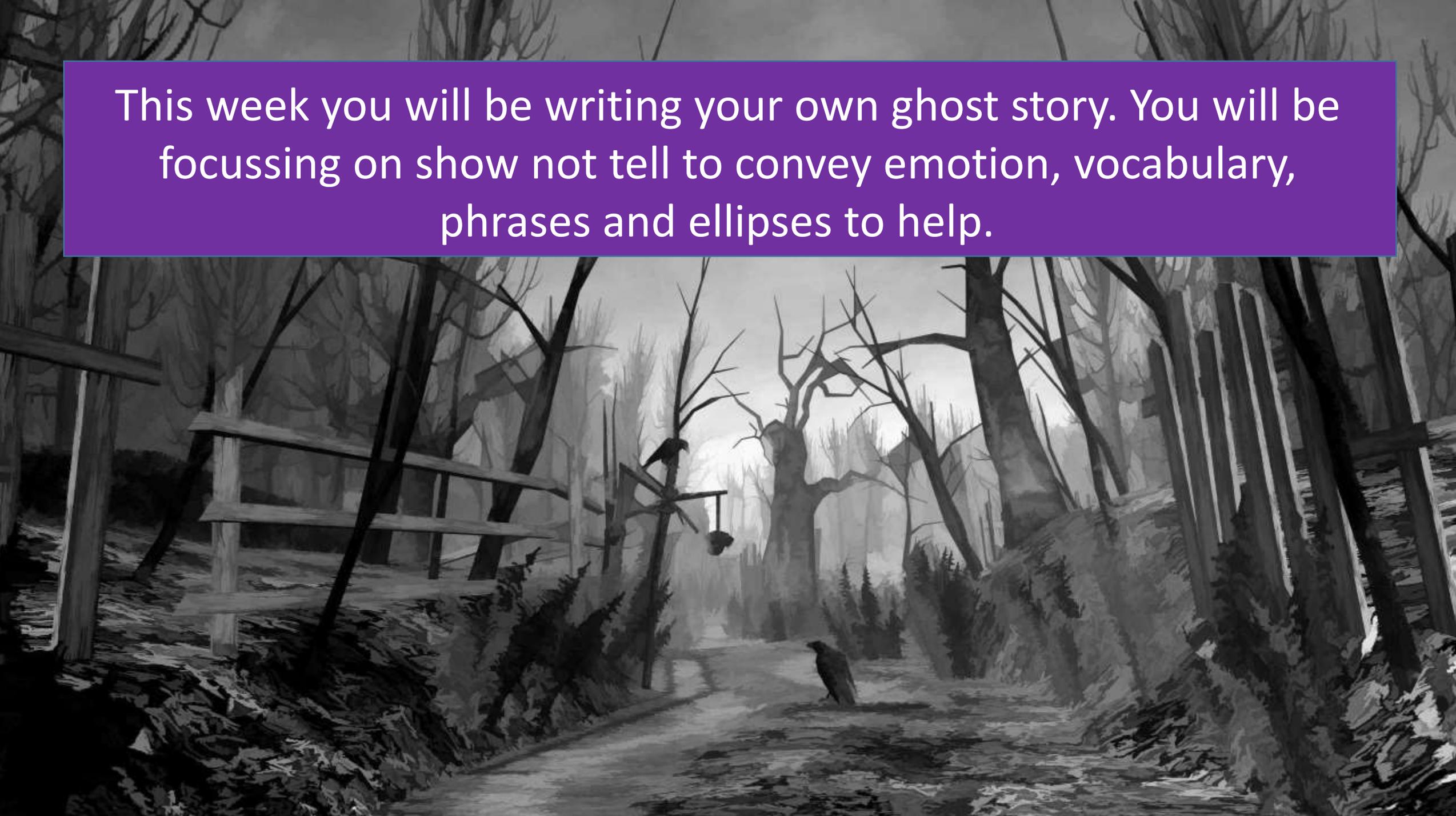


This week you will be writing your own ghost story. You will be focussing on show not tell to convey emotion, vocabulary, phrases and ellipses to help.



