I was cleaning up the horses, giving them a sweet and luxurious clean. I am Tim the Ostler, People say I don’t know how to look good as if I looked like a rotten apple. But I do admit-I have crazy static hair. I smell really bad and everyday my boots are covered in poo. It’s disgusting really, having to step in all the horse manure.

But I always get to see my love Bess, with neon red lips and those dark black eyes, it’s as if she’s waiting for someone, everyday, but her dad is always inside.

I do nightshifts and dayshifts so I wonder who she’s waiting for at midnight, as if there’s a secret figure. But in the daylight I can’t wait to see her in the morning sunshine, glistening in the purple moor.

One day, I saw a man with a mask, go up to her with his horse. I was surprised, was I actually seeing a highwayman!

I heard that thief say “One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I’m after a prize tonight, But I shall be back with yellow gold before the morning light, yet if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day, then look for me by moonlight, watch for me by moonlight, I’ll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way.”

I was astonished I could barely breathe, I had an inferno inside of me and it was green with envy and it was said I passed out unconscious, and my eyes were hollows of madness, I was paler then wood.

I rode on a horse to king George’s men I told them about that vile creature but I told them not to threaten Bess, they seemed mischievous and some even smirked, some hid their laugh and some had a little sparkle of fun in their eyes.

I saw them marching through the door, they burst it open and captured Bess but the worse was, they even killed her…

 I was crying as if I was a lonely shadow and my only friend passed I couldn’t take it anymore. I just had to watch. I felt sorry for the highwayman. I figured, that it was all my fault, and that I had nothing, I was old and rusty nothing was left for me anymore, my grief was bursting out and transformed into anger .I was spinning, my head was spinning. But a man from King George’s men came to me and ended me. As I died I realised they were evil and pathetic people, so was I!? And here I lie for my fate to come heaven, or hell…