Finlay Smith - age 10

The Storm

Her ebony dress flew in synchronicity with her dark, thin hair. Her neck was as white as the dull, enchanting mist behind her. I saw her boney fingers holding her sleeves trying to cover her cold knuckles. Her spidery legs were as pale and white as the dead cliffs before her. Deathly currents of wind seemed to sweep their way into her soul. The malevolent, rumbling clouds in the sky appeared to be churning and boiling like molten lava preparing to erupt. Flashes of lightning shot down like beams of destruction.