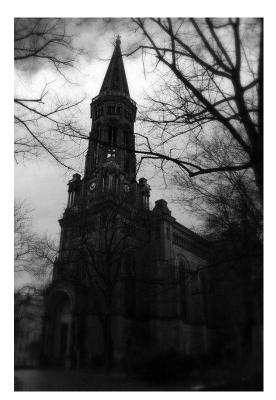
Dead Legend



The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral. The <u>island</u> is cold and desolate. The <u>branches</u> fell to the floor <u>crushed</u>, the reminisce of a corpse ruts away in the corner as I find my way into the arched door way. <u>Perfect shadows</u> of <u>bloodthirsty</u> ghosts in the

wood work, <u>snails</u> climbing <u>wooden</u> 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 <u>legend</u> but that is not today... Today I am dead girl, a dead <u>legend</u>.