

English Elephant Homework Week 6

I look back on myself now. At my natural beauty, at my innocent mind, I look back and wish, wish I had seen through the lies earlier.

Snow was so excited, it was his first hunger games. He had plans, great ones. At least that's what I thought at the time. I was trusting back then, I had faith in Snow, and I believed in the lies of the games.

Ever since I was young I had a passion for fashion, at least that's what Snow called it. My cousin, so dear to me at the time, helped me along the way. He saw where my skills blossomed and encouraged me to continue to bloom, ignoring the slow rotting of my roots.

This is a nice idea - i can see you drawing on the ideas from the later books

He spoiled me, he gave me everything I wanted, when I wanted. He only ever praised me. Boosting my ego. I believed everything he said, never saw past the false smile or the dull eyes. I believed in him as well. I wanted him to have everything, I wanted me to have everything.

Lovely detail to suggest his manipulation - and thus the manipulation of the Capitol

A week or so before the hunger games were to begin, Snow came to my rooms.

"Dearest Tigris, I have a question I would like to pose". Snow's low soft voice floated over to me, where I was sitting at my sewing desk at the other end of the room.

"Pose it then." I answered back, turning momentarily so as to show him that I had acknowledged his presence. My voice was the opposition to Snow's, higher, sweeter yet it had a rough edge. "Right", I saw Snow sigh from the corner of my eye. "Would you like to be the first to style and dress the tributes from during their public appearances?"

I jumped out of my seat with excitement. "Yes, oh yes dear cousin". I bounded over to where he stood, opening my arms for our usual embrace, we always had an embrace in times of extreme joy.

But he did not.

He stood, stiff, tilted slightly, his weight balanced upon a black cane he held in his right hand. "Forgive me cousin, but I am to be interviewed in minutes and this suit is rather prone to creases".

Lovely subtle suggestion of the capitol's superficiality

"Oh, I understand, dear cousin, I am only overfilled with joy". I clasped my hands and held them under my chin.

Nice - control

"You will have to dress extravagantly, I have a prepared outfit for you, now please excuse me". And before I could say another word he had left. A prepared outfit! I always designed my own, my ego had been punctured, not something I was used to, or cared to admit.

The days sped by, and I had hundreds of designs I drew and redrew. I decided to lean into the theme of each district. Four had beautiful blue sea gowns, Two had armoured clothing, the pleating looking like body armour, Seven had a brown base, fading up to greens, just like the trees they lumbered. I even dedicated hours to Twelve's outfits, a black piece, with black powder crawling up their faces, representing the coal dust. I was extremely proud of my work. That was why I was hurt, resentful even, when I heard the feedback.

As Snow walked around my models, he ripped pieces from the clothes. Remarked things such as, "Too silly, Tigris", "far too much silk", "too plain", "too much detail". With my ego so badly bruised it was practically mush, I revisited the designs.

Why does he do this? Is it to show his control and domination?

On the day of the hunger games. I remember first seeing myself in the mirror. My 'premade' outfit, snugly wrapping around my body. It was a light orange colour, which would have

Check clear paragraphing around speech

popped against my usually pale skin, but the makeup artist had changed the colour of that, it matched the orange jumpsuit now. The jumpsuit wasn't completely orange though, it was covered with twisting brown lines that spiralled and danced all over the fabric. They continued up my neck, reaching my jaw bones where they started to fade out. My hair was the same brown, up in a tight gelled ponytail. I looked in horror in the mirror. I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. I was a tiger. I was a fake, twisted tiger. [Nice suggestion of superficiality](#)

At the time, I tried to swallow my pride, it helped when I saw the others, all dressed just as ridiculously as me. I tricked myself into believing that this was the price for my fame. That I was Tigris.

And it worked. For a while.

I fell into my role of Tigris, year after year, I became more like her. I ate like her, slept like her, talked like her. But most importantly I looked like her. I had whiskers now, I purred when I spoke, my skin was patterned like a tiger's. I had become Tigris, fully and truly. Just like Snow had wished.

For years, we worked together on the games. My ego so fractured now that I had lost it all together. I simply stood back and watched as Snow critiqued my work. His rough hard voice scraping away at my mind.

One day, Snow changed. At least, I suddenly saw the change, that is. He was arrogant, entitled and egotistical. I barely saw Snow, but when I did. I chose this time to express my concerns. I was not answered. It was as though he was staring into space, as though he could see right through me. The dead shark eyes glazed over. And the stiff position, the one he had taken all those years ago in my office. He was not the Snow I had grown up with anymore. And I could see my reasoning was futile. I left it at that. [how can you show this rather than tell me?](#)

The next day, when I returned to my work I found I was banned from my office. None of my questions were answered. I was thrown out of my place in the Presidential Palace. I was made a joke of by the Flickerman's on the television. And I never saw Snow again.

I had simply stated my thoughts, simply tried to warn Snow. And in a matter of minutes, I imagine, he had destroyed my world. Shunned my name, and made me into a beast. I had nowhere to go.

I realise now that Snow had always been a manipulator. That I was a pawn in his game, and that he was just as fake as my whiskers.

[This last section feels a bit rushed - i think it is because you are trying to work more concisely. Think about what a fitting end to the story might be and develop that. perhaps it could just be her moment of realisation? Describing his coldness rather than going on to mention he challenge would give the piece resolution.](#)