

Best horror sentences: monsters, mist, deserts, dark forests and thunder and lightning.

These are a random selection of sentences and paragraphs from the book 'Writing with Stardust'. They are the for the light horror/fantasy genre in case you need to do an assignment on them. Whether student or teacher, I hope they help. At the least, I hope they give you some much-needed inspiration!

One piece of advice I will give is this; NEVER listen to people who tell you not to link dark, misty or gloomy weather to a battle scene. If you want to conjure up a dark world, turn down the light bulb and make your audience/readers fear the monsters who bring the dark light with them. It makes sense, doesn't it?

The other piece of advice I will give to students is this: "Be yourself. Everybody else is already taken." (quote from Oscar Wilde)

I hope you enjoy the post.

DESCRIBING MONSTERS: LEVEL 1: BASIC SENTENCES

1. He had **serpentine** eyes. **ANIMAL EYES**
2. They were **flaming with hatred**. **EVIL EYES**
3. He had **wintry** eyes. **COLD EYES**
4. His voice was **as lonely as a tomb**. **HEARTLESS VOICE**
5. He had a **greasy** voice. **SNAKY VOICE**
6. He had **razor-thin lips**. **OTHER FEATURES**
7. He had a **hawkish** nose. **NOSE**
8. He had **lank** hair. **HAIR**
9. He **smirked** at me. **MOCKING GRINS**
10. He had a **buffalo's** neck. **STRENGTH**

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The monster looking at me had **leonine eyes**. They were **gleaming with cunning**. His pair of **glacial eyes** stared at me coldly. His voice was **as empty of life as a crypt**. He spoke in a **fawning** manner, trying to lure me into his lair. His **tankard handle ears** were enormous. They matched his **vulturous** nose. **Grimy hair** plastered his fierce face. He gave me a **scornful look** when I took a step back. His **caveman's shoulders** flexed once before he charged at me.

LEVEL 3: CREATIVE PARAGRAPHS

His **taurine** eyes were **glittering with hostility**. They were as wild and fearsome as any bull. He swung his mace and nearly decapitated me. I could feel its passage whisking my hair as I ducked. They were demons, these adversaries of ours. They hated the grain-eaters, or so they called us. They preferred to rip and gorge on human flesh and we were afraid of them. Some of them were hard of eye and stony of face. Others were wild-eyed savages with a berserk nature.

They all shared the same **Cossack-cold** look in their eyes. Their voices were **as lifeless as a burial chamber**. Even when they taunted us, when they tried to be **honey-tongued**, their voices echoed with brutality. Their **callused, knotty fingers** beckoned us to fight them and they smashed their fists against their **bulbous noses** to prove their bravery. Hairs as hard as a boar's bristles sprouted from their faces. Their head hair was **knotted** and clotted with dry, human blood. Cauliflower ears sprouted out from either side of the head, puffy and raw from countless battles. Even their faces were bestial, nicked and notched from axe and sword.

He gave me a **leer** as he swung his mace with that **demonic** power of his. Battle fever rose up in me and I blocked him. I was determined to spill his blood before he did it to me.

LEVEL 4: ADVANCED PARAGRAPHS

The battle had not gone as we had planned. Pockets of our men still fought for their lives, but it was looking grim for us. Our opponents were too strong, too fast and too deadly. I stared at the man trying to kill me. He had the **simian eyes of an ape, crafty and cunning**. They were **simmering with spite** as I raised a tired sword arm to defend myself.

They seemed **tundra-cold** and merciless, two pools of chilling, cauldron-black. I was disturbed when he laughed at my weakness. He beckoned me to attack him and spoke with a strange, guttural accent. His attempt at a **wheedling voice** was laughable. It was cold and **echoed like a deep sepulchre**. There was a gravelly aspect to it, as if stones were scraping together. His voice fitted his **pop eyes and saucy beard** perfectly. It seemed like he had fangs instead of teeth because they were shaped like broken stalagmites.

