

Part 2

Twirling Into The Twilight

Dancing, swirling, flickering cerulean flames twirled in benevolent contentness. Spiraling pillars of mesmerizing smoke rose into the heavens as zephyrs blew their distinguished souls across the lands. Hypnotic, captivating swirls of flames absorbed my eyes into its natural beauty. The piles of wood were charred and scarred as pieces of their souls were reincarnated into glamorous ribbons of warmth. Crackling in its own pleasure, another burst of laughter erupted from the fire. Fluorescent, omniscient blue tendrils of light shone from inside the fire.

Wisps of elegant, carefree smoke ran through the night sky. The stars twinkled above the swirling mass of flames. The soft pitter patter of rain ceased at the sound of sizzling. Scorched planks of oak sat at the bottom of the flames. My body pulsates with the warmth and safety of this fire. Even the animals from the lake were coming to see. A soft disturbance broke the tranquility of the evening's perfect reflection on the lake. A pelican waddled over to the tepid, chambré fire. Playing with its feathers as droplets of water fell into the blaze. A full moon shone majestically down the lake as an eerie reflection stole its beauty. Shadows of light prancing through the trees revealed another pair of pelicans waiting for fish. I noticed the pelicans hiding in the trees as my neighbors pets, coincidentally named Phineas and Ferb. One of the pelicans looked at the other and glanced at me as if to say "Come on I know what to do today, lets go hunt some humans" The dancing flames licked at the air, hungry for more fuel. Desperate and yearning for a break from burning through the night. I decided now was a good time for smores. A soft, reassuring purr reverberated through the long, protruding beak of the pelican. As the soft, cackling of the fire came to an end, a zealous breeze had made the last of the flickering flames finish. The pelican by my side looked at me with desperate eyes. As if to say " I want some smores too!" I feed the longing pelicans a nibble of my smore. My mind danced in rhythm to the symphony of the trees. Then, like all good things, the music stopped. The pelican trudged reluctantly back to their protective waters. I closed my fatigued weary eyes. And the last thing I saw was embers laughing and playing with the last piece of unfinished smore.

Nice utilisation of decriptive words and high quality terms in the work. However, the balance between the words and the comprehensiveness of the work may have been disrupted slightly. I suggest that if you engage in utilising high quality words, be careful and make sure that the work is on point. Nonetheless, the requirements are included but also consider the quality of the work itself.

Keep going!
Marks (48/50)