

The Great Villains of Lytham St Annes High School



The Headmistress

Our first encounter with a villain is brought to us by Emma. She tells us the tale of her main character's first meeting with the headmistress.

Friday 9th October 2020

Villain introduction

Our footsteps echoed along the hall as we walked up the stairs to the dorm rooms. The stairs were wide and made of marble. Though it was dark, the light from the crack in the large, imposing doors behind ^{us} made an eerie glow, ~~from behind them~~ leading up the stairs. Rose Oak boarding school for girls, how had I got my self here? I gripped Rita's hand in silence. We had almost made it to the top of the exhausting flight of stairs when Rita froze.

"What is it?" I asked gently.

"Listen," Rita whispered. ^{We} They were silent. CLICK CLACK, CLICK CLACK. Someone was coming. I widened my eyes to try to find the source. CLICK CLACK, GLICK CLACK, closer and closer... A shadow, tall and skiny. Rita whispered again. I clasped my hand over her mouth. Whoever it was, I did not want to meet them in this dark, and rather dusty, hallway. SWOOSH. It was a woman in a black dress which appeared to cling to her and hair as ~~to~~ jet black and tight as her dress. But those heels, huge, black and tyrannical looking. She walked as if she owned the place, ^{chin} head in air, straight back, and a look of pure hatred plastered on her face. She was there, and then gone, click-clacking down the hallway, leaving an icy breeze in her ^{wake} ~~space~~. We both shivered. The headmistress, I guessed. When I think back now, I realise how small lucky I was then, that she hadn't seen us...

The Teacher

The second villain that crosses our path was brought to our attention by Olivia. She tells us of the terrifying manner this villainous teacher uses to control their classes.

Aggressively, Stomped into the classroom whilst muttering to himself. The teacher raised his eyebrows and glanced at the Students with a cold arrogant expression. He Stopped and his face wrinkled with disgust. He carried on walking and ~~seen~~ a student started to mutter; he Stood still and shouted "Silence, there is no talking in this classroom!"

As he got to the front of the classroom he got his black ~~etc~~ cloc and wrapped it around his tall long thin body. Everything he said dripped with venom and hate. His mouth twisted into a formidable Smirk and his ~~icy~~ black eyes narrowed to slits. His nose was so thin that it followed each student when he was looking around the classroom. His hair

was as pointy as a sharpened pencil. He had deep black hair and a bit of grey. He always Speaks in a low vicious tone. He always drew in ~~her~~ ^{his} breath in a venomous hiss. He had a thin vicious smile. He has a ~~gostly~~ ~~wasper~~ whisper and a Sneering Shout. ~~He~~ His pale, Skull-like face split into an evil grin when he heard a whisper. He ~~had~~ a Creepy, hideous glare. His creepy, hideous glare Frightened Some of the children.

Mrs Threatening Thora

As the name suggests, our next villain is a terribly threatening and dangerous individual. Evelyn warns us about how dangerous it is to visit this villain's house.

Once there was a miniature little cottage standing upon a completely ordinary street. Every morning, the cowardly postman trundles his trolley up the quiet ~~street~~^{road}, delivering all of the daily letters, postcards and parcels. Everything was perfect, like a scene fresh from a Jane Austen novel. Apart from one thing: the woman at the cottage. Her name was Ms Threatening Thora and she was a menace. Her stature, size and appearance soured any who met her.

As the postman cautiously headed up Ms Threatening Thora's garden path, he braced himself for what was about to come. He knocked ~~the~~ glaky, wooden front door, and it creaked open

effortlessly. The old hag that confronted him stood with her crippled back, hunched over like Hansel and Gretel's ~~old~~ witch. She wore a jet black shawl draped around her glabby neck, and a long glowery dress that went right down to her feet. There were wrinkles everywhere, even tucked under her greasy grey hair. Apart from the unusually large muscles bulging out of her frail arms, she looked exactly like your average grandma. She ~~fixed~~ the postman with a beady glare and screeched,

"Ooh! Is this my post?"
The postman answered, "Yes, ma'am." He was clearly nervous. "Is you don't mind, k-k-kind l-lady, could you p-p-please just sign here? It's just c-company policy, miss. I-I'm afraid I won't be able to give you your parcels if you d-d-don't." He showed her his form and held out a pen with his shaking hand.

