



### Picture stimulus description

*Ella Sager Bacchus*

Bewildered, I stood in a trance over utter confusion of where I was. Surrounding my chill-bumped covered body was acres of isolated woodland, inhabited with century old trees, marking their territory with their intimidating sky-soaring height. Either side of me was gloomy shrubs that concealed and protected the dangerous creatures that hibernate within them. Also discreetly hiding in the shrubs were lethal khaki stinging nettles that brutally mutilated anyone that dared touch them.

The decaying atmosphere emitted a perfect vibe for ominous souls that bask in gloom and darkness. The whistling wind howled and blew a bitter chill, slicing through the tension in the air. Up ahead, perched on a xanthous yellow sign, was an ebony black crow, scarcely symbolising that bad omens are inevitable. As I inhaled the musty air into my lungs, I was stared down by amber eyes camouflaging within the chartreuse greenery. Out of fear, I stumbled backwards, entering further into the grim woods.

My numb feet sunk deep into the undergrowth as if the soggy, dead leaves were trying to suck me into the ground. The slender, bony branches patiently crept closer to me like rotten skeleton hands. Against the hazy grey sky, storm clouds gathered together promising a fierce downfall of tears from the souls above. Delicately placed in the centre of the leading lines of trees was a brass lamp that eerily cast shadows, transforming shapes and figures into paranormal apparitions. The piercing howls of the wind grew immensely louder as I come to the sombre realisation there is no escape from this torturous prison world.