

# The Villains of Lytham St Annes



# The Demonic Laughter

From the shadows of hell, the demonic laughter erupted from the icy smoke. Two, blood red eyes were filled with death-like flames, ready to get revenge. A winning malicious smirk appeared out of the darkness, it's slow, arrogant, leer, pierced like razors. With snake like movement, he poised on the balls of his feet, broadening his shoulders, with manic laughter pouring out his mouth like a waterfall. A deafening screech echoed around the cave with snake-like movements slithering in the shadows.

It shot me a look of the purest venom, sly and expressionless. The leaves darkened and burned swirling around the cave like a tornado. The trees, black. The sky, black. The rocks, black. All was

## Baringrad, The Sorcerer

Creating a villain - ~~suppose~~  
Baringrad the blasphemous was an ancient sorcerer who took pleasure in the misfortune of others in expression of displeasure during to his face indefinitely permanently and you could never know truly how he was feeling. He was played by ~~the~~ layers upon layers of lightly tanned, white skin due to his seemingly endless life. Inquisitive eyes like that of a cat set contemptuously in his skull, where they never stayed still. Every little detail that ever crossed his path he picked up on making sure to take in the strengths and weaknesses of both his allies and foes, ~~to which~~ he had an abundance of both.

## Baringrad, The Sorcerer (Page 2)

of pain. When a word left his mouth it would poison the air around him simply, because when even a simple phrase is spoken by something of such pure evil that is Baringrad even the bravest of beasts ~~will~~ freeze up in fear. Partially due to his long life and partially because of his fantastic memory Baringrad had memorised all but few of the words of power and magic - and those that he ~~does not~~ <sup>didn't</sup> know were lost so far back in time even his mind was alluded to them.

He strutted around with grace and pride only departing from these mannerisms when battle would save him, which ~~truff~~ occurred significantly less as more learned of his great power.

Speaking of his prowess in battle, Baringrad played a key role in many battles and even turned the tides of entire wars. Whilst in his prime Baringrad chose to take part in a war it was almost guaranteed that his chosen side would be <sup>victorious</sup>.

# The Malevolent Twin

x3 I should start at the begging, but I won't, because I ~~do~~ don't know when it began and the truth is, I probably never will. <sup>not for sure</sup> One minute we were side by side, identical, then it changed. // She, my own twin sister, turned into someone I ~~do~~ don't think my parents would recognise. They died in a car crash and I think that's when things changed. My sister became malevolent and spiteful. // I don't know what she ~~does~~ <sup>does</sup> and don't wish to. I know enough already. She does things for wealthy people, and **NOT** in a good way. She gets her hands dirty for those who were gloves to pick something off the floor. She hides in the shadows and only comes out when she needs something from someone. // She dyed her hair black, ~~is~~ and only wears black. She wears jewelry but not the ordinary type, they are weapons, in disguise. ~~Her~~ ~~she~~ She has a unique taste in shoes, she wears heels so tall you can hear her coming from miles away. She brings a strong smell of cigarettes wherever she goes. ~~um~~ //

# Nobody calls Carrots Cute

As the day-light was consumed by an unsettling darkness, the luminous lights of the city blinked into life. Observing her surroundings, a shadow (barely there) maneuvered ~~the~~ through the congealing darkness. Her deceiving looks fooled any victim into a haven of safety and security, before they ~~were~~<sup>are</sup> ripped apart and ~~devoured~~ devoured. She pierced her murderous claws deep into the side of the house. Thoughts of fresh blood swirled her mind as she neared the ajar window. Stelthily dropping inside, her ~~white~~ body suit blended in perfectly with the ~~gray~~<sup>white</sup> walls. She crept towards the unsuspecting victim - laying peacefully in a deep slumber - and began to whisper soothingly to the girl. A broad smile crept across her face during her final moments of living and was left dead. Thick, oozing blood pouring from the ghoulish slash across her neck. Nobody calls Carrots 'cute' and lives...

# The Dense Forest

My Introduction

Wandered wandered Wandered  
As we wandered<sup>SP</sup> into the dense forest, Me and Emilie<sup>Emilie and I</sup> gripped onto each other<sup>2W</sup> tightly. I heard a snap! it was like somebody was in the forest with us. "Did you hear that?" muttered<sup>SP</sup> Emilie. Within a split second we were on the floor, the strange thing was it didn't feel like a human pushed us it felt more like the wind. "What was that?" shrieked<sup>SP</sup> Emilie, I tried to stay calm because I didn't want to make E@Emilie scared even though I felt like my soul had just left my body.

In the distance, I spotted a young woman she had a scarlet red and black leather<sup>Leather</sup> jump suit on with jet<sup>Curly</sup> black hair. Her eyes looked like fire<sup>P</sup>. The woman had a strange emerald ring on. Suddenly, strangely she had made these<sup>SP</sup> two<sup>two</sup> rocks come into the palm of her hands it looked like they just came to her magnetically<sup>SP</sup>. Meanwhile Emilie was crying behind me at this point I was terrified too how did she pull them rocks to her she was a super human but was her intentions malicious but what happened in the next five minutes will prove she was no super human, she was an evil one!