

I love that you repeat the idea of death and danger throughout the different things you tell me in this paragraph - it really increases the tension

I stare across the graveyard. One hundred and one graves, overgrown with ivy and moss, battered by the wind and rain. The names of the dead carved into the stones almost carelessly. Standing in front of them all is the church. Cold grey stone, stern and unforgiving. Surrounded by the sour scent of death. No. Not death. Murder. **OOO - this is a nice start! You have introduced the idea of death and danger straight away!**

I wander through the headstones, careful to cover up my footsteps as I go along. This is not too hard, since the grass and weeds are so overgrown that no one would notice. However, you can't be too careful here. Because if you are caught here, death will most certainly be awaiting you. And if I'm caught here, it would not only put me in a coffin, but my entire family and friends too. In short, everyone who had played a part in lying about my identity.

I reach the one hundred and first grave. My own. This headstone is almost weed free, except for a few strands of ivy sneaking up the back. In an untidy scrawl, it says:

*Kiara Blackthorn, 13. May you rest in agony.*

RIA. Rest In Agony. Because all these graves are of people who disobeyed the church. And the church kills in the most awful ways. Hanging. Burning. Poisoning. The list is endless.

The reason that I am alive and not buried beneath my grave is horrifying. It consists of one single element. Love.

My very own sister is lying in my coffin.

Dead.

**Nice use of flashback, suggesting this past event is important to your protagonist**

Because of me. I remember that day. The thunderstorm. The church people rattling the knocker. Demanding me. And my death. Immediately. Then they asked, 'where is Kiara Blackthorn?' And my sister stepped up. Pretending to be me. For the Church had never laid eyes on me before, and did not know what I looked like. All screams and pleas and sobs from me had no effect. They killed her within an hour. I fled. Heartbroken and wrecked. Crushed.

This had been a plan. My sister to take my identity, and for me to flee. A rumour had been passed around about me. A bad rumour. A rumour that would get me killed. They took my sister the day I was informed of this. As soon as they took her, my parents forced me to flee. Because if someone let slip that they had killed the wrong person, everyone that had pretended would be murdered. And do you know the worst part? Do you know who came up with this plan, this idea?

My sister.

She sacrificed herself for me. And I'm going to avenge her death. I'm going to kill the church. Because it is on them that she's dead.

By the time I come back to myself, it's dark. I immediately stiffen. Being out in the graveyard after sunset is possibly the worst time to get caught. In the past 6 months that I've been coming here, no one's seen me. This is actually pretty impressive, since the church has half a dozen guards patrolling the yard after sunset. The fact that they haven't seen me is a miracle.

Crouching low, I set off, pausing every few headstones to look around. My outfit is suited quite well to this sort of activity. A skintight jumpsuit and black soundless shoes. My skill, however, isn't.

**Returning to this moment is effective - we see her purpose and presence here**

Nice repetition of the word 'rumour' - it creates the idea of gossip being passed around

My plan is to get inside the second floor of the church, enter the leaders chamber and stab him. After that, to get out of there. ASAP.

I slip out of the graveyard, and only have to walk five minutes to get to the back of church. Fifty or so meters up is an open window. My place of entry. As I size up the wall, I notice an issue. The stones that the church is made from are completely smooth, with grooves between them. The grooves have a considerable amount of space, but it won't be easy.

I place a foot on a particularly large gap, and haul myself up, gripping on what little space the grooves give. Then the next foot. And the next. Hands producing a tonne of sweat in thirty seconds. Next foot. Rhythm. Repetition. And.... There. My sweaty hands pull me up onto the window ledge. I swing my legs over, and set them soundlessly on the hard stone floor. Pulling my dagger out of my pocket, I proceed along the passage way. This is harder than I imagined, since there are fireplaces every ten meters, each one ablaze. I stick to shadows, peering through the keyhole of every door I come across. After twelve doors, I find it. Heavy oak, brass knocker. The Leaders chamber. The sound of heavy breathing comes from inside. I sidle into the room, again, sticking to shadows. This room is the grandest I've seen in my life. Thick carpet, Oak furniture, a bed way too big for one person and, of course, pictures of all the deaths he organized. The man makes me sick. The whole organization makes me sick. Their greed for power and control makes me sick. I glower at the fireplace, which burns in a merry fashion quite unsuitable for the circumstances.

I'm at the bed now. I can't bear to look at the Leader, so I focus on his heart. My target. With one hand, I cover his head firmly with a fluffy pillow to prohibit sound. My hands are trembling. I raise my right arm. And bring it down with a force that sends blood squirting, makes bones crunch. A scream attempts to escape his lips, but it's too late. The deathly sharp point of the dagger pierces his heart. Blood spurts. I yank the dagger out. Even if someone comes, rescue is out of question. The man's dead for good. Shoving the dagger into my pocket, I flee the room. Fly across the passageway. Without thinking, I hurl myself out of the window. And plunge to the ground.

The impact wipes every whisp of air from my lungs. I probably fractured something, but I don't feel it. I lie there, gasping for air. After a ten or so minutes I get up and begin to make my way to the woods. There is where I've been living since my sisters death. I don't have many possessions, only a blanket, soap bar, one change of clothes and a sling shot. But I get by. I made myself a durable shelter, and it does its job. I live next to a pond and berry bushes, and I fish and hunt and make fires. To be honest, I prefer solitary life. It suits me fine. I reach my shelter and go inside. The first thing I do is clean the dagger and put it away. I peer out of my shelter.

The moon stares at me, white as snow. [Nice symbolism at the end here](#)

I know what its telling me.

That it was right that that man should go.

[You use repetition and a narrative arc well. I think your structural choices are more inventive in the first half than the second.](#)

[Think about how you might use a flashback again in the second half to remind the reader that your protagonist is doing this for their sister.](#)