Max Hill-Cousins age 10

The Jester

As I approached, an unsettling, sorrowful expression filled the dark figure’s face. His shoes were red, his trousers were red,his hat was red and the room was red. The shriveled, stained papers on the table flew away in the breeze. The miserable man, whose hat was blood-red, opened the curtains. Goosebumps crept along his pale arms as sadness emanated from his midnight dark eyes. The lack of joy devised a ghoulish feeling in the room. Suddenly, the light shut off…