

**Dread**

*by Shathana, Year 9*

It was dread that disrupted and disorientated her divine disposition. It devoured her delight as she dismally dragged herself down off of the driftwood, onto the dry dunes of the desert. The delicate dusk denounced her depressive demeanour. Despite her dishevelled dance drenched in dust, she was determined to drink her dread away. Drowning in the desert draughts, she drooped herself over the desecrated dunes, her dazed self droned on about drivel. Dynasties were despicably destroyed by dust, she decided it was duly deserved. The days too dragged on, as she dwelled on the dread she doubted she could dodge. Delusion, drunk without drink. A dire dilemma. Defeated and dehydrated, she despaired of her days of deterioration, a demented destiny. She then dropped dead, disappearing into the dunes that draped her in dust. Then, with the dreamy drawn-out dawn, the desert was detached from her by the drizzle.