

It was 21:23. As we arrived at the camp, we realized it was not what we expected. At all. The picture Tia showed us was a beautiful clear lake with tall trees and quaint wooden buildings. Instead, what we saw was proper dodgy looking. A colossal, iron gate with a rotting sign reading 'camp Wittman' in fading letters. We looked between the bars to see the lake, but instead of a clear pristine lake, it was murky and swamp-like with plants growing into and around it. The grass was overgrown and unkept, the trees on site were huge and bushy making it hard to see around, and the only building on site was damaged and falling apart.

"EWWW WHAT THE HELL IS THIS?!, IM NOT STAYING HERE!" Veronica yelled with a look of utter disgust on her face.

We all just stare into the neglected camp.

"What happened to the place?" James questioned.

Just as he finished his sentence, the gates slowly started to open, making a creaking sound that hurt our ears. It revealed a gravel path leading in, we looked at each other fearfully.

"Do we go in?" Tia asked shakily.

"Let's do it, what's the worst that can happen anyway?" Karlos said confidently.

"ARE YOU STUPID? YOU REALLY THINK IM GOING IN THERE!?" Veronica wailed, stubborn.

"Oh my god Veronica stop whining, just suck it up, the rest of us are." I said irritated. She rolled her eyes, but slowly began to follow the rest of us into the mysterious camp.

As we walked through the gates, a disgusting stench assaulted our noses, I started to gag as the revolting smell of mold and dirt filled the air around us, and Veronica threw up in a bush.

"What is that vile smell, geez it smells like someone died here." Karlos exclaimed with his hand over his mouth in disgust.

"I wouldn't be surprised if someone has." James murmured.

As we got to the end of the really long path, we approached the only building on the campsite. It was small, wooden and falling apart. The walls were brittle and

moulding from water damage, the windows covered in dirt and dust with one smashed completely. The door was more like a gate but the latch was broken and the wood damaged. There was no light or noise coming from inside, but in the window, you could just make out a sign reading 'open.'

"This place is disgusting; can we just go home now. Doesn't look like there is anyone here anyway." Veronica complained as she tried to scrap the mud off her boot with a leaf.

"Probably not, but let's have a look, we might find something interesting." James said.

"Yeah, even though it's pretty gross, it could be fun." Tia yelled. The rest of us agreed, so we cautiously continued into the hut.

As we stepped in, we noticed the amount of dust in the air, I could feel it in my lungs as I breathed in making us all cough. We looked around, and we saw the floor was covered in food packets, bags, boxes and the paint was barley clinging onto the walls. Other than that, the room was empty, except a small, shabby wooden desk at the back of the room, where a dodgy looking old man sat. He was small and boney with rough pale skin indented with wrinkles. His hair was thin, sparse and pure white and the few teeth he had were shades of yellow and brown. He had a stern almost scary look in his eyes and he was chewing on Werther's toffee, next to him was a pile of the blue toffee wrappers.

"Hello there, we don't get many visitors." the man said as he unravels another toffee. As he spoke, we weren't surer whether to laugh or be scared, his voice was strangely high-pitched and squeaky.

"Um hi, we are to you know camp." Karlos stammered.

"Ahh yes of course you are, you can set up your tents around the corner over there." he said, pointing out the window towards the forest. We must have all looked noticeably scared because he then explained, "There is nothing to worry about, many people have stayed here over the years."

We all looked at each other, debating in our minds what to do. It was already 22:39 and it was a long way home and I thought what's the worst that can happen

right? But before we had a chance to make our decision the man was gone. Just like that. And we didn't see him again.

"W-where did he go?" Asked Tia confused.

"I have no clue; there's no other doors and we would have seen him go out the window." James said.

"Well let's just go and set up camp, I need to sleep." Karlos groaned while yawning.

We all took a long walk over to the woods, which is way scarier at night, and started to set up our tents. Me, Tia and Veronica shared one tent and Karlos and James shared the other. Now that the tents were eager to sleep, just to get the night over and done with. It was 00:12 by the time we went to bed but none of us could sleep. There were many strange noises, most likely the wind. Well, that's what we hoped anyway.

"I wanna go home." Veronica whispered Sharpley.

"WELL unless you want to walk through the woods in the DARK we are staying here." Tia said annoyed.

It was 3.03. Suddenly, we heard a strange shuffling sound coming from outside the tent. And it sounded like it was getting closer.

