



**The Winter Woods**  
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I could make out howling around me, I turn to look every few moments expecting to see a pack of wolves hungry for blood, but it's just the whistling wind. The branches creak in the breeze brushing snowflakes to the ground. The freezing snow tickles my frozen face as I write down on a soggy piece of paper. The smell was like bitter snow and dank cloth that has been left out all Christmas. As I lean back on my numb hands, I dream of being in front of a toasty fire on a crimson-coloured warm rug, until I finally hear a light rustle as the last shrivelled leaf falls to the ground. "It's winter now" I mutter to myself sadly. Frost covers my ears as it gets colder by the second. The trees were hidden in snow except for the bottom of the great oak trunks which has damp moss on instead. The undersides of the branches were growing icicles drooping down. There were two branches in particular which looked like arms, they were overhanging the snow below casting an eerie shadow of gloom on the ground. A full moon appears as the black clouds drift away, it shines a ghastly, ominous glow on the floor of snow as I look up to see what to write about next. The ground was laden with forked trees acting like snake tongues sticking out taking in its surrounding details. The snow hurtled down covering tiny animal footprints trailing off into the unknown. There was an opening not far off with what used to be a stagnant swampy lake but is now just a dip with a rock-solid block of ice. Its reflection off the moon was so bright I would be able to see it on even the darkest night. The murky clouds were closing in further, the snow stopped having the twinkling sparkle as it did before. As I looked up again (because I had now finished my poem) I then realised that I forgot which way I came. I thought to myself that in here North could be South and East could be West. Now I was starting to panic, what if I could never get out. Then all of a sudden, I noticed a vile smell, as I looked up to see what it was, it flabbergasted me to see bones leading up to the smell there where: leg bones, ankle bones, a cracked skull and lots more gory things. When I saw what it was, I froze, it was a rotted skeleton laid up against a tree with rats crawling through its eye sockets. I couldn't bare it anymore; it was then that I did what all people would do... SCREAM!!!

The Winter woods a dead, abandoned place.