Hanks of his **lice-infected hair** lay plastered over a **pug nose**, crooked and dented. He had a pair of hirsute and crescent-shaped eyebrows. They stood out because his skin was as pale as a winter's moon. It was smooth and greasy, one of the hallmarks of a cannibal. I whacked the pommel of my sword off his granite jaw, but it had no effect.

He cast me a **lopsided grin** and I realized then that he had **Goliath's strength**. I knew I wouldn't survive for much longer. I was bone tired and battle drunk. It was almost a relief when he raised his cudgel for the final strike.

I closed my weary eyes and waited.

DESCRIBING THE MIST: LEVEL 1: BASIC SENTENCES

1. The mist was **ghost-grey**. **COLOUR**
2. It was **noiseless and bloodless**. **LACK OF SOUND**
3. **Shavings** of mist passed over the field. **SHAPE**
4. It **crawled** over the still wheat. **ACTION**
5. It **enwrapped** the scarecrow. **ARCHAIC WORDS**
6. It was **mirage-like** as it moved. **ADJECTIVES**
7. The rain was **showering** the field. **RAIN SOUNDS**
8. It was thin and **aeriform** rain. **LIGHT RAIN**

9. The **ploppy** drops came later. **HEAVY RAIN**

10. The river was **broiling and bog-brown**. **FLOOD RIVERS**

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The mist was **spook-grey**. It was **lifeless and motherless**. **Rags** of the mist tickled the lake as it passed. It **grasped at** the calm water. It moved on and **enclashed** the shrubs. It looked **fummy and filmy** in the weak light of the morning. The rain began **sissing** off the pond. The rain seemed **mist-like** also as it came down in thin sheets. It became heavier and **pregnant drops** of the rain arrived. After hours of this, the river was **turf-brown and slushing**.

LEVEL 3: CREATIVE PARAGRAPHS

The tranquil valley was swaddled in a veil of **poltergeist-white** mist. It was eerily silent in the valley and the reason was obvious. The deathly vapour didn't lick the valley's cold floor as the wind was known to do. Its **tongue less** form wouldn't allow it to. Instead, it warped nature by using its **spineless tentacles** to trail around everything. It drifted and ghosted, glided and dangled. Then it pounced. Once it was sure it had conjured up enough of its milky white substance, it **clung to** and **enrobed** everything it could. Nothing was spared. It snagged and snared every crag and tree without mercy.

Although it looked **ethereal and gossamer-fragile**, it packed a punch far above its weightlessness. It writhed and coiled with delight, its ghostly scarves wrapping the valley in a maze of mist. Then its age-old enemy arrived to banish it into nothingness. Darts of icy rain came **spitting** from the sky. They hissed and swished, shredding the veil into collars of isolated steam. Increasing in intensity, fat **droplets** of soaking rain purged the valley of any remaining mist. The incessant rain swelled the river, bursting its banks. It turned **peat-brown** immediately, **rumbling** through the valley's rocky caverns. This time, the rain had won.

LEVELS 4 AND 5: COMPLEX WRITING

A labyrinth of **fantasm-grey** mist hung over the forest. It seemed as if it had arisen as part of the forest's wet breath. Hovering like voodoo vapour in the arcane light of the morning, it was motionless as it surveyed the trees beneath. Like an apparition one might see over an ancient barrow, it was more than air and less than flesh and blood. **Kinless and kith less**, it wove itself together, increasing in density. When it was satisfied its form could **entwine** the trees, it began to descend, **claspng itself** onto their leafy heads. **Fetters** of the **diaphanous** mist fastened themselves around the wood, leaving no tree unharmed. Although it was incorporeal, it managed to fade the mossy trees into a grim-grey reflection of itself. Like unholy incense, it wafted and spirited through the forest, swathing everything in its vaporous patina.

