Amelia Tyler - age 10

She was dressed in rich materials – satins and lace and silks – all of white. Her shoes were white. And she had a long, white veil dependent from her hair, and she had bridal flowers in her hair, but her hair was white. Some bright jewels sparkled on her neck. And her dull earrings were white too. Her dress was draped in cobwebs. A frail face hid amongst the curious spiders. And her wilted flowers drooped. Her eyes were staring straight ahead, not daring to look at the pictures with people in.

Invent

In amongst nothing, a lady stood as pale as a ghost and emotionless. Surrounding the waxwork looking figure, there were withered plants and shriveled dead trees. The unsettling woman stared straight through me. Waving through the wind, her coal black hair flowed around her and her cloak billowed. Her empty heart, that was a dark chasm, suffocated her ghoulish body.