Robin exhaled slowly. As an archer, this final exhalation, almost a ritual, was the calm before the storm; the final moment before releasing the arrow and wreaking havoc on its target.

Like all Bowman, Robin was as strong as an ox. Daily training had seen to that. Hours upon hours of drawing back the beautifully curved yew bow had thickened Robin’s muscles like hempen rope, to the point where he could now draw the massive bow with ease.

The thousands of arrows that he had loosed since the age of 6, when he had been given his first bow, made Robin a professional, and like his ancestors, a Bowman of his skill didn’t miss. The yew bow was so familiar that it was like an extension of his body; when it was not in his hands he didn’t feel alive.

He was the bow. The bow was him.

He didn’t need to aim; all he had to do was glance at his target and he knew the missile would find its mark.

A rustle from the treeline to his left disturbed Robin’s thoughts...
Perfect picture!

Can you research and then draw a medieval longbowman?

Think carefully about his clothes and weapons. You could even write some instructions about how to fire a longbow!

Image by: Caras Ionut