Glennis

It was midnight, the time of danger. The old church bells rang as Tim turned his face away from the door. Tim swallowed his disappointment as he replayed the conversation over and over in his head. Five minutes earlier…

“One kiss my bonny sweetheart… I’ll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way” Tim had everlasting words that he’d be delighted to say to Bess, but it was too overwhelming for him to bare as he thought about were his life is and where his beloved sweetheart is. His fragile hair so breakable he doesn’t touch at all. Hazel, sandy eyes as every single day of his sorrow life he would sleep on a pile of old mouldy hay. Never having sleep, and waking up so early to work for a stingy landlord that paid him so that he could have the littlest amount of food ( bread and half a glass rancid water, its only on the landlords great days he will give Tim clean water) to eat every day.

Tim is a poor orphan who had parent that couldn’t raise him because they had to beg to get food and it was so dreadful his parents couldn’t keep him so they took him took him to a pub to work for money so he could one day own a business but Tim’s parents also worked there as servers but every time they all bump into each other there would be this awkwardness and this kind of connection between them all but still the secret isn’t out yet.

But Bess the land- lord’s daughter had sweet black eyes to match her long waves of hair. Tim scratched his lean, ratty hair with his encrusted, bare hands as questions popped up in his head that he would never get answers to. His hair was like mouldy hay and his face became completely white. He doesn’t want anyone stealing Bess heart away, especially a thief! He had never been this irritated in his life. Tim wanted vengeance and he would get it. His eyes were hollows of madness and as dumb as a dog he sneered. He scratched his hair a several of times and he thought of his plot. Tim’s hair merged in with the hay as he sat there all mad like.” I need to find a way to get rid of the highwayman” sniggered Tim “forever!”

Now it was the right time. Tim the Osler was ready to take down The Highwayman. He left everything behind and sneaked out of the barn yard. Closing the gate behind him. He went at a hasty pace for Tim since he had no shoes on and inappropriate clothing for the weather. he went at a fast pace for Tim since he had no shoes and dint even have the money to get some running to get a pair his eyes like blood were wide open and he took a deep ghostly breath and started his journey “this meek journey is to you my sweetheart Bess your strength will give me the power to conquer the world “exclaimed Tim but he just remembered Bess wasn’t there, nor was anymore.

The pub was vacant. The landlord was nowhere to be found. It was just the wind the moon and him “I might not have a horse but I’ve got power,” said Tim

Knock knock knock. There was King George’s men standing in their regular uniform. “I’m here for a murder,” whispered Tim they suddenly dragged him outside the building. ”shhhhhhhh!” “All you have to do is tell us what to do and the rest will be history” said one of King George’s men

“So here’s the plan….” Cackled Tim hoarsely “when you see the highwayman you will shoot and Bess will finally be mine.”” The highwayman loves Bess but I can do more!!!”