"What the hell is THAT. "Veronica hissed, grabbing my arm.

I slowly unzipped the tent to look out, and as I stepped out, I saw it, I froze. Its unearthly glare fixed upon me. This strange, intimidating figure.

It had an immense stature, towering over me with slender legs, and arms that stretched way past its knees. It had pale, boney hands with long, stick like fingers which were covered in an abundance of deep scars.

Its face was meagre, covered by a white, skin tight mask with a fixed smile stretched across it. The dark, hollow eyes pierced straight through soul, giving me chills. It was dressed strangely neat and clean, in a black suit with freshly polished shoes.

Its movement was ponderous. It took slow, staggered steps towards me, dragging its long limbs along with it. It gave off a waft of a repulsive smokey smell, so Strong it suffocated me, engulfing my lungs, making my neck feel tight.

But it didn't make a single noise.

As it got closer, I saw a scathing blade appear from behind the figure, painted with shades of scarlet and sanguine.

"O-oh m-my god, IM GONNA DIE!" I scream

The others rushed out of the tents then froze in place.

"AHHHHH!" Veronica screamed hysterically before running back into the tent.

The others stay frozen behind me as it continues to get closer, with its glare fixed on us.

We didn't know what to do, where to run, would it chase us? Of course, it would.

"And there you go. This is the story of the dodgy camp Wittman. And I guess this is the story of how I died."

Reflective commentary

How does genre influence the horror comedy genre?

The piece I have written is an opening to a longer piece, based on the horror comedy genre. In this piece I was inspired by the idea of a 'stereotypical' horror stories. I exploited the idea into a kind of 'spoof' to add the aspect of humor. I did this as I think the basic ideas of the two genres are important to include, as they are more likely to be recognized in the writing and create a parody of something people already know, so they can see the changes and alterations made to make it funny. I was also inspired by 'slender man', a creepy pasta character, for my monster as I didn't want a monster too inhuman and unrealistic. I thought something more realistic would add to the horror of the story.

Dialogue is very important in a story to add action and emotion. In the case of a horror comedy story, it can be good to add humor between the characters even in a situation where it isn't expected. In my text I use the superiority theory in my dialogue. I do this by making my characters have petty arguments with each other when they face something scary, for example, "OH MY GOD Veronica stop whining, just suck it up, the rest of us are." shows this as all the characters are scared to enter but they pick on the one girl who complains out loud when they are all thinking the same thing. Another technique I used in my dialogue is an oxymoron "Pretty gross". This adds to the effect of the humor as oxymorons can relate to the idea of nonsense and not making sense which is a very stereotypical trait of the comedy genre itself. I used implicit Irony In my dialogue as another aspect of humor. I did this by having 'Karlos' say "What is that vile smell, geez it smells like someone died here." and at the end of the text the speaker says "And I guess this is the story of how I died." implying they died there.

Creating and describing a monster is a key aspect of the horror comedy genre, this is because it relates to the basic features of what is known and expected in a horror story and it can be manipulated into something humorous. In my story, my

monster appearing is to cause a horrific plot twist in the atmosphere and mood of my writing, by going from something more lighthearted and funnier at the start, to the appearance of a psychotic 'monster' at the end, with an in-depth, disturbing description. A detailed description is important as it creates imagery in the reader's mind and gives them an idea on how the character must be feeling and what they are witnessing at that time. In the case of my story, creating the sense of sudden fear and tension influenced by the horror genre.

Setting description is very important for setting the scene in a story. In my story I gave a detailed description on the camp they went to, to create a picture in the reader's head. I appealed to different senses by describing what they could see, hear, and smell around them as they explored this camp, and how it affected them. I 'The revolting smell of mold and dirt filled the air.' I used familiar scents that people are more likely to know, so the reader is more likely to understand the experience of those smells. I used words in a semantic field such as 'assaulted', 'repulsive', 'gag', 'disgusting' to exaggerate how bad the smell was. Another way I exaggerated how bad the camp was by using a comparison. I used words such as 'pristine' then compared it to 'swamp like' which makes the bad description of what they can see seem worse.

Overall, I believe genre influences the horror comedy genre as a piece of writing needs aspects of both genres for it to fit into the horror comedy category. I also believe due to the fact that they are such contrasting genres, it makes the writing humorous in its own way, which differs from the comedy genre alone. I think my writing fits this genre well as I have used different techniques and points that are in each of these genres, and work together to achieve the subtle humor I have described.