

Handwritten Critique with Notes

He stands in the middle of the room holding the red puffer coat. Elodie sits cross-legged on her mattress bed. She's staring ahead trying to make herself invisible like she did as a kid.

maybe closing her eyes instead?

'It's not working,' he says. 'I can still see you.'

She looks up at him smiling. 'Hey, Darren. No, I.'

Look at this for clarity

He clings to the coat.

'It was in your hall, ^{she says,} On the coat rack underneath your own, like, twenty-five jackets. You really should have a clear out actually. You've got a lot of shit piled up.'

He shrugs. 'What were you doing at mine? Who gave you a key?'

'Mum's got a spare, remember. So when you hadn't replied to ~~say if you~~ ^{about} ~~were~~ taking us out for a Sunday roast this week, I said that I'd go check on you. ~~And~~ ^{then} I saw you had like these survival books and army DVDs and shit and then there was the light flashing on the answerphone. What did you even say to your boss? It sounded like he was crying.'

When I got there

Darren rolled his eyes and exhaled.

'I worked out where you'd be, Forever obsessed with this place, and I followed you.'

'Why didn't you tell me ^(sooner) you were here. Was it the rifle?'

'I knew you'd want me to leave. And it seemed sort of cool hiding out. Exciting, I guess. So, I was hiding out in the church. Plus, I have a power pack,' she lifted her phone, 'and Candy Crush is a lifesaver.'

phone charge

He almost recoiled ^{as would} ~~like~~ a vampire from garlic. They were only his rules ^{But} arbitrary as they were he didn't want the outside world coming into this refuge. No phones, no tech. Nothing to help him but his bare hands. OK, some weapons too, and his wits.

Interesting piece. I like the interactions between the siblings and want to know more about the coat and why Darren's sister is here