Oliver Finch - age 10

The Unknown Farm

As my eyes scanned the empty landscape, I saw the old, faded field. The gate creaked as I opened it and one or two of the dozens of rampaging chickens ran out into the dark forest in which the house was placed. I stepped in and was immediately almost pecked to death by the knife-sharp beaks and claws of the mound of noise and feathers. Through the dead, skeletal trees was a rotten, old, wooden house with broken glass windows and ancient indents in the walls. A river of bird seed was my path to the front door. Rusted tractors and vans and ploughs and tools were unevenly set in an array around the house. The door was surrounded by wooden arches that were attached to the wooden walls that held up a wooden roof and wooden shelves and windows. I opened the door. A shadow of hair and clothes stood behind the fire. I shut the door and the figure spun around. He had black- brown eyes and a bushy beard connected to a thick mound of hair. On his feet were boots with dirt and holes in them and a blue leather jacked and a reddy-black shirt. Placed on his head was a ripped hat and his face had an expression of utmost accusatory confusion.