As wild and fantastic as a chimera, it grew in substance and intensity, steaming with its own spite. The forest took on an unearthly aspect. It was as if this devil's tattoo had been designed to hide its beauty. Nature doesn't allow anything to be immutable, however. A heavy **dewdrop** of rain was the first sign that the mist had gone too far. Then a drizzle came, followed by a deluge. The rain increased until it was **seething and sizzling**. Raindrops seared the mist, ripping it apart with its **stinging, silver bullets**. The forest was hissing like the dripping saliva of a demon. It lost its otherworldly aspect, gradually taking form again. When the last shred of mist had disappeared, a flood river raced through the forest, as if to celebrate nature's verve and vigour. **Threshing** and echoing into the distance, its sound was the final death knell for the silent mist.

DESCRIBING THE DESERT: LEVEL 1: BASIC SENTENCES

1. The desert was **barren-brown**. **COLOUR**
2. Little creatures were **sneaking** through the desert. **SOUND**
3. The desert was **empty** of life. **INACTION**
4. The desert is **Old Nick's oven**. **METAPHORS**
5. **Lizards** skittered across the golden sand. **ANIMALS**
6. **Soap trees** stared silently at the sun. **PLANTS**
7. **Crows** called out in their horrible voices. **BIRDS**

8. Everything smelled **burned and blasted**. **SMELL**

9. We were **sweat sodden** by the heat. **SENSATION**

10. The food tasted **joyless**. **TASTE**

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The desert was **singed-brown**. **Scrawling sounds** filled the air at night time. The land was flat and **barren**. The nomad's called it **Satan's solarium**. Even the **desert lions** were more ferocious than is usual. Only the odd **brittle bush** broke up the emptiness of the desert. A screaming **hawk** flew overhead. Like us, it was being **basted and blazed** by the sun. Our **tongues were swollen** from the lack of water. Our food had a **spiritless taste** to it.

LEVEL 3: CREATIVE PARAGRAPHS

The **fuscous-brown** desert was killing me. I had seen neither man nor beast for three days and my water was gone. It was the most **desolate** and lonesome environment I had ever been in. I felt like a castaway on a sea of sand. The **scratching** sounds outside the light of the campfire last night were the only signs of life. **Lucifer's grill** itself could not have scorched away all the evidence of nature as this place had. I thought I saw the paw prints of a **desert fox** once, the wraith of the desert. Maybe it was just my insanity seeing at the cloven hoofs of the devil in the sand.

The monotony of this parched wilderness was difficult to explain. It was a crucible of death, a bone-dry basin of vastness and death. The immensity of it burned into your brain, your only visual relief being a spiny cactus or **jumping cholla** bush. As far as the eye could see, everything was being **roasted and sautéed** with the same intensity. Just then, I thought I saw a **humming bird** flitting into a cactus, but it was probably another hallucination. My **dehydrated liver** was shutting down. The **listless taste** of my last biscuit was a distant memory as I limped and trudged towards my death

LEVELS 4 AND 5: USING THE SENSES

The desert hates me. I've been here three days without water, food or fire. I'm getting steadily weaker and I fear the worst. Getting separated from your caravan is just about the worst thing you can do out here in the devil's garden. Deaths hungry maw seeks me everywhere. There's no respite from it. The heat might be addling my brain but I think the desert suffers from schizophrenia. By day, the heat is like standing in front of a fiery dragon and by night, the cold is like being suspended in a cryogenics chamber. It's full and spiteful wrath bears down upon you constantly. It's a bi-polar paradox of heat and cold. There is no respite and no mercy.

The cancerous sun, the cankerous heat and the cantankerous cold are heart-haunting. Everything in this God-forsaken place is either wicked and warped or blasted and burned. Who ever heard of an environment with such devilish names living in it? The flora has chain fruit and ironwood listed in its catalogue of heartless plants. The fauna has vultures circling over you by day and vampire bats dive-bombing you at night. There is no siren call of the sea here. There is just a vast, mournful pan of emptiness where anything sentient resents anything else that's alive. Satan's sauna is what I call it. Every sun-scoured scrap of fauna has barbs, hooks or thorns. They want to rip and rend you, snag and splinter you. Every sun-seared excuse for an animal has poison, paw or claw. They're not as discriminating. They just want to eat you. The prince of darkness himself could not conjure up such a malignant sorcery, a blasphemous buffet, of grotesque life.

