

## Part 2-Vinal Liyanage

I was sitting near the balmy flames of the fire. I rubbed my hands near it. Before I was here, enjoying the night next to the flames of calmness, I was as cold as snow put into icy water. I was going insane. Now I was resting here, in peace, silently listening to the beautiful sound of the flames popping like Pop Rocks. My glacial frosted hands were melting. The smoke rose into the air, in spirals, up to the chimney top, where the smoke would finally be free. The golden flames were growing and the more they grew the more relaxing everything was. I was turning around to get comfy. My blanket was covering me perfectly, just like the night sky. When looking outside you could hear the wind howling, like a wolf. I was beckoning the heat to come to me and embrace me.

This is well-written! Though I think it lacks a bit more details, I find this piece rather comforting. I love how you described the flames. Also, I believe you can do better in terms of describing your feelings. I think you can choose better words to effectively bring the setting to life as well as immerse your readers into your writing! Anyway, good job!

Mark=46/50