Monday

How can you create a spooky atmosphere in your writing?

Monday

Phrases and clauses

Phrase

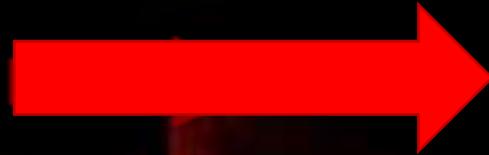
A phrase is a group of two or more words that express a single idea but do not usually form a complete sentence

Clause

A clause is a group of words that expresses an event. It usually contains a verb and a noun (subject).

...there are many types of phrase.

Adverb
phrase



very slowly
extremely carefully

(This is not the same as an adverbial phrase. An adverb phrase is something that contains an adverb while an adverbial might but doesn't need to)

Prepositional
phrase



under the stairs
beside the door

Prepositional phrases usually answer 'where' or 'when' questions. 'Above,' 'below,' and 'next' are all **prepositions**. **Prepositions** are words that show the relationship between a noun or pronoun to something else in the sentence.

noun
phrase



red shiny coat
blue leather shoes

A **noun phrase** includes one **noun** as well as words that describe it

Task 1: Identify which phrase is which.

Monday

Adverb phrase

Prepositional phrase

Noun phrase

silently crept

behind the door

forcefully broke

under the bed

silent scream

empty eyes

dark corner

Monday

Clauses

Phrases



What phrases and clauses could you create for these images?

Monday

Use the phrases and clauses to create short, scary, descriptive paragraphs for two of the images. You can use the images on this page or the previous one.



I can use 'show not tell' to display my emotions.

“Don’t say the old lady screamed. Bring her out and let her scream.”

- Mark Twain

Tuesday

Show not tell is the difference between telling:

Jack was so scared.

...and showing:

As the footsteps tapped closer and closer, Jack felt his stomach muscles tighten. He flattened himself to the wall, the gritty bricks against his cheek. Sweat chilled his palms. He used both hands to steady himself. Beating rapidly, his heart felt like it was going to explode out of his chest.

Mica marched into the classroom with a stormy look on her face. She clenched her fists tightly and shouted, "You won't believe what just happened!"

Mica was very angry when she entered the classroom. She was so frustrated when she said loudly, "You won't believe what just happened!"

- *What is the same?*
- *What is different?*
- *Which one is more descriptive? Why?*

“Showing” Strategies to help you show not tell.

- *using action verbs (not just was)*
e.g. The sun radiated warmth is more interesting than it was warm and sunny.
- *describing (using vivid, image-evoking detail) the character's actions rather than just stating one of their qualities or emotions*
 - *adjectives, adverbs, strong & precise words and think: Who? What? Where? When? Why?*
- *using similes and metaphors*
- *appealing to some of the five senses to paint a picture of what is happening*

Show not tell examples.

ANGER

Eyes narrowed

Teeth bared

Furrowed brow

Red faced



Lips pursed

**veins
bulged**

Physiological responses

Heart pounding

**Adrenaline coursed
through veins**

Shaking

Muscles tightened

Tuesday

Show not tell examples.

HAPPY

Laughter lines

Eyes widened

Glistening eyes

Glowing

**Upturned
mouth**



Physiological responses

Tingly hands

Butterflies

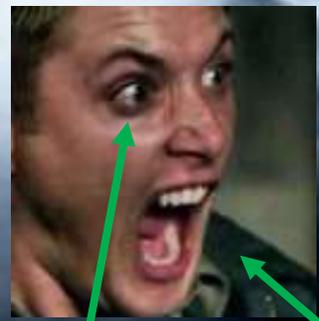
Warm and fuzzy feeling

Tuesday

Task 1

FEAR

Complete this mind map with show not tell phrases or sentences. Use the pictures to help you and don't forget to include the physiological responses (these may be quite similar to the physiological responses to anger).



