



Blood

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old abandoned cathedral. The branches, the bloodthirsty branches, casting shadows over the once perfect but now crumbling old path as I take one horrifying step at a time towards the wooden piece of crumble. I hear crushed branches being crushed once more and I work my way up the path. . I glance over, nothing. There's an island though. I step into the cathedral, scared. Dead snail shells everywhere, EVERYWHERE. I am terrified, really terrified, taking each step is like being faced with a bull whilst dressed in red. I creep around, looking around. I start to whistle, "Stop". There's a voice, I stop, deadly silent, I can hear the air around me, literally. I take another step, "STOP". Again.

Deadly silent. My spine shivers. I look down after seeing something red in my peripheral vision. Blood. "Who are you?" I ask as curious as a cat. "Legend," he responds.