

Nice choice of name!

Oak walked out of his rundown home on the edge of the Seam and headed down to the high fence that surrounded District 12 with his 9 year old daughter, Katniss, whose birthday it was today. Today was the day that he would teach her how to hunt, for he was constantly in danger of death while he worked in the mines, meaning that he would need someone to feed the family in the case of him coming to an untimely end.

“Shh,” whispered Oak, “look around and listen, Katniss. Before we crawl under the fence, we need to first look around. Hunting is illegal, so we can’t let any Peacekeepers see us. Some of them are our friends, they buy meat from us, but others are loyal to the Capitol and will see us punished.”

“Okay,” Katniss replied quietly, “what do I need to listen for?”

“The electric charge in the fence,” said Oak gravely, “it is supposed to be on all day, but is barely ever on. Listen for the hum of electricity.

They stood there still for a moment, then Katniss gasped, “I hear something, is it the fence?”

“Yes, which means we will have to wait.” He sighed, “This is going to be a while.”

Just as he spoke the buzz coming off the fence, wavered, then fell silent completely.

“Is it safe now?” Katniss asked, eyeing the fence warily.

“Yes,” answered Oak, “we got lucky this time, but sometimes I have had to wait whole hours for it to turn off.”

You create the idea that he is a caring father through the speech and narrative voice

He led Katniss to the hole in the fence that led to the woods outside of the district, full of flesh eaters and so many trees that anyone who didn’t know the place would get lost as soon as they lost sight of the fence. That is, if you didn’t have someone familiar with the forest with you anyway, like Katniss did.

“You must always be alert while you are here, Katniss,” commanded Oak, “nearly everything here is out to kill you, but a lot of things, dangerous and friendly, can be eaten.”

good

They walked to a tree next to which was a hollow log. From that log Oak took out two bows, one big enough for an adult, the other one a bit smaller, three quarters of the size of the first one. “Happy birthday Katniss!” declared Oak, “this is what I have been working on in the last few weeks. Your very own bow!”

“Wow!” exclaimed Katniss, “We won’t have to take turns with yours and I get a bow! Wait, you already said that. But I get a bow!”

“Yes Katniss, I know that you are excited, but you can’t tell anyone about this though. I have already told your mother about it, and Prim is still too young. Do you understand?” asked Oak calmly.

“I understand, Dad,” replied Katniss solemnly.

The two silently walked further into the woods, and after ten minutes of walking, Oak stopped and whispered, “There is a rabbit warren right over there,” he pointed to a hole in the ground, then to another in a tree, “and there are normally squirrels living in that tree too. The baker who lives down by the town square always buys them. Look, there’s a rabbit coming out of the warren. I’ll shoot this one, and you watch, then you can try the next one.”

The rabbit crawled out of the warren and looked around for a moment. At the same time, Oak notched an arrow, drew back the string of his bow, while Katniss watched carefully, and let loose the arrow into the rabbit’s eye, and then through its skull, killing it instantly.

“Woah,” breathed Katniss, “your aim is so good!”

“Thank you,” smiled Oak, “now you try the next one, a squirrel might come out too, you can also shoot one of those.”

Katniss notched an arrow and then tried moving the bow around to adjust her aim. Then, suddenly, a grey squirrel flew out of a hole in the tree, and Katniss let go of her arrow, which sailed through the air until it pierced the rodent’s tail, pinning it to the tree. Katniss then readied another arrow which she sent in the squirrel’s eye, following her father’s example.

“Well done Katniss,” congratulated Oak, “you’re a natural at this!”

“Thank y-” Katniss’s reply was interrupted when a wild dog jumped from behind her and clawed at her leg, tearing a huge gash.

“Aaaahhhhhh! Dad help!” she cried as the dog got ready to attack again.

“Don’t move Katniss!” ordered Oak as he whipped out an arrow and reached for his bow, but its string had been snapped when the wild dog had ambushed them. He grunted in frustration and stabbed the animal’s neck with the arrow, and watched it fall limp to the ground, dead. “ [This makes him seem very strong](#)

Are you okay Katniss,” asked Oak, concerned, “can I see how deep that is?”

“Okay,” replied Katniss, shaking from the pain, “do you have any bandages?”

“No, but there are some plants here that can help though.”

He wandered off for a minute, and then came back with a handful of leaves, some of them he told Katniss to eat some, then he crushed the rest of them and smeared them on Katniss’s wound. “Good hunting today, Katniss,” Oak smiled, “I look forwards to hunting together in the future.”

[Think about how descriptions of his appearance could reinforce some of the ideas you have already suggested.](#)