

Nice descriptive detail, showing her despondency

The heavy rain pounds heavily on the thin glass windows and the dirty slate roof tiles. I sit on my creaky bed, fiddling with my platted blonde hair and stroking my pet cat. Images of today flash through my mind. Today, the worst day in the whole of my 12 year life. Today, the reaping. Today, the day they choose who they want to die. Today, the Capitol's amusement. In the morning, while my sister, Katniss, is out hunting for breakfast, I change into my best clothes. I want to wear my normal day clothes, a pair of creamy brown trousers with a matching shirt, but the Capitol wants us to dress nicely because we are on camera. So I clothe in a light blue shirt and dark blue jeans, I brush my hair and feed my pet goat. By the time I am ready for the day, Katniss is back and it is nearly time for the reaping. So my mother, Katniss and I all catch a carriage that takes us to the town centre. Once the driver pulled the reins to make the horse stop, my family and I stepped down onto the hard brick pavement and made our way to the massive stone block, the stand that they call the tributes from.

Nice suggestion of their control

When my name is called, it seems like the world freezes. The people around me turn and stare. My heart pounds and races and threatens to make an appearance. I take a deep breath and shakely walk through the path the other kids have cleared for me. But then something unexpected happens. There is a lot of scrambling from somewhere to the left side of me and then I hear:

“I volunteer as tribute!”

Great - you show the love between them well here though Katniss' desperation

And then my sister, Katniss, is there. She has red eyes and I guess from the way she screamed, she has a sore throat. But there she is, telling me to go to our mother. Go to our mother. I scream and cry. And then I feel warm hands wrap around my waist and Katniss gets smaller and smaller as I am carried away to my mother. I didn't even get to say goodbye.

The next several weeks are the worst in my life. I watch the cameras and the big screens and anything I possibly can to see if my hero, my sister, is safe. I can barely eat or sleep or drink, all out of upset and scaredness. My mother and I were brought food and water by Gale. He often stayed with us to comfort us and see if we needed anything else. Then Peeta's family also sometimes came to bring us fresh bread or warm biscuits. But that couldn't change the fact that Katniss was still out in the cursed arena, risking her life, for me.

You show understanding of her character and the way she connects to the bigger ideas in the text - well done.