SENSATIONS- It's the sensations that let you know you're dying. Your **skin feels like it's been stabbed** by a million sun-spears and **scraped by sandpaper**. Your **tongue is cloven to the roof of your mouth**. It's like there's a dry, leathery in-sole wagging away at the back of your throat. Your throat itself has **the sensation that a reticulated python is trying to squeeze** the life out of it. Even your **eyes feel like they've melted into the back of your mind**, making everything seem mirage-like. Sand is your enemy. It **burns your feet raw**, it **stings the eyes** and it acts as a surrogate for pain because nothing else fills up your daily thoughts like it. Every step feels like a marathon, every second a day. At any moment you expect Armageddon to descend and sweep you away. You stumble and totter, as shriveled and contorted as the plant life around you. A nebula of wavy radiation surrounds you until you start believing that its one big field of it you're going through. At night, the mercury

screams in agony as it plummets to its nadir. It's as cold as a ghoul's soul. Your **body trembles** feverishly and your **teeth rattle** as numbness spreads. Eventually, an overwhelming desire to give up and go to sleep forever overtakes you. Your will to live is steadily sapped away. I'm not quite at that point yet.

THE DARK FOREST: LEVEL 1: BASIC SENTENCES

1. The trees in the forest were **bladder-brown**. **COLOUR**
2. The trolls were **chewing and chomping** on red meat. **A MONSTERS FEAST**
3. They ate under the **shadowy groves**. **DARK WOODS**
4. The air was **stuffy**. **BAD AIR**
5. The forest was **old and antiquated**. **YE OLDE FORESTE**
6. The trees were staring at me like **silent sentries**. **OTHER IMAGES**
7. I crept around the poisonous **wolfs bane**. **FOREST POISONS**
8. There was a **yucky pong** in the forest. **SMELL**
9. It was a **hair-raising** place. **SENSATION**
10. I injured my mouth. The **fishy** taste of blood was disgusting.

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The trees in the dark forest were **nicotine-brown**. Orcs were **gobbling meat and grinding** on bone. **Gloomy scrubs** hid dangerous creatures. The **musty air** was difficult to breathe. The forest was old and **otherworldly**. **Oxblood-red toadstools** littered the ground. **Poisonous cowbane** grew next to them. An **acid odour** hung off everything. It was a **teeth-gritting** experience. I bit my tongue with nervousness and the **metallic taste** of blood filled my mouth.

LEVEL 3: CREATIVE PARAGRAPHS

The trees in the forest were **malady-brown**. Grains of poison begrimed the bark and gleamed like witch dust. Trolls haunted the **sooty coppices**, salivating over their prey and **smearing** the blood over their heavy faces. The **decaying air** and stifling atmosphere provided the perfect abode for those who worshipped the darkness rather than the light. In the dense shadows, spiders clutched their snare-strings. Their webs shimmered like meshed steel dipped in silver. Eyes a-flame with hunger, they were hoping to dine on bloated bodies and slurp on hot blood.

The forest was **primordial**. Centuries-old trees with sprawling limbs guarded the darkness, blotting out any sunlight. Their bark was mottled and splotched, as if **bubbled soup had been frozen in time** on its surface. Clumpy combs of wet moss dangled from their rotten boughs. Underneath the moss, **lethal larkspur** peppered the mulchy floor. A **pungent tang** oozed from every sentient being in the forest. Bewailing sounds ghosted through the trees. Whether it was from victim or victor, only the forest could tell. It was truly a place to make your **veins freeze** over. Everything considered edible in another forest was nauseating here. It left you with the same, **sickening taste** of your own blood. It was a forest to be avoided.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING: LEVEL 1: BASIC SENTENCES

