

**Dec 6th**  
**Writing**

**Write an opening scene for a horror story, then followed by a letter to a family member**  
**160 words**

The wind scraped at the old house like fingers searching for a way inside. Rain drummed against the broken shingles, each drop echoing across the empty hallway. In the darkness, something shuffled—slow, dragging, as though it carried a weight far heavier than itself. The smell of damp wood and iron filled the rooms. A door creaked open at the end of the corridor, though no hand should have touched it. The shadows seemed to breathe, growing thicker with every heartbeat. Then a whisper, soft as thread, slipped through the air: *You came back...*

**Dear Lena,**

I keep telling myself I'm imagining things, but the silence here feels like a presence. I sit in Father's old room and think about how we once ran through these halls laughing—now I can barely breathe. I feel watched, as though the house is remembering us the way a wound remembers pain. I want to leave, yet something draws me deeper, like an unfinished sentence I'm afraid to hear the end of.

I miss you. I wish you were here—but I'm terrified of wanting that.