

Never

HW: Claire Wang

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. A cold chill ran down my spine. I whipped my head behind, half expecting to see a hideous beast lashing out at me, its mutilated, pernicious hands clawing and strangling me to the floor. Cerise blood staining the stygian ground. Silence greeted me, the moon shone a rutilent light, bathing me in a lucent, opalescent glow contrasted against the atramentous, tenebrous sky moaning in mercy as fallow wispy tendrils clawed at the umbra caliginosity of night. Branches groaning in old age casted uncanny silhouettes as the last leaves fluttered to the floor. My feet crunched on the gravel as I slowly made my way towards it. The last thing I had left of him.

My eyes settled onto the stone planted firmly in the ground and stared at the words engraved into the stone, anger rising in my chest.

Marse Lans Smilda

Father of Denise Smilda and Dan Smilda

Husband of Doris Ender

'Tell Dan and Doris I send them my love'

Fury and indignation larrupped at me, bashing around, valencia mixed with cochineal crimson blurred my vision. A monster concealed in me pounced, pushing me deeper into the truculent, savage flames that danced in mockery. I felt my tears splatter my face, angry tears. When did he ever send his love to me? Why always mum and Dan? Did he even ever care about his daughter? I crumpled onto the ground in a heap, covering my face with my hands, malevolence and resentment leapt burning all hope of love and happiness leaving behind the snarling teeth of jealousy and spite. Dad had never loved me much, but his last words were this? A little thanks or acknowledgement that I existed would've been nice! Disappointment flooded through me, I thought he had changed. The ground was drenched with my salty tears of affliction as I wiped them away and eyed the disturbed dirt in front of me. Why did I even come here tonight? I wasn't wanted. I clambered to my feet and turned to leave, the weight stirring in my stomach where it would lie forever. I stopped in my tracks. I couldn't have the feeling of disappointment sitting in me any longer. I had to decide. Either forgive him and always picture him as the perfect dad or leave in hatred and malice forever. I stopped for my mind to sort through them. Both seemed equally as bad. How could I pretend he was a great dad? My mind flickered to the scene when I had gotten back home, a test paper clutched in my hand. I had gotten the best score of my life, a 98%. Mum had greeted me with a disdainful smile but dad had shown much worse.

"98%? You must have cheated! Danny boy only got a 51%!"

"But I,"

"Yes you did, right Dan? What have I told you? Never ever cheat! I'll have you withdrawn from the school immediately! Girls don't need to be smart, they've got housework to do! It's the men with the power and resilience." I flinched, remembering the haughty slap I had gotten on the face. I was withdrawn from Hart's Public School and was instead homeschooled. I had been teased my whole life, mocked and nothing I could do would impress my dad. But then, had he tried? My insides twisted uncomfortably and I walked away from the hideous memory I had left of him. I'd rather live in hatred than forgive him. Not after what he had done. This moved me to tears. What a nice ending.

Note:

Wow, you did it again, Claire. This is a very good narrative, I must say! This is packed with figures of speech, imageries, and superb word choice. Your careful use of these literary items made this story creative. Moreover, this has a good plot. I particularly like that the emotions of the main character were vividly depicted through the words. There are no grammatical errors, too. Good work. Continue to write like this and you will be good to go!

Mark 50/50