

Model text using 'The Spiderwick Chronicles'

Story Opening and Build Up creating suspense

"Yeuch!" thought Jared to himself. He glanced down at the dusty patches on his knees and shuddered at the memory of the cramped, filthy box he had just emerged from. Gritting his teeth, he stepped forward, determined to explore the dark, forgotten room.

As he walked across the splintered, rotting floorboards, Jared's senses were alert to the unfamiliar surroundings. A sudden CRACK made him jump. He leaped to one side and looked down at the protruding plank he had just stepped on. "Come on Jared!" he told himself sternly. "The answers are here."

He moved cautiously forward, a bit bolder now, his feet slipping from time to time on the layers of dry dust under foot. He stopped, wondering whether anyone, or anything, could possibly be living among this ancient grime. He started to walk again, peering from side to side, alert for any signs of danger. All of a sudden, he became aware of the sound of slow, creeping footsteps behind him. He spun around, but ... no one, and yet he could hear the sound of panting breath, feel its warmth on his face. What was it? Where was it? Then the whispering started. From every corner of the room it came, louder and louder. The more he listened, the more sure he was. He was not alone in this room. Something, someone was here ...

More scared than he ever remembered being, Jared pressed on, trying with each step to steady his racing heartbeat and calm his snatched breaths. In the gloom ahead, he caught a glimpse of a shadowy figure. He stopped. Still. Through the greyness, he found himself staring into two glinting red eyes, eyes that seemed to bore into the deepest part of him. A feeling of utter terror clutched at his heart. Jared knew what it was. Not it, but who.