

## Loyal Sacrifices

The fire mesmerised me, I couldn't take my eyes off its enchanting glow. The heat of the magical flames radiated onto me, against the cruel, cold winter night. The wind howled, roaring, fighting against the flame's radiance, fighting for dominance. Ghostly shadows were cast onto the bleak, beige walls, haunting the flames. I stared at the clock ticking. It was 12 o' clock. I should have been asleep hours ago, but something strange about the flames. Something supernatural was dancing in the inferno.

I looked at the harsh, frigid environment, and the warm hearth inside my cosy house. I had to make a decision whether to look for my lost dog Bob who I lost during a walk through the woods.

If I wandered out there to look for my dog, it would be freezing, and I would hardly see a metre in front of me. But I had a chance to save him. I would be facing nature's wrath and there was a large chance I would get lost or injured. But I couldn't bear to live without knowing if my dog was alive or not. He was tough, and definitely would survive out there. I had a slim chance of finding him out in the forest and making it back safely to my safe abode. I remembered all the fond memories I had with Bob and how playful he was.

If I didn't go outside there was no chance Bob would survive the night and I would never see him again. I would be keeping myself alive but sacrificing his. But if it tried to save him, I was putting both of our lives at a risk instead of just Bob. I would be able to live life but with the pain for losing Bob out in the forest. His bark and howl would haunt me for eternity as I kept on living my life, while he was alone in the forest.

I heard a dog's howl outside. I had to save Bob. All the years of him guiding me and playing with meant I owed him, more than just saving his life. I couldn't just leave him to rot outside in the sub zero blizzard, waiting loyally until I would come to rescue him, which I wouldn't. I took a glance outside and warmed my hands one last time in the fire.

I grabbed my coat, gloves and a blanket with me and stepped into the malevolent forest, ready to do whatever it takes, to save Bob.

### Note:

This is a satisfying scene. I especially like how you used detailed images to describe this period in your life. Furthermore, as I read it, I was able to see the image you're attempting to create because of how you used precise phrases to fit in with the environment and ambiance. You may, however, incorporate conversation and any other important elements that add to the scenario. Don't merely stick to the present literary aspects; push your work forward.

Mark: 47/50