

As Ms. Johnson headed into the kitchen, she heard a loud knock on the door. ~~Ms. Johnson angrily opened the door to see a plump lady standing on the doorstep.~~

'Ms. Johnson, is it?' she asked calmly. 'I've got your evacuee. Her name is Violet Parker.'

2 A skinny, short girl stood by the lady. She had long hair and ~~was~~ <sup>vigorously</sup> wearing a dirty shirt and very short shorts. ~~Her eyes were tired and brown, also wet with tears. Her hands were ~~not~~ mucky and shaking.~~

The lady called Ms. Johnson towered over her. Ms. Johnson was thin and pale with skin as white as a ghost. She had short black hair, drifting above her shoulders. ~~Ms. Johnson was wearing a long black dress and tall, dark boots. As Violet stared into Ms. Johnson's eyes, she could see a dark hardening stare fixing onto her. Violet looked away quickly.~~

1 ~~★ Upon opening the wooden door, she was frustrated to see a plump lady waiting on the doorstep.~~

2 ~~★ Behind her tired brown eyes, were an abundance of tears with which she struggled to hold back.~~

3 ~~★ Covering her body, was~~

↑ rewritten to consider sentence structure.



'Oh, why do I have to get this girl,' Ms. Johnson sighed bitterly to herself. 'She is all measly and short.' ~~Probably bad at doing chores.~~ ~~the mean lady added.~~

~~the timid girl, standing before her~~  
Having heard this, Violet shuddered even more.

↑ 'S... Sorry miss, I... I didn't mean to get in your way,' She murmured timidly.

\* ~~Ms. Johnson, who had been ~~of~~ scowling at the tiny, terrified girl, rolled her eyes bluntly and reached out to the door.~~

~~As she~~ She walked inside, her long dress trailing behind her. ~~Violet, on the other hand,~~ <sup>was hearing</sup> heaved her bags up, into the house and followed Ms. Johnson inside. The house was dark and dimly lit.

They headed into a room which Violet recognised as a kitchen. ~~She dumped her bags by a small table and saw Ms. Johnson make herself some tea and ~~some~~ biscuits, without offering Violet any.~~

'So, now you're <sup>here</sup> hear. Go, Osg you go. Scamble along.' Ms. Johnson said ~~harshly~~ <sup>refusing</sup> harshly, ~~not even~~ looking at Violet. 'I not want you touching anything with your dirty, puny hands.'

Violet jumped back <sup>timidly</sup> ~~timidly~~, and <sup>cried</sup> ~~tried~~ to sprint ~~off~~ as quick as possible.

\* Dumping her bags by a small table, Violet saw...

\* Scowling at the tiny, terrified girl, Ms. Johnson...