

Transcript of the Storyteller



Gather friends for I have a story to tell you. A story of good and a story of evil, a story of the brave and a story of the wicked. A story that begins many many moons ago when knights ruled the land and the castles ruled the very air that people breathed.

It begins below one such castle owned by an evil sheriff, the sheriff of Nottingham, a man with a heart of stone and a temper as fierce as fire. The night, dark as it was, was lit by a moon and there below the towering battlements, two men stood wondering how they were going to breach the defences of one of the most feared places in Britain.

Why did they want to place themselves in such danger? What reason would you have to risk certain death if caught? Come closer my friends and I will bring you closer to a village not far from Nottingham. A village where a woman lived. Maid Marian. A beautiful village that stands no more, and a beautiful woman who was now locked in the darkest dungeon by the darkest villain in christendom. The sheriff had captured her. The greatest treasure of his enemy Robin Hood and it was Robin who was waiting beneath the castle walls with his friend Will Scarlett.

If I described to you the defences would you dare to enter, rampart so high no man could go over, buttresses so strong no man could go through, arrow slits murder holes such as no attacker could survive unless of course you knew a secret, which Robin did. As a mist swirled Will and Robin passed below the old Trip to Jerusalem, the oldest in England and a place where many of you have spend a drunken night I'll bet.

Anyway at its back behind the stables Robin led Will to an outcrop of rock. There he began a determined search while Will worried and kept watch. Fingers scabbled rock on rock, stone on stone searching for the mark of a crown, King Edwards crown. 'Here,' whispered Will. Robin struck it and a large iron ring shone through together they heaved and pulled, gasping with the effort until at last there below them, forbidding and dark lay hole, Mortimer's hole. But the story of Mortimer's hole is for another time, another feast.

It led through winding passages deep into the heart of the castle keep. Finally their way was blocked by a gate which, intriguingly, had been left open. Was this a trap? Would something or somebody... Battle-ready they spied through the gate to see and there below them the grill dropped in the dungeon dark. Listening, no sound, searching, a blue cloak, a huddled figure with fiery eyes of defiance and it was then in the moment that they almost tasted the victory of treasure found, that the clink of the sheriff's sword told them otherwise. He was behind them.