

## A spooky night visit

It was late when she arrived there. The rain pelted harshly on the old gravestones, making them smear. A shiver travelled down her spine as the drizzle, now turning to rain, continued to fall. This left her as cold as the gloomy night. Filled with fear, the girl was a lost soul, having just visited her father's grave( so cruelly taken away when she was only four years old). Scared, she tried to catch a glimpse of the main gate, but where was it?

The trees were grasping hands reaching out to snatch her with their witches' wrinkly fingers. Shaking badly in the shadowy gloom, they appeared to surround her. She became suddenly shaken, panic stricken! The raw coldness left a bitter taste, numbing her mouth. All of a sudden, she had the need to walk more hastily.

As she picked up speed, the hooting owls echoed in her ears and twigs cracked underfoot like miniature bullets. How this startled her! Where was the gate? In the gloom, she seemed just unable to find it. Again, she picked up pace. Sometimes running; sometimes walking.

Darkness had now completely fallen and she was now walking blindly. The uneven graves were broken teeth of a yawning monster. The mist

revealed the statues, hunting eagles sweeping down to eat their prey; graceful angels praying for the lost souls; soft white doves shivering in the cold. The whiff of the decaying soil hit her. She could sense the cold bodies, who were once as alive as she was now, with strongly beating hearts. Now, she bolted!

The strong wind whispered feverishly in her ears as she ran faster and faster. Finding a way out was difficult. Everything was closing in upon her. Her boots squelched in the thick, dense mud as she splashed frantically in the deep puddles. The bunches of flowers, roses, tulips and lilies, were now trodden into the mud and left to die too.

At last! Appearing out of the mist came the old, brass gate. Shuddering with total relief she jolted it open forcefully, always looking ahead and not daring to look back. It was slightly open. The rain had stopped now and the streetlights brought her suddenly back to her senses. It was at that point that she realised why she had gone there in the first place and just how much she missed her father.