TIM THE OSTLER-Albert

Tim slumped against the creaking wood. ’Why did Bess have to be in love with a rotten highwayman, of all the men in the world?’ he wondered. He knew what he had to do; although it would kill Bess - the love of his life. Tim knew he could never compete with the horrid highwayman. I mean, he was only a stable boy with scratched feet and the villainous man was practically a lord compared to him! What use was there in even trying? This was the only way to do the right thing.

After a couple minutes of deliberation, the down-trodden ostler slowly set of. Trudging across the waking moors. His feet turned blue and his breath was visible – but he didn’t care – since for the first time in his life he walked with a true purpose. One that would make a difference; not like just like I’m popping round to shuffle some horse manure. At last he reached the inn – a dilapidating Goose Egg- where King’s George’s men were staying. His dirty feet began to put a spring in his step, or was that just the purple heather he was stepping on?

“‘Afternoon madam,” Tim slurred, “Could perhaps the soldiers be staying here?”

“I’d say they were alright, and made dirty, great mess about it to!” spat out the Landlords wife viciously. A few moments later she screamed through her tears” If they weren’t soldiers they’d be out on the double!”

Tim nervously walked up the narrow stairs. Could he really do this? Knock, knock, knock – went the old, brass knocker “What do you want?” came the drunken cry.

“I’ve got information on the highwayman.”

“Come in.” was the reply at last.

The anxious boy trembled all over as he entered the dusty room. “Go on then,” growled an ancient soldier.

“Ummm, so there’s this inn. And the landlord’s daughter is kind of in love with a highwayman. So he’s coming back…” and there Tim was for the next hour; spilling the beans. Eventually, the hardened men pushed past him and poured out the door. “Wait for me!” exclaimed the shaken Osler.

“Bang, Bang, Bang,” thundered the knocker. A Bewildered innkeeper answered it, and was instantly drowned by a torrent of red-coats. “Excuse me my good fellows, I’m sure you have a reason to be breaking in here- but what is it may I ask?” He got no answer. Instead he was bundled against the wall and tied like a dog to the wall. They stamped upstairs; barged down Bess’ door and woke up all the residents and boarders! That was when Tim’s consciousness began to get the better of him.

Tim hand slowly crept towards an unmanned musket. No! Surely he couldn’t do this! “Why can’t I even shoot an evil soldier!” he screamed. Which turned out to be a big mistake. Tim fired at the same time as the drunk soldier. The difference was, the soldiers shot was true. Tim’s wasn’t. Soldiers always aim for the head.