Trit trot trit trot and there was the highwayman coming up to the old inn door- with his horse and his clothes that fitted never a wrinkle. At the corner of Bess’ eye, she saw the Highwayman. She came running up to her old and rusty window and was expressing her love to the highwayman by tying a love knot into her beautiful black hair. The horse was forced to come faster. He got carried away by her smile. The immaculate dressed man got of his smoothed skin horse as the smell of his velvet blazer touched the horse’s polished nose. At that time, Bess was contented! The highwayman came up to her- but before she could, the pretty lady let down her luscious hair. He kissed it and said “One kiss my bonny sweetheart I’m up for a prize tonight, it shall bring gold before the moonlight. Watch for thee by moonlight, look for thee by moonlight and I shall be there.” When he left Bess was singing a harmonious tune.

As they were gossiping, Tim The Ostler listened. The highwayman left trotting in the dark. King George’s men found out about the robbery they were disgusted! As it was occurring more and more when he left they had to do something, so they did. They came up to the old inn door their leather boots were very hard to touch the bumpy cobbled roads. They and came up to Bess. Bess was terrified! Without warning, they took a tarnished handkerchief and tied it round her mouth. She tried to move but it was no use. They tied a painful rope to her smooth arms – she was in pain!

Two started mocking her and two put a gun right beneath her chest. Blood was leaking down; she was heavily crying. All of a sudden, she saw the highwayman. Then she came up with a plan not just any ordinary plan, SACRIFICE plan! What she did was she freed her sweaty and coated in blood index finger and to show that she was in trouble. Then she tried to get her delicate hands… but no it was too late, they saw her and tied even tighter! She couldn’t scream or shout. All she wanted to do was to save the highwayman despite him being a thief.

Down by the road, when the clouds were purple, there was death at every window, hell at one window and the highwayman came with his horse riding, riding up to the old inn door. Bess was going to begin her sacrifice. As hard as she could try, she now discretely tried to reach the gun and…BOOM! Blood rolling down and there she died. The Highwayman was in shock. When he was just about to recover, they shot him. Despite them being dead, they still loved each other.