Ruby Olding - age 11

The Lady on the Rock

As she stepped upon the rock, she could see a never-ending trail of nothingness. Her blood-drained, pale skin emerged from a black scarf, which hung low around her neck. Her eyes, which stared into my soul, were as green as grass. Her hair, which flowed in the howling wind, was black. Her dress, which lay flat on her skin, was black. Her pale face shone over the black sky like the moon against an ominous cloud.