**Dracula**

By Mollie Harrison

I was finally here. At last at my destination: a rather grim and what I thought was an uninhabitable castle. I slowly crept past the iron studded doors to a dark figure looming over me. I caught his appearance; he had cheek bones as sharp as razor blades, a thin nose and pallor forehead. Under his bushy moustache, were two weirdly sharp-edged teeth that you could just make out under his mountain of hair. His face was a strong aquiline, however, the more I looked at him, the more I noticed how his hands were quite hairy – black hairs poking out of his palm creating their own little tangle of a maze. Everything about him was peculiar: his chin prominent in the shadows; his cheeks hard and firm; squat fingers gnarling out (wanting to grab me).

The count was gliding over to me, his footsteps echoing around the Abbey; his teeth pointing out becoming sharper as he moved closer. His hands moving my head. A smell of blood and flesh filled my nose – knocking me sick. His fangs delved into my neck – two sharp pricks stinging me until I couldn’t bare it no more. Before I knew it, he was wiping the blood with his red handkerchief. After hours of torture, I realised who it was. Dracula: the night creature.