

I sat next to the blistering flames, tending the blazing fire. Suddenly, the sparks flared and I retracted, fixing the coal with my overlong stick. My job here was to mind the tinder that kept the house snug and summery and that was all. This winter was frosty and glacial, with bitter Siberian winds unsympathetically pounding at your door. Without the heat, I would have turned into an icicle long ago. But still, I was sick. And not just a small sneeze sick like most posh people in this town, I was on the verge of dying sick. I had no warm clothes and had to inhale the only oxygen in the steam of the fire, I had to suffer from the piercing cold and the flaring fire. I had no one to take care of me, despite this serious illness, not even the wicked house owners. They would fancy facing their back to to face and watch me grit my teeth of the evening cold; but still, I persisted. I don't believe in heaven or hell, but I do believe in revenge. You have to be prepared to sacrifice your time and health to do so and to go out in the raw weather taking on all risks to gather firewood for the dark fire to consume and devour, bracing yourself for its sudden, spasmodic gasps of blazes and temper, devoting your patience to stoke the heavy embers. It's seem like the only thing I was actually connected to actually hated me. I was used to that anyway, 'cause everyone around here hates me. I was a servant, a maid, but most importantly, a creature, and a tree. I was a creature, unrecognized by society following faithfully my one and only master, myself. I was a tree, growing and nourishing but not knowing if I was doing so to be a pig for slaughter or not. I was, Cinderella.

This was so beautifully written. I am in awe. I love the choice of words. You were able to paint a vivid picture for your readers, such as myself. And not only that, you were able to effectively immerse me in your writing. You brought the setting to life! Good job!

Mark=50/50