**Dracula**

By Ava Lodge

As I stepped into the eerie Abbey a chill went down my spine. A secretive and sinister man wandered down the stairs; his skinny fingers skimming the banister. He escorted me to drawing room and pulled out two chairs from the tiny table for us to sit at, from there I could see him a whole lot better.

His face was thin and pale, though his jaw was as strong as a brick. An aquiline nose, with a point as sharp as a needle, lay there in the middle of his ghastly face. I had noticed his skinny hands before but now I looked at them properly. The more I stared, the more I saw the weird things about how they looked. Abnormally large veins were visible from under the pallor skin and his nails were claw like. The strangest of all was the long hair on his palms. His eyes shone with a sinister look from underneath bushy eyebrows. His ruddy lips stood out from the rest of him, it was the only hint of colour on his dull face. At that moment, I saw them, two sharp pearly white teeth, which hung down behind his tangled moustache. At that point, he was starting to lean towards me, then I felt sick to my stomach. I’m not sure if it was from his rank breath or if he was bringing a bad vibe but I did not feel okay…then everything went black.