

## Character Description

Whipping my head around, I was started to see....

A man.

An old, solitary man.

An old, solitary man in white. Only white.

Darkness fell, drowning the world in an inky abyss. A rumble of thunder rippled across the sky and then.....an eerie silence hung in the air for the longest ten seconds of my life.

His eyes were bloodshot: he squinted with a vitriolic hatred from his sunken sockets. His aquiline, warty nose hung over his cruel, twisted smile; his lips curled back with a malicious intent. Knotted straw-like hair framed his white skeletal face.

I could not repress a shudder.

Genevieve Tiernan, Year 6.