Iris Phillips - age 11

The Ghostly Graveyard

As I approached, my eyes caught a glimpse of her, as black as space itself. Her deep, soulless eyes were black, her hood was black and her dress was black and her cape was black and even her hair was black, despite her being so old. Even though every single fiber of my being was telling me to stop, to turn around, to run away, I kept going. It was as if she was drawing me in, step by step by step. She was crouched beside a huge gravestone that was surrounded by a wooden border. I could not quite make out what was written on the grave but I did spot the expression on her grey, wrinkled face. Her pale, cracked lips were downturned and her eyes were nearly closed. The old woman, who was clutching a lengthy string of pearly prayer beads, did not even glance up as I got closer.. Closer… closer.My feet were moving shakilt across the rocky, cream-coloured path. She hadn’t noticed me- yet. The grass beside her ebony boots was crispy and brown. Suddenly, the woman’s face with the skin that was as stony and grey as the graves themselves began to turn..