

Unforgiven

comma

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like someone was watching me. Algid blood surged down my spine. I turned around, expecting stalwart and callous zephyrs to encircle me and pull me into the ground beneath me. Instead, I found myself staring at my fathers grave.

Excruciating guilt and agitating confusion was at my doorstep. The bedazzling marble and teeming, vermilion roses aroused the vexation of me towards my father. I would've scoffed at my father for not dying in shame and embarrassment. It was the fact that my father succumbed in physical pain that withheld my enagement.

Relics of my rancorous father lashing out at me came back at me like unwanted evidence. I wanted to acknowledge that my father was a gracious and genuine man, but I knew the deceitful actions he'd done to reach his station. He held his chin up even with a pungent odour of filthy lies and spiteful actions.

If I walked away from his grave, where my father was lying, unforgiven, I would live forever with scorching scars of guilt. Even if my father had breached my rights and forbid me from living a casual life, he was still a father. Sometimes, it felt like daunting opinions and being unsuccessful weaved bricks around me, enclosing me like wolves, baring their razor sharp teeth. But my father would congratulate me on my achievements, even if they were small.

I could remember my father taking me out to the local ice cream shop after I was scolded by my mother for breaking an exquisite vase, etched with blossoms and robins. His mellow laughter in that souvenir was like a burnt log stakes that could still warm my heart. So could I forgive my brazen father?

I neither wanted to stride away feeling disencumbered because I had forgiven a man who was forceful and heedless. Delicate china and tea sets from Britain littered the floor like shredded money while my father shrieked at me. The uncivilised pandemonium rang past the corridors, clanging against the walls. I could only stand there with my head down, ashamed of my failures. I now could only wish that I was intrepid then, standing up to my father, but it was my mother that was the saviour.

The roses had now withered. Had my consideration shrivelled up the roses, turning them ash black? Would I turn the whole world into slate grey darkness, shrouding the sky with wisps of my personal guilt? Maybe if I forgave my father, the house and garden would bloom into plains of flowers and the birds would come again to chirp. Maybe if I forgave my father, I wouldn't feel so selfish for making the house a living hell. Maybe if I forgave my father, I would feel free again, the burden would be washed away and I could live again. Maybe I could walk away from my fathers grave, where he lay, forgiven this time with my chin held high.

Note:

Now, this is a good narrative because the incorporation of literary devices. By making the narration clear and vivid, they had lend emphasis to phrases, inspire moods and emotions, and bring insight into your words. By employing these literary methods, you have undoubtedly improved your tale! Also, I like your thoughts at the end on whether or not to forgive your father.

Mark: 50/50