The Unfortunate Girl by Maddison Millin

She stood at the other end of the graveyard

Tall, slim yet graceful apparition

Her pale skin glowed in the moonlight

She walked slowly and carefully

Towards the yew tree

She picked at its berries

Much of what poisonous

Suddenly, I felt a cold hand on my shoulder

I turned

It was my fellows

We gathered as I told my tale

Of shivering encounters