***The Courtroom Case***

The courtroom was intimidating. White marble floors and walls emanated great power, great power that did not belong to Rosalie Bogmore. The high table towered over her as the cherry wood gleamed in the sunlight. The domed ceiling was decorated with terrifying cherubs.

The judge sat in his throne-like chair with a sour look on his face as if he had eaten limes. His perfectly curled wig seemed to wilt at the sight of Rosalie. His eyes suddenly glowed with an angry fire for he and Rosalie were friends. Rosalie paled at the look on his face.

“Miss Bogmore, you have been summoned here for suspected witchcraft. What is your excuse?” “I…I was making a stew!” pleaded Rosalie. “SILENCE!” the Judge bellowed so loudly his wig flew askew. Rosalie trembled all over. “But… George! You of all people know that-“ She was cut off by a loud screech of “I thought I knew you! Now approach the high table!”

Her chair made a horrendous screeching sound on the floor. Rosalie’s sandaled feet made tapping noises as she took the first few steps towards her doom. The whole world seemed to slow as she walked; the isle lengthened almost like it didn’t want her to reach her fate. She picked up the pace. It lengthened some more; then all of a sudden, she was face to face with the cherry wood of the high table. Judge George peered over the top and Rosalie took three hasty steps back. She looked deeply into her friends eyes and she saw the glint of unshed tears. He still cared. Then two seconds later, his face was screwed up in a deep frown. “Miss Bogmore the jury has decided that you… you…” he took five deep breaths to calm himself then he said “You will face the gallows.” there was a small tremble in his voice. Tears feel down her cheek making shining lines on her grimy face. She was going to die. “I’m sorry” George whispered as she was dragged away.