

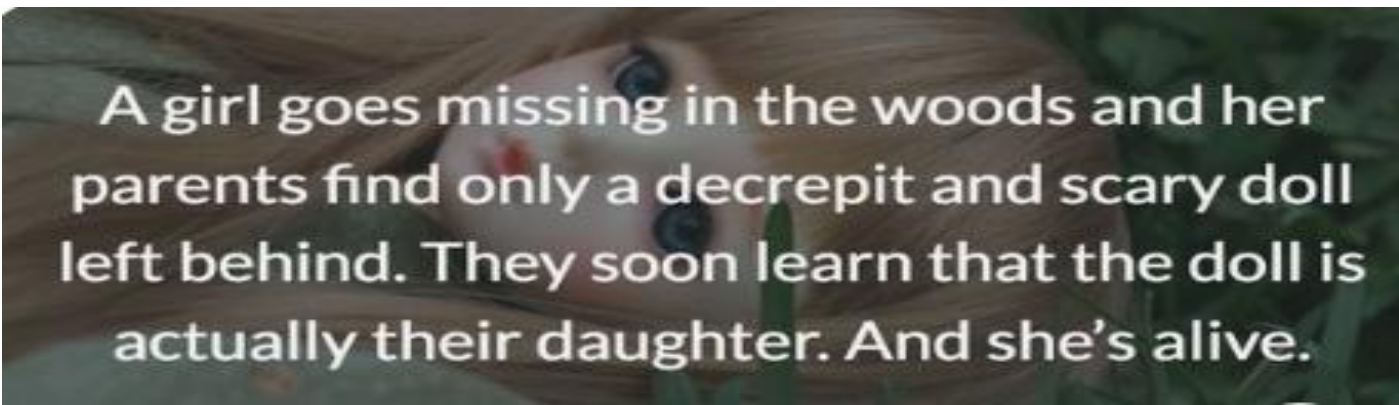
A



EVERY NIGHT AFTER WORK, YOU GO TO THE SAME PUB. YOU KNOW THE REGULARS, THE BARTENDERS AND THE MANAGERS. ONE DAY AT WORK, YOU INVITE A CO-WORKER TO JOIN YOU. WHEN YOU TELL THEM WHAT PUB, THEY RESPOND, CONFUSED, "THAT PLACE BURNED DOWN 20 YEARS AGO."

WRITING.PROMPT.S




A close-up photograph of a doll's face, likely a porcelain or plastic doll, with long, straight blonde hair. The doll has large, dark, glass-like eyes and a small, red, painted mouth. It is lying on a bed of green leaves, possibly in a forest or garden setting. The lighting is soft, and the background is slightly blurred, focusing attention on the doll's features.

A girl goes missing in the woods and her parents find only a decrepit and scary doll left behind. They soon learn that the doll is actually their daughter. And she's alive.



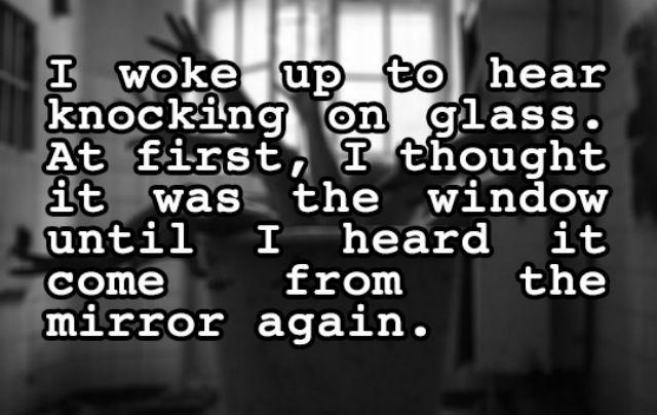
Writing Prompt: Scary Story

They were afraid of the woods, and rightly so, though for the wrong reasons. While they believed someone in the woods watched them, they never suspected it was the trees.