Physiological responses

Tuesday

Task 2

FEAR

Write a paragraph or two about someone being scared using your mind map from the previous slide to help you.



Tuesday

Wednesday

Starter Task:

Using an online thesaurus,
like this

one, <https://kidthesaurus.com/>,

create an
eerie alphabet of
vocabulary.

*You can use these words in
the writing you do.*

Eerie Alphabet!

a
b
c
d
e
f
g
h
i
j
k
l
m

n
o
p
q
r
s
t
u
v
w
x
y
z

Wednesday

We have looked at scary phrases and show not tell. Now we are going to look at another way in which to create suspense.

Suspense is a technique that a writer uses to make the reader feel

- scared*
- anxious*
- excited*
- desperate to know more/what happens next.*

Wednesday *How to create suspense...*

- 1. use short sentences to build up the tension.*
- 2. Use ellipsis (...) to create the 'what happens next?' moment!*
- 3. Use simile and metaphor to describe*

We are going to focus on ellipsis today but when you come to write your own scary narrative remember all three of these things.

An ellipsis (...) is three dots used to show that words have been omitted from a quotation or to create a pause for effect. More specifically, an ellipsis can be used:

- To show an omission of a word or words (including whole sentences) from a text.
- To create a pause for effect.
- To show an unfinished thought.
- To show a trail off into silence.

• The brochure states: "The atmosphere is tranquil ... and you cannot hear the trains." (omitted text)

• A credit card stolen in London was used to pay for a Chinese meal five hours later ... in Bangkok. (pause for effect)

• "Yeah? Well, you can just" (unfinished thought)

• Standing tall and with the Lord's Prayer mumbling across our lips, we entered the chamber" (trail off into silence)

Wednesday

- *Task 1: Either create three scary sentences or a paragraph demonstrating a pause for effect, an unfinished thought and a trail off into silence. Use the images below to help you with ideas.*



