

The Tale of the Curse – by Amelie

LO: To scare and intimidate

Each weary day went by in a blur. The pale, fatigued lady sat at her stool weaving her tapestry. Each weary day her soul became more cold and her body grew weaker. She spent every hour of every day, weaving for what felt like eternity. Why was she there? What had happened? Why was this done to her? So many questions and no answers. Tension gripped her delicate face and goosebumps crawled up her pale, alabaster skin. Every time she thought about her past she felt as if her body had turned inside out and her heart leapt out of her chest and ran away. She began to remember...

Once she was a bright spirited girl named Enid, the princess and future Queen of Iona. She had silky, chestnut hair and a smile which made your heart flutter like a bird. She would paint pictures of emerald green fields, sapphire blue skies and azure, aquamarine rivers which glistened in the sunlight. Her happy childhood was suddenly destroyed by the unexpected outbreak of a life threatening disease which swept into Iona.

Several months slowly passed by, and after a while, the frightful disease stole Enid's father and soon after her mother too. Enid was now ready to inherit her parents grand fortune and soon become Queen of Iona. She was petrified. She felt turmoil.

"Whenever you are scared always remember that I will protect you." Her father always said. Was he right?

Enid slowly ambled up many staircases and began to explore the castle. There wasn't a sound or a stir in the grand house only the sound of footsteps and the haunting memories of her mother and father screaming as they died. She stopped. There were loud footsteps coming from a remote room in the house which had been abandoned for years. Someone or something was there. Enid silently tiptoed up the never-ending staircase and along the jet black corridor towards the room. She turned the handle. Creak... Inside was a beautiful young lady. Enid recognised her from when she was younger.

"Hello dear," She sung. Enid stared at her like a hawk.

"Ummm hello," Enid stammered. She could feel a shiver race up her spine, "Why are you here?"

"I've heard about your poor mother and father passing away, I'm wondering whether I could help you." The beautiful lady explained.

"What are you offering?" asked Enid.

The lady explained that her name was Agatha and she was generously inviting Enid to stay with her at the castle. She apparently was the long lost family of Enid and felt it was her duty to look after her. Finally, Enid answered "I accept, thank you." She turned for the door but little did she know that what Agatha was planning was the paradox of a dream, instead, the reality of a nightmare...

A while later they arrived at the castle. As they opened the baron wooden door, Enid was clutching tightly on to her large bag and Agatha's now-pale hand. As they opened the door and looked inside, instead of a warm cosy home, it was a hall of horrors... Enid could hear Agatha let out a loud cackle. "You're my prisoner now Enid, if you leave then your life will not have a happy ending." What was going on? The tall roof towered above Enid and the large hallway made her feel dehumanised. Agatha took Enid's bags and they both ambled up the winding staircase towards the highest turret of the castle. Agatha strongly demanded that

Enid was to stay away from her chamber and was forbidden to go in it... If she did then she would live a desperate life.

Later on, after Enid learnt more about the haunting castle, Agatha showed her her bedchamber: there was a rich, velvet, bed surrounded by luxurious drapes and a crackling fire which was turning a dark shade of amber.

A few days later of staying at the house, Enid was beginning to become even more suspicious of Agatha. She woke up with a sigh and sat up in her grand bed. She put on her warm, tartan shawl, got out of bed and gazed out of the window into the faint distance. Enid thought it was time to discover what Agatha meant by "If you go in my chamber then you will live a desperate life." Enid slowly crept out of her room and along the long corridor. Squeak, a rat went past. Enid began to feel lightheaded and distraught. She began to sweat... Each step felt as if it cost Enid her entire life; as she was getting nearer and nearer towards Agatha's chamber she almost tripped over an old, rusty book. She picked it up it read, "How to steal someone's money and curse children" thick, scorching sweat was slithering down Enid's forehead. Was this what was going on? Silently, she tiptoed towards Agatha's chamber, she turned the handle. Inside, instead of a pretty young lady, Agatha was a warty old hag. Enid was sure she hadn't seen her come in. Agatha was staring deeply into a grand wonky mirror infested with large cobwebs and was chanting haunting words which made your entire body shiver and you wish that the ground could open up and swallow you whole.

Curse this girl for eternity

Locked in this tower she will be

Add a slimy young girls head,
And spice it up with chilli shreds,
A baby's scream is what you'll hear,
Stir it up until it's clear.

All your money I will take,
Add the tongue of a deadly snake,
Add a warty warthog's snout,
And mix it up with the eye of a trout.

Curse this girl for eternity

Locked in this tower she will be

Cold and shaky her soul will turn,
And in the fire of hell she will burn,

In the pot goes a parrot's wing,
Crackle it up with a hornet's sting.

Take this girl to her haunted lonely death,
If she stops weaving, she'll breathe her last breath,
Soon in a forgotten grave she'll lay,
And her decaying body will gradually rot away.

Curse this girl for eternity
Locked in this tower she will be.

Slowly she'll weave her tapestry,
Make her life a misery,
Her life will be a nightmare not a dream,
If she leaves the mirror her fate will scream.

Her life will be a tragedy,
And in her heart they'll be no glee,
No one will ever remember her name,
The Lady of Shalott shall never remain.

So then there she was, sat in front of the haunting mirror with thick, stinging tears spilling out her eyes and her weaving in her hands. Agatha had taken all of her money and her place as the Queen of Iona. She stared deeply into the mirror and began to weave. She was right. Her father was wrong...