3 am

Jack was skipping along the road as he sang a cheerful tune. [I absolutely love that you’re giving the reader a false sense of security with this opening!] It was late Saturday night as he was up with his friends at the skateboard park. He was feeling strange as he approached his apartment. When he was about to enter his key, he noticed that every apartment was dark except his room was flickering. [so spooky!] The hairs at the back of his neck stood, his fingers trembled as he dropped the key. [great use of showing, not telling!] Suddenly, he heard a rustle in the bushes. He froze. He felt like his body had just shut down. Then there was cackling, it sounded so fake and harsh. Jack watched as the eerie shadows of the trees moved around him. He tried to make a run for it, but his foot stayed glued onto the ground unwilling to listen to his commands. [nice personification of the foot here, so scary] Suddenly, a figure appeared behind him and seized Jack’s neck, and covered Jack’s mouth. Unable to scream, Jack kicked his legs furiously and tried to bite the person’s hand[,] but the person had an iron grip. Suddenly, he was put into a bin bag and thrown around in a truck. He heard the voice say: “I will get you back Jack Riley tonight is revenge time!”

“W-who are you and why are you trying to kill me!” shouted Jack.

“You know who I am, I am Dr. Sullivan. The one’s house you tried to toilet paper last time with your other gangster friends. I told you I WOULD get revenge!” shouted Dr. Sullivan.

CRASH! [I like this onomatopoeia, so dynamic!] The car lurched forwards and hit a pile of bins lying in the middle of the road. Then the car went at full speed and suddenly all the houses were gone. Jack decided to have a little nap as he was feeling drowsy after all of that skateboarding, he had done. [this line feels a little out of place in all of the action, it seems unlikely he would sleep] Jack suddenly, woke up to hear the commence of rowing.

“I know you have got Jack in the car mate. Just give him back and none shall be harmed. Said a familiar voice.

“Yeah give us Jack and we’ll go!” said another voice.

Jack instantly knew who they were, they were his friends, James and Jill, with who he had been skateboarding with.  [I love that you’ve called them James, Jack and Jill, it gives it a fairy-tale feeling]

“I’m in ~~hear~~ [here]” shouted Jack hoping his friends would hear him but none of them did as they were too busy arguing. Jack suddenly found a hole in the bag and tried to open it with his fingers. Before too soon, Jack had crawled out of the bin bag and gotten up to his feet. Now he was standing up and all of the weariness had drowned out of him. As he was about to step onto the road a sudden cackle was heard from inside the van and before he knew it Dr. Sullivan was rushing towards his car. Jack stuffed some pillows inside the bin bag and tied a knot. He looked for a hiding place and found some between a clown face and some cat and dog stuffed toys and held his breath praying that Dr. Sullivan wouldn’t find him. He watched as Dr Sullivan touched the bin bag and shouted in his hoarse voice “I know you are in there you silly brat it is time for you to get killed.” Jack felt his heart beat like a train pounding down the tracks.[such a beautiful simile] He knew sooner or later he would be found. Jack threw some of the cats’ and dogs’ stuffed toys at Dr Sullivan on the other side of the van. Dr Sullivan began searching other bin bags for Jack, but Jack knew he had to escape so he pushed Dr. Sullivan into a bin bag. “I hope you have a good time in your bin bag,” shouted Jack cheekily and closed the door of the van behind him. He ran over to his friends and they told him how they had followed him out of the park and how they secretly spied on him. But, once they had saw Dr Sullivan, they knew trouble was coming. So they followed the van and ended when Dr Sullivan came out of the truck they gave them a piece of their mind. They walked for a bit in the night as it was 3 AM. BANG! They all stared back just as Dr Sullivan was running with a furious look on his face…[I love this cliff-hanger! Dying to know what happened :0)

**What Went Well:**

-This is a gorgeous story, Thea! You use an array of amazing horror techniques, such as onomatopoeia, foreshadowing, similes!

-I really like your storyline in this, with the isolated main character and the evil villain, with a grudge!

-You’ve obviously taken on board my feedback about punctuation, and this story flows amazingly; keep it up 😊

-I really like that you included personification in here, as that is such a tricky technique, and you’ve done it amazingly!

**Even Better If...:**

-I have very few criticisms, but I would just say to proof-read thoroughly, as there are a couple of really tiny mistakes that could be corrected to make this a perfect story!