

Gothic Description of Setting.

The rusty, rickety cart journeyed across the pebbled-covered mud path, as it made its way towards the dark looming house in the distance. The thick, gloomy fog made the causeway track hard to see, but the driver had made the trip many times before. Bare dead trees stood broken on the sides of the route, all life taken from them: stripped, splintered, gnarled. The tortured, bleached flowers lay limp and trampled on the floor, along with several dark feathers.

In the skyline stood the residence. It was a sombre building, with turrets and towers, large windows and immense oak doors. The structure was given a glowing sheen as the bright moon shone through the grey clouds and reflected off the dwelling. Behind the mansion, the unsettled sea raged deafeningly. The thin, salty water sprayed the pony and trap that had, by now, almost reached the house.

Although the night was long and dark, a feeling of uncertainty lingered in the air.

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