More able (Y5)

The Execution

Splatter! Red wine blood cascaded down on the people of London. “Why am I here?” thought Moss. The head was flung from the scaffold into her basket like an unwanted rag doll. The warm stench of flesh and blood wafted upwards. Unwillingly she looked down at the head. Its ghostly pale eyes looked back at her unblinking. The crowds cheered, but were silenced as a storm broke out and the skies opened. The rain struck down mercilessly. Havoc broke out for the lightening was striking.