

"Seems to be a decent tree," Trevor observed. "Nice and sturdy; that limb right there is sure to 'old even the strongest man."

Gaffer grunted in agreement next to him, a pleasing sound to Trevor's ears.

Somebody called out from the edge of the clearing. "Oi, Boss!" Skeefer said. "Found a nice place to hide t'night - it's comfy, but also private."

Trevor turned towards his subordinate. "Good, good. Well then, come on Gaffer."

The three met up and walked towards the designated waiting spot, ready to catch up on some sleep before tomorrow's ambush. The chosen area was indeed excellent—a small space where the undergrowth was sparse, with a clear view of the nearby path, yet hidden away from anybody who may be on the lane.

Satisfied, Trevor sat down and rested his head against a tree trunk, looking forward to a decent rest. However, soon after each of them settled down, he picked out two faint sounds—the subtle crackling of a branch being moved, followed by a soft grunt. Peering out through the trees, he saw a lone figure walking along the forest path with a large object held in their paw.

A cruel smile crept across the bandit's face. "Change of plans, mates. Gaffer, ye' got that club ready?"