

## Part 2, The return

I sighed. I looked back to my dilapidated house. Inside the house, the old, rusty grandfather clock struck 10. I stared at the weak camp fire. It was my all. I lost everything before. My parents died to cancer, my grandparents all died of old age. The only thing they left me were the charcoal fragments from my favourite time of year. Campfire night.

I remember vividly, the raging fire, the marshmallows on sticks. It was all gone now. Just lonely me, in front of a weak, struggling fire. The wind whipped me with its jagged body, piercing my skin and chilling me from the inside. I looked past the fire, there was a dark silhouette of a figure, being distorted by the haze of the fire. "Who is there?" I asked.

"Me! your cousin Caleb!" Came the reply.

"What are you doing here?" I asked.

"It's campfire night isn't it?" He answered with a shine in his eyes. "I brought marshmallows."

For the first time since my <sup>parents'</sup> ~~parents~~-passing, I smiled. I saw the fire. It jumped up happily, not weak and tired anymore.

### Note:

This is an okay scene. However, I highly advise that you employ sensory detail. All five senses may be used to create a strong atmosphere - sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste. All you have to do is use your best judgment for the impression you want to accomplish. Do you want to instill a sense of loneliness in your audience through the setting? Well, you may show the world through the eyes of your characters. Try to expose the world as the characters interact with it, because the most evocative setting descriptions are those that are somewhat affected by an individual's perspective.

Mark: 43/50