1. The sky was **raven-black**. **COLOUR**
2. It made a **clanging and clanking** noise. **SOUND**
3. It was **churning** with anger. **SHAPE**
4. The thunder **detonated** in the sky. **ACTION**
5. **Star blaze-gold lightning** flashed briefly. **COLOUR**
6. It was **whipping** with violence. **SOUND**
7. Its shape was **forked**. **SHAPE**
8. It was **purring** with energy. **ACTION**
9. It hit the **cold, wintry-blue sea**. **COLD SEAS**

10. The sea began **battering** the rocks. **ANGRY SEAS**

LEVEL 2: A BASIC PARAGRAPH

The sky was **cowl-black**. Thunder was **cracking and crashing** above our heads. The sky seemed **rumpled** as the clouds were deep and in different shades. Thunder **rang** out across the sky. **Luminous-gold** lightning flared once. It was **wriggling** towards the earth. It was **veined** and branched out. It began **humming** in a terrifying way. It blazed onto the **icy, polar-blue** sea. The angry sea began **smacking** the cliffs.

LEVEL 3: ADVANCED PARAGRAPHS

The gloomy sky was **as black as the devil's heart**. It was **grumbling and rumbling** with thunder like the stomachs of the Gods. The sky was **stirring** itself into frenzy, with pockets of grey and black clouds colliding. It pealed and yowled with bursts of brute force, making **discordant** noises all the while. The riotous sky was suddenly illuminated with **gamboge-gold** streaks. Lightning flared and **contorted** in forks of gold. It **screached** and scorched towards the sea, **writhing** with pain.

The sea had been placid until then. It was **arctic-blue and corpse-cold**. Then the lightning slashed down and the sea began to boil. Its underbelly heaved up, causing huge waves to rise and crash down upon each other. They lurched across the sea in a mighty heap, dragging their foamy swells with them. Billowing and surging, the breakers cascaded towards the land. Enraged, they **bludgeoned** the cliffs with all their might, crashing into the stony walls. Unmoved, the cliffs stared back contemptuously. Then, when the sea had spent itself, they returned to their age-old dignity.

LEVEL 4: COMPLEX WRITING: SAMPLE PARAGRAPH

I ran towards the mighty oak, the only shelter in the field. Above me, something strange was happening. The nitrous-blue sky of a moment ago was morphing into something much more

sinister. The clouds began to churn. Boiling and roiling like a vortex of hatred, they paused, coalesced and finally fused into a vast thundercloud of pagan-black. The land became tomb-still. The vaporous water-fountain loomed ominously overhead. A shroud of eerie silence descended. Nothing moved. Nothing stirred. Nothing dared to breathe. All at once, the first splatters of rain fell and the sound of a sonic boom rent the hushed peace. Thunder rumbled, a clangorous clap of fury like heavens anvil being rung with rage. A sudden flash seemed to stun the cracked sky. A gash of liquid light appeared from the breach above, a lesion in its seething surface. The sky still steamed like a witch's cauldron as pronged lightning spit and hissed like sizzling pulsar-whips. It looked like an upturned version of Neptune's fiery fork. An electrostatic crackling, nature's nylon-shock, charged the atmosphere. It buzzed, cackled and fizzed with furious intensity. Splayed tentacles of glitter-gold blasted forth. I desperately increased my pace, fearing that I would be zapped. An explosion of lightning-flame emblazoned the Stygian sky, scarring its darkness. It writhed in its fleeting agony before illuminating into sorcerous sheet-lightning. It skewered through the sky and a single vein arrowed towards the oak tree. It squeaked once in terror before rupturing, fracturing and finally splintering. With a resounding crack, the once-mighty oak fell into two pieces, its heart tasered out. The lightning's fury and scintillating brilliance spent, it flared once more, fizzled fatally and faded. It left behind a stricken oak tree and a grateful survivor.

LEVEL 5: COMPLEX WRITING: THE SILENCE OF THE LAMBS

The autumn sky was as bright as Zeus' eyes. Nary a cloud blemished its bliss-blue complexion and the sun was like a glowing medallion pinned to a sheet of white paper. I ambled through the meadow, enjoying its peaceful air and the way it seemed to stretch into eternity. The grass was fairyland-green and the gentle swish of the blades, swaying to and fro, was hypnotic. It was like autumn's dreamscape.