"Sign?" she bellowed, "Sign? You want me to sign this?" and with that, she snatched the form out of the poor man's hand and ripped it into two. "Is you don't give me my parcels, I'll take the whole trolley and chuck you out the window!" And without waiting for an answer, she brought his trolley into her house, ~~glared~~ the poor postman a ghostly smile of pretended sympathy, and ~~grabbed~~^{ed} him by the scruff of his neck. In the most intimidating and formidable way possible, she dragged ~~th~~ him up the rickety old ~~steps~~^{stairs} of her house, into her p-bedroom, slung open the window and chucked him out of it, just like that.

"Byeeee!" she sneered, as the man cowered away back down the street, leaving his beloved postman's trolley inside the monster's home. And with that, the tyrannical old woman went and made herself a cup of tea.

The Dentist

We all fear a trip to the dentist, but Holly tells us of a dentist who we should really avoid at all costs.

• Cold icy stare

She was speaking in a ghostly whisper, grinning at every word she said. The dreadful woman was walking ~~steadily~~ slowly but ~~somehow~~ some how she made the ground shudder.

She opened the door with hate and gave a scornful giggle at the little boy. She gave a snide look at the ^{boy} and paced around as she was looking his teeth.

Her ~~red~~ creepy hair horrible ~~her~~ rotten teeth turned into a savage sneer. A ^{pair of} black ghostly eyes appeared above the boys head. She had a long crooked nose that wrinkled when she shot him a withering look. Her breath was cold and chilly as she breathed into the room. Her small eyes were as dark and hard as raisins and had a demon-haunted expression. There was a big clank as she picked some scissors up and walked towards the boy.

Her blue tight dress made her look innocent and kind with a big heart but inside she was a

demon preparing to do vicious things. On her blue shiny dress it said in bold 'DENTIST'. She wore red bright-like apples-high heels.

The Entrance

Finally, Jack reminds us that looks can be deceiving as the seemingly young villain in his piece highlights.

The entrance

Echoing footsteps rushed down the ~~emb~~ narrow corridor. As they seemed to almost ~~boom~~ around, they stopped.

"Open the damn doors" A voice yelled,

The doors flung open to reveal a seemingly 15 year old, wearing an armour made of what seemed to be a dark grey metal, but it occasionally throbbed. The figure walked down the cavernous hall, where the senator turned to look at him and laughed out the "Child". Upon hearing this, the figure took the final steps up to his throne and seemed to age another 10 years.

"Malevolent Mark, I beg for your forgiveness, but ~~it has~~ ~~was~~ I hope our peace deal

is still in place?" ~~Finally~~ Feebly asked the Senate representative

5/10/20 "That matter is dependent on your little friends in orbit right now. A minute ~~canonade~~ at that device in your pocket" Mark replied.

The representative looked shocked, as nobody but him and those people in the ship ~~about~~ about this mission.

"I-I. There must be some mistake!" Nervously stammered the man.

"Prepare cannons..." Mark looked at the pathetic waste of life "Fire"

There ~~was~~ were several large bangs, and the ships were gone.

"Now for you" slowly said Mark, as he snapped his fingers.

The representative's torso just opened up as if it was a surgery, but his heart was hanging loose, and everything else was working as normal. Another hand gesture ~~was~~ caused the man to have a knife in one hand, and his heart in the other. He looked into the man's eyes, ~~he~~ him realising what he would have to do. Mark gestured again and the representative plunged the knife into his heart, killing him. The blood ~~spilled~~ spilled.

The Man in the Dark armour sat back in his throne, and laughed.