

Layla stood there, gazing at the lights falling across the dark sky. The fire was crackling and hissing heartily priming itself to last the integral night. Sticks and wood were thrown in, the fire eminently gobbling it up in no time. If it wasn't for the tepid and chambrè fire, we would have had hypothermia and frozen to death precedently. The fire reminded me of my family, at home. A miniature fire of our own. My children called James and Jack who are twins, wearing the exact matching clothes and shoes, fighting about who copied who's style, exultantly cantering through the park hopefully finding enlarged stick to burn. The attentiveness of their safety bothered my heart, but knew, sacrifices had to be made. Tear transpired down my cheeks, as I was determined then ever to set a role model, as the warmth settled me down into a deep sleep.

I like how you tried to achieve a more nostalgic feel to it, with the reminiscing and all. I just wish you used more descriptive language as you describe the setting because you focused more on the people and their whereabouts. It would've been better if you established first the setting, used more sensory language to allow your readers to pain a vivid picture in their head. Anyway, good job, still.

Mark=46/50