The story of The Highwayman - Blu

When the sun started to rise, Tim the Ostler heard someone faintly say, “One kiss my bonny sweetheart, I shall be back with a prize tonight.” It was The Highwayman. He couldn’t reach her hand, so he just about kissed her hair. So he kissed it as it came tumbling over her breast, the dark, brown waves shimmered in the moonlight. He quickly flew off to the West on the horse.

Tim, the Ostler wasn’t very happy - so he got King George’s men and him to come and make sure that she was going to be safe. They eventually arrived. Tim left them to it.

They had tied her up to the bed legs. Tied her wrists with some strong rope - it acted like hand cuffs. They had to do for the time being. They had also wrapped a handkerchief around her mouth and gagged her. The last thing was that they put a musket muzzle facing at her heart. She couldn’t struggle free even if she tried. The room started to get stuffy, her bright, blue dress started to fill with sweat of blood. How would she know? Her mouth was filled with blood because of the handkerchief digging into her small, red mouth also the floor was soaked in pure red blood from her mouth.

She was frustrated because she had been standing for ages now. Her feet were killing her. Still, the rusty, metal gun was pointing at her precious heart. If the gun trigger was pulled, BANG she would be dead.

Bess had had enough. She was still sweating and bleeding. Still her bright, blue dress – that was now covered in sweat and blood was stained. She pressed the trigger of the gun POW! Her head dropped down in a split second. Then the blood came pouring down because she was gagged and it was so tight it dug into her cheeks. She did it to save The Highwayman to lead him the other way.

Well as it happened The Highwayman heard it. But, he didn’t know that it was Bess yet. He kept riding more and more into the village. Everyone was telling him, “Bess has been killed!” He also got told that “King George’s men were tormenting her.” The Highwayman was furious. He started charging up the road towards the palace. The Highwayman saw them as they were riding there. He grabbed his sword – like a knight in amour. His French cocked hat wobbled a bit, before falling to the floor from a gunshot. Right in his foot. Before it happened all he thought about was the love of his life. He fell to the ground like hail or thunder striking. Blood covered the ground like food colouring dropping.

A rumour is that people see his spirit everyday he does the same things. He still says, “I shall be back by moonlight.”