

Good use of narrative voice to present him as a calm and empathetic man and loving father - well done.

nice - i see  
he is hard  
working and  
one of the  
many  
struggling in  
D12

As I step out onto the dirty cinder street, I'm greeted by the normal sight. Men and women, all with hunched backs and gloomy expressions. To be honest, this is perfectly understandable. No one, not even the most optimistic, will be skipping along to another gruelling day in the mines. The darkness and dampness in them is bad enough, but spending six days a week in them is just awful. I stare down at my nails. Broken and black with dust and grime. It always irritates me, the thick layer of grey coal dust that gathers on every surface. Especially on my shaving mirror. My sweet seven year old daughter, Prim, polishes it every evening for me. My daughters. They make every day spent in the mines worth it. My darling Katniss, already skilled with bow and arrow, eleven. And dear Prim, radiant and happy.

I'm pretty close to the mines now. I glance up at the cloudy, colourless sky. The few weak rays of sunlight showing are cold and unwelcoming. Just like the mines. I let out a sigh. My breath hangs there, in the air, in a small cloud. January is usually like this, cold and icy. This makes the mines even worse, since they're normally twice as cold as above. My small hammer swings by my side, worn and chipped, covered with frost. I rub it with my gloves, melting the icy layer. Nice detail - it implies his warmth

Twelve hours a day, chipping away coal with an old hammer is not really an acceptable job, but at least you get paid, and as long as district twelve produces its coal quotas, the Capitol just ignores us. Which is fine by us, as no one, and I mean no one, wants to end up like district thirteen. Bombed and poisoned by the toxic gases in the weapons. I shudder. Explosions in the mines are not considered unusual here, and those at the scene will most probably have to be scraped off the ground. I consider myself lucky to not have been blasted apart yet. I've seen the injuries of severe burns before, as my dear wife is an experienced healer. But most of the patients die, in spite of her efforts.

Lovely detail

I glance up at the sky once again, to find it as grey and depressed as ever. I sigh, and step into mines. The flood of miners entering at this hour is always rather claustrophobic, but one gets used to it. I greet some friends, and proceed downwards to my mining spot. After around ten minutes, I reach it.

And immediately feel something wrong.

The ground feels as though it's about to explode.

An activated mine. I freeze. One false move, one tiny little amount of pressure in the wrong spot would mean disaster. I call out to my friends. Warning them. They all freeze, testing the ground carefully before stepping. My heart is in my throat. Will this gloomy mine be my death bed?

My hands are frozen stiff.

My chipped hammer begins to slide down my clenched fists.

There's nothing I can do. I can't even move my hands.

The hammer slides further down.

I try to swallow. My spit feels like glue in my mouth. I squeeze my eyes shut.

The hammer slips out of my hands.

And the world around me explodes. I love this ending

This is very impressive. you create the sense of someone who is resigned, brave and aware of their weaknesses - no mean feat! Very good.

Think about how you could use other details like names to add to the character's development.