

Scary Character and Setting Mentor Texts

***Fablehaven: Rise of the Evening Star* by Brandon Mull (p.2-3)**

The bell rang. Most of the kids were in their seats. Mrs. Price entered the room accompanied by the most disfigured student Kendra had ever seen. The boy had a bald, scabrous scalp and a face like a chapped welt. His eyes were puckered slits, his nose a malformed cavity, his mouth lipless and crusty. He scratched his arm, crooked fingers lumpy with bulging warts.

The hideous boy was otherwise nicely dressed in a black and red button-down shirt, jeans, and stylish tennis shoes. He stood in front of the class beside Mrs. Price while she introduced him.

"I'd like you all to meet Casey Hancock. His family just moved here from California. It can't be easy starting at a new school so late in the year, so please give him a warm welcome."

"Just call me Case," the boy rasped. He spoke like he was strangling.

"Would you look at that," Alyssa murmured.

"No kidding," Kendra whispered back. The poor kid barely looked human. Mrs. Price directed him to a desk near the front of the room. Creamy pus leaked from multiple sores on the back of his scabby head.

***Past Perfect, Present Tense: Shadows* by Richard Peck (p. 104)**

Then one night, moonlit of course, there was a new shadow in the room. I was used to grown-up ghosts; gaunt women who wept wordlessly, gray military men who stared sadly at their empty sleeves. But this new shadow, dark against the moon-white wall, was hardly taller than I.

I looked for petticoats. Dead daughters were often beautifully dressed for burial. But I saw only the hint of bare feet. I looked for a deep bonnet, as my shadows never liked showing their faces.

But moonlight played on pale flesh. The eyes were deep-set and dark. I was interested at once. It seemed to be a boy.

He was watching me, but then they all did. He moved along the wall. Had he entered from the door or the closet? I hadn't noticed.

I thought he would fade. They often did. I watched him drift. When he crossed before the closet door, he was lost in the darkness of walnut wood. But he moved on through a final glare of moonlight to the darkest corner. There he lingered, looking at me.

***The Maze Runner* by James Dashner (p. 126-127)**

Thomas stared in horror at the monstrous thing making its way down the long corridor of the Maze.

It looked like an experiment gone terribly wrong—something from a nightmare. Part animal, part machine, the Griever rolled and clicked along the stone pathway. Its body resembled a gigantic slug, sparsely covered in hair and glistening with slime, grotesquely pulsating in and out as it breathed. It had no distinguishable head or tail, but front to end it was at least six feet long, four feet thick.

Every ten to fifteen seconds, sharp metal spikes popped through its bulbous flesh and the whole creature abruptly curled into a ball and spun forward. Then it would settle, seeming to gather its bearings, the spikes receding back through the moist skin with a sick slurping sound. It did this over and over, traveling just a few feet at a time.

But hair and spikes were not the only things protruding from the Griever's body. Several randomly placed mechanical arms stuck out here and there, each one with a different purpose. A few had bright lights attached to them. Others had long, menacing needles. One had a three-fingered claw that clasped and unclasped

for no apparent reason. When the creature rolled, these arms folded and maneuvered to avoid being crushed. Thomas wondered what—or who—could create such frightening, disgusting creatures.

The source of the sounds he'd been hearing made sense now. When the Griever rolled, it made the metallic whirring sound, like the spinning blade saw. The spikes and the arms explained the creepy clicking sounds, metal against stone. But nothing sent chills up and down Thomas's spine like the haunted, deathly moans that somehow escaped the creature when it sat still, like the sound of dying men on a battlefield.

***Lockwood and Company: The Screaming Staircase* by Jonathan Stroud (P. 30)**

The girl stood halfway across the floor of the study-bedroom, directly ahead of me. I could see her framed by the open door. She was fairly faint, but I saw she stood barefoot on the rolled-up-rug—or, more precisely, *in* it, for her ankles were sunk into the fabric as if she were padding in the sea. She wore a pretty summer-print dress, knee length, decorated with large, rather garish orange sunflowers. It was not a modern design. The dress and her limbs and her long fair hair all shone with dim, pale light, as if lit by something far away. As for her face—

Her face was a solid wedge of darkness. No light reached it at all.

***The Monkey's Paw* by W.W. Jacobs (p. 1)**

Without, the night was cold and wet, but in the small parlor of the Laburnam Villa the blinds were drawn and the fire burned brightly. Father and son were at chess, the former, who possessed ideas about the game involving radical changes, putting his king into such sharp and unnecessary perils that it even provoked comment from the white-haired old lady knitting by the fire.

***The Landlady* by Roald Dahl (p. 1)**

Bill Weaver had traveled down from London on the slow afternoon train, with a

change at Reading on the way, and by the time he got to Bath, it was about nine o'clock in the evening, and the moon was coming up out of a clear starry sky over the houses opposite the station entrance. But the air was deadly cold and the wind was like a flat blade of ice on his cheeks...

There were no shops on this wide street that he was walking along, only a line of tall houses on each side, all of them identical. They had porches and pillars and four or five steps going up to their front doors, and it was obvious that once upon a time they had been very swanky residences. But now, even in the darkness, he could see that the paint was peeling from the woodwork on their doors and windows and that the handsome white facades were cracked and blotchy from neglect.

***Past Perfect, Present Tense: Waiting for Sebastian* by Richard Peck (p. 90-91)**

Oh how I love the evening. Long summer evenings when the shadows of the trees creep in silent shapes across the lawn until they merge with night. I watch from this high window, framed by the old curtains held back by silk cords. I toy with the cords and watch the world dim.

***Past Perfect, Present Tense: Girl at the Window* by Richard Peck (p. 72-73)**

Our house had renter's furniture in it, a living-room couch and beds. Mom slept in the bedroom downstairs. I took the attic room at the back, and it looked like nobody'd been up there in years. The closet door wouldn't stay shut, and there were more hangers than I needed. A foggy mirror hung over the dresser. A pale triangle on the wall showed where somebody had pinned up a pennant. At the back of one of the drawers was the kind of comb a girl uses. I dragged the bed nearer the window in case a breeze came up at night. A trumpet vine had crawled up over the back porch roof and grew across my window. The sun came down in through the leaves, and one of these mornings I'd be getting up from school. I was in no hurry.