Edward

Whoosh! Swish! The wind was blowing softly. Clock! Clipety! A Highway Man came riding on the knobbly bumps of the path. His hat was as black as a black bird. His pistol butts shone with reflection from the moonlight. His thin, long lace was bunched up to his chin. And his rapier was as shiny as the moon. His boots fitted perfectly. And his coat was as red as a rose. The Highway Man came riding up to the old-inn door.

He made his entrance to the village. And looked up. In his eyes he could clearly see a daughter. The landlord’s daughter. He could see her plaiting a red love knot into her black hair. He kissed her with love and rode off, into the purple moor. But little did they know that Tim the Osler, as dumb as a dog, had listened with his clever, but mouldy ears.

Bess the landlord’s daughter, had waited for a long time. He did not come in the dawning. He did not come at noon. STOMP! STAMP! A red troop came marching rudely into the inn. They drank all his ale, they also said not a word to the poor, ragged landlord. The landlord did not say a word either.

PUSH! SHOVE! The strong, mean troop shoved past the landlord and broke into Bess’ room. They grabbed her tightly and pushed her against the bed post, then tied her to the bedpost. There Bess would stay, until the Highway Man came riding up to the casement, with his sturdy horse.

The soldiers then mocked her and tied a musket beneath her breast. “Now keep good watch!” the soldiers had said. Then said “Bye, bye!”

CLIPETY! CLOP! Was it Bess’ imagination? CLIPETY! CLOP! Did the soldiers know? Out from the purple moor, a Highway Man came riding into the wooden village. Bess looked at the joyful Highway Man (who’s happiness was about to turn to darkness) and drew one last breath. Then all flowers turned grey. The moonlight nearly faded away. And darkness suddenly crept up to the Highway Man, as darkness shadowed over him. For Bess the landlords lovely daughter had faded away. The Highway Man was all of a sudden shocked and destrought of the death of Bess. For he also knew that Bess the landlords daughter has warned him of something. Then out of the village, a troop of red coated men, had there muskets ready for the death of the Highway Man. But the Highway Man was thinking of Bess’ blood. The coats were signs of death. So then he thought for a moment. He should escape while he could…

CLIPETY! CLOP! He rode past the purple moor. CLIPETY! CLOP! He rode to the edge of the coast. There he took off his rapier. He took off his coat. He took of his black hat. And then he swam to the deepest/shallowest part of the sea. There he drowned himself. And death had followed him, to the bottom of the sea…