The Highwayman - Alex

“I will be back by midnight, I’ll get a prize tonight, if I get chased then I will be back tomorrow night!” explained the Highwayman to Bess. Tim cautiously opened the stable door to see who it was, his face filled with shock. He was wearing a ripped jacket, his hair was shrivelled up and his trousers were covered in hay-he was crouching on it. Dumb as a dog he opened the stable door. Suddenly, there was an everlasting creak, “What was that…”

Before he could hear the rest of the conversation, Tim dashed out of the manure covered stable. He had to find King Georges Men.

A few minutes later, he trekked across the glittering purple moor. The moon spread light across miles of land. His feet were purple and blue, his face was filled with fury. How wold he find the men? He looked over the moor, darkness covered him. How would he make it? He trudged slowly along the ruff paths, wretched blisters biting into his feet. There was no sign of anyone. If a horse came along he would be overjoyed. None of the trees had any ripe fruit.

At last he got to the empty inn. He asked the lady if King George’s men were there. She exclaimed, “Where do you think all the beer is?” she guided him grumpily to their rooms.

Soon Tim was in a conversation. “What are you here for this late at night?” asked a man in a gruff voice. “The highway man came to our inn and is coming for Bess the Landlord’s daughter!” replied Tim, “Come at noon and wait for him.” “We’ll give you the prize once we’ve shot him!” the leader of the pack said, in an unpromising voice.

Ten minutes later, Tim sauntered down the cobbled lane to the inn. He was tired and had splinters in his feet but he still went on (He never knew he would be as important as this)

At last, he came to the inn, he ran into the dark filled stable and slumped down on the damp hay and fell asleep.

Eventually, they came, marching in red in the far, purple distance. They looked like a tiny ribbon cutting through the moor. They walked into the empty in, pushing roughly past the landlord, grabbing the hand crafted beer and pouring it into their untidy mouths. Then they stomped up the battered stairs to Bess’s room.

Without warning, they grabbed the frightened Bess, stuffed a sock in her mouth, tied a gun to her then guarded. They would wait for the Highway man and shoot him when he came.

Bess struggled with her hands to get hold of the gun-she would shoot to warn the Highwayman.

Tim heard the sound of hooves. It was nine o-clock, he heard a deafening noise up stairs. Had a man fired? No they were out of range.

Suddenly, the Highwayman appeared, his face filled with horror. Before he could turn back, a hole appeared in his brain, he fell off his horse. DEAD!

Now his glowing ghost appears, he goes up to the inn and hums a tune. Bess’s ghost lets down her hair, he kisses it, and he gallops away into the mist.