

Wednesday 29th April 2020

IALT describe a setting.

I walked down the damp, dark staircase into the unknown, but didn't dare touch the dust-covered rails. It was very steep and carried me down swiftly. It wasn't a very spacious room and it scared me just walking through! The sight was horrendous! I couldn't help but stay. A gloomy light shone in the unrevealed distance. The hairs on the back of my neck stood up immediately and refused to sit back down. I was unwanted by something. Following that, mischievous mist sprinted like a ravenous cheetah chasing its prey. It swirled and twirled all over the place. Was I the prey? How horrid and spooky it was becoming! A dreadful sign each minute!

A brutal breeze arrived with the outcome of a chilly atmosphere!

A Roman Emperor with inflamed muscles stares sternly, but I'm not quite sure what he was looking at! ME?! His crown lay in pieces with gems and sharp flakes of glass scattered on the floor. I was beginning to feel quite claustrophobic in this grubby room, and I was terrified of the mysterious facts I was yet to face. I could touch the dusty walls covered in broken and damaged spider webs. Furthermore, the place was *riddled* with huge spiders! My stomach dropped. The state of this place, made me wonder. What had happened here? Had someone broken in and the managers were afraid they would do it again? Did they want something? What was it? Maybe it had been forgotten over the years and is now abandoned and became slowly dilapidated. From what I can see, *whatever* happened here was **NOT AN ACCIDENT!** To me that was obvious.

After a minute or two of wondering what happened, I saw a helpless Dodo laying on its helpless side its feathers dishevelled all over the filthy acacia surface. To think this was once a living animal with hopes, wonders and dreams. After a while, the only thing I could hear was my sharp heart, beating out of my chest and the horrid delay of my unreliable breathing. There was a faint smell of rot in the air and I was beginning to have an unfortunate taste crawl into my mouth. Toy plastic soldiers [some upright, some toppled over] with heads decapitated were strewn everywhere. Who did *this*? The state they were left looked like they had jumped off a cliff-edge! It made it spookier yet more appalling. It was shocking, terrible and grim! I longed to get out, but there was still more to see and I couldn't bring myself to leave. However, the haunting memory is still lurking in my brain. It's completely and utterly shocking!

Behind a thin sheet of glass, some stone-agers were holding their long, wooden clubs and had a very perplexed look plastered over their confused brains. They were really convincing and looked like the real ones really did. It kind of scared me how perfect they were. It didn't take my mind off how horrible the place was for long enough though. An eagle was lying on the floor, its huge wingspan vastly spread out. I pondered anxiously, then concluded; it had probably been hung on a string on the ceiling, it did have two pieces of frayed string attached to it.

I had revealed myself to the unconcealed hidden darkness. This day will forever torment my thoughts!