In the centre of this large vale, quite some distance away, was a wizened oak tree. Its gnarled and hoary girth lay under a tangled old man's beard of leaf and bough. In a far-away field, stilt-legged lambs gambolled and frolicked with each other in merry innocence. The mountains in the distance loomed into the sky with a heaven-kissing majesty, silent and stern. Nothing disturbed my peace. It was merely the oak and I, just like in the storybooks. The sweep of sky, the lack of sigh, made me feel like I was walking through the finespun

masterstrokes of a Michelangelo painting. I decided to rest my weary head for a while and let the spiritual beauty of this Jerusalem of nature seep into me further. Resting my head on my knapsack, I drifted away into infinity, letting the locked-away memories of joyful times steal into my dreams. A drowsy smile played on my lips and I floated into slumberland.

When I woke up, the sky was as black as the devil's soul. The clouds were damnation-black and glared down balefully at me. Like a tightening noose, the sky seemed to be coiling in on itself, purring with a suppressed rage. A distant rumbling, much like the sound of an avalanche, echoed in the air. The world became cellar-dark and the buckling, heaving sky looked fit to collapse down on top of me. Then there was an explosion like a sonic boom and I feared for my safety. Doom-black clouds, pregnant with malice, churned and roiled. They looked as vaporous as mist and as fleecy as black wool.

Then the rain came. It wasn't the nectar-of-the-gods type rain beloved of all those wandering adventurers lost in the desert. It was icy, stinging nails of rain that seemed to strip my skin and shrink my soul. Then the hailstone came. They were bone-white and as big as baseballs. They bombarded me with their spite and I had to put my rucksack above my head. Hobson's choice was facing me. I could die on my knees out in the meadow or risk the lightning under the leafy womb of the oak tree. Mussolini's famous quote came to me unbidden as I pondered my options. "Better to live one day as a lion than a hundred years as a sheep". I decided to be a lion. I ran. It occurred to me as I ran that he might have retracted that one (just before they hung him and his mistress upside down from a girder in the Piazzale Loreto in Milan).

I made it to the oak tree just in time. A clanking sound could be heard from the sky. It was if a huge anvil was being dragged across the vault of heaven against its will. Branched lightning lit up the Stygian sky. They were like liquid, golden ore streaks that were being moulded and forged into forks above my head. Buzzing and hissing, they trembled with the anger of being shackled to the sky since time began. They say that there are no atheists on a storm-tossed ship. I had my Damascene moment also and I prayed to the Lord above. He mustn't have heard me over the awful thunderclaps and the fizzing sound of electricity in the air, nature's nylon-shock. A single vein of lightning, large and fearsome, blazed out in the sky. Writhing and wriggling with the pain of its existence, it flashed once, glossy and polished, like a cold, gold prong of the Apocalypse.

Then it hit the tree. Lightning is the megawatt smile of nature, but there was nothing friendly about the terrawatts of violence it unleashed. It hit the shaggy head of the tree with an explosion of branched lightning-flame that shook the old man to his core. He tottered, staggered and then had time to squeak once in terror before the lightning splintered him in two. With a mighty crash that shook the ground, he came apart like a split pear. Three hundred years from little acorn to mighty oak meant little to nature. Three hundred years of brooding silence, dripping memories and questing roots were paid for with his destruction. Three hundred years of survival only to see his heart tasered into oblivion.

My own heart wasn't doing too well either. My left ear was on the ground, my eyes looking at the world from an ant's point of view. Wreaths of steam were rising slowly from the oak, all that was left of its soul. I could smell the sweet, sickly smell of singed grass and the faint perfume of scorched clothes told me I was in trouble. The quote from Mussolini came to me again, and although I strained my ears to hear, all I could hear from the fields next door, before drifting away, was the silence of the lambs.

I hope you enjoyed the post. Just click on any of the book images below if you want further information on Liam's books. They will take you into the Amazon website. Be well.

