

# [Edward scissorhands essay sample](https://assignbuster.com/edward-scissorhands-essay-sample-essay-samples/)

Rising up to a hazy light filtering through the door, I pressed my cheek against it, my breath steamed up the glass and gets stuck in my throat as I realise what was happening; a sight so rare it is seen more on a festive card than in reality. Fine layers of white powder stretched endlessly and covered the lush grass beneath it. A sight so peaceful you couldn’t help but feel calm.

Stepping out of the misty glass into the lawn, I felt the slushing beneath my feet, and a cold breeze blowing in my golden hair. Thick, dark and golden, with specks and streaks of light; I shook my head as the wind blew through it, it made slow waves roll through that rich gold and made the lighter lengths dance and play. Shoulders composed, my white dress ran just below my knees, as it flared in the night air like a fountain of silk. Gazing at the empty sky; the moonless night magnified the silence as the untouched, soft white layer of snow covered the ground like a blanket on top of you on a chilly winter night.

Edward scratched away at an angelic sculpture, with his pointed lethal hands. He shadowed the pure and beautiful angel as he scratched intensely through the ice; his face, as pale as wax, as he stood in his borrowed, steam pressed shirt. I came closer to the incomplete carving, as the snow fell downwards like soft diamonds and grasped gently onto my dress.

How could something that felt such bitter and loneliness create something of such majestic beauty?

Stepping further into the lawn, the flakes fell like a million ballerinas all dressed in white, they whirled from the dim sky and landed neatly onto the lawn. They danced and melted upon the palm of my hand as I twirled with turmoil through the harsh but affectionate air. Weaving around me like pristine fairy dust, I sailed through the soft icy kisses, twisting and gliding beneath his icy sculpture that melted my heart. Heaven.

Happiness pricked my cheeks then sewed me up in stitches. They cheered and floated as they fell in a shower of purity around me like leaves of a tree in autumn. Fragile like a spider’s web, soft peaks comforted me, as I fought against the harsh wind. The sweetness was almost sickening as I drifted hazily in the cotton-like flakes, as if I was sleeping on a field of soft fluffy feathers, pure as the naked heavens.

So dark, so mysterious, so deep, like a cave that reaches the depths of the earth, begging to be explored. Edwards’s eyes looked affectionately towards mine as I stared back; my lashes, like fans upon my cheeks shadowed my glossy chestnut-eyes, deep with lustrous darkness, like a forest pool under the shade of an ancient oak.

Lurking in the murky distance, Jim snaked closer as he roared savagely at Edward, only yards away. Disturbed, Edward spun back. His cold hinged shears flung behind, tearing through the cold air like paper. Striking down at me, the cold metal sunk into my soft flesh, Edward hesitated as he quickly dragged them out. His razor sharp claws glistened in the moonlight like knives on the night of a murder, dripping with blood. I turned back to see Jim; his face retched into my brain and I felt sick with thinking of all he had done.

Jim saw it oozing slowly out of my body, and let out a blood-curdling scream. Hot, sticky, and thick; the darkest, red-coloured blood, came sputtering out of me. Edward pointed his lethal hands at Jim like jagged icicles plunging down on a helpless victim. The snow had turned against me. Sinking from the misty sky it melted coldly into my warm blood.

I gasped as I fumbled with my cut. All was still, but the thumping of my heart as it pumped in fast irregular beats. I chanced a quick glance over my shoulder and my eyes met his. I forgot to breathe as I stared into his scarred face and all I knew was that there was nowhere to go. He stared at me, his face infuriated.

The wounds have healed now, but my heart is still empty. But then it comes to that time of year where the streets are lit and the smell of cinnamon candles conquers. The night before, I sit like a prisoner waiting to escape beyond the walls of this mortal life. The clock taunts me with each trembling tick.

Is it time? It becomes clear what happened that night. Soon the blurred vision is no longer a burden but reality. He wasn’t just an unfinished invention, he had insides, a heart, brain and everything, well almost everything.