

447/400 words. Good work.

I highly suggest that you create a title for your narrative.

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like someone was watching me. Sullen, dreary clouds slowly integrated with the ashen smog, their besmirched tendrils unfurling on the eerie graveyard. ^{This is a great comparison.} The decrepit trees are rickety skeletons, wavering in the queer silence of the night. And the coarse rustling of brittle leaves is a serpentine skeleton chant, summoning the fearsome rise of age-old headstones - the ferocious army of the dead. Their quiet murmurings of indistinct curses escaped in the air, their clumsy march on the arid and parched rocks loomed ahead of me. Above, the lustrous moon shone forcefully as the sovereign commander over his teeming troops of polished marble, his ghostly beams of light capturing the dim scene. ^{personification} The light sparked a few words into view. Below me, was the bowing gravestone etched with the stony words: Augustus Eliaer. This was the ebbing vestiges of my late father.

Father seldom had a faint smile of invigoration which praised my applaudable attempts. He was never the benevolent and jaunty "papa" who always gave out candies to his kid. He was rather the opposite. He had told me it was in my own senseless naivete that I had erroneously failed the test and proceeded to harshly drub my knuckles with the harrowing wooden cane. Even though it had been he who had misinformed me about the test date and fed me lies about mathematical concepts, I was still the "dumb kid who never learns his lesson". ^{Aw. Great line.} His dictatorial words had scarred my soul forever.

But then I imagined the agonised spirit of father crying out to me. Telling of the sulphurous and tormenting flames that are rendered upon him, till his foul crimes are purged away. Weeping with tears of regret, claiming this eternal blazon must not be told to ears of flesh and blood. Screaming of pain that would make one revulse with fret and one eyes to jump from their spheres. Emphasising his regret, that he never truly knew his own child. But one voice rang clearly through the screams. "Child, forgive me! Forgive me, son!"

Then again, how could I forgive eternal misdeeds? Scars that held a deafening impact in perpetuity? He had been the man that had snickered cruelly as I stumbled over my words during my role as Hansel in our casual school play, 'Hansel and Gretel.' No one had noticed his muffled guffaw, but I had heard distinctly, his cynical chuckle echoing in my ears. I had forced myself to keep going, but I had to tightly squint my bleary eyelids from leaking tears.

But I chose to forgive. I daintily smiled as I turned my back on my father for the last time.

Note:

Wow, Caleb. This is amazing! The application of precise emotive words, figures of speech, and imagery all contributed in giving your story a unique and creative flavour. Moreover, the sequence of the plot is also good. Using flashbacks is a rather smart choice to do because it has helped provide context to the character of the father. Then, the way you used emotive words to further develop the characters are also good too. I was like over the edge whilst reading this. Continue to impress me, big dog!

Mark: 50/50

