

The Knocking of the Knock, Knock, Knock

I couldn't take my eyes off the mesmerising, enchanting glow. Warm light filtered the room. The heat of the magical flames caressed my cheeks with warmth, against the cruel, cold winter night. I stared mesmerised at the molten hearth as it licked up the logs and waved in front of my plush armchair. The wind howled like a tormented ghost outside. The fire crackled in the open fireplace, making the living room a snug retreat from the grey, hissing veil of rain outside. The passionate, gregarious flames flickered and danced in the sturdy unmalleable fireplace, waving their arms, so carefree, like a bird in the vast sky. The frigid air seemed to be completely cut off once I enshrouded myself in the soft crackling of the galvanising flames. I was bathed in a crimson orange light from the heart of the house like a caterpillar snuggled in a velvety cocoon. Radiating heat percolated into my chilled bones. The living room was alive – warm, welcoming and gleaming with scrubbed and polished wood. It was my relaxing haven, furnished with a huge oak table, a sideboard, deep leather couches and large floor cushions. This was my home. Warm. Cosy. Homely.

My memories flickered forward. The inglenook was covered in a blanket of star – enveloped in a downpour of memories. I looked at the picture of my family on top of the fireplace – the four of us smiling into the camera, my vision suddenly clouded with tears. How wonderful were those days. Sounds of chirping birds. I looked around. The blazing carpet of bluebell trees was bursting with blossom and the symphony of song birds. A huge canopy of tree tops was an emerald green blanket of leaves that spread out above me. At that moment, I realised how beautiful nature really was. A light of hope glimmered in the distance. It was a house. A house which would later be my home. We grew up. We parted our separate ways. Just beautiful memories now. I was dissolved in all these thoughts flashing around me like a hyperactive supernova of light, I didn't notice the knocking of the knock, knock, knock at my door.

The cackle of the fire ceases, the giggles halt, the wind's angry howl curbs and the heavy oak door with stained-glass panels waited ominously for me. Howling winds could be heard whipping through the flagellated trees, their unearthly shrieks lacerating through the winter night. Cold sweat dripped down my face. I could sense the prickle of fear in the bottom of my spine. It was like a lead ball in my stomach. Who could be here, out in the woods, alone, on a cold winter night? How did they know my location? Who was behind the door? Desperately, wanting answers, I called out:

“Who's there?”

The air was entombed in silence. I waited for the response...

Knock, knock, knock was the answer. The pounding of the door was the pounding of my heart, about to jump out of my ribs. I've not had a visitor in twenty-seven years. I stared down the dark flight of narrow, creaking stairs and the vast echoing entrance hall. It was long and dimly lit. I was away from my fireplace. My safe haven. Cold sweat raced down my forehead. My safe haven was disappearing at every step I took. The sub-zero gales reached out with dry, crooked hands, trying to penetrate the warmth of the fire. 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. Every nerve in my body warned me not to go any further. But, my curiosity arose – I had to find out.

Knock, knock, knock, the door hissed at me. This time, even louder. Knock, knock, knock! Knock, knock, knock! The beating sound was getting louder and louder each time.

Mustering courage, I took in three deep breaths. Finally, I lumbered precariously towards the door and gingerly opened it a few inches.

A petite man appeared at the door, with a suitcase, his coat drenched as his wet hand clenched a broken umbrella.

“Hello Harrold, it's been a while...”, a voice too familiar spooked me. There stood before me, my mirror image. My twin brother!

“Ha-Harry? Is that really you?” I could barely utter another word, as tears of joy embraced our overdue reunion.

Note:

This is a good scene! However, to make this even more better, please take the following elements of setting into consideration when describing the scene: time, place, mood, and context. Meanwhile, the way you narrate the memory that you have is satisfactory. Also, good work on proofreading this, there are no errors in grammar, spelling, and structure.

Mark: 45/50