



The Mysterious Garden

I look out of the frost covered window down to the garden below. The moon is shining down making the garden look mystical. The swing on the big leafless tree is moving and then I see her. She is slightly swinging on the swing. The light is shining right through her. Her hair is long and tangled reaching half way down her back. The dress she is wearing is past her knees and ripped and torn. It would have been beautiful back in the day. I walk out the back door and across the dew covered grass, over to where she is. She is singing a song I am unfamiliar with. Her voice is sweet and innocent. I step on a stick and it cracks. I freeze as she slowly gets up and turns towards me. She is clutching what looks like a diary, close to her body. I take a step closer to her and she turns and walks away. Her bare feet make marks in the frosty grass. I walk after her and she starts to run away, disappearing past the hedge. I sit down in the garden. I will have to wait till tomorrow night to see her again.

By Zoe Hewitt