

399/400 words. Only 1 word is lacking to reach the word count.

It would be better if a title is included.

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. My eyes darted to my right, it was just a leaf, ^{personification :)} it floated down silently as if ashamed, never given a second chance. Something lurked right behind me, ready to ambush me if I wasn't wary. Except I have been unexpectedly vigilant since my father left the world. Memories of tedious, sleepless nights, forced me to study harder, longer and better. A snake would do such a thing to a child, spitting venomous lies to cover up his flawed own past with mine. Am I wrong to hate someone who raised me, taught me and fed me? I still remember his sweet glowing smile beaming down when I was still a baby compared to the present. Now replaced with a suffocating, toxic cloud that still haunts me with its corrupted thoughts. Crack! The ground splits open and I am swallowed in it. It is not a great idea to black out in a graveyard.

My head was throbbing the moment my eyes flung open. I was in a different place yet the same ^{This is a great imagery!} repugnant, flesh-rotting odour choked me with every breath I took. Maybe my body could not take it anymore and decided to completely shut down where dead bodies surround me. The darkness was calming, tranquil even. But as time went by, laying down in my darkroom in my mind the same ominous feeling of being watched crept up on me again.

Something was placed on my shoulder and my mind drowned with memories. The suffering, the unwillingness, the tears but after that there was celebration, freedom, and exuberance. I glance behind me, of course, my deceased father comes to ask for forgiveness. It does seem like a tiger can't change its stripes, so I'm not falling into this trap. I see my father smiling as if glad to see me, a child could see through this two-faced man's motives. Asking for forgiveness just so shame would not slowly tear his soul away, but his light-heartedness may be real. His arduous method of teaching has led me to where I am now a student at Sydney University studying medicine. I have finally learned that his ways have brought me great success after all that hard work. I am released from my cage in my mind and see a leaf on a tree finally turning a new leaf.

What a nice twist of event! I like this!

Note:

Big dog, this is an excellent narrative! I really enjoy how you used figures of speech like personification, imagery, exaggeration, and other literary characteristics like diction in your piece. As a consequence, your work has become more imaginative and intriguing. Now, the character development is also remarkable because you began it with emotive words that portray agony towards the father, and the tough decision was also satisfying in the end. It was exciting. However, don't forget to provide the title of your story. A good title will pique readers' curiosity and captivate them without giving away too much of the narrative. Although titles may appear to be secondary to the content, the correct story title may make a narrative much more memorable in the eyes of readers—while also turning your work into a bestseller.

Mark 50/50