

Title please...

Part 2:

The lush, antediluvian pines loomed over the path leading to my abode. The path was weather-torn, with the handsome trunks of the handsome trees sprawled their handsome roots across it. It was covered in a blanket of star-white and bathed in a downpour of memories. The snow slowly drifted down from the white nebula above. I stared mesmerized at the molten inglenook as it licked up the logs and waved in front of my plush armchair. The wind howled like a tormented ghost outside, or was it the wolves? I was too comfortable to care. My stomach groaned. Maybe I will order pizza. I reached for my phone. Something (probably the wind) was rattling the windows. I drew a luxurious blanket and pulled it over me. A frigid winter night was falling.

The subzero gales reached out with dry, crooked hands, trying to penetrate the warmth of the fire, and failed. It ensconced the walls of the house with its lashing mistrals, yet it was all in vain. The ardent air drove it back. It was not until the dreary midnight that a knock awoke me. Tap tap tap. I froze. My hair stood up on my neck, my heart was running out of my chest. Someone was knocking on my door. The dying fireplace hurled ~~its~~ dark shadows upon my red curtains. Each dying ember retched its soul upon the floor, leaving dark stains of fear across my heart. My thoughts were abounding in hysterical circles, repeating “what’s happening, who’s there?” ^{Suddenly} suddenly, my mind started wheezing terrifying thoughts of what could be behind the door. Desperately wishing for the morning, I called out in a high-pitched voice.

“Hello? Who’s there?”

Tap tap tap Was the answer. I quickly shot a glance at my room. The light of the dying fire seemed to summon the shadows that were covering the floor. But my confidence was gaining. My heart was pounding out of my ribs, yet I tried to ignore it. I slowly hooked my slippers with my feet and slowly trudged towards the door. “Hello?” I croaked again this time, there was a response. “open the door” it said. The hair on my neck jerked up, yet I knew I had to answer it. I slowly lumbered towards the door, and swung it open...

meat lovers

“Hello, are you Mr. F. Ool? And if you are, did you order a ~~meatlovers~~ pizza?”

Note:

The way you described the setting and used emotive words to set the suspenseful atmosphere is very good. However, please do not forget to write the title of your narrative. Otherwise, readers will never bother to read this untitled paper, okay? Also, you need to look at your spelling and punctuation. I have highlighted minor mistakes above.

Mark: 45/50