

The Stranger on the Moor

It was upon a bleak afternoon in March that Mr Ellery first perceived the stranger upon the moor. The wind came relentlessly in long, mournful gusts,
5 carrying softly with it the scent of heather and the distant murmur of the sea. The figure moved slowly yet deliberately, a dark shape against the pallid sky.

Mr Ellery, who had been accustomed to
10 solitude, felt a peculiar stirring of curiosity. It was a feeling long dormant within him. For many months his life had passed quietly and monotonously, each day marked only by the ticking of the
15 clock and the sighing of the wind at his window. Now, as the stranger drew steadily nearer, a sense of expectancy crept uneasily upon him, as though some quiet chapter of his existence were about
20 to close, and another - less certain, but far more vivid - were ready to begin.