The Soul-taker

By Roshni

"I will save the souls of those innocent children from the malicious Soul-taker!" exclaimed Cleo without hesitation, as she through the forest, determined to save the youngest members of each family.

As she defeated every obstacle in her way, her heart thumped in anticipation. The branches kneeled down as if they were about to grab her in their arms. The haunting sounds of the ghosts moaning filled the place with a horrifying acapella.

The silhouettes of ravens hovered above her and her senses were overwhelmed with: the stench of the decaying blood along the pathways from all of the dead; the faded sound of a child wailing in the distance; the chilling sensation down her spine as she took a gulp of acrid. Her eyes widened when she reached the palace of souls.

 Cleo was looking up at a window when she saw the one and only deadly - Soul -taker! The Soul- taker was a woman of death. Under the blackness of the night, she ripped out the souls of innocent children without thinking twice. Masterly in killing, she would ravage you in one go. To lure in her victims was a sweet figure, but inside a beast of a woman was unleashed ready to demolish you whole. If you were to even pass her it would be your last day of seeing the light!

Enveloping sinister witches body was the indeterminate,shrill cackle;trying to camouflage the putrid creature which loitered within.Wearing a jet-black jumpsuit with golden lining,the Soul-taker would lurk in the shadows until she was ready to strike again.She had jagged fangs,one submerged in blood and a scar on her neck-fresh from a sleep-walking child who scratched it.Her nails were claw- like,and were painted from with a piece from the midnight sky. Yet it was these hands that could seize the souls of adolescents..With her long orange hair that

worked like rope, she would strangle children until their very last breath!...

THE END