*The Rabbit’s Foot*

They did not know how they got to this point.

The night was bone-chilling, and a gale blew over a tree in the back garden of an ordinary 1908 household. (I love the setting choice here! Such a vivid opening) A rabbit lay dead slumped upon the remaining stump of the tree, ~~it was a mystery of how it had died~~ (how it had died was a mystery). (I love this dead rabbit image: it feels like an omen!)

The next morning, waking up, the family (the Greens) (you could just say ‘the Green family here) descended the staircase slowly and, sitting on the timeworn breakfast table, Ajax Green was the first to see it. “Look!” “A dead rabbit, how unusual!” Mr Green muttered, “I’d better take a look,” and he ambled (nice substitute for ‘walked’) out into the garden just as a swift fox lunged at the dead rabbit’s body and took it away. “Irritating foxes,” Mr Green muttered once again as he scratched his head. But then, to his amazement, the fox had taken everything but, (I would use an ellipsis here for effect!) but the rabbit’s foot. He grabbed it without a second’s delay as local legend had said that it was incredibly rare and “lucky” and you could apparently wish for something. (I like the fantasy route you’ve taken here) Mr Green returned to the warm threshold of the house. After describing to his son and his wife about what had just happened out there, they continued with breakfast, “Sounds just like Aladdin,” joked Mrs Green, “I wish,” said Mr Green ,and all of a sudden Ajax and Mrs Green froze with looks of terror on their faces. (ah! This is so exciting!) “I wish,” continued Mr Green, to have the sum of ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and forty-two pounds and sixty-seven pence.”

The family burst out laughing. (I love the way you build and release tension here, lulling your reader into a false sense of security) Now it was Ajax’s turn to wish for something, “I wish,” he uttered and there was an eerie silence among the Greens. “I wish for someone to die…” Once again, there was ~~an~~ (a) loud uproar of laughter. Now it was the ultimate and final wish. Mrs Green obtained the Rabbit’s Foot and started to say, “I wish for the person who died…to come back to life.” (the story you’re setting up here is so fantastic, Benjamin!)

A week passed and nothing in particular (happened), unless you count the number of times that Mr Green lost at droughts against his own son, Ajax. It was one cold, frosty morning in the desolate December 13th 1908. (I like the pathetic fallacy here, and the use of the word ‘desolate’) In every single corner of the Edwardian streets, there were cheap Christmas lights on every house. (I think this would read really nicely as, ‘On every house, in every corner of…’) In the Greens’ house it was, once again, ~~in~~ the morning. Ajax had already left for work just as Mr and Mrs Green were waking up. At the breakfast table, it was only then that Mrs Green remembered the Rabbit’s Foot and the wishes that the family had made one week ago. (I like that you use a time skip!)

It was now 6 o clock in the evening and the family began to feel increasingly worried for Ajax~~,~~: he was ~~2~~ two (as a rule, type out numbers, unless they’re percentages or dates) hours overdue. Mr and Mrs Green were just about ready to telephone the police when there was a loud, and distinct knock on the front door. It was, coincidentally, the police. (I love the dramatic irony here, as the reader can work out what has happened) The taller of the two policemen abruptly started speaking “I regretfully tell you, Mr and Mrs Green of number twelve, Shadow Avenue, that your son Ajax has perished in a hugely traumatic incident, he was killed by a new type of machinery being tested.” Mr and Mrs Green were horrified by the news. “As a result, you have been awarded the sum of ninety-nine thousand, five hundred and forty-two pounds and sixty-seven pence for compensation. (this is brilliant! I love the way the wishes have become tied) They were even more horrified now. After the police had left, the two realised that the Rabbit’s Foot’s wishes had come true… (nice use of ellipses!) (I would love to see you delve into the emotional response a little more here; make it super dramatic!)

Another week passed and now it was only five days until Christmas. That night, there was a knock on the door. “Who could it be,” pondered Mr Green, “knocking on our door at this time of night, and the time is…” there was an awkward silence, as he glanced at his brass pocket-watch “23:59.” But then remembering the wish that she had made, Mrs Green whispered, “It is HIM Richard, Ajax.” (again, the way the reader can put together the story is so brilliant!) Mr Green nodded and was seconds away from unbolting the door when there was an unmistakable dull groan. It sounded inhuman. (could you use a simile to describe the groan?) Mr and Mrs Green, with looks of terror upon their faces, clutching onto the Rabbit’s Foot, thought, “I WISH FOR THIS HORRID CREATURE TO DISSAPEAR!” The noise was gone. (lovely varied sentence lengths!) Mr Green hastily opened the door. There was nothing there except for a dim lamplight. A few seconds before Mr Green closed the door, the lamplight flickered. “Safe at last!” Mr and Mrs Green thought, “Why it was nothing at all!” But then a nerve-racking, bone-chilling (gorgeous descriptions!) coldness swept over them. Their hearts skipped a beat.

There was another knock on the door… (wow! I absolutely love this cliff-hanger: it’s chilling!)

**What Went Well:**

* My favourite thing about your story here, is the way that the reader pieces together the plot as we go. You foreshadow the events beautifully, and the dramatic irony when we know what’s happening but the family don’t is so powerful. Really amazing!
* You build and release tension really successfully, using varied sentence lengths to do so, but also using lines like, ‘The family burst out laughing.’ This simultaneously releases the tension, but also maintains it under the surface, as they are so relieved but we can tell that they’re relaxing falsely.
* Your last line is so unbelievably powerful here, Benjamin! The use of ellipses with the cliff-hanger really left me on the edge of my seat, especially with how you had been building up the tension throughout this story. Really, really brilliant!

**Even Better If…:**

* I would love to see you using more imagery in your work, to make it even more vivid. One of the places where I feel this could be good is where you mention the groan outside the door. I think you could make this even creepier by comparing it to a gale, or s creaking door. Definitely something to think about for next time!
* I think the emotional response of the family to the death of Ajax is slightly underwhelming. You don’t have to be super detailed with it, but s consideration of the grief there would be very nice, if only to contrast the extreme fear felt with the return of their son.
* I think you could vary your punctuation even more, as sometimes you use a comma where a colon is more appropriate, for example. You could include some dashes, semi-colons, exclamations, more questions. These would all add to the wonderful sentence length variation you’ve already used here, guiding the flow of the lines.
* Overall, magnificent work, well done!