

# *Purple Heather*

*As the sun rose over the treetops,  
A thick mist covered the ground.  
A ghostly figure stalked through the meadow,  
But she walked without a sound.  
Purple heather surrounded her,  
The kind she picked in her youth.  
But she came here to learn a secret,  
To learn a horrible truth.  
The irony of the sunrise  
And the innocent purple heather.  
She now knows her death was no accident,  
It had been a result of murder.  
So if you see a ghostly figure,  
If you see her misty breath.  
You'll know one unlucky murderer  
Will feel her avenging her death.*

*Madeleine Staas 6A*