

Dead Legend



The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral. The island is cold and desolate. The branches fell to the floor crushed, the reminisce of a corpse ruts away in the corner as I find my way into the arched door way. Perfect shadows of bloodthirsty ghosts in the wood work, snails climbing wooden beams. In the middle of the room a throne, one belonging to an ancient civilisation maybe or a king and queen's death room? I run up and I don't dare to so much as touch the throne, I need to hurry. I hesitate a moment longer then I pull out the sharpened blade and plunge it into my chest. Black light overwhelms me as I take my final breath. I know I will one day become a legend but that is not today... Today I am dead girl, a dead legend.