

English Elephant Homework Week 5 Nice details

'Hey, Nip, over here'. My dad's gruff voice called me over. His volume was low. We were about to cross the fence. He didn't want us caught. He pulled back a bush with one big, strong hand and winked at me. "After you, Milady". I giggled; I don't giggle anymore.

good use of his speech

I got down on my hands and knees and crawled under. There was just enough room for my dad to get through. It wasn't like he had a gut or anything, only the people in the higher districts could afford one of those. He smiled at me while he stood and patted off the muck from his coal dust coated trousers, more of a habit, I supposed. The smile didn't meet his eyes, though. There was a speck of sadness held within those dark eyes. He didn't say anything. Instead, he put his finger on his lip reminding me to keep quiet, and then made a great ordeal out of pretending to sneak around.

Lovely description of his appearance

and his actions

He bent over as he ran. Pausing in the great grass field and looking left and right. Then, when he was about halfway across, he turned and motioned for me to come. I practically skipped over the field and jumped into his open arms. He picked me up and swung me into a fireman's hold. 'Now, Katniss', he said to me, I could feel his warm breath against my arm, 'now, we find our weapons'.

You use stereotypes of fathers and masculinity to add to his character here - good

We had entered the forest and I started searching immediately. I was too excited to properly examine my surroundings. As I looked hard for the log my father had told me about, the one he told me and my mother and little Prim about, the one in which he hid his bows and arrows, my father stood back. I assumed he was watching me. But when I looked back to tell him that I was unsuccessful in my little hunt. I saw him, eyes closed, head up, and breathing deeply. He looked at peace here, like this was where he was made to be. Not our shack of a house or the confines of the coal mines. I didn't care how at peace he looked, though. I was seven and impatient.

Lovely detail about his actions.

I ran over to him and tugged on his thin t-shirt. 'Daddy', I whined, 'Daddy, I can't find it'.

He looked down at me and smiled. 'There's no need to rush, little Nip; we have all day after all'. I rolled my eyes at this and then proceeded to make them as big as I could, sticking out my bottom lip as well. My father laughed; it was a deep laugh, not loud as such but one you could feel in your bones. The birds laughed too and then I was laughing, and he took my hand and led me deeper into the forest, with a chorus of laughter emanating from the tree branches around us.

lovely setting details

We were stationed at the base of a huge oak tree. The roots rose and sank into the ground like little waves, and I jumped over them while my father sat back, whittling. He was making arrows and humming to himself as he did so. Soon the humming turned into a song. I could hear some birds joining him as well. It was the Hanging Tree. My dad always sang me this song. My mother wasn't fond of it, though. I jumped my last root and ran over to the little satchel that Father had stored in the old log with the bow and arrows. It had Kai roughly carved into the front. At the time, I thought this was the bag maker's name. I hadn't realised it had been my dad's. To me, his name had just been dad and just about every variation of that you could think of. I reached into the bag and pulled out a long piece of rope. I tied the ends together and hung it over my neck. 'A necklace of rope, side by side with me', I giggled along with my father's song. He smiled at me again and laughed a little. An empty laugh.

good choice of name!

We stayed here for an hour or more, just playing, singing, and whittling. Then, as the sun started to grow tired of its high spot in the sky, we gathered up the game and headed back through the forest. Once we reached the log, and Father had packed the things away inside

it, I started to skip onward. It was less than half a minute before I realised he was not following me. I turned and walked back.

I saw him hunched over at the base of the log, facing away from me. 'Dad?' I called out. He moved suddenly, scooping up any leaves he could find at his knees and covering the base of the log. I saw him try to slyly wipe his eyes as he did so. 'Daddy?' I said again, 'Daddy, why are you taking so long?' He turned to me and smiled. 'Patience, Katniss, patience'. He stood, dusted the imaginary muck off his trousers and turned to me. 'Remember, no one can ever know we come out here'. I nodded in response and bounded forward to take his hand. We walked silently back home.

At the time, I didn't understand, I probably still don't fully, but I still felt the emptiness inside him, not emptiness as such, maybe pain. I shared it now, I had the responsibility he did. I had a family to take care of.

Note:

I wanted the reader to view Katniss's dad as calm and fun, I wanted to create the idea that he was a kind person and very aware of the confines which are the Capitol. This awareness leads to him being troubled, but trying desperately to hide this from his young daughter, showing his love for her. [You have done that very well.](#)

I like this
unconventional
detail - think
about how you
an develop it