

Gothic Description of Setting.

The sound of the pony and trap, bumping up and down on the rocks, blended alongside the noise of wind whistling over the marshland was strangely relaxing and peaceful. Apart from this, everything was hushed and lifeless. Crossing the crumbling, dilapidated causeway there was a noticeable feeling of solitariness and segregation. In the air there was an odd, stone-grey mist lingering, as if a ghost inhabited it, haunting anyone that may cross to the house, ruthlessly showing no mercy for any soul.

The marshland looked boggy: a neglected, stranded place, full of murky greens, muddy browns and jet blacks. It was a chilly day with high humidity, making the air thick and hard to breathe in, giving a nauseous feel. From the causeway, the trees on the land of Eel Marsh House looked like they were twisting and reaching out as far as they could. There was an odd aroma of mud, mixed with the sickly smell of flowers, and a hint of salt.

It felt stranded, isolated, secluded.

The sky was cloudy, as if the heavens were going to open, flooding the stone path. Ahead, the manor house stood prominently on the hill. Close to the house, in the muddy marshland, there was a wooden cross, a grave, caked in mud, giving the reassuring feeling that supernatural beings occupied the grounds. Crawling up the grave was emerald green ivy, engulfing the cross, as if it was swallowing it whole.

The house itself looked derelict, uncared for, confined. The windows were smashed, shards of glass poking any place possible; the windows looked like they have been boarded up from the inside.

Jack Mountney. Year 8.