was getting closer and closer.

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Lifeless I sat. All that was running through my mind was my family, and how much I've let them down.

I cannot imagine how long I sat there for, as still as a statue. Finally when the coast is clear I leap out of my hideout and ran straight for the old shack. Jack would be so mad at me for being late with the package.

I finally arrived at the old rickety shack but to my amazement Jack wasn't there. Instead was one of his men, standing there with a shocked look on his face. I ask him what was up and he said "It's Jack, he's been caught". I couldn't believe it. "He has been taken in by police and will soon be hung for all his crimes". I still couldn't believe it, was all this real?

Together we sat there in silence until he said "I know the only reason you're doing this is to save your family. You aren't a bad guy at heart". He didn't give me a chance to reply. He just handed me half of what was in the bag and said "Here, go save your family. You've done well kid". "Oh, I can't thank you enough for this" I said. He handed me his spare horse and told me to go home. I thanked him and was on my way home, the one place where I can truly feel safe.

I cannot wait to tell everyone at home about my adventures, how I was once part of the best bushranging gangs around.