

End Like it Was Supposed To

HW BY: Claire Wang

Incarnadine valencia flames danced playfully, barricaded by the brick surrounding it. It was a cold winter night, hiemal flecks of snow plummeted to the ground like a swarm of wasps targeting their next victim. Emasculated trees moaned under the irate gusts that lashed out in infuriated, indignant swipes as the wind howled menacingly. Lucent roseate flames swished in harmony as hamlin orange engulfed, radiating oppressive heat. Then, the red, cerise crimson flooding the dimly lit room with incandescent power joined with the dazzling twinkle of fair lights strung up in the corridor. The smell of freshly baked muffins wafted through the air with their tantalising smell. Baubles wound up the malachite, prolific tree entwined in its wake coruscating, prismatic shimmering lights adorning it. I wanted to stay here all night, I counted the silent ticks from the Grandfather clock swept away to a discreet corner of the room. Midnight.

Minutes passed and I swayed in my seat, when the clock finally showed it was 12:15 I got out of the armchair and clambered up the stairs. Pushing open the creaky bedroom door I slipped inside the bedsheets. Snow fell more heavily glistening and showing off their radiance like a peacock's feather's fanning open showing a iridescent display of scintillant colour. Brilliant white shone out against the calignosity of sable darkness as I felt my eye's droop. I rolled over and the sight of falling snow sank into impenetrable crepuscule darkness. The last images of Christmas and the extravagant fire diminished. I closed my eyes... "Ahh!" Fear tightened in my chest as robust fingers curled around my arm dangling off the side of the bed, wrapping tight as I looked down to see a gloved hand pulling me. I felt my weightless body slide off the bed and hit the wood floor hard. I struggled to catch the glimpse of the person only to be knocked back with the force of a sledgehammer.

"Stop struggling!" A voice vociferated and I could smell the sweet scent of sedative that danced up my nose, calming my racing heart and blood vessels that surged forward.

"There, there, everything is going to be FINE," I bit back the urge to punch the man in the face as my fatigued body slumped and crumpled, I felt every single living organ in my body fall dead and limp as my body was pulled closer.

"There, finish her off shall we Dad, finish her off like she was supposed to. She was supposed to be dead a long time ago." I wanted to hear more but my body faught with me before I fell limp. Unconciuous.

Note:

This is a good scene. You were able to establish the chilling and frightening atmosphere in your story through the use of dialogues. However, your setting is not well established. Remember that a good setting is one that appropriately describes the time, place, and environment of the narrative. A good setting also helps to connect the plot to the characters, and builds the mood and theme appropriately. Consider the elements of time, location, weather next time, and use more descriptive words to add more flavour in your work.

Mark: 46/50