A dark, cavernous prison cell with a barred window. The walls are rough and textured, and the lighting is dim, creating a somber and claustrophobic atmosphere. The text is overlaid on the image in a white, monospaced font.

I woke up in this prison.
No one will tell me why I
am here. They threatened to
put me in solitary
confinement if I ask again.
Perhaps that's safer than
my jail cell.

My cellmate keeps saying
she can only handle three
more days until her thirst
for blood goes out of
control.

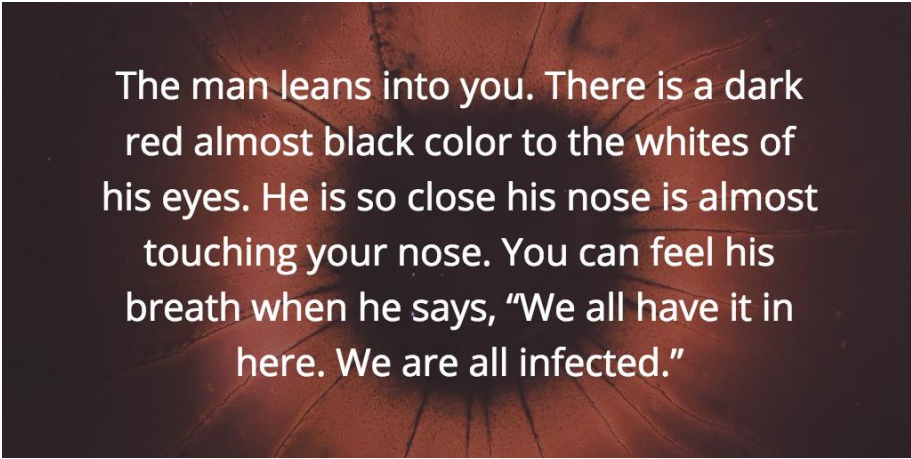


I woke up to hear
knocking on glass.
At first, I thought
it was the window
until I heard it
come from the
mirror again.



THE SCARECROW AND
THE TINMAN REALISE THAT
DOROTHY HAS A HEART
AND A BRAIN INSIDE HER
FLESH. ALL THEY HAVE TO
DO IS TAKE IT.

WRITING.PROMPTS



The man leans into you. There is a dark red almost black color to the whites of his eyes. He is so close his nose is almost touching your nose. You can feel his breath when he says, "We all have it in here. We are all infected."

HORROR

AS I LIE IN BED,
STARING AT THE
CEILING, IT STARTS
AGAIN - THE SLOW
CREAK OF A ROCKING
CHAIR ON THE WORN
FLOORBOARDS OF
THE ATTIC.
THE COMPLETELY
EMPTY ATTIC.





This was a world where the vilest creatures came to roost. Even her mother, always so brave, wouldn't dare utter its name. This was a world where the snow fell black.

**The old house was
in disrepair.
No one had lived there
for years.
But when the day came
to tear down the walls,
she found the small door
under the stairs.**

THEJITTERYJUNEBUG.COM

The frozen Lake had
finally cracked open
after all these frigid
years.

But it was not this fact
which startled me.

Rather it was

**THE SINGLE TRAIL OF FOOTSTEPS
THAT LEAD OUT.**

#writingprompts



Over time, she came to the realization she was no longer made of substance, but something more like a shadow...

CRYBABY

Late last night I woke to the sound of someone crying. It was an eerie sound, and surprisingly loud as well. Although I wanted to check it out, I was a bit scared and tried to ignore it by hiding under the covers. Today at breakfast, I told my roommate all about it. "That was me," she replied shakily. *What a relief*, I thought. "I was crying because I saw a - a *thing* watching you while you were asleep." @Death.and.Terror





Granny says you're too sick to leave the house, and she won't let you leave no matter what...



You are walking through the graveyard at night. Suddenly, a hand stretches up from under the ground...

