

## Examples of Setting

When the weather was good, I used the tree house in my backyard as an office. Sure, maybe it wasn't the greatest place ever built. It was lopsided and it wobbled just enough to make you nervous. But it didn't matter to me. What mattered was...it was *mine*.

--*Jigsaw Jones/The Case of the Spooky Sleepover (James Preller)*

Ralphie lived in the biggest, oldest house on the block. It was two stories, with a high, sloping roof. Ralphie brought us onto the front porch. *Creak, creeeeek*. The chains of a bench swing groaned in the wind.

--*Jigsaw Jones/The Case of the Spooky Sleepover (James Preller)*

Idaville looked like many other seaside towns its size. It had two car washes, two delicatessens, three movie theaters, and four banks. It had rich families and poor families, churches and a synagogue, lovely beaches and good places to fish.

And on Rover Avenue it had a red brick house with a white picket fence in front.

This was the real headquarters of Idaville's war on crime. For within the red brick walls lived Encyclopedia Brown.

--*Encyclopedia Brown Keeps the Peace (Donald J. Sobol)*

The sun sets before five in the late October afternoons, and darkness draws in very soon afterward.

Marcella Danby came over the dunes and down the road at a snail's pace and turned in at the white gateposts of the Inn. Just for an instant, she raised her eyes to the two great ship anchors, each topping one of the high square solid pillars at the entrance. They were ancient ship anchors, salvaged from some long-past wreck, and had been where they were as far back as anyone could remember. The quaint old inn took its name from them.

Marcella noticed that the low, level rays of the setting sun had stained their full surfaces a deep red, against the dark green cedars behind them.

--*The Mystery of the Old Violin (Augusta Huiell Seaman)*

Billy eyed the sun, which hung low in the western sky. In the fading light, he could see the whole camp: the schoolhouse and family cabins, the cookhouse and hospital and recreation hall, the bunkhouses and storage sheds and barns and machine shops. The jumble of buildings seemed to grow right out of the mountains. Many of them were so new that their tarpaper roofs had not yet been finished.

--*Danger: Dynamite! (Anne Capeci)*

As the work car moved out of the sunlight, the air grew cool and moist. Goosebumps popped out on Billy's arms. He smelled oil and rock, and the sharp scent of dynamite. Electric lamps on the sides of the car lit the roughly blasted rock around them.

--*Daredevils (Anne Capeci)*

A fresh breeze was blowing in off the bay, and the tangy salt air tasted good. Seagulls circled overhead, while two ospreys piped at each other in a nest on top of a concrete utility pole. On the ground at the base of the pole were bleached fragments of mullet skeletons that had been picked clean and discarded by the birds.

*--Hoot (Carl Hiaasen)*

It was a calm cloudless night, and a pale sliver of moon peeked over the rooftops. Insects as thick as confetti swirled around the cowls of the streetlights. Toward the end of the block, two cats could be heard yowling at each other.

*--Hoot (Carl Hiaasen)*

They stared about them at the one not very long, unpaved street, lined at intervals with ancient and rather weatherworn wooden houses sheltered by tall, melancholy trees, dismally creaking in the waning light of a November afternoon.

*--The Mystery of the Empty Room (Augusta Huiell Seaman)*

We had the most awful shock when Uncle Si (that's what he's asked us to call him) opened the front door and we walked into this house! Nobody ever saw such a conglomeration of old furniture all crowded together in the hall and every room, and hundreds of dishes and glassware huddled on a big table in what was probably intended to be the dining room. They were even all over the floors too, so that you could hardly make your way around anywhere without stepping on something breakable. One room--I suppose Uncle Si would call it the living room--was a little clearer and more in order than the others. But even that had a dozen different kinds of clocks on the walls and mantel besides two grandfather's clocks standing in the corners. I never dreamed of such a nightmare clutter of old furniture!

*--The Mystery of the Empty Room (Augusta Huiell Seaman)*

Hudson has a one-story house with a big stone fireplace and a nice shady porch. He's also got more books than the library. His back room has shelves from the floor to the ceiling on all four sides, and every single one of them is crammed full of books. They don't look like they're in any kind of order to me, but if you ask Hudson a question he doesn't know the answer to, he'll mosey into his library and in no time he'll have a book that'll give him the answer.

*--Sammy Keyes and the Hotel Thief (Wendelin van Draanen)*

There is no lake at Camp Green Lake. there once was a very large lake here, the largest lake in Texas. That was over a hundred years ago. Now it is just a dry, flat wasteland.

