

Stephanie Plumeri
English II – Mrs. Sant
11/9/05

Creative Writing – "Dark and Stormy Night"

Rising Action

"It was a dark and stormy night. The night was so very, very dark and extremely stormy. What a rather stormy and dark night it was, indeed." I threw my short story to the ground in disgust. While my creative writing skills were not all that great to begin with, this story put me at a new low. Speaking of lows, I could already hear the distant sound of my English grade plummeting, like a pebble clattering down a bottomless pit. Personally, I thought that my problem was my writing environment. It was proving to be very difficult to write a story about a morbid, dreary haunted house, especially since I was sitting in a modern-day suburban split-level home, listening to my neighbor's radio sing Z100's Sunday Countdown. Not to mention the fact that it was sixty-five degrees out and sunny, a beautiful autumn day. I began to get the feeling that completing my short story project today was a lost cause. While the prospect of sitting inside all day, sacrificing my Sunday to a short story, sounded interesting, I opted to work on a different assignment.

As I dug through my backpack in a futile attempt to locate my history book, I pushed my long, tangled brown hair out of my eyes. I had woken up earlier than usual, hoping that the early start would give me enough time to finish all of my homework. So far, all waking up early had accomplished was turning a brunette female sophomore with homework into an extremely frightening bed-headed-monster with somewhat human-like tendencies. My bed was beginning to look very, very comfortable. With a yawn, I victoriously pulled my history book out of my bag. It is still a mystery to me as to why I can never find my history book, because that thing is about twice the size of a small child. As I pondered over whether to do my homework or go back to bed, an odd shadow projected itself across the floor. I turned and stared straight at my English paper. However, it was no longer any ordinary English paper. It was standing upright, as if its corners were feet. It was also holding a very large kitchen knife. My initial reaction was to ask the paper why it was alive, and brandishing a knife to boot. Before I could speak, however, the paper made a peculiar sound and lunged at me with the deadly utensil. I responded with any girl's natural reaction. I

screamed loud enough to break glass and ran out of the room. Scared out of my mind, I peeked carefully around the corner. Apparently, I had scared my paper, for it also ran out of the room. In fact, it ran out of the house, and it still had the knife. As much as it pained me to think so, I knew that it was my responsibility to catch that English paper before someone got hurt. It would be a difficult task, and I would need to be determined, work hard, and -

"Eh, forget it," I said to myself, locking the front door and heading up the stairs. It was too early to deal with an English paper turned mass murderer. I went back to bed without worry, knowing that the police would probably stop my paper before it killed too many people. After all, it was only three sentences long.