

## The Man

by Georgia Morrell

His eyes were pools of impenetrable darkness. His fingers were daggers, pointed and sharp. His nose was arrow like, pointing with malicious happiness. His mouth curved in a malevolent grin with his razor, sharp teeth glinting in the moonlight. In his right hand he held a knife - stained with ruby red blood... Looking like it was in a peaceful sleep, except it wasn't!

The man, pleased with his successful accomplishment, walked away from the body into the moonlit street. His footsteps echoing in the silence of the night...

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She wrestled with the duvet as a crack of sunlight shone through the moth-eaten curtains. The birds chirped sweetly to one another as the clock in the orphanage struck seven. The clatter of pans echoed into Rosie's ears as she fluttered her eyes open. "Another day in this horrid orphanage," she muttered to herself. Her mother had died happily at her birth, hands clasped around her precious daughter, her ruby red lips smiling and sapphire eyes staring at her beautiful treasure. However her father died when she was young, she doesn't know how, but she would, someday.

Rosie's pale face, pink cheeks and diamond like eyes, shone in the resplendent light, as the matron came and gave her breakfast. While she ate her bland breakfast, a man struggled up to the window of her room. "Come," he said, "you're in grave danger." Rosie clambered across the room to the dilapidated window. Nervously, she looked at the strange looking man at the open window. The man observed her, "You look just like your father," he said. Rosie looked confused. "What?" she stammered, "you knew my father?"  
"Yes, until the day he died."

After being helped out of the window with the few possessions she had, she went with the man. Then, another voice came up behind her, "Don't go with him." Rosie turned around and looked at the man who had only just arrived.  
"Who are you?" uttered Rosie  
"Your saviour," he replied, glaring back at the man who took her out of the orphanage. "RUN! He is here to kill you, he killed your father and now he's after you!"

With that she ran fast. That destructive man had killed her father. With a flash of recognition of that face, she stopped short. Fury bubbled up inside her, like an erupting volcano. She turned. Pulling a knife of her father's out of her bundle of belongings, she headed back to the men, ready to kill!

'BANG,' the explosion of a gun rang throughout her body. She collapsed to the floor. Pools of blood lay on the cobbled road around her still body. Life had left her! Now, reunited with her parents – the truth about *the man*, finally to be known.

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