**SINISTER CHARACTER DESCRIPTION**

A hand.

A bony hand.

It just hung there in the darkness before it cupped over my mouth and nose so I couldn’t breathe. The darkness set in…

I awoke, startled by the sound of a coarse snigger.

The sky was ablaze, orange and red, I lay in a marsh, smothered in mud and swamp water. The moon gave off a phosphorescent glow, accentuating a face that looked like a ghastly waxwork.

Tousled hair cascaded from a scabbed scalp and swayed in the light breeze. She turned around to face me and chuckled malevolently. An aquiline nose that was dotted with warts twitched slightly. Flint-grey eyes gazed at me, penetrating me to my very core.

“Lemme out of veese chains, you hag!” I screeched, as I wriggled, scraping at the chains.

Her countenance suddenly became foreboding – her eyes were a pool of vitriol.

“Be quiet, you squirmy varmint or I’ll force you to drink my potions!” screeched the witch, clutching a bottle of thick green liquid. Snarling, she bared her teeth which looked like crumbling tombstones; she leaned over me so close I could smell her rank, acrid breath – although I could’ve smelled the breath from miles away. Her shrivelled lips curled down at the sides before breaking into a curious, dainty smile. Bags hung from her eyes and wrinkled surrounded her nose. With a flick of her withered cloak, she picked up a knife and strode towards me….

**Jacob**