

LO: To experiment with story openings. Starting with dialogue.



The Boy in the Basement

“NO KIDS ALLOWED UPSTAIRS!”

Ellie gasped as she woke with a start, her heart pounding. She tried to control her breathing and shake off the bad dream. She shuddered to think of what it could mean, turning to her dog for comfort. Except he was nowhere to be seen. “Kellogg!” She searched all over her room, thinking that maybe he had just hopped down to the floor. It wasn’t until she had thoroughly searched that she began to hear the faint barking. He was downstairs.

Following his barks down to the kitchen, she found that she could hear them, faintly...coming from the other side of the basement door.

“Not possible,” she said to herself. But still, she had to make sure. She reached out and opened the door, fearful of what she’d find.

The brick wall was gone. She shook her head. This couldn’t be happening. She pinched herself to make sure it wasn’t a dream. It wasn’t.

She made her way down the twisting staircase. It creaked with neglect as she pushed onward. The smell at the bottom was the first thing to hit her. Ten times worse than the gusts that had floated up in her dreams. Most basements are musty and dank, but this place had something else. Something dead.