There used to be a town of Green Lake as well. The town shriveled and dried up along with the lake, and the people who lived there.

During the summer the daytime temperature hovers around ninety-five degrees in the shade--if you can find any shade. There's not much shade in a big dry lake.

*--Holes (Louis Sachar)*

One sweltering summer eve, near midnight, a violent storm broke over the city where Fabrizio lived. Lightning splintered the inky darkness. Thunder rumbled like siege guns. The falling rain fell with the sound of a million hissing snakes.

--*Midnight Magic (Avi)*

The hall was vast. The dank air stank of rot and mold. Burning oil lamps--giving off as much smoke as flame--were stuck in walls. The flickering light caused shadows to dance wildly upon the walls like maddened imps. It made Fabrizio think they had been swallowed, Jonah-like, into the belly of an enormous beast.

--*Midnight Magic (Avi)*

Fabrizio soon reached the kitchens. They consisted of seven large, cavelike, barrel-vaulted rooms connected one to the other in a long row. Food was everywhere: hanging from ceilings; on tables; on the floor in sacks and barrels. The air was full of delicious smells, too. Herbs and spices, garlic and onions, all fused with the splendid fragrance of fish, meats, cakes, and savories. Meanwhile, a crowd of cooks and bakers, along with many helpers, were standing about open fires and at the long tables, mixing, cutting, stirring, pounding, and shaping.

--*Midnight Magic (Avi)*

The town was cheerless and cold, and the river a muddy creek that wound its way among salt flats before entering that distant line of gray that was the sea. The tide was out; the scene was desolate, with only one human being to be seen.

--*The Ruby in the Smoke (Philip Pullman)*

"We lived in the tavern in Karlstein village, with our Ma, who was the landlady. A quiet enough place, though there was usually a stranger or two passing through, and the company in the tavern parlor was as good as any in the mountains--especially on a winter's night, when their pipes were going and their glasses full and there was a good story to be told."

--*Count Karlstein (Philip Pullman)*

We came to a waterfall, and gasped...A thick crust of spiky, sugary, bristly spears glinted and shone in the moonlight, all set about with a million tiny diamond-sharp stars of frost; and under it somewhere, the little stream tinkled in a subdued sort of way, like a child put grumbling to bed too early for its liking.

--*Count Karlstein (Philip Pullman)*

Peter crouched over the fire, stirring the ember so that the sparks swarmed up like imps on the rocky walls of hell. Behind him, his shadow shook and flared across the wall and half the ceiling of our little bedroom, and the cracks between the floorboards shone like golden rivers in the darkness.

--*Count Karlstein (Philip Pullman)*

Where Bush Street roofed Stockton before slipping downhill to Chinatown, Spade paid his fare and left the taxicab. San Francisco's night-fog, thin, clammy, and penetrant, blurred the street. A few yards from where Spade had dismissed the taxicab a small group of men stood looking up and alley...There were faces at windows.

--*The Maltese Falcon (Dashiell Hammett)*

There were French doors at the back of the hall, beyond them a wide sweep of emerald grass to a white garage, in front of which a slim dark young chauffeur in shiny black leggings was dusting a maroon Packard convertible. Beyond the garage were some decorative trees trimmed as carefully as poodle dogs. Beyond them a large greenhouse with a domed roof. Then more trees and beyond everything the solid, uneven, comfortable line of the foothills.

--*The Big Sleep (Raymond Chandler)*

The road in front of us grew bleaker and wilder over huge russet and olive slopes, sprinkled with giant boulders. Now and then we passed a moorland cottage, walled and roofed with stone, with no creeper to break its harsh outline. Suddenly we looked down into a cup-like depression, patched with stunted oaks and firs which had been twisted and bent by the fury of years of storm. Two high, narrow towers rose over the trees. The driver pointed with his whip.

"Baskerville Hall," said he.

--*The Hound of the Baskervilles (A. Conan Doyle)*

Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the roadway till we passed as through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Though we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the rocks, and the branches of the trees crashed together as we swept along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a white blanket.

--*Dracula (Bram Stoker)*

Suddenly, I became conscious of the fact that the driver was in the act of pulling up the horses in the courtyard of a vast ruined castle, from whose tall black windows came no ray of light, and whose broken battlements showed a jagged line against the moonlit sky.

--*Dracula (Bram Stoker)*