**A Sad Story-Tom**

As I plaited my long, ginger hair, I saw the love of my life- the highwayman. The handsome man came riding towards me. He had a French cocked- hat covering his forehead and a lace a few centimetres down, on his chin. A coat made from claret velvet provided him warmth alongside his trousers the colour of brown doe skin. His rapier was the perfect size like how his trousers fitted perfectly .His black, leather boots came up to his thighs. With a mischievous face he rode towards me.

This face meant he was going out for a robbery I was worried that one of these days he going to get caught but every time I just play back the same speech in my mind:” One day Bess, we’ll ride away together and be free! We won’t need to worry about King George’s rotten men. We’ll run away to France and live on a boathouse in peace,” It sounded so romantic. Too romantic for me to refuse so every time I let him rob away.

Unnoticed, the scarecrow like man listened in as the highway man spoke to me. Tim was my ostler but he was truly hideous but his ugliness didn’t stop him from having a crush on me. It was truly obvious. He would stalk me like a hawk.

“One kiss my bonny sweetheart, “the highway man began.” This our last night of waiting until we can enjoy the luxury of our boathouse” he stopped speaking to kiss my hand. “One more robbery then the boathouse will be ours!”

I heard a clatter. Knowing it was Tim I made my dreamiest eyes and giggled “That sounds lovely.” So far the highwayman didn’t know about Tim and I like it that way. I didn’t want his ugliness to ruin my chances with the highwayman. I thought he wouldn’t love me anymore, knowing that he was my ostler. From a distance it looked like he had no eyeballs and his hair sticked out like dry grass. He looked like Einstein with ten times the ugliness. I heard an unhappy sigh but fortunately, the highwayman didn’t. Instead he turned around and rode away.

At dawn, Tim came to me. He didn’t just have a problem with his face, he had a problem with his legs. He limped everywhere he went. ”’Ello Bessie. How ya doin’?” he asked.

“I’m fine thanks how are you?” I replied.

“Fine fanks. Anyway I was wonderin’ if I could go into town today?” he wondered.

“Permission granted,” I said.

“Fanks Bessie. Can I use one of your horsies?” he asked hopefully.

“Sure, Tim,”I accepted.” Be back before dark.”

“Kay, Bessie. See you later,”

“Good bye Tim,”I said wondering why he wanted to go into town but Tim was a secretive person like that. It would be normal if he just went out begging or it could be going to tell on me and the highwayman, I thought as I remembered back to last night. I was immediately worried. Only time will tell.

A few hours past but no sign of the highwayman. Then I saw a man on a horse I thought it was the highwayman but then I saw an identically matched troop and realised that it was King George’s men! Oh no! , I thought. Tim had betrayed me. He had told King George and know my life was in danger. He had to go if I didn’t die or be thrown in prison. The troop stormed in and drunk my father’s beer. I was filling up with hatred towards them. They had been rude to my father and could easily get away with it. In fact, they could get away with anything. I was disgusted in what I saw. I expected better of the Royal Army. After they drunk the beer they stormed into my chambers and tied me up against my wooden bed post with a machine gun at my heart. I was scared. Very scared. Death was round the corner and I could see it. Suddenly I figured out their plan. They knew the highwayman would come back and they’ll shoot him. They tied me up so I couldn’t go and warn him or hide from him. It wasn’t just my life in danger, but also his! Klippity Klopp. Klippity Klopp. The highwayman was approaching, riding into a trap. Ferociously I moved my sweaty hands-or was it blood on them-and reached the trigger and shot. I saw the atmosphere exploded in front of me. I closed my eyes ready to die. The last things I heard were a mad love-a-bird charging with anger for my death and a bullet shot. The highwayman had joined me in heaven. He didn’t take my warning although his life was at stake. He took the risks of robbery and got shot. All the jewels and gold and money he stole, weren’t worth it and we never got our trip to France or our boathouse. We lived happily (and immortally) ever after. In heaven.