

I found myself, sitting by the fireplace on this cold winter night in my cosy, yet rough armchair. The flickering of flames that I saw, felt like it was percolating into my bones. I thought about what was happening outside. Was it the forceful wind making a hurricane, making plants being destroyed and buildings falling down? Or was it the opposite? I didn't bother to look. Even though I knew I should have retired many, many hours ago. Later, I shuffled and huddled closer and closer to the fireplace. I couldn't help but think that I should be here, next to the flicking of the hot flames grabbing whatever was thrown in it. And here I was, slowly dozing off in my warm blanket.

**Note:**

Some corrections are provided above. The work is good but you can also add more details or describe the setting way better and with more descriptions. It is best that you give consideration on the sufficiency of the details added and the topic involved. Nonetheless, the work is good, just needed expansion and impactful terms.

Marks (47/50)