**Orlando**

Long, long ago, there was a robber aka the highwayman. He was riding towards another house to rob. The man was riding, with the trees smoking behind him. The man had a nice straight back on his large, brown horse, red velvet cloth thrown over the man’s shoulders.

Shortly, he arrived grandly at the target’s house. There lived a rich man. A very rich man. A very rich man who the highwayman was just about to rob. Cautiously, he slowly lifted his AK-47. He edged forward towards the door. He shot the door down, using his best gun. He flooded into the house and burst in. He stopped. Like a flash, the door’s bolts loosened. He turned around, feeling a bit nervous that his prey might come. He edged forward even more, looking for his next victim. There he was, sitting down, reading his book, like nothing had happened. He had not even heard what was going on.

The highwayman ran in and yelled. The man jumped. He ran so fast out the house. The highwayman was close behind. The highwayman burst past the man and blocked the exit. The poor man had no escape. He was done for. The only thing he could do is warn everyone else that the highwayman was here.

But, the highwayman was very smart. He is always three steps ahead. He was slowly tying a muzzle round the victim’s mouth so he could not say a word. He had also laid him down on the floor so that nobody would see him or he could not escape. His hands were tied behind his back so he was useless. The highwayman put his AK-47 back and took out his rapier. He forced it into the man’s heart and blood came out his body. That was the end of the man.

But that wasn’t enough for the highwayman. He had spied the victim’s horse through a slice of window. He sprinted to the dark horse. He had slightly struggled to climb on because of the size of the horse. He barely made it on. He pulled the reins and rode away, feeling triumphant.

He rode through the forest, rapidly passing the predators that would easily kill him for trespassing. He looked up at the dark sky. Jewels were twinkling in the night sky. The further he went into the forest, the closer he would be to his destination. Night was a robber’s best friend.

He gracefully arrived where he was trying to go, The Inn in the beautiful city. He rode slowly on his horse down the lane, up to the old Inn door. There was a little sound, but it did not sound like the old creaky door he usually heard. He whistled to the open window. What he did not know was that a man named Tim (a young Osler) was looking at him. He was so angry because he would like to talk to Bess, the landlord’s daughter. This man had more courage than Tim, but more on that later.

Tim could tell that the highwayman was a robber by his appearance. Rich people do not come over to the other side of the forest. That is because of the deadly animals that lay there. Then he heard a creak. Tim the Osler’s grin was getting even bigger. He needed to do something about it. Maybe even kill him. Bess opened the door slowly. The highwayman’s face lit up like a diamond. Bess was excited because she knew it was her loved one. Even though she knew that the man was a robber, she still believed what her heart desired. She loved him and the highwayman loved her back. And nothing will ever change that. Nothing can stop their love. He was moving as close as he could to her on the horse. The highwayman began to speak. “Hello Bess” he began. ”I have been waiting to tell you this.”

“Tell me what?” Bess interrupted being a bit rude.

“Today I am going to a competition. I will be back by this time tomorrow. I need you to make sure that you look for me at this time tomorrow?

“I will do. See you then ok?”

“Ok” the highwayman started to say, “See you soon.”

The highwayman spurred to the west. The truth was he was not going to a competition. He was going to rob someone who had a lot of gold. It was a very rich man. He knew the right person. The forest was too risky to go through just in case that someone had heard about what he had done. For this, he had to go the other way and around the forest. It was a really dangerous route to go through. Especially for a horse. There were a lot of bumpy rocks. He did not feel for the horse though. So he just continued to ride. There were danger signs everywhere. The man took no notice of them at all. He had a lot of perseverance. When he wanted to go somewhere, nobody could stop him.

While the highwayman was riding to his next target, Tim the Osler was running towards the grand house where King George and his invincible men lived. He ran the doorbell. A very rich butler said: “Who is it?”

Tim replied: “That really does not matter. I really need to speak to King George. Tell him that it is an emergency. Ok?” The butler said no word. He allowed the young man with his scruffy hair to come in. The mansion door flew open. He ran upstairs and upstairs again. There was a big sign on the top floor of the mansion. It said King George on it. He nervously knocked on the bright red door. King George got up and walked towards his door. “Who are you?” he said.

“I’m here “Tim the Osler began. “Just let me in please.”

“Ok,” King George said.

“So,” King George began, “Tell me now. Why are you actually here?”

“I am here to tell you about the highwayman. The one who is in love with the girl who is named Bess. He has been robbing a lot of people lately and not telling her. He is lying to say that he is going to loads of competitions and he is going to win these prizes”

“Wait… That highwayman is still alive? I thought we had killed him ages ago! I would like to kill him right now. So tell me Tim, where’s this guy going exactly?”

“Well, I do not actually know where he is going, but I know he is off for sure to rob someone. I have no idea who though. I heard that he will be back by moonlight, so if you want to kill him, you will have to act very fast and leave pretty soon. So, are you ready?”

“Wait...”King George was thinking. “How will we kill him? When he gets back, he will see that his girl is dead because we need to kill her as well as the man. The man is mostly our target. The only thing that the girl has done wrong is like this man. She has made a big mistake in her life. Trust me that will haunt that girl for the rest of her life - especially when she is dead. Ha!”

Tim pleaded. “Don’t kill Bess. Please! I really have a crush on Bess, but I am way too afraid to tell her. But I think that the time has come to tell her how I really feel about her. Please, can you promise me to do nothing to Bess ok?”

