

Robin of Sherwood Drabbles
Louise Sellers

Chapter 1

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1.1 Winter in Sherwood (Challenge “from a character’s viewpoint”)

Winter gripped Sherwood. Frost stood out on the bare branches of the trees, a mocking memory of beauty. Moving beyond the fire at the cave mouth was an agony of biting wind and a penetrating damp that cut to your heart.

Scarlet was leaving anyway.

“Don’t go,” John had said. His voice carried echos of summer warmth, long chilled by bickering and argument.

Much watched, still and silent, frozen solid by the bitter ice wind.

Tuck tended to the fire.

It had been winter in Scarlet’s heart since Elena died.

The summer in Sherwood had only ever been an illusion.

1.2 Do not got Gentle into that Dark Night (Challenge “Sherrif’s POV”)

The Sheriff died in his bed.

Some would have called it peaceful.

The forest was long clear of outlaws.

Gisburne was dead; lost to war and rebellion. His successor also believed in force as the option of both first and last resort.

Hugo continued to amass wealth and remained smugly content with his lot. Robert, enmeshed in ties of blood, achieved little with his aid.

Once Robert de Rainault had had plans. None had been achieved and he knew how he would be remembered.

Surrounded by incompetence, venality and thugs, he raged impotently in death as he had in life.