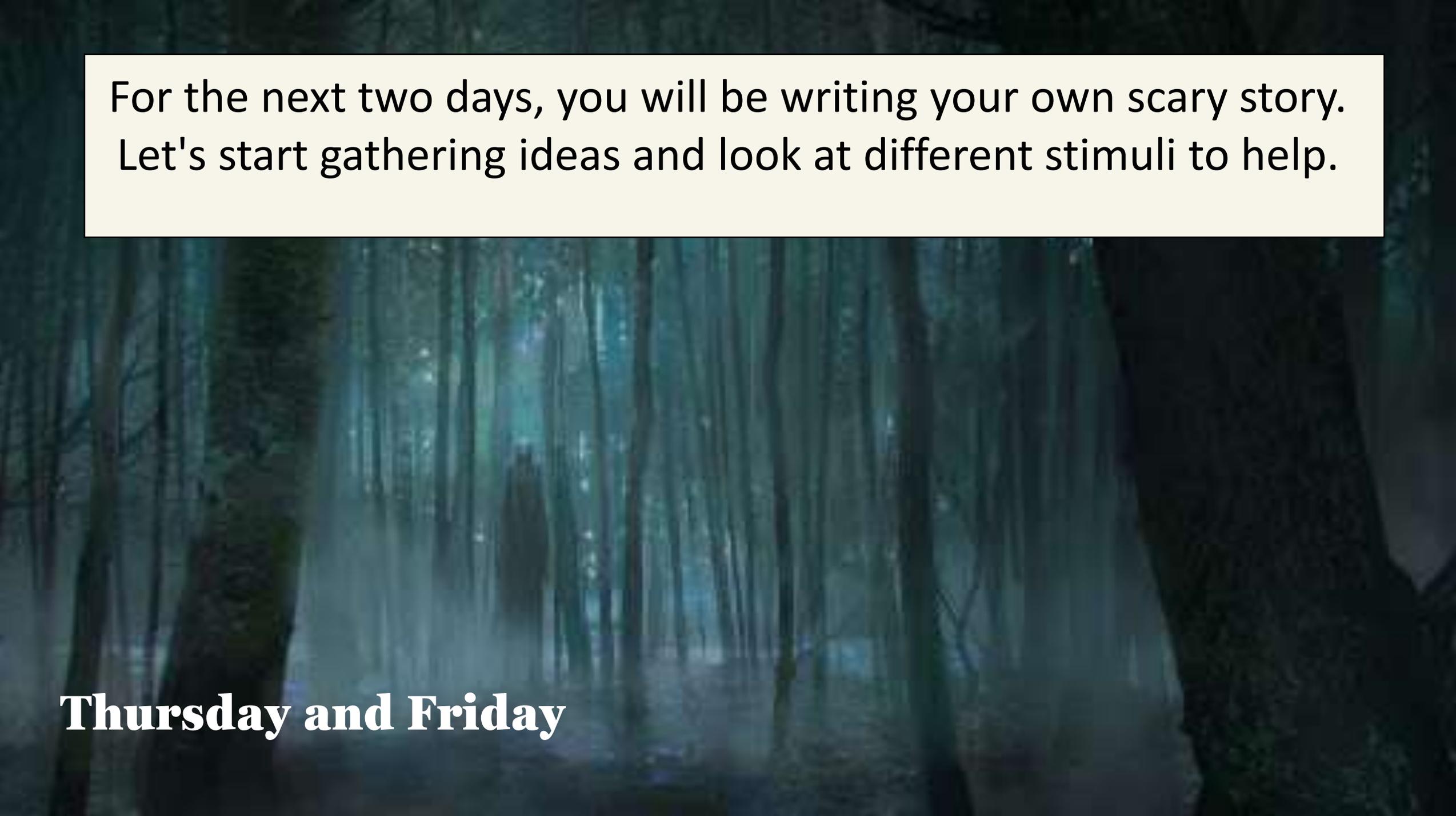
Example: The floorboards groaned as if they were being wakened from a heavy sleep. Pounding, his heart felt like it was going to jump out of his chest. His hands shook. Sweat poured. He could feel the eyes watching him from dark corners...

* * *

Fear courses through me as the footsteps approach my bed, but I refuse to look. I wrap the blankets tighter around me and let out a sick whimper. My chest is tight, my stomach rotten. I will not look. No matter how close those shuffling footsteps come, I will not look. I will not, I will...not...

Wednesday





For the next two days, you will be writing your own scary story.
Let's start gathering ideas and look at different stimuli to help.

Thursday and Friday

Thursday and Friday

Read the two passages below and answer the questions.

What would you highlight as good in these passages?

Can you identify any similes, metaphors or personification?

Are there any words/ phrases you would want to use in your scary narrative or that you think are effective?

Is there anything you don't like/ would change?

What do you think happens next?

Shaking like a leaf in the wind, the young woman crept up the creaking stairs of the ancient, abandoned house. A chilling tingle tiptoed down her spine. She turned suddenly halfway up the steps to see if someone had entered the ghostly building. Gazing around the hall, the woman thought that it must have been a cold breeze coming from the unlocked window. Cautiously, she continued up the rotting stairs. Upon reaching the second to last step, the young woman felt a whirlwind of butterflies in her stomach, her head began to spin, and the walls felt like they were closing in around her - but her feet remained glued to the steps. Waving her hands in the air wildly, she desperately tried to scream, however no sound escaped her mouth.

Imran's breathing became uncontrollable. He panted heavily as his eyes darted around the room, searching desperately for a way to escape. The room appeared smaller than it was, almost caving in around him. He stumbled back to give the wall the lightest touch with his trembling fingers. He gulped at the cobweb that dangled from the ceiling. Although there was no spider, or not one that he could see, that did not stop the goose bumps from spreading down his arms. He could not take this anymore, he had to get out of this room! Suddenly, the ancient door slowly creaked open. Imran held his breath, his eyes glued to the door, his whole body tense as he edged backwards against the wall. He slowly dropped to his knees, holding his trembling hands over his red eyes that were now streaming with tears.

