The Foxes Always Scream At Night (Excerpt - email me to read the full short story!)

Sleep. A time where we dip our toes into oblivion and test the waters of inevitability, getting a feel for its cosmic warmth. Such a sensation is often as far from me as the night sky itself: a sheet of obsidian pin pricked with the remnants of expired suns. Those roiling masses of radiant light, Heralds sent by Morpheus himself, have travelled universes just to shine upon me and yet I will never do decency of properly receiving them.

I turned, the cushioned embrace of my bed long since frozen to indifference, and gazed out into the street. A squashed terrace lined the road, its houses looked as if they were just as uncomfortable as me. And yet, their glassy eyes remained dormant and black, lost within the shadows of fantasy.

The silence suffocating my room and the outside world only accentuated my solitude. For once I heard not the creaking of my neighbour's floorboards, the yowling of cats, drunks bleating their clumsy anthem or even the cry of skulks skulking about. Nought but the occasional thwack of wind against the window and the imperceptible whispers that rose in its wake.

Each time I pushed them back with the blessed distraction of my phone, letting it guide me down a stream of perpetual data, further and further away from the stars twinkling through that ocean of black. Hours of feigned satisfaction, a conspiracy to mask my exhaustition, was better than spending mere moments where I was truly left alone.

The Big Bad Wolf

The skin is a fickle thing.

It is as capricious as the skies above
A malleable reflection
A fleshy glove
A conjured illusion, to mask an ugly thing,

With a paunch that hangs and swings
A bulbous globe, garish and yellow
A weight that robs a spine of its spring
A hollow pit, that rages with a fiery thing,

Licking the walls of the soul
A bonfire invisible to the stream of passing eyes
A hunter that marks its foal
A mimicry of sentience that terrifies, not you, but I.

I am the thing that lies beneath the skin
But when I huff and I puff nary a breeze is felt.

My oh my, look into my sickly orbs
My oh my, my teeth are fitting for a corpse
My oh my, how my skin is gnarled and creased
My oh my, this mangy fur marks me a beast.

A Late Night In Gravenhold (Page 1 excerpt & mockup - email me to read the full script!)

Page 1: Five Panels

This is a short gothic horror story intended to capture the base idea of power and corruption surrounding the vampire mythos. The colour palette throughout should consist of dark, purplish tones to complement the subject matter.

Panel 1. Wide shot. We open with an establishing shot of Gravenhold, a sprawling city cramped with: spiked spires, multilayered terraces and government buildings reminiscent of palaces - all of which are interconnected with expansive bridges and platform lifts. This place feels claustrophobic and. . .tall. . .civilisation here has to expand *upwards* rather than *outwards.* It's very gothic-esque too, from the architecture to a persistent fog weaving throughout the entirety of the city.

Panel 2. Wide shot. We get a better sense of the city's height with a high-angle view of one of these bridged spires. In the background candlelight from the *many* homes below shines through the fog and darkness, like a starry night sky that has been flipped upside down. Silhouettes of similar towers flank these streets.

CAPTION: HOW MUCH?

Panel 3. Wide shot. Staying with the same bridge, the shot swoops beneath it, providing a better shot of one of the multileveled streets below. We should start to get the sense that we're watching from the point of view of a bird - or some sort of other flying creature.

CAPTION: I. . .UHM. . .FOUR CLIPS MADAM. IS THERE AN ISSUE?

