I can’t imagine what they think of me. Pathetic… pathetic they must call me, for I am despised, isolating from all vile beings. Why me? Why do I always meet impudent humans? Watching the precious soul from a distance gives me hope. My heart longing to be beside her, though I know she’ll tare my fragile heart into pieces.

Walking this hollow day after day. My innocent soul prowls over hills. Life, already atrocious and full of hatred, took a turn for the worst.

I ever so vividly recall that cruel moment – where you left me, stuck in this world of pure disgust. The battle field etched in my mind... in my heart... in my soul.

How ironic?

This question eats away at me intensely. Let heaven and earth go about their changes. Awoken from innocence and struck by abhorrence, depression replays its part in my life.

I picture you from time to time but your features fade, each and every time.

My brethren, my own life and blood, these ignorant civilians you chose to call your own?

Wolf Hollow monologue – link text ‘Cold Mountain’.

Gashel Parker Year 6 Mulgrave.