What is the effect of the phrases in red?

Thursday and Friday

The air turned black all around them. **Icy fingers gripped** their arm in the darkness.

Icy wind slashed at his face and the rain danced its evil dance upon her head as she tried to get her bearings on the isolated beach.

Death lurked in every doorway with hell at one dark window.

The gravestones stood silently, row upon row like soldiers **long forgotten**, a **scream shattered the silence...**

The **lights flickered** and then went off, then the sirens started, it was coming, we knew it wouldn't be the last time...

Dad just sat and cried. He cried for three whole days. His face was **blotchy** and his eyes were red. Then one day he just stopped...

The car **screamed to a halt**, four men wearing masks jumped out and ran into the nearest building, I looked around.

The street was deserted except for me.

Click on the links and watch the videos.

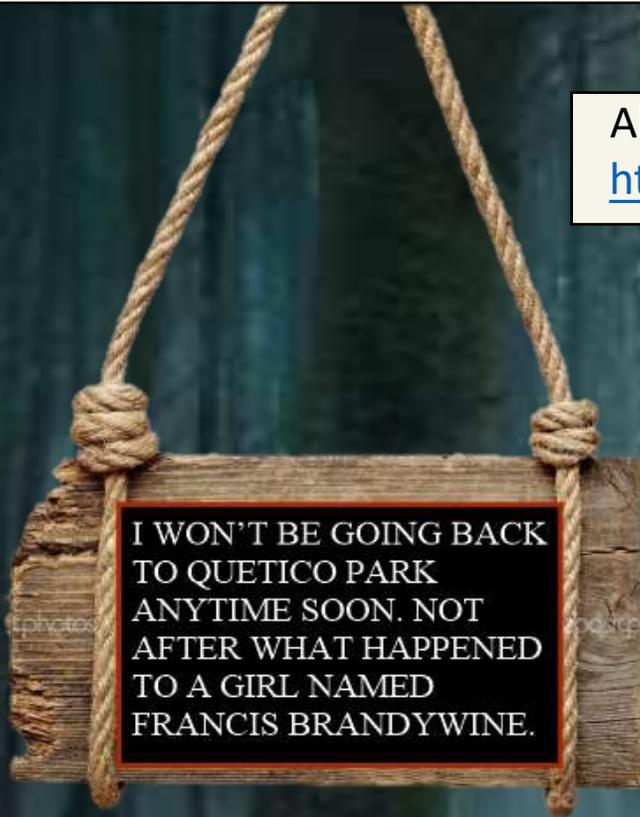
Alma

<https://www.literacyshed.com/alma.html>



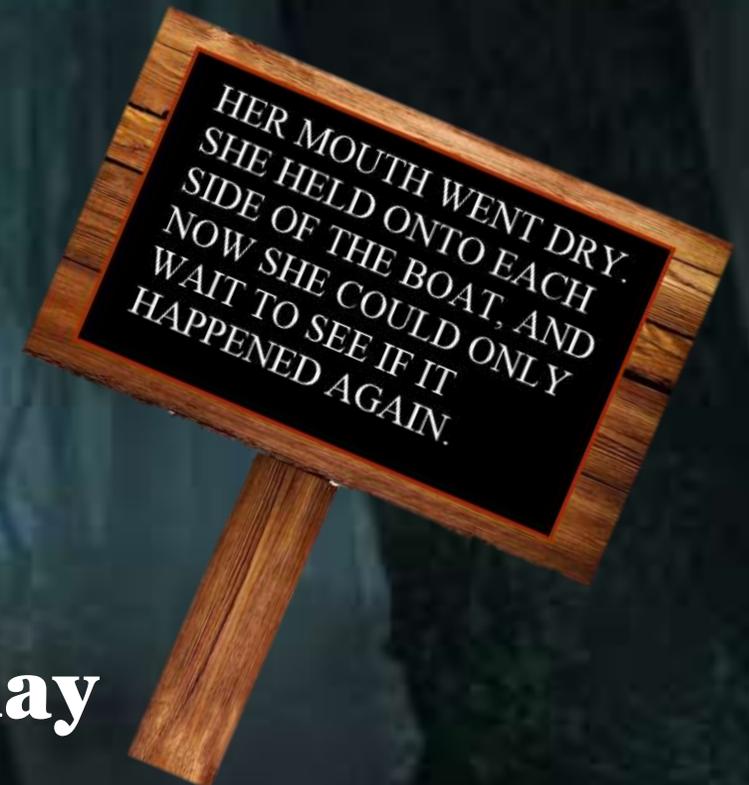
Francis

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l9xX6lQ_gdY&safe=active



I WON'T BE GOING BACK TO QUETICO PARK ANYTIME SOON. NOT AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TO A GIRL NAMED FRANCIS BRANDYWINE.

Questions for after watching:
Did you enjoy the videos?
How was suspense created?
What was your favourite section?



HER MOUTH WENT DRY. SHE HELD ONTO EACH SIDE OF THE BOAT, AND NOW SHE COULD ONLY WAIT TO SEE IF IT HAPPENED AGAIN.

Thursday and Friday

Task for Thursday and Friday:

Your task for the next two days is to either plan, write and edit a ghost story of your own using the work you have done over the last 3 days to help you build suspense or pick an idea below. Slides 26 – 29 are word banks you can use to help you include some great language. You can also use any of the images within this PowerPoint to inspire you and your writing. In addition, if you look at the end of this document, you will find an example of a ghost story written by a student at DKH. This could help you with ideas and show you that you don't need to overcomplicate your tale.

