Mollie

The first days of the morning sunlight poured through the trees onto an unpleasant scene. The highwayman had just stolen another (how many no one knew) diamond ring. It was chaos. Everyone ran around frantically trying to catch the unidentified thief. His terrified horse whinnied and ran off as the wicked thief cracked his whip. This chase had been going on all day. Eventually as night came all of the people living in the village grew tired and walked wearily back to their homes.

The highwayman, poised gallantly on his horse, trotted silently into the almost deserted village. Night was the rogue’s best friend. No one could see him in his beautiful rose red velvet jacket. He wore a brilliant black French cocked hat and had some red lace-exactly the same colour as his marvellous jacket-placed under his chin. His pistol was shining in the moonlight, his rapier sword placed nicely by his belt. The highwayman was riding up to the inn. The inn, where the love of his life stood behind the very window he would whistle a tune to. Suddenly, a beautiful girl looked down at him.

“Hello my bonny Bess. I will go off tonight and come back to you with a prize” said the Highwayman proudly. “Oh how I will miss you. I will come back by moonlight though hell should bar the way.” Nearby, Tim the stable boy was listening. Tim loved young Bess and he would be devastated if someone (especially a robber) would take her away.

The next day, Tim walked – trying to avoid the people in town because of his stench – to King George’s palace. King George’s palace was made out of white stone and had unique marble pillars holding up the roof. The palace was very grand with a slight pointed roof that a grand red sheet hung over. The sheet turned two yellow stripes at the side and a gold crown in the middle.

Tim entered the palace and cowardly walked up to the majestic throne. “Hello young boy… Oh what is that stench! Sorry… What is it you need to tell me?” said King George pulling a face!

“Umm… Well… I saw a robber talkin’ to this girl… but please harm ’er she’s done nothin’ wrong, promise me you won’t hurt ‘er,” muttered Tim getting louder as he spoke.

“Ok little boy I won’t hurt this girl… but tell me now… where is this robber you are talking about?” King George replied slyly.

 “Thanks. Tonight he will be coming to be old inn where I work,” said Tim.

That afternoon King George’s men marched up to the old inn. The inn was all splintery and all of the windows except one were barred with pieces of cracked, ancient wood. ,It looked like a haunted house. First of all, they went up to the stable and found Tim. They gave him £150 in notes and left him alone. King George’s men marched up to the inn and knocked on the door.

The messy landlord opened the door and King George’s men confidently tied him up and threw him into his own basement. They marched upstairs making a big racket and destroying the house (their marching made some of the plaster from the ceiling fall down). They marched up to the girl’s bedroom and tied a musket to her breast. Her soft hands were tied together behind her back and she struggled to get her hands free. She had a plan. She was going to free her hands and put her finger on the trigger. Then, when the highwayman came she would pull the trigger and that would warn him that her house was dangerous. Her hands began to bleed as the string held her hands together. She wriggled and squirmed trying to free at least one hand so the other would come free. Finally, the red string came loose and fell away. She had to make sure the guards wouldn’t see so she stepped backwards onto the string to disguise any evidence. One of the guards shinned up a tree on guard.

 After a while, the young guard-well hidden by the leaves on the tree-saw the handsome highwayman trotting along the road with his petrified horse. ”Don’t be fooled by the highwayman’s lovely appearance he is a thief and he is coming along the purple moor road.” Clip, clop, clip, clop, clip, clop. The highwayman was getting closer now and King George’s men held tight to their guns and rested their fingers on the trigger. Bang! Bess was drenched in her own red blood. The highwayman came over to see what was happening. Bang! The highway man dropped off his horse, his blood red jacket lay over him, his shirt no longer white.