

I remember the first time I took my Katniss hunting vividly. She was 6-7 give or take.

We hadn't had much breakfast, just a small slice of hard, stale bread each with a meagre amount of small berries that popped in your mouth, leaving a sour after-taste. I was sure that they had gone off, but a small stomach ache is better than starving. I kissed my wife, and the baby we were expecting, Prim, goodbye, and we set off for the fence.

The dark clouds loomed overhead, but I was sure it wouldn't rain. We walked stealthily towards the boundary, not that the Capitol cared anyway.

NICE USE
OF
SETTING

'Now, Katniss, don't ever do this by yourself, alright?' I said cautiously. She raised her eyebrows. 'Why not? You do it.' I laughed. 'Gosh you're a sassy one aren't you? Only, and I mean only, do this when you need to, got it?' She rolled her eyes but reluctantly agreed. I showed her where I hid my bow, arrows, and my dagger. She gasped at the size of the bow, but I assured her she could manage it. I stood at the fence, listening. 'What are you doing?!' She said, breaking the silence. I sighed and lifted my finger to my mouth to gesture for her to stay quiet. She just stared at me. 'What are you doing?!' She repeated. 'I'm trying to listen to see if the electricity is on.' I said, annoyed, but I smiled at her. There was no hum, we were safe. [check paragraphing around speech](#)

I lay flat on my back and slid underneath the barbed wire barricade. I gestured for her to do the same. 'Come on, you can do it.' I encouraged her.

Once we were in the forest, I saw the birds I had come to love-Mockingjay's. 'Watch this.' I said to Katniss. I sang my song and the birds repeated it back. 'Wow!' she said in awe. As we walked on, the pretty birds sang along. Soon, I spotted a rabbit hopping around some thick bushes. 'Now watch, kid. Look what I do.' I whispered to Katniss. I crouched down and she followed suit. I carefully loaded the bow, pulled back the string, and...there. The arrow whistled through the air, and went cleanly through the rabbit's eye. [You describe his actions, creating the sense of a loving, protective father](#)

Katniss gasped a little. 'Doesn't that hurt it?' She asked curiously. 'No, don't worry. It's practically painless.' I replied calmly. 'It's so quick they don't realise what happened, and before they find out, they're gone.' We walked over to the limp rabbit, and I quickly yanked out the arrow. I did a brief scan of the area before we set off again. I attached the furry creature onto my belt.

The forest abruptly opened out into a clearing, the murky, sparkling pond in the middle. The dark clouds cleared, leaving a golden, summery haze surrounding us both. 'Here, Katniss, fill this flask up with that water will you.' I ordered, handing the child the big, metal flask. She ran towards the water and fished the flask under until it was completely full. I grinned as I noticed a familiar plant growing amidst the shallow water. I hurried over and crouched down.

I explained to Katniss what this was. 'This here is a Katniss plant!' I said. She gasped excitedly. 'They named a plant after me?!' She said proudly. 'We named you after this!' I said, chuckling, holding one gently towards her. 'Wow!' She exclaimed. The delicate white flower on the sharp, narrow green stalk danced gently in the breeze.

[nice detail, great for illustrating his character is close to nature like Katniss'](#)

I breathed in the sweet air, filled with clean nature. I stood up and told her 'Come now, let's find some berries.' She nodded her head enthusiastically.

We walked back through the thick cover of short trees and bushes until I found the thick bushes speckled with colourful circles. Katniss ran towards them, and picked a dark blue and purple berry and held it up to her mouth to eat.

How could setting suggest this might happen?

'Wait, Katniss, no!' I shouted and sprinted towards her. She dropped the berry immediately, confused. 'What?' 'O-oh, ju-just that's a nightlock, Katniss! That'll kill you five seconds after eating it!' I said angrily. She looked hurt, but warned me I was being too loud. I sighed at myself. 'Oh, y-yeah. Look I am sorry, Katniss...I just need you to be safe. I need to know that you can do this by yourself.' I said, lowering my voice. 'I understand.' She said, grinning, showing her toothy smile. 'Can we get more *edible* berries now? I'm hungry.' I smiled fondly back, and nodded. I showed her which ones were edible, and tested her on her poison knowledge afterwards. 'Which ones can we eat?' I asked. She pointed to the light green ones on a smaller bush and some deep purple ones. I nodded proudly. 'And which ones can't we eat?' she pointed to the deadly nightlock. 'Good!' I said, applauding her. She beamed back at me. Soon we had a whole bag full of sweet berries.