Use the line 'I did knock first' as inspiration to create your own ghost stories.

Can you write a prequel for Francis set in the same environment but with your own plot? Has this happened before?

Set the story of Francis in a different setting. For example, you could set it in an abandoned hospital or house or in a fair ground at night.

Write the story of Alma in your own words.

Instead of writing a full story, write several scary passages that could be put within a scary story.

Use Alma's premise to write your own story. E.g. Set your ghost story in a different kind of shop and trap your character in something other than a doll.

Gathering Ideas:

Characters:

● Ghost skeleton vampire witch zombie monster
puppet

Feelings/reactions:

● Twitchy grin sweating trembling fluttered tense
froze pounded gasped flickered fearful struggling
slouched thrashed shivered hobbled cried clutched
shaking

Buildings/Rooms

● Manor Cottage Haunted house farmhouse
derelict building broken glass gate knocker pathway
attic basement

Atmosphere:

● Sinister eerie creepy wispy crumpled dark heavy
ghostly swollen gloomy inky moonlit shimmered
glowed shadows

Adjectives chosen carefully

Adjectives for SIGHT:

Grey black dark light

Old wooden ramshackle dirty broken fiery towering gloomy shadowy thorny spiky twisted bent misty menacing.

Adjectives for SOUND:

Hissing whispering howling groaning pounding thudding rattle shrieking echoes scratching

Cackle squawk barking loud soft

Adjectives for TASTE:

Sour salty rancid sweet sickly raw spicy tangy

Adjectives for SMELL:

Burning musty stale rotten rich sweet

Adjectives for TOUCH:

