

## Character Description

Wind.

Walls.

Trapped.

No-one is here.

Wait.

Eyes?

DEMON EYES!

Swallowing my fear, I stare into the spirit's deep eyes. Their pupils glint with a vengeful malice as they blink once, twice, thrice, then then they focus on me, burning black holes into the depths of my quivering soul. The blood-shot irises flicker with a stormy malevolence.

Backing away, I realise there is no way out. I roll the words around my head, before finally, they sink in. Just three words, but three frightening words all the same. No. Way. Out.

My heart pounds faster and faster, the sweat on my palms drip, drip, drips, and my eyes hurriedly dart around the walls of whipping wind. It is now when I acknowledge logic: I am not in a room, nor a building, but the eye of a ferocious tornado. The sea-grey storm begins to enclose further inwards, pushing me towards the unearthly eyes. Struggling against the howling winds, I dig my feet into the mud, spraying soil everywhere whilst attempting to weaken the force of the gale.

Sighing, I give in and accept my fate, but, as I get closer, the shape of a man forms. His aquiline nose twitches like a skittish rabbit as his long, thin fingers beckon the wind to pull me closer. His drab robes, once elegant, now reduced to rags, seem oddly still, no matter how hard the wind beats them. Suddenly, his lips curl into a vicious snarl, revealing his vampiric teeth that resemble short, bloody daggers. Raising his caterpillar-like eyebrows in surprise, he raises his head; the wind ceases, and the mysterious man vanishes...

Rosie Williams, Y6.

