**SINISTER CHARACTER DESCRIPTION**

I’m not at home.

Before opening my eyes, I know I’m outside. A bitter wind howls in the darkness, and over my head is a thick pattern of interweaving branches. I creep through looming woods and stop to rest for a few minutes or so.

A hand grabs me.

The creature that grabbed me had ghastly, waxwork skin.

The face moved into the moonlight.

It was a zombie bride!

What was I meant to do? Wraith-like, the gaunt, eccentric figure gazed at me: her raven black eyes were like an abyss of heartache and grief. Pearls glowed as the aloof moon shone down upon us. Deceased roses formed a flower-crown on the bride’s coarse, lustreless hair. Her moth-eaten, mildewed gown brushed against me as she emerged into the shadows.

I was lost again.

**Evie**