

Story-

The day Katniss and her father went into the woods for the first time together.

I remember my father taking me into the woods for the first time.

It was Autumn then, the leaves, they fell elegantly from the trees, before slowly being swept away by the wind, too small to fight back against it.

The apples hung full of glee in the trees, showing off their shiny red coats and green stalk hats, ready for the cold winter to come. [Lovely language choices and description of setting](#)

Lifting me up onto my father's broad shoulders, I reach up and grab the sweet fruit.

[Good use of speech to suggest he is a caring father](#)

'Careful now' my father says, as he just about caught one of them in the palm of his hand, before it had plummeted towards the ground.

My Father's name was Orin, Orin Everdeen. [nice use of name, connecting him to nature](#) His eyes were the colour of chocolate, and his hair was as dark as coal dust. He had smooth, strong hands, before they got worn out by the hard labour he did in the mines, and he had the most beautiful smile, that everyone in district 12 couldn't help but feel joy whenever they saw him. When I was walking by the Hob a couple of days ago on my way back from school, I heard a lady say. 'He was ever such a gentleman that Orin was, he even asked if I needed help carrying my bags.' He really was gentleman I thought, that's why I am so proud to call him my dad. [Nice use of narrative voice to create a sense of admiration](#)

[Good details about his appearance - think about what each of these suggest about his character](#)

Back in the forest, my father chuckled, as he noticed the half-eaten fruit in my hand, before I placed it back into the basket, pretending that it had always been there.

'You cheeky monkey!' He said, and he picked me up by my arms and swung me around and around until I felt dizzy with excitement.

'What is it?' I whisper.

'I just thought I heard something,' he said, 'we must be quiet from now on, because anyone might hear you, even the big bad wolf!' he said in a deep voice.

'Here,' Covering my eyes up by his blistered hands, he said, 'Are you ready?'

'For what?' I asked.

Taking them away, I open them and there he is holding a bow and arrows.

'I thought I'd make you your own special bow' he said, uncertain of what my response would be.

'Really? For me?' I said.

'Of course! Go on then try it out'.

You use his actions here well to add to the idea that he is her teacher and guide

I retrieved an arrow from the pack and put it in place. My father corrects me on the position of which I'm holding it, and he teaches me how to focus it on a certain object.

'You can keep this bow in this hollow log, so no one else can find it.' He says. 'It is---' He stops in his tracks as we hear footsteps.

He pulls me towards him, and we crouch behind an ancient tree. His body becomes tense, and he puts his hands on my head, to try and comfort me.

The peacekeepers.

As a climax, this is a bit sudden. remember your narrative arc and think about how you can build to a climax more cohesively.

'I thought I heard voices sir' One of them said.

'It is probably just the wind' says a gruff voice.

'Stop wasting our time' The second one mutters.

'I am sure sir, when I was walking by earlier, I thought I heard footsteps it is likely---'

Their voices faded away as the chirp of birds filled the air.

'We best get back now, before we get in trouble with your mother for being late for tea.' He says, picking up the basket.

My father holds my hand in his, and we walk away from the forest, and back into the grey world of what we call home.

You use stereotypical expectations of fathers to build his character too - good.