“Don’t worry,” King George began, “We will do no harm to Bess. Don’t you worry you will have loads of time to tell her how you feel. I promise.”

They all rushed out the house. The door flung open. King George and his men were on the loose.

The highwayman was exhausted-like his horse. He was partly falling asleep. He was a very tough man. When he wanted something, he would work so hard to get it. He had to keep persevering. He really wanted this gold.

After a long time, they were off the bumpy tracks and they were finally on a very long straight. At the end of the long, straight, smooth road was the man’s destination. Once again, it was night time, the perfect time to do a robbery for gold.

He thought that King George must be on his way for sure. IT was only a matter of time. He had to do the robbery and fast. It was like he was on the dark side and MI6 were on their way to stop them. This was going to be one awesome robbery. He pulled the reins. The horse totally sped up. The horse was running like it had never had before. They were travelling at great speed. This was going to be one cool robbery.

The thing is that when you are about to rob someone, you have to show up in style. Then people will think that you are rich. They will have not one clue that you are a robber. That is why all of the man’s robberies have been very successful.

King George and his men were very close to the Inn where Bess was living. They walked down the crystal, polished path that led to the old Inn door.

King George banged on the door, not knowing how old and squeaky the door was. “Open the door now!” he yelled. There were a lot of people in the pub. They had to hide so they could not get noticed and fast. It is very hard to find somewhere to hide when it is a place where you have never been able to hide there before. So the people found any old space to hide in. The landlord was telling everyone to be quiet. There was so much sweat dripping down the landlord’s face. He had never felt so guilty and nervous in his life!

The landlord creeped over towards the door. With a lot of speed, the door flung open. King George and his men got hit by the door. King George got hit because he was at the front of the formation that they were standing in. The ruler and his men had a mean look on their faces. They were so cross. They just stood there like nothing had happened. It was like they were waiting for something. But what or who were they waiting for? While they stood there, Tim the Osler was listening as dumb as a dog, trying to overhear their conversation. The landlord tried to make some peace and actually talk to them. “I am very sorry for what I have done. Come in and we can talk this out ok?” He asked trying to be polite.

“Polite?” King George boomed. “After what you did? Did you know that the other side of my face is bleeding? How can I be nice to you?”

“I am very sorr-, “ the poor man began.

“I don’t care what you have to say” King George interrupted, “Now get out of the way!”

The men barged through and stormed into the house. They said no word to the landlord. The hiding revellers were no match for King George. They stuck out like sore thumbs. He did not comment though.

But they did want a drink. The King and his now merry men stole ale and greedily gulped it down. Any attempts by the landlord to make them pay for the alcohol fell upon deaf ears.

“I do not care,” King George began to demand rudely “We are not going to pay you after what you did. Trust me. That will haunt you for the rest of your life. You will be dead soon. You can die with your daughter in peace and hatred.”

The landlord shivered. He felt nervous. He ran to his hidden stash of alcohol. But King George and his men had drunk all the drinks he had to offer. They even snatched the water as well! King George stood up nice and tall. He began to speak. “Right men. We need to get upstairs and kill that girl Bess, the one that the ugly man was talking about.”

There was only one rule in the Inn. Straight away they had broken it. Although they already knew about the rule, they still disobeyed it, you never go upstairs.

On the far corner of the dark, dull and mysterious room, Bess lay there, doing nothing at all. King George made an order. “Tie her up,” he demanded

“Yes sir,” they all replied, speaking at the exactly same time.

“What are you doing? What are you doing? What are you doing?” every time she said something, her poor voice got quieter and quieter. Her poor little hands were tied to the bedpost of her own bed. To make matters worse, the men were also ordered to tie a gun to the bedpost which was facing her heart. She would die if she tried to escape.

Tim the Osler was still outside, trying to hear what they were doing to Bess. He thought he heard Bess scream something. Was she in trouble? Tim was too scared to go and save her. He really wanted to, but he knew for a fact that they would both end up dying.

Bess was now calm. She was waiting for the highwayman to return to her. He would show off the gold that he had won in the competition. Soon he would arrive. ..

The highwayman leaped off his new brown horse. For maybe the last time, he got out his AK-47. He ran straight to the window. It was wide open. If he could squeeze in the gap, this might the best robbery that this man had ever done in his life. Luckily, he could just fit through the window. His prey was counting all his precious gold. This was it. The moment of truth. The burglar burst into the room, making a lot of noise. The man jumped and ran for his life. The man had a gun as well. It was a really hard battle. In the end, the highwayman won. He had a few cuts, but he was not harmed.

King George and his men left Bess there. Her body still, lifeless and oozing blood. She has been shot dead by a single bullet to the heart. Her eyes still gazing at the window…waiting.

King George and his men stood defiantly at the door, waiting for the robber to come. Their fists were clenched and now they waited in anticipation for the highwayman.

They did not have long to wait. The highwayman had been pulling the reins on the horse so hard that the horse was travelling at 31mph! It was so cool to be moving on a horse at such great speed!

He once again took the long stretched path. He saw Bess, but she wasn’t moving. He didn’t understand. He wasn’t given the time to either. The highwayman was easily spotted by King George. Before the robber even had time to at least pull out his sword, King George had shot him in one hit. Bess and the highwaymen were now united in death, together at last forever.