

## *Summer Y Year 8*

### *Cardinal Blanket.*

It was cold. Frost and fear engulfed me, suddenly I forgot how to breathe. The moon shone a silvery light down onto the sharp, black gates in front of me. Lightning flashed a blinding, white light, illuminating two glowering gargoyles perched upon imposing pillars either side of the gate. I looked into its cunning eyes, it felt as if they were staring into my soul. It blinked. Or maybe I blinked, I wasn't too sure. I turned away. Although they were stone, it still felt as if they were watching me. As if they were *alive*.

Gingerly caressing my fingertips along the ghost-cold, iron gates, I could feel the chill from the metal seep deeply into my bones. I brushed away the cobwebs adorning the corners of the conduit and pushed it open.

Before my eyes, sat a cemetery. Gravestones were rimmed with moss, embossed with runes. Swaying above hissed trees, frayed, gaunt branches stuck out like needles. It was a silhouette in the starry duskiness, the points of the branches imaginatively ripping open the cloak of darkness. The night sky was embellished with shards of iridescent opal sprinkled upon it. A river of stars. An icy wasteland. The crystalline moon sat amidst the velvety sea of planets, enigmatic, *celestial*. It looked rather like a guardian, always there.

I began to walk through the cemetery. The crispy, auburn leaves crackling with every step; each leaf was a shade of dark brown and harsh crimson, although it was tricky to tell the colours in the dusky aura. I stared down at my feet as I walked. Although treading lightly, I could still hear the crinkling of the leaves, getting louder...*and louder*.

Something snapped beneath my feet which gave me a fright. *Probably a twig*, I thought, before catching a glimpse of something white beneath the blanket of cardinal petals. I looked ahead and noticed a trail. I bent down, examining the leaves. They seemed to be...stuck to something. I started to peel them away when I saw something that made me scream. A *bloodcurdling* scream. For underneath, was a trail of bloodied *bones*.

*Gothic inspired story intro.*

*By Summer Y Year 8*

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