Sub-Zero

The waning sun shone feebly over the Antarctic wasteland. (a beautiful opening line!) Not a sound broke the deafening silence, (fab oxymoron here) except for a group of three explorers making their way across the dense snow. Their mission: to see if the legendary Yeti really existed. As the pale sun, made its way below the horizon, darkness conquered the sky, (could you make more of this ‘conquering’ idea? You could personify it a little further) noir and menacing. The explorers gathered up fallen logs from nearby trees and created a fatigued campfire, weak, but just enough warmth and light for the group to share. After this, for a while, there was silence, unless you heard the almost inaudible, vermillion (wonderful vocab choice) embers in the miniscule campfire, flickering with its very last strength of energy.

Suddenly, there was a faint sound in the distance. But it was enough to be heard by the explorers. (when you use speech, start a new line for every new speaker)

“Probably just some kind of vole burrowing itself.” Uttered the first explorer, called Jack. Then he fell silent, because the noise became gradually louder, whatever this creature was, it was heading their way, the group realised the sound was a thumping. THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! (a vivid onomatopoeia, I like how the tension is building here) Then the sound stopped. Jack caught its freezing glare from its ruby red eyes. “Back…Away…Slowly…” stuttered Tim, the second explorer. “Actually RUNNN!” screamed Jack, his mouth open wide in fear. “It’s a yeti!” screamed Dan, the third explorer. (I love the wild exclamations) The Yeti lunged itself at the group. With the purest white fur, the group had ever seen, claws as sharp as knives and its ruby red eyes glittering in the moonlight,(such a clear description) the Yeti seemed unstoppable. All the group remember of this part of the journey was that they ran for their lives. And somehow, they managed to escape, untouched.

The next morning the group navigated what seemed to be an igloo in the distance. Without thinking, Jack, Tim and Dan made a beeline to it. After, what seemed like many hours running, and then resting, they managed to reach it. Inside, Tim found a stash of weapons, “Look!” he said abruptly trying to capture the other two’s attention. “Bow and arrows, what a find!”(I quite like the uneasy feeling here, like they are tinkering with someone’s possessions and might pay for it) the group said in unison. They walked out of the igloo and found a broken ice shaft in the water. Curious: (I would use a comma here, as the colon doesn’t quite work) the explorers decided to investigate. Swimming down into the ice cavern, they discovered a key. Walking through the cavern, they found many blood stains, (could you vary your sentence lengths to make this even more scary?) “Why are there blood stains in an ice cavern?” said Jack. Nobody answered him, they did not know the answer.

Many hours later, after navigating through many ice chambers, the team reached an end, they were just about to walk through when suddenly, the Yeti appeared! The explorers had no choice but to fight, they got out their bow and arrows. The explorers and the Yeti circled each other like mountain wolves about to tear each other apart. (beautiful simile, I love this) Then the Yeti lunged, the group fired their arrows from a safe distance. The Yeti’s screams were the loudest screams ever. (could you use more imagery to describe this noise?)

When the dust from all the intensity cleared, the battle was in a foregone conclusion, Jack, Tim and Dan had successfully managed to slay the Yeti.

With the Yeti gone, the team started to make their long journey home.

This is such a great piece of journey writing, Benjamin! Your story-writing is so vivid, and I love the way that you kept us in suspense throughout. Your pace is very good, as we have two run-ins with the yeti, so we are waiting for the next one the whole way through. I love the language you use here, using wonderful imagery such as ‘darkness conquered the sky’, and ‘like mountain wolves about to tear each other apart’. These really bring your story to life, and overall your vocabulary choices are very vivid.

You use a lot of speech here, so just remember that, when you have a new speaker, you should start a new line, just ot keep these clear and separated. To build tension even more effectively, I would love to see you experimenting with varied sentence lengths. For example, when they find the blood-stained ice pick, you could write ‘there was something dark on the side, forming a slight pool on the pristine white surface, reminiscent of spilled wine. It was blood.’ I also think when you describe the screams of the Yeti, you could use more imagery, emphasising the volume and terror.

Overall, incredible work, well done 😊