Creating a Horrific Setting

Horrific Setting/Scene
(25 points)

Explanation: In “The Cask of Amontillado,” Edgar Allan Poe uses the setting of the catacombs (burial place) to heighten the scary mood of his story. Most-to-all scary stories take place in a horrifying place: haunted houses, dark basements or attics, cemeteries, dark and eerie woods, abandoned hospitals or schools, etc. Your job with this assignment is to use your creativity and imagination to create a scene or setting where something horrific has happened or might happen soon. Let’s take a look at how we want to do this…

A. Format (10 points): You must have the following:

1. Proper heading (name, period, assignment title, teacher’s name)
2. 150 words minimum
3. It must be typed or neatly handwritten in pen (single spaced is fine for this one)

B. The Setting (15 points): You must include the following in your creative description:

1. It must be written in first person (using “I” as the narrator). You and only you are the one who is present in this setting.

2. You must use sensory details to describe the setting (sights, sounds, smells, thoughts, emotions, tastes, etc.). Try to make the reader experience this setting.

3. Like Poe’s writing of “The Cask of Amontillado,” try to create a mood that is eerie, scary, overwhelming, or threatening to the reader.

How might I go about doing this?

TIPS:

1. Think of a time when you have been in a scary situation, and try to describe the details of the setting that surrounded you.
2. Think of a story, movie, or place that you have seen or been told about that has a scary setting. Try to recreate this setting in words.
3. Use a scary picture from the internet (Google image: graveyard, haunted house, etc.) or elsewhere and try to put this scary setting into words.

THIS WILL BE TRICKY, SO PLEASE TAKE YOUR TIME WRITING THIS.
I entered the bedroom of the two-story home on a dry, dark fall night. I lay on the bed in this semi-dark room, which was only lit by the dim chandelier that hung over my head. The breeze was blowing from the outside and causing dead branches to click-clack off of the feeble, arch-shaped windows that surrounded me. The walls seemed to be invisible because the irregular, random sound of smashing and tapping on these windows.

The window sound only interrupted me for so long, though. I heard something crying downstairs in the distance. I could not make out what it was, but it sounded like a yelp of pain—shrill, like a baby in distress. This was no baby, however. This was something else. The cry sounded aggressive, as if it were angry and searching for something.

My heart began pumping quickly and my neck began to sweat as I lay still in the same bed, petrified and unable to make any movement as this cry continued, continued, and continued—to get closer to me and louder in my ears!

I managed to swing my feet over the side of the bed and stand up on the old hardwood floor. My feet made a CREAK, which instantly made the approaching cry stop. I began, again, to hear the tick-tacking on the window; then, I only could hear my heart beating hard in my ears.

I took off running for any door I could find. The tick-tock of my heart was like a clock in my ears, and I moved swiftly to make a timely exit. I ran quickly over the creaky floor that felt like it was collapsing behind me, but I also moved cautiously in fear of the source of that horrifying cry—still silent.

Just before I exited the house, I saw a quick shadow appear near my feet, and I almost tripped trying to avoid it. I slammed into the exit door, reaching for the iron handle somewhere near my hand. I opened the door, only to hear the cry again, as if it were living right inside my ears. The shriek startled me as I jumped the front steps and headed for my car.

As I drove off, I looked down at my leg and noticed a large gash in my blue jeans—a puddle of blood began forming around the gash. I reached down quickly to check the damage on the wound. All I pulled from my leg was a tiny black claw, no bigger than the size of the edge of a penny.