Jessica Griffiths - age 10

The Ghoulish Graveyard

In the middle of the forgotten graveyard, a lonely-looking woman was kneeling, her thin arms laid on an unstable, rotting gate. The lifeless being was covered in a jet-black cloak, which hung loosely around her. Her face, which emerged slowly and sadly from the hood of her enormous cloak wore a sombre expression of loneliness and depression. Her shriveled ghost-like skin was grey, like the dull, crumbling graves.

In the distance, an aged, ghoulish church watched over the dead graveyard. Bare trees swayed glumly in the chilly air of winter and the rusty, rickety gate swung wildly like it was chained to prison bars struggling to get free.

The neglected, depressed lady stared sadly down at her wrinkled, skeletal fingers which held precious-looking beads, as white as pearls. Her stare was dead: soulless with nothing left in her lost, empty eyes.