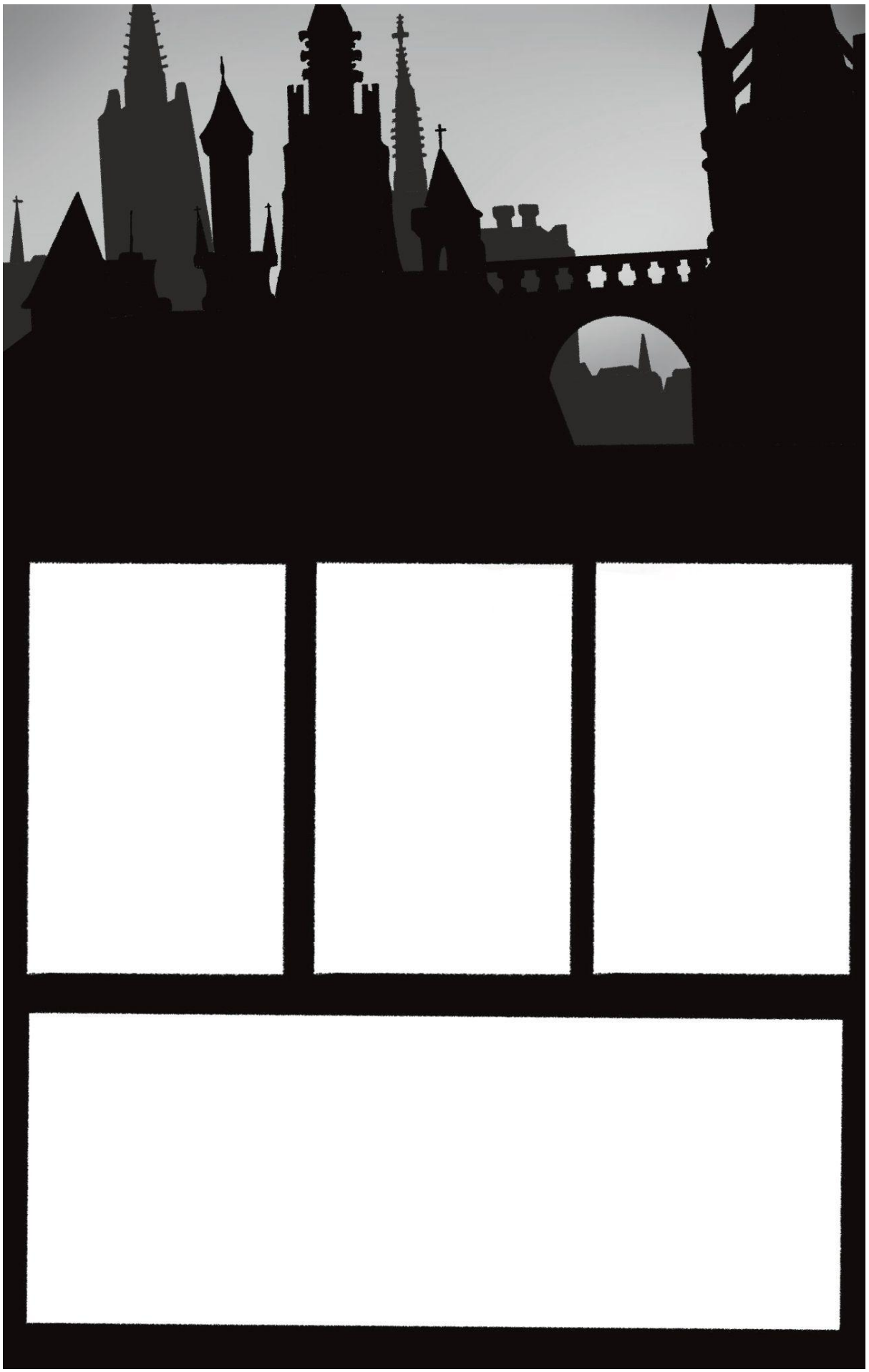
SFX: SWOOSH

Panel 4. Wide shot. Moving closer to the ground, we get a birds eye view of this street. A labyrinth of cobblestone paths enclosed by lanky buildings, its alley ways are occupied by none but the trundling fog. Only one building has its light on here, a small book shop tucked between other larger establishments. Their windows, however, are boarded up and dormant.

CAPTION: QUITE THE OPPOSITE! THIS IS THE CHEAPEST I'VE MANAGED TO FIND THIS. OH MR.WATKINS, YOU'RE A LIFESAVER!

Panel 5. Wide shot. We see the shop from across the street, the shot framed like we are peeking out from behind a dormer window atop a roof - as if whatever we are watching through the eyes of has landed and started skulking. The NARRATOR's monologue shouldn't be uppercase or enclosed in caption boxes. Instead it should be placed sporadically with messy handwriting, as if created with chalk.

CAPTION: OH WELL, I'M JUST AN HONEST BUSINESSMAN.

NARRATOR: I see you. . .

SFX: THUMP