Ellis Furnell - age 10

The Jester

The jester’s clothes were as red as blood and hung off his skeletal body; his fingers, which were locked together, were pale and lifeless. He was slumped down on his chair that was old and dusty. His dirty, scruffy shoes rested on the neglected rug. Draped over the walls were jet-black lifeless curtains surrounding him. His dark, brooding expression and hollow, vacant eyes filled his sunken face. Scattered on the table next to him lay stained, thin papers full of bad news…