I found a small hill for us to sit on, and we feasted on them. 'Catch!' She said, and threw a berry towards me. I caught it in my mouth and the tartly sweet juice burst onto my tongue. I threw back at her, and she caught hers too. She did a celebratory dance, singing 'I won! I won!'. Almost as if in response, the Mockingjay's sang my song along with her.

We played at this for a while, throwing and eating berries, singing, sipping the cool, cold water. I looked over the hills all the way to the shining, shimmering buildings in the distance. 'Is that the Capitol?' Katniss asked, seeing I was distracted. 'Yes.' I said begrudgingly. 'They are the ones that ruined everything.' I whispered quietly, grinding my teeth together. She looked confused, so I explained the war of the districts against the Capitol, the brutal killing of District 13. She had already had to endure 7 years of watching The Hunger Games, people murdering others to survive. Many starved in the streets of District 12, you were lucky if you lived beyond thirty, and those that did...their lives were just as bad.

his words and actions contribute to his character well here

'Stupid Capitol.' She said louder than I would have liked. 'I hate th-' 'No! N-no you don't, Katniss. You're just joking.' I interrupted quickly, looking around nervously. Her face became cross. 'No, I really do ha-' 'Katniss.' I warned, signalling that they might be listening to us. 'Oh,' She said, realising. 'Sorry.' I sighed that this was our reality, scared of the Capitol, what they might do to us. I wished I could shield her from them, the dangerous world around us, but that was out of my power, out of everyone's, the only ones who held it were the Capitol.

'Come on,' I said cheerfully. 'I think we should shoot some more game!' She nodded enthusiastically, and we made our way deeper into the forest. I watched Katniss as she ran through the long grass, a rough path trampled by me a few weeks ago. At the time I knew I would have to return to the mine the next day, so I had made sure we had enough food to keep us going. Sometimes I would have had to hunt at night.

Katniss brushed her hand against the tall plants, clearly relishing in the fact that she had a break from the thick, blackened air that we breathed in every day.

'Father!' Katniss hissed. I heard many birds fly out of the trees, rustling the leaves. I snapped round and saw there was a squirrel resting on a strong branch of a tree. 'You can shoot it quickly!' She whispered. 'Here.' I said, unhooking the bow and arrow from my belt and handing it to her. 'Really?' Katniss asked. I nodded, smiling. I gently helped her load the arrow, and aim, she pulled back, and...the arrow flew through the air. Bam.

It almost hit the small animal, but it hit the branch below it. The squirrel fled, bounding hurriedly across the ground. Katniss looked defeated. 'Its ok! This was your first try, remember? Hey, when I was younger I-'

In the blink of an eye, she had loaded, aimed, and set off another arrow in the opposite direction. It flew past me, and I heard it hit something. I whipped around to see she had hit a small bird directly in the eye, like I had taught her. 'Wow.' I said, very impressed. She beamed back at me. I walked over to the bird and yanked out the arrow. It was certainly dead.

The sun was setting, and I knew from studying the few hours we get electricity that the fence was bound to be turning on soon. 'Come now, I'm very proud of you, Katniss, my little hunter in the making.' I said, kissing her forehead. I attached the bird to my belt, I would use my dagger to prepare the meats and berries later on. My wife and I had just managed to save up enough to buy the silky soft goat cheese we all loved.

[lovely use of narrative voice to illustrate his character as a loving father too](#)
So, me and my little apprentice hunter walked back home, our arms around each other, with a generous feast for me, my wife, the soon-to-be-born baby Prim, and my dear daughter, Katniss, the beautiful Mockingjay's wishing us goodbye.

[Think about how you can use things such as his name and appearance to add to the reader's understanding of his character.](#)