

I wake up to the sound of my alarm **m** my eyes barely opening **I** swing my legs out of the bed and slip on my new pair of slippers **their** soft and warm with a welcoming feel to them. Stumbling my way to the bathroom **I** clap my hands once and the lights switch **on** showing the glimmering spotless bathroom **a** bathtub that could easily fit four people **the** tub already full and steam coming from it. I go to the sink and cup my hands under the sink and splash my face with the cold water **looking** up and at myself in the mirror **my** blue hair all over my face **my** eyes like panda from the makeup from yesterday **being** too tired to take it off. A voice sounds out like its coming from the apartment itself "don't forget sir you have the evening show today interviewing the tributes for this year's Hunger Games and you have made dinner plans with some of our sponsors" **I** mumble a response and get ready to get in the bath **I** lower myself slowly moving around till I'm comfortable the voice sounds out again "and what are we feeling today sir hot coffee or a hydrating smoothie?" I say "surprise me" I get out and get dry and wrap myself up in my linen robe and step out into the lounge on my way to the kitchen **a** huge apartment filled with some of the finest furniture but still feeling rather empty **the** sofa barely worn and the **man** sized windows filling the apartment **overlooking** a would **be** gorgeous view of the city **but** the grey clouds outside miserably waiting to rain. I walk into the kitchen smelling the fresh coffee being poured a robotic hand hands me a cup "thank you Linus you always do take care of me" "it is what I was programed for sir" I sip my coffee in the kitchen trying and failing to talk to Linus. After finishing my drink **I** go to my room already made (perfectly as always by Linus) and make my way to the walk in wardrobe full of dazzling suits ranging from every colour in the rainbow **w** **I** stand their pondering what to wear until finally making my mind up on a dark blue suit. I spray my hair hairspray and style into a bun at the back of my head before walking out the door. **You haven't told me this is Caesar, but you show real insight into the character, and your subtle ideas suggest it is him very well.**

Great - you suggest his opulent life-style but also that it is unfulfilling.

I love how you are suggesting his despondency.

I walk to the elevator being on one of the top floors I can't be making a sweat before going live I see the receptionist and put on a fake smile and give him a wave which he returns and says "there's a limo out front sir with your usual fresh avocado on toast" "I thank him and make my way to the car I sit in the car the driver doesn't say a words and starts to drive I mumble to myself "it's always been a glum day when the games start" eating my breakfast on the way to the studio filled with nothing but despair thinking he's sending these tributes to their death and knowing that out of all 24 people he's going to interview only 1 will remain and the only thing he can seem to look forward to is getting home to his empty and lonely apartment Linus being the only thing in his life that he could consider being his friend, before any other thoughts could enter his mind they arrive he enters the studio seeing people already outside to see the show screaming my name my driver rushes me in the studio before they say anything else I get rushed to a seat where 3 other people suddenly appear and start doing my makeup plucking eyebrows and fake tanning any part of my skin that can be seen. I then get called in to see the producer and the games maker the producer hands me the script for me tonight and asks if I read the papers he gave me last time bout each of the tributes I nod that I have even though i can barely remember anything that was in them the games maker says before I leave that I mustn't say anything of script as we can't have the audience get to attached to them I reply with a simple ok and make my way to the stage I can already hear the crowd feeling the love and admiration from them reminding me why I got into this job and I start to hear my queue to come on stage "please welcome Ceasar Flickerman!"

why shift to third person here?

a great nod to the superficiality of the Capitol

You show great understanding of this minor character and how he contributes to the wider themes of the text. very well done!

Take time to look at the punctuation you miss in sentences. I have highlighted the first paragraph to show where this is missing. think about what you might add in each highlighted place. then consider how to improve the second paragraph.