

Beyond the pale.

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. Mesomorphic tendrils wrapped around the pale mortal. My skin was as cadaverous as the skeletal trees, reaching up to the fallen angel of the moon above with morbid talons, trying to escape the tourbillion of cataclysmic foreordination of the world below. The moon was trying desperately to bathe the necropolis with a calming luster, yet even light was outlined with a tenebrous glow. The pale obelisks were forgotten souls, lachrymose for an escape, yet it never came.

I shuffled forwards until I reached the grave. My sight landed on a small plate. The stone in front of me bore the words in cursed hands;

Here lies Ken Hadmen. Father of Jerry and Daniel Hadmen. Shall thy bones forever rest in peace.

I shot a quick glance behind me. The Golgotha was a baren desert. Silent, yet so cacophonous. Each tree looked like a pale knife, each gravestone looked like my father's face, and each howl of the wind sounded like my father screaming as a blade oozed through his chest. As the last autumn leaves fell from the now-lifeless tree, a strand in my brain evoked the memories of him laughing in the car, which was washed away by the sudden wave of ire. He was never proud, never encouraging, and forgiving wasn't his thing. I remembered how he vociferated at me, screaming about how I should have been ashamed of my existence. I remembered how every night, I would go to bed, my face whipped with unfathomable lashes, bruises dotting my face and my face cut into countless pieces, simply by my fathers' vulgar words. I remember the conversation we had after I came back from school and the paper I had bearing that I got into the top 2% in G.A.

"Top 2%? How dare you cheat!"

"But I..."

"Did. Your brother only got top 41%" ^{My}~~my~~ brother was the only one he was ever proud of, yet he treated him like a necklace. He would buy him a special treat, parade him around the house, and put him down until the next time he wore him. "I told you not to cheat, didn't I? IDIOT BOY!" ^{"Idiot"}~~idiot~~ boy was his favorite insult. I remembered how he drowned my dog and told my mother to

cook it for dinner when we arrived home late due to roadwork. "I TOLD YOU NOT TO BE LATE! AND NOW LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE DONE, IDIOT BOY, YOU'VE GIVEN YOUR BROTHER SUCH A TERRIBLE INFLUENCE!!!" I remember how he would beat me up with his metal water bottle. I remember...

I remember my hands piercing his heart with a knife. I remembered how I brought my father into Death's hands, I remember how I shouted "GOOD RIDDANCE!" as he took him away. I remembered how I killed my own father. I remembered how I laughed at his death.

My organs ran in circles as I brought a halt to my macabre memories. I had decided that, from what he had done to me, I'd rather live in malignance than forgive him. There was absolutely no way I could. Not after the hate he had exposed me to, not after he had done, not after what I had done.

I turned my back on the tombstone which hid my father. After all the hate he had dumped into me, forgiveness was not an option.

This is a chilling, yet wonderfully written narrative! What made it more enticing and compelling to read is the different literary techniques that you have painstakingly incorporated. It's also good that you provided flashbacks of the past because it gives readers a glimpse of what the character had experienced at the hands of their father. You also gave a vivid and painful descriptions of the events and the misery that the character had to suffer. Most of all, you employed such a mind-blowing plot twist at the end. That was exceptional! You are already good at this. Just refer to the very few corrections indicated above to tweak some errors. Way to go!

Mark=50/50