Linxi

It was a cold and dreary night, James was playing in the woods, not the best time though for you will never know what lurks around here… [a superb opening, using pathetic fallacy and foreshadowing that something bad might happen!] James said to himself, “I need to quickly get back or I’ll miss supper, hot dogs I think”. Suddenly, a hard stone whacked his head. It was a while ~~since~~ [until] he was ~~conscience~~ [conscious] again, but this time in this dreary graveyard. He stood up his back aching, it felt like a sword jabbed in his back.[lovely simile!] A pair of foot prints ~~where left of~~  [were left on] the ground, It was the same footprints a stranger had. He lived on, well nowhere, well at least I don’t know, he was a silent fellow too. He stepped forward, he saw it a piece of stone it was compressed into the ground, his eyes ~~where~~ [were] sensitive brilliant in the dark too. Then a crow flew ~~pass~~ [past] him BANG! [very nice use of onomatopoeia!] A person looked straight in his eyes it made James feel ~~strength-less~~ [weak] and he fell. When he woke up again he did not have time to waste and then enter like a rude fellow. He slammed the door and then opened the cupboard, a revolver, perfect, now all he needed was a knife, then a voice came, “Hi my dear fellow”. He looked old with wrinkles in his hand his eyes were juicy red, he had a 1980 accent, it was respectful, Then his eyes where plain white and then charged at him with claws as long as knives. [very scary!] He grabbed a leaf hoping to protect him, and then the man died out. It was now a diamond ring, he put it on, then it turned red, he felt more powerful he began to be angry and his nails were knives. [be careful that you don’t use an image twice, unless it’s intentional!] He wanted to explore the house so he went into a room with a trapdoor, a basement he thought and went in, there was definitely a draft in there coldness trickled down his spine like blood, it was trapping him making him suffer in agony, he then felt angered and the whole room went boiling hot. It was sweltering now, but then a bullet skimmed his face, the stranger, it was not a coincidence and he knew it, he fired back and BANG! [this is so fast-paced, emotive and exciting!] Then again BANG! He raged and his claws stabbed the stranger in the heart, he laughed, “I’m immortal, you dummy I am the lord of hell”! He grasped his hand together and then flame busted from his hands James then shot a revolver at his head, he was finished for sure, He turned in a diamond necklace, then the house started to burn like a wild fire, crows crowed, then lightning hit the surface of the castle his life was draining he went to the top of the castle, then someone looked at him he was masked. Then he pointed the revolver at him, there was only one more thing to do… [beautiful cliff-hanger here!]

**What Went Well:**

-I love the complexity and pace of this story, and you build tension incredibly well. I also like the almost surreal element with the ring!

-You use some lovely literary techniques, such as onomatopoeia and similes! These really elevate the standard of your writing, and make it chilling to read!

-Your opening and ending are so strong, starting with pathetic fallacy and foreshadowing, and then ending on a scary cliff-hanger.

**Even Better If…:**

-Make sure that you proof-read your work, as there are tiny mistakes that, if fixed, would transform the entire story! For example, you tend to say ‘where’ (**Where** are my shoes?), instead of ‘were’, (**Were** you just wearing them?) Keep an eye on this!

-I’d love to see you expanding your imagery, as you re-used the ‘nails like knives’ image, and your other simile was about a sword. These are all brilliant, but quite similar, and I would love to see you challenging yourself!

-You element of surrealism is really nice, but often makes it a little confusing to read. Do you think you could make some of the action slightly more clear, and spend a tiny bit more time describing what is happening?