



Who is the girl? What is in her hands?



Who lives here?



What is the graveyard like at night?



What does this do?



### Prompts

1. Describe the potion in the bottle.
2. Use a simile to describe the weather.
3. Use a verb-adverb pair to open a sentence.
4. Use a rhetorical question.
5. End a sentence with a preposition of place.
6. Open a sentence with the word, 'Darkness...'

*This wasn't the kind of thing she did every day: sneaking around in the grounds of derelict buildings after dark. However, she wanted to prove Hannah wrong. She was absolutely positive that the house was the same house from the picture they'd found in the school library. Hannah had laughed when she'd told her she knew where it was. She wouldn't laugh now.*

### Horror Narrative Inspiration Station

<i>forbidden</i>	<i>intimidating</i>	<i>transfixed</i>	<i>elixir</i>	<i>gargoyle</i>
<i>grotesque</i>	<i>aghast</i>	<i>abandoned</i>	<i>wicked</i>	<i>gothic</i>
<i>ominous</i>	<i>trembling</i>	<i>apprehension</i>	<i>eerie</i>	<i>moonlight</i>
<i>creature</i>	<i>bewildered</i>	<i>trespass</i>	<i>supernatural</i>	<i>potion</i>
<i>nightmare</i>	<i>graveyard</i>	<i>spine-chilling</i>	<i>ethereal</i>	<i>figure</i>

### *DADWAVERS! Openers*

*Description- It was a fairly substantial building, though it had been uninhabited for some time, and its residents now were mainly spiders and the occasional rat which had gnawed through the rotting floorboards.*

*Action- She dropped the torch and ran- ran as fast as her legs would carry her- down the stairs and along the hallway to where the front door should have been.*

*Dialogue- She dialled the number and waited for the voice to answer, ‘Hannah, it’s me, you won’t believe what I’ve found!’*

*Where- Along the walls were portraits of the past inhabitants of the house, all dressed in black, all with the same piercing amber eyes.*

*Adverb- Silently, she removed the bottle that she had come for and slid it into her pocket.*

*Verb- Sitting in the graveyard wasn’t nearly as scary as she’d thought it was going to be- until a figure approached.*

*Estimation of time- As midnight struck, she heard the first of the bat’s wings fluttering above her.*

*Rhetorical Question- How was she going to get out of here?*

*Simile/Metaphor – The night sky was black velvet, very much like the cloaks she’d seen in the paintings.*