**One dark stormy night the highwayman rid up to the old inn-door. He whistled a tune to the shutters, nobody answered. He snuck inside, he looked to his right. He saw Tim sat at his desk, his eyes were hollows of madness. He went downstairs he saw Bess in her white dress sitting reading her book he knocked on the door they both went upstairs looking out of the window Tim leaned in looking through the crack of the door, “I’ll be back my love,” said the highwayman. “Watch for me by moonlight I’ll be back by moonlight though hell should bar the way.” He said as he rode off.**

**He didn’t come a dawn, he didn’t come at night. Suddenly, a red coated troop came marching up to the old inn-door. They tied Bess up and gagged her with a handkerchief and tormented her by kissing her on the cheek. They held a musket with the mussel pointed under her breast, she tried to get her hand on the trigger she got her hands loose drenched In sweat or blood she could just about touch the it.**

**She tried to warn the highwayman with the gunshot so she shot herself with the gun. The highwayman saw her body through the window he charged with his sword out but he was shot with a musket he layed on the floor dead with a sword at his hand. Then Tim heard the steps of King George’s men and the blood of Bess dripping on the floor he tried to think about what he’d done. So he sat at his desk.**