**Unraveller – Short Interpretation**by Molly, Year 7
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I live right on the edge of Mizzleport Harbour. Every morning I wake up to the sound of fresh-faced travellers excitedly hopping off ships excited to immerse themselves into Raddith's culture, stories and nature. They also come to unknowingly get scammed by me.

I’m a filthy merchant. I sell these corny "anti-curse amulets”. I'm always at the stall. All day. Every day. I know it's risky business, selling fake safety near such dangerous land. Scamming innocent travellers, making them think they’re safe from the little brothers, knowing that that amulet could cost them their life. I feel so guilty, watching their faces beam with excitement as they clutch the shiny pendant in their hands. I see their eyes glimmer with glee. I know that it probably won’t "be the end of them" but just maybe. Maybe. All I can hope is that they can find an Unraveller before it’s too late.

Sometimes, after making a sale, I see people buy one and head straight off into The wilds. Oh. Just writing those words makes my skin crawl as if a thousand roaches are scurrying all over me, tormenting me, making me want to rip my skin off just to make those eerie shivers go away. The Wilds. Only Father dares to speak about it at home. If anyone else talks about it, Father beats them. Hard. He tells us stories, cryptic stories, but stories nevertheless.

I remember being young and him telling me and my siblings stories about "*out there*”. The marsh woods, the marsh horses with their sharp teeth ready to kill, the pale-handed ladies that lure you in with kindness but harbouring a thirst for warm, sticky blood. And of course the little brothers.

“Too many close calls…” He’s always mutter under his breath, his eyes fixed open, wide. “Too many… I’m never going to… *out there*... ever again.”

He couldn’t say it. He couldn’t bring himself to even utter those simple words. *The Wilds*. Oh if he catches me writing this he’ll skin me alive and we'll have "child stew” for dinner. No one can talk about *out there*, the little brothers, or anything remotely related to the subject. But, I have to talk to someone, even if it is a little leather book that I hide under my bed. I never write at home. In case he sees it. I only write when I’m manning the stall.

It's quite warm today. Today, I’m deciding I like the warm weather. I find that people are so indecisive when it comes to their favourite weather. When it’s boiling hot everyone wishes for that sweet icy winter. However, when it's freezing cold, everyone prays for the summer sun to come back.

"One amulet please!”

The voice made me jump out of my own head. I sometimes get too caught up in writing. I forget to man the stall and when Father catches me not working he beats me when I arrive home. So, made sure to quickly snap out of my writing to serve the customer

"One amulet, if that’s alright!”

It was a small child clutching some small, bland, steel coins in her hand.

“You sure kid?” I asked sceptically. Okay, I know I shouldn't have said “kid” since I’m young too, but the child couldn't have been any older than seven! "What d’ya need it for?”

“Oh! It’s ever so important! I need to find my mama. She went away last week for a trip and she still isn’t back so I’m going to look for her in The Wilds! I really need to make sure no little brothers get me!”

I looked at her with tears welling up in my eves, shell-shocked. She was going into The Wilds? How do I find the guts to tell her those amulets are a scam? That they hold no power at all? How do I even begin to explain the dangers of the little brothers? The dangers of The Wilds themselves?

I sold her the amulet. I'm a horrid person, I know. But I had to choose, I had to choose between letting this poor girl go off alone or to have another beating and to let me and my family starve. I hadn't sold anything all day. I *needed* that money.

But it feels like I’m starving anyway. The pain inside me. It’s that guilt, that gut-wrenching guilt is gnawing through my flesh, my bones, eating away at my insides until I’m nothing. I’m nothing. Nothing but a filthy murderer. I need to snap out of it. Even if *I* didn't stop her, someone will, right? Right?