The floorboards beneath me creaked in agony (gorgeous personification!) as I crept through the darkened halls of the looming manor. I shall never understand why I choose to spend a night here; (lovely range of punctuation) this place is haunted from the needle-like spires to the oozing boiler room, which is filled with a thick mist. Slowly, the blood-red drapery jumped at me ~~at any~~ (from every) angle, the suits of armour glowed abnormally in the darkness. Crash! (an onomatopoeia, nice!) A bolt of lightning shook the rickety manor as I felt the unsteady floor shake; it was a rollercoaster. (great metaphor!) Outside, I could hear the breeze, howling in fear as silence regained its empire; this night was like living in a nightmare but this time, you don’t wake up. (such amazing imagery here) Minutes dragged along like hours, the minute hand chasing the hour hand relentlessly, but will never catch up.

Moments later, I heard thumping coming from the spacious attic. I panicked. I glanced at my watch, hoping to realise that it is nearly morning but I still saw the strangest time. My watch read 3 a.m. (I love how much you vary sentence length here!) *Wasn’t this the witching hour?* (if you’re thinking something in a story, you would normally put it in italics) I thought. But there was no time to think; the thumping grew louder as I stood there defenceless , unknowing of what to do. Should I run? Should I scream? (amazing rhetorical questions) I didn’t know. All I wanted to do now was to leave this mysterious manor or wake up and realise that this was a dream. A chill ran down my spine as an unidentified coldness surrounded me, the room seemed to drop from a dangerous calmness to the bittersweet cold. It was hard to breathe at this breaking point, there was nothing left for the light to feed on, the hallway lights flickered and sank into the eclipse of darkness. (this is all so tense!) It seemed like all was lost when the thumping approached closer, but then I ~~viewed~~ (spotted) something glinting in the dark. A green exit light perhaps? I scrambled ~~myself~~ up in the dark and sprinted towards the green light of the exit when something suddenly grabbed my wrist. I was so close, yet now, so far away. (an incredible ending, I love the cliff-hanger!) -Sisley

**What Went Well:**

-You use so much impressive imagery throughout this story, Sisley! I particularly love the personification of, ‘I could hear the breeze, howling in fear as silence regained its empire’. This is so powerful, and you use so many other amazing examples of this!

-You successfully make this a very tense piece, varying your sentence lengths and even using an onomatopoeia! I also love that you end on a really vivid cliff-hanger, I was really on the edge of my seat 😊

-You use a great range of punctuation, using semi-colons, question marks, exclamation marks and more. This is so impressive and shows a real confidence in writing that shines through!

**Even Better If…:**

-When you have dialogue, use speech marks but when you’re expressing a thought as if it was dialogue (‘*wasn’t this the witching hour?’)* Then use italics to do this!

-I can’t think of many things I would change about your piece of writing this week, but maybe just read your work aloud before submitting it as occasionally you phrase things slightly weirdly, such as ‘then I viewed something…’. This sounds slightly stilted, and a word like ‘spied’ or ‘spotted’ would work better here. I’m sure reading aloud would help to remedy this.

-I can’t help but think this story would be even more scary if your narrator say glimpses of a monster/person/spectre throughout the story, as it would feel like more of a chase, rather than them just being afraid of the thumping noise. This would also allow you to get in even more of your amazing description!