**Thursday 4th February 2021**

**Creative Writing**

* *I chose the picture with the dress and the pumpkins.*

I was curled up on the chair in the corner. It was the 30th of October, Halloween Eve. I was reading a book which was covered with a months’ worth of dust, lounging in my golden-sand coloured nightdress. I was in the castle alone.

Suddenly, the black silhouette of a person swept into the room. They lit the blood red candle on the candelabra. They spoke,

‘’You have until this candle burns out. Find the diamonds, place them in the slots and you’re free!”

They stepped out of the room. The key clicked in the lock.

The room was a shadow of its former self. The diamonds, wht diamonds? Then I saw the first one, it had been caught in the stare of the candle. I picked it up. It was a rosy colour and so I placed it in the wall. It’s so dark I thoughtto myself and then as if by magic the pumpkins lit. The pumpkins we hadn’t carved yet angrily glared at me with their terrifying faces.

The room was the size of a football pitch. There could be so many places to hide a small jewel. I stumbled round the room bumping into things because it was dimly lit.

I looked anxiously, the candle was burned a quarter of the way down. I caught sight of the family ornament on the shelf building me with determination. I found another diamond, this time a light blue colour so I placed it in as well.

After, what seemed like forever, I found the final jewel! By this time, the candle’s flame was dancing and flickering. That was because there was only a quarter of it left. I was nearly there when I tripped over something. It smashed I bent down and was horrified. It couldn’t be broken; it just couldn’t be. But it was. My hands and knees were bleeding, I had blood on my face, and it was broken.

The legend in the book was true…

Can I get out in time?