

Katniss Father Story

Whoosh! An arrow cut through the air, and pierced the squirrel dead in the eye. It screeched, fur on end as it jumped up, and it fell to its side. I felt a flash of pity for a moment, but then it was gone, vanquished by my rumbling belly. I found it strange how people were always so hurried to get home from the mines, but, like my father, I really feel at home in the wilderness. He walked over to the squirrel, and picked it up by its tail. It dangled from his hand, passed out, and, quickly, he drew his hunting knife across its throat. Its chest stopped its light rise and fall, and he put it in his game bag. He turned and gave me a smile, the same smile that I could remember he had given me since I was a little child. The special smile he reserved for me. Even my mother rarely got a smile so full of love, yet it was always there for me when we were alone in the forest. His voice, like honey, rang out deep, yet somehow soft and gentle. 'Alright, Katniss?' I nodded, and he gave me that smile again, took my hand, and led me out of the forest.

you include a lovely range of information here his actions, his voice, his smile - great!

We passed the same broad oaks, with green leaves, cascading down, canopies above us, tweeting with the songs of little robins. Ancient, wrinkled weeping willows had beautiful light green leaves that came down chrome the top, like hair sprouting from its long body of strong bark, and moist wood. I had always thought a weeping willow was a strange name for a tree so unremarkably beautiful, beautiful in a way that a water drop can make a spider web look beautiful if the light catches it in the right way. Beautiful in a way that you have to really look to see its beauty. I suppose, in a way, my father was like the weeping willow. At first sight, he would appear a tall, intimidating man, shrouded in mystery, but, once you got to know him, he was beautiful inside. Just like the weeping willow, a tall, imposing tree, shrouded in its leaves, but once you get closer to it, you realise just how beautiful it is, by just being a part of nature.

i love this - not only have you described his appearance and character, but you use setting to do that - and suggest his connection to nature too. Excellent

We arrived at my father's hollow log, where he stashed away his bow and arrow. He always kept his hunting knife on him, always wickedly sharp, glinting against the sun. He had sat me down one day and explained to me that there were dangerous people out there. Of course, out of the way of my mother. I was young, but I knew that she didn't like my father telling me that stuff. I had nodded and agreed with him, because I knew about the Capitol, and that was all I needed to know in terms of dangerous and scary people. As we walked back, I found myself humming *The Hanging Tree*. I knew mother told us to stop singing it, but nonetheless, the words had imprinted themselves in my mind, and, despite the fact that my father knew that my mother had expressly forbidden us to sing this song, he didn't stop me, merely fixed me with a piercing stare when I looked up at him. The simple fact was I loved my father. He was jolly, fun, protective, and stern when he needed to be, which was very rare. He had never raised his voice at my mother, and neither did she. They were perfect for each other and even though I didn't love her the way I loved my father, even I could not argue with that.

Your use of narrative voice is great for creating the sense of him being a loving and beloved father

You are also playing on the stereotypes we associate with fathers to do this - great.

We arrived at the fence, a supposed protection from the animals in the woods, packs of rabid dogs and wild racoons, but it was more for the containment of the District Twelve people, and everybody knew that. It was the unspoken fact that the entire district knew. Except maybe the school children, and whilst I was one of them, my upbringing would have been vastly different to all of them – thanks to my father. If my mother had had her way, I would have been a good little girl of District Twelve. The fence, which was usually still, buzzed with electricity. ‘Careful, Katniss.’ he said, and showed me how to crawl without touching the barbed spokes. We squeezed out, me faster, my smaller body more nimble. I looked at the gate, and wondered why it was buzzing. But that wouldn’t stop us from going under. After all, my father hadn’t raised me to be a good little school girl. He had raised me to be a *rebel*.

Nice break in convention here to appeal to a modern reader.

which?

As soon as I said those words, the world caught fire. Everything burned around us, mighty willows cracking and falling in the distance, my father, his eyes still, crumbling to ashes that were whisked away by the roaring wind, feeding the fire. I transformed, my hair lengthening, clothes tearing as I shot up. I saw familiar faces dying around me, but I could not place them. Great, wracking screams burned through my body, flame enveloping me, leaving me burning naked, flames surrounding me and just as it’s too painful to live, I wake up sobbing, Peeta’s worried face close to mine. ‘Katniss.’ His voice sounded far away. ‘Katniss.’ His voice brought me back to my world. ‘Katniss, are you okay?’ His voice reminded me that my father, and all his jolliness and all his love were burned away as they had been in that mine accident all those years ago.

This last paragraph feels out of place - the idea of this being a memory seems to have come out of nowhere.

Your character description is excellent and your writing is lovely. Do take time to think about your narrative arc still though.