

Illusions

Soft light filtered through a canopy of crimson and copper leaves. The sun's rays playfully flittered across the stream which bubbled and ran into a pool of clear, calm water. Birdsong and the dry rustling of autumn leaves filled the air, and when combined with the faint trickling of the stream, made for a pleasant, mellow sound with a calming effect. The simple beauty of the woodland clearing was reflected in the warm brown eyes of a young girl. Her easy smile and gentle look showed innocence and bliss. Orange hair whipped around her head like a halo, bare feet skipped lightly over grass damp with dew. She whistled an upbeat tune to herself, lost in her own little world in a secluded clearing in the woods, oblivious to the chaos of the world outside.

Amongst the swaying branches of the willow trees, features obscured by shadows, a figure lurked silently. Out of the corner of her eye, the girl noticed the ominous figure. Its presence disturbed the peaceful atmosphere, and the girl suddenly felt a feeling of deep-seated unease fall over her. Cautiously, with a body tense and a mind unsettled, she approached the stranger. All birdsong and background noise had ceased. A single, pale, smooth-skinned hand reached out. And just like that, the figure vanished. As well as everything else. The illusion had disappeared, and in its place was nothing. Pure, absolute black. A cry of confused fear escaped the girl, and when her only reply was her own voice, hollow and distant, repeating itself as it faded away, her fear turned to terror. Her own voice tormented her as she screamed for help, the harsh and desperate sounds tearing at her throat, till eventually she could scream no more.

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Key Stage 3

Word Count: 292 (without title)

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