**Matilda (age 11)**

Reluctantly, Pip crept in the room, pausing to hear the rats scurry away. The table, which held a feast of heartbreak, was preserved like an Egyptian mummy. Grand windows with murky panes gave a faint glow of light whilst dust flew through the air. Engulfing the room, cobwebs drooped form the colossal, silver chandelier that gleamed from the light. Disturbingly, petal-less flowers laid on the table, looking at Pip.

Coming out of the shadows, a small, thin figure with an oversized dress stepped out, the silhouette limping with great haste. Now Pip could see the mysterious person. It was a woman with dusty locks of long, curled hair that swayed as she moved.