

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like something was watching me. A lime green leaf floated silently as it fell to the ground, depressed like a family member that has passed away and has never gotten the chance to tell his family what had really happened. My father had left this world only a couple months ago. Since then, I had been having terrible flashbacks. A twig snapped behind me. Something (or somebody) was lurking in the shadows. Something was ready to attack me if I hadn't been cautious. Somebody was ready to ambush me. A dark figure (that looked like a ghost) appeared behind me.

I remember my father's beaming smile when I was young. He played with me everyday in my childhood. The precious memories that were made. Apart from that, the lies that he has used to cover up his mistakes. He used to tell me pathetic lies that were not to be trusted. Could I ever forgive him? Can I ever forgive him? My brain was fighting with my body on whether I could forgive my father. Tears filled my eyes as my vision became blurry. All that time, I thought my father was a good person. It turns out I was wrong. Suddenly, cold hands grabbed my shoulders. I had completely forgotten about the figure behind me.

I glanced behind me and was greeted with my deceased father standing in front of me, begging for forgiveness. He looks at me with a similar smile he always used to smile. Was this another one of his traps? Or was he actually glad to see me. I remembered how he used to teach me and the warm-hearted heart that he always used to sooth me. Maybe I should forgive him. But what would come next? Freedom, liberty and deliverance or would it be the opposite? I finally made up my mind and decided to forgive him. After all, my father was the one who led me to where I am now. If it wasn't for him, I probably won't be at the school I go to today. He hugged me as hard as he could as wrath grew in my heart. As I forgave my father, he sank back down into the earth smiling as he did it. He told me he would never forget the kindness that was shown today. I walked back out of the graveyard in liberty with tears engulfing my eyes.

Note:

This essay was written really well. I particularly appreciated reading your work since your descriptions express a child's conflicted feelings. Furthermore, your sentences are well-constructed, and the flow of events is fluid. Excellent work! There are several grammar and punctuation errors. Please double-check your work before submitting it the next time. Regardless, excellent work on this week's writing assignment!

MARK (49/50)