Georgia-Grace age 11

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 what joined them was white. Her hands were white in withered patches - fingertips whitest of all, and yet none else shone like her eyes, sunken and glazed over and not focused on anything. She clutched wilted flowers as if they were part of her- she was not whole. An abandoned waxwork, forgetting to remember a past never lived. Her corset pinched tightly -her skin was pale as the material she engulfed herself in and was white. She looked white; she lived in white. Everything was white, but now it was en mere ragged, faded yellow. This was her forsaken existence.

Invent

I stepped through the abandoned iron gates, which were rusted with age, and an abhorrent shiver ran down my spine. Withered tree branches flew unsettlingly over my head as a skeletal claw gripped my shoulder firmly. The figure grinned a harrowing smile baring ghoulish, yellow teeth. His skin was stretched over his pale forehead that was skin and bone. He gripped tighter. Black, sunken eyes pierced through me and he gripped tighter. The man seemed to focus for a moment, staring at me with apparent curiosity, as if he had never seen another human before. But still, he gripped tighter. I cried out, sure that he was drawing blood. He still gripped tighter.