

Sybil's Night Ride

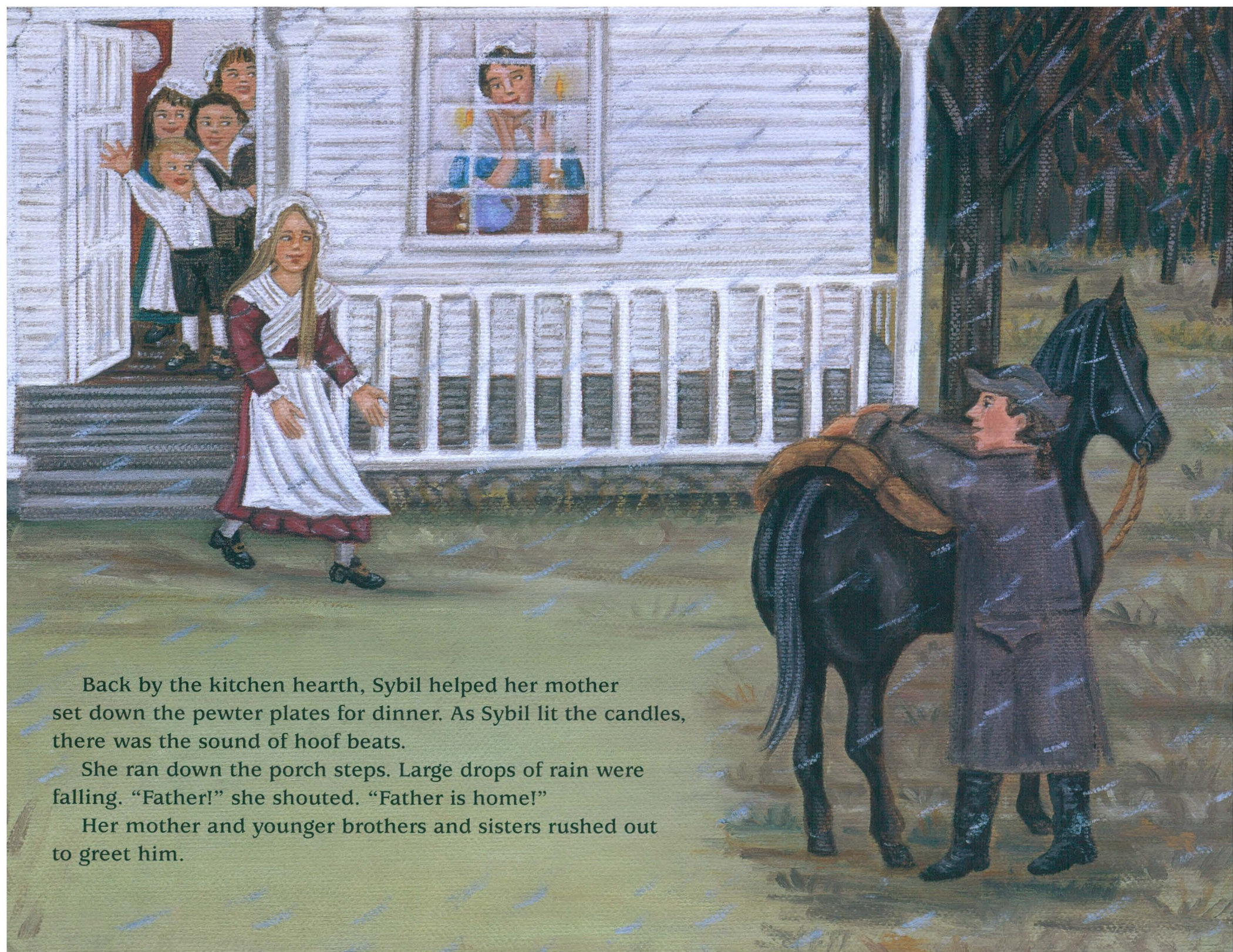
Written and illustrated by Karen B. Winnick



Sybil slipped out to the barn to check on the colt, Star. Overhead, low dark clouds were gathering.

She stroked Star's neck and mane. "Imagine," she said, "Father has been gone all these weeks in search of supplies for his militia. Tonight he will finally be home! Wait until he sees how well I have trained you."





Back by the kitchen hearth, Sybil helped her mother set down the pewter plates for dinner. As Sybil lit the candles, there was the sound of hoof beats.

She ran down the porch steps. Large drops of rain were falling. "Father!" she shouted. "Father is home!"

Her mother and younger brothers and sisters rushed out to greet him.

All through supper, heavy rain pelted the roof and window-panes. Father told about the supplies of medicine, clothing, and gunpowder he had secured for his militia. Everyone asked questions.

“Was it dangerous?”

“Are there enough guns?”

“Are the supplies well hidden?”

Father was explaining that more hiding places needed to be found when, suddenly, someone pounded on the door.

Sybil turned to the mantle clock. It was past nine. Who could it be?



A young man, drenched with rain and mud, stood on the porch.
“Colonel Ludington! The British are burning Danbury.”
He stopped to catch his breath. “Look!” He pointed east.
A huge red fireball glowed in the sky.

