**SINISTER CHARACTER DESCRIPTION**

Dark.

Darker.

Yet darker.

The shadows coursed through the dark manor. Floorboards creaked and the wind gusted. The clouds parted and the moon radiated, sending beams of ghostly moon-rays; a sudden radiation may have been beautiful, but something or someone emerged, coming into view.

A woman.

A solitary Woman.

A rather ominous, solitary Woman. The ghastly waxwork was menacing; she looked like she was from a nightmare. Illuminating majestically, her hypnotic eyes were swirling from a vortex of deep green, hiding the hollow and emotionless gaze behind, as they faded to a forest of cinnamon-brown, with flint-grey eyelashes concealing the eternal abyss of beauty. She had deep green hair, embedded with bridal flowers: the cursed hair was twisted and tangled like macabre roots, spurting with flowers and looking like they were from Hell itself. The crystals, embedded within the jewellery, screamed and howled with dead souls lost within the world, lonely and worthless; others, petrified from their previous life, harshly went through every day being filled with a vitriolic fury.

She stepped into the light. Dressed in full white, she looked as if she were in a wedding dress: it was torn and ripped, parts concealed by a long, ocean-like veil. She stepped towards me.

She put her hand on my shoulder.

Her long, bony hand….

**Gabriel**