

Into the Woods

One cold, dark night I was in the woods. I was worried that someone would catch me but I kept moving forward. Every time I took a step I looked behind me. It was like the fog was chasing me, pushing me, saying "go, hurry up, there are bounty hunters around." I saw glowing eyes in the distance. I didn't know what it was, but it was watching every move I made. I leaned against an ancient tree. I felt its scaly, damp skin. Then I heard whispering. I looked behind me.

By Ellese Owen, 5G