The Figure

I was driving to my aunt’s on the coast of Ireland, when I questioned everything. Should you not just say “When it happened” – or “When an event that made me question everything I thought I knew”, happened? We drove past an old abandoned cottage which I have never seen before, even though I have drove this way thousands for times. It instantly sent a chill through my spine. This cottage wasn’t newly built either. It was a pale grey shade as if all colour had been drained from the wall, layers of dirt and grime covered the window sills, the windows were shadowed which made it almost impossible to see anything from far away, Victorian style shutters hung above the windows and a narrow pebble path led the way to the old red door. I begged mother Do you need this other character – can you not just be alone – the driver of the car to stop the car and that she did. I slowly approached the house with caution and walked through the wild grass not forgetting to stop and wave back at mother. My legs were stinging with nettles wrapping round them but I was determined not to stop. I stood still observing the cottage for what felt like hours maybe a bit too long??? , when I felt became conscious of?? staring eyes burning into my back, I quickly turned round, always expecting the worst but what I seen was enough to make me want to scream in awe. It was a black cat. Peering up at me with its majestic yellow eyes which glistened in the sun. Something about this cat made me turn cold, and I was going to find out what it was.

My hand felt drawn to the cat. As if a force was pulling me towards it. I drew back trying to resist the temptation. But just then the clouds shifted sending spells of grey rushing through the sky. My hair lifted in the wind, sending all my baby hairs to stand on edge. And that’s when I heard it. A whisper. I frantically searched my surroundings for a suspect to accuse, though I realised I was the only one here. The cat brushed against my leg and began meowing without, the wind grew wild and It began to rain and the cottage door blew on its hinges. A figure stood in the frame of the door staring back at me, it was a woman. A Victorian woman.

I stared at this figure for what seemed like hours more hours?. I was confident is this the right word? I studied her whole face. Her face was slender and her cheekbones were defined like a blade. Her eyes empty like she was missing something very dear to her. Her lips were as red as a rose and her face was like a porcelain doll. She looked deprived… of happiness, love and food. Her face had a vague expression. Her shiny grey hair was carefully pinned back behind her ears. Her frail body dressed in a black dress which was much too big, with a red shawl covering her narrow shoulders. I looked away for a brief second. And when I looked back. She was gone.

Love this, Lucy