

Example - Horror



Midnight¹ sat back and rubbed her eyes carefully so as to avoid smearing her deep mascara. She had completely lost track of time. With her parents away for the weekend there was nobody to stand over her and glower her off to bed. *She'd been reading the "DarkStarz" occult forum for hours.* She swung her legs off the bed and padded down to the kitchen to look for any convenient no-effort snacks she may have missed earlier.

Rounding the base of the stairs she suddenly stopped. *There in the darkened recess below the stairs was a doll.* It wasn't hers, and certainly wasn't one she recognised. It was missing most of its hair, the plump face was chipped and battered with one eye missing. The clothing was torn and stained. She smiled to herself and reached for it "Creepy!"

No sooner than her hand had touch it, she heard voices in her headphones where they had been playing Siouxsie and the Banshees. She dropped the doll.

The voices receded to a mutter under the music.

Midnight backed off hurriedly. She almost recognised the voices. They were familiar and yet nobody that she could recall. On the edge of hearing the voices seemed to call to her. She snatched off her headphones and the voices ceased.

Shaking she stumbled up the stairs to her room.

Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves she pulled up her laptop and started a new topic on the "DarkStarz" forum. She described the doll and what she had experienced. It wasn't long before there were a couple of new posts. *One linked to a Reddit discussion on DIY devices to view the supernatural.* It didn't look too complicated.

Midnight pulled out her drawer of jewellery making materials. Soon she had a pile of copper wire and thin metal sheaves on her desk. Working quickly she fashioned a device around a plastic bottle neck. She looked at it critically. It didn't look like much really, just a bunch of folded metal shapes and heavy wire around an opening. She held it up to her eye and gazed around the room. There were her posters of Alice Cooper, Siouxsie and the Banshees, Dead Can Dance, her dresser with its monochromatic selection of makeup. Nothing out of the ordinary there. She wondered how you could tell if it was working.

1 Her parents called her "Beatrice" but she was "Midnight" to herself and anyone else that mattered.

Making her way down the stairs she tentatively raised the device to her eye. Over the doll was a shadowy figure. It held out its arms to her. *She felt herself drawn towards it. From her headphones hanging forgotten about her neck, a sighing voice made promises to her and coaxed her with feelings she had never had before.*



Events:	A bell begins to toll	Objects:	The device for viewing the supernatural
Challenges:	The photograph shows nothing out of the ordinary	Challenges:	The radio is receiving a mysterious signal
Objects:	A fiddle made from the blackest wood	Objects:	A creepy doll
Characters:	The teenager who is into the occult	Endings:	The prophecy was fulfilled
Events:	Someone surrenders to the darkness	Endings:	They would never clean up the mess in time.



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