Bumpy grainy hairy scaly slimy wet woolly leathery bony spiky

Verbs for effect

Creeping snatching growing

drooping flopping Twitching

shaking crawling flying

floating darting hobbling

meandering jogging

scampering falling tumbling

toppling pushing bursting

flowing

adj alarmed, apprehensive

afraid

agitated

anxious

frightened

hesitant

jittery

nervous

panicky

scared

shy

skittish

tense

timid

uneasy

aflutter

aghast

chicken

chickenhearted

diffident

discomposed

disquieted

disturbed

fainthearted

goose-bumpy

have cold feet

in a dither

Sizzling Synonyms

adj frightening, terrifying

alarming

chilling

creepy

eerie

hairy

horrifying

intimidating

shocking

spooky

bloodcurdling

hair-raising

horrendous

spine-chilling

unnerving

adj spooky

awesome

bizarre

creepy

fantastic

frightening

ghostly

mysterious

scary

strange

supernatural

uncanny

weird

crawly

fearful

spectral

superstitious

unearthly

Nails

By Verity

While the sky started to darken, many rushed people shoved passed each other to get home. On a dusty, neglected street, the only other thing that could be heard, was the quiet crackle of a television. A bitter cold shiver slithered down Lucy's spine. A musty, damp smell crept up her nose as she opened the old wooden door that led to her parents' house. Hunched, she entered the small bungalow and slumped down on the grey, cheap sofa, next to her mum and dad. Even though her dad insisted that this house was sturdy and strong, Lucy knew it wasn't. In this cramped little home, cobwebs filled every corner. The taste of dirt prowled down her throat, causing her to choke. Soon, she got up and dragged her aching feet into the kitchen. The tiny space was so disgusting, so mucky, so vile, one whiff would send you crazy. That's why Lucy held her nose.

After spilling drink all over her ripped jeans – when she was just trying to fill up her glass- she noticed something strange out of the corner of her eye. Leading out of the room, a trail of rusty nails wound their way to the garden shed. Nervously, she followed them and opened the shed's door. What was in there was so terrifying, it made her body shake, her palms sweat and her mouth scream...

Nothing but a whisper. Nothing but a cobweb. Lurking in the darkest of shadows...that's where Tim would be. No one ever knew he was there – but he always was. He had no clothes, no family, no life and no way to look into the outside world. The only thing he possessed were nails embedded into his twisted body. He crouched with fingernails as sharp as knives and a heart as cold as ice. He was dead...

He died in 1996. A case of the unknown. A case so complicated; a case so gruesome; a case so horrendous it made tough police officers quit their jobs and become full time florists. The case was never released to the public. Nobody knew the true story – just the rumours. Nobody knew the secret that was as big as an ocean. Nobody knew the secret that was as big as the world. Nobody knew the secret...of Tim...

Suddenly, Lucy was tugged into the shed by a harsh wind and the door slammed behind her. Crying, she scrambled into the corner furthest away from the contorted being. Time passed. He didn't move. Slowly and tentatively, she brought herself to look at his face and realised Tim wasn't angry... he was scared. Slowly she edged towards him. She stretched out a hand and ran her fingers down him protruding ribs (they poked out from his paper-white skin). She touched his face and sorrow welled in her eyes. Without a thought, she reached out for the nails that stuck into his bony wisp of a body. But his mouth, which was distorted and stretched way below his chin, tried to talk. All that came out was a gargle and a painful rush of words that sounded faintly like: 'No! Don't touch them!'. She took a step back from him but weirdly her hands again began to drift towards him. It was as if the nails were magnets and her hands were made of metal. An urge took her over and it was pushing her to rip them out of his skin. She did.

As she tore them from him, colour soaked his cheeks and painted his skin. A triumphant smile spread across her face. She had done the right thing. He could move on. He was no longer stuck between two worlds. He faded and floated away into nothingness... but all too suddenly... Lucy's shoulders started to hunch. Her mouth stretched way below her chin. Colour drained out of her body. Sharp nails stabbed her viciously into her now red-raw skin. Her fingernails turned as sharp as knives. Her heart turned as cold as ice. She was the new Tim... she was gone...

* * *

I now warn you: if you ever see a trail of nails leading somewhere, don't follow them. Don't go to where they lead you. I can only warn you. I can't stop you. I can't stop the magnetic pull - no one can...

