

Wednesday 7th July 2021

Act 1, Scene 3

Dead. Dead trees and dead grass. Dead humans scattered across the
deserted ground. Everything was dead apart from three anonymous figures.
The ground was wetted and the leaves were wilting with gloom.
The renowned area was full of jeopardy.

Their 5 wrinkled stalks, crinkled and threadbare seized their grayed
cheeks. Their face as wrinkled as time and their voices ever so malicious.
Every word they spoke spat out into the atmosphere. Looking up into the
ocean of ebony! They breathed in the murky mist.

Darkness descended over the crippled heart. Darkness killed forgotten
souls. Darkness trailed behind each senior stalk like an ancient
role scything the ground as it pursued behind the trio of willowy.
Traged between the glared ground and the ebony ocean above overseeing
all suffering and end, the figures began their sinister performance.