

Character Description

Trembling, I steadily walked down the alleyway that I had been too scared to go down before. Suddenly something moved. I watched as the silhouette of a person came into view. The person stepped into the silvery moonlight. He held out a hand.

A bony, gnarled hand.

A bony, gnarled hand that held a dagger. He had a marked physiognomy and an extraordinary pallor. He had vampiric teeth: they were tattooed with crimson blood beneath an aquiline nose dotted with bulbous warts. He was a stoutly built fellow with large, swelling calves and he wore a black velvet coat. His cold, dead eyes hypnotised me with a vortex of eternal foreboding.

"What are you doing, you sneaking varmint?" his lips curled back with a vitriolic intent.

Then darkness fell, drowning the world.

Alice Walters, Year 6.