

The Strange Visitor

The passionate congenial flames flickered and danced in the sturdy unmalleable fireplace as I watched, mesmerised. Howling winds could be heard whipping through the flagellated trees, their unearthly shrieks lacerating through the winter night. As I stared into the fire, I remembered my parents and my sister, I remembered looking at my sister at her deathbed, her frigid cold hand clutching mine. My memories flickered forward, my parents and I dressed in black at the graveyard crying over the tombstone. And then I saw myself running away unable to bear the sadness **to**^{of} the small cottage in the woods. And now as I looked at the picture of my family **ontop** ^{on top} of the fireplace, the four of us smiling into the camera, my vision clouded with tears.

I took a sip from my cup of hot chocolate and glanced at the clock. 11:47 pm. I rose unsteadily onto my two legs and was just about to head to my bedroom when I heard a series of frantic knocks on the door. I stumbled towards the door and opened it. There an old man stood, his cheeks hollow and his **ey**s^{eyes} sunken. He looked like a zombie. Letting him enter the cottage, I prepared a cup of hot chocolate and some bread for the stranger. As I hurried back I saw the old man looking at the picture on the fireplace.

“Your mother is gone too,” he mumbled as I entered the room.

I froze, the cup of hot chocolate falling from my hands. It splattered all over my shoe but I didn't care.

“Dad?” I stuttered, shocked.

The stranger turned towards me and smiled a familiar smile. “It's been a while, son.”

Note:

Very good, John! This is very short, but creative. I was able to feel the emotion of this memory because of how good you were in using words to establish the scene's atmosphere. Meanwhile, the setting is also clear, too. However, there are three misspelled words here that I want you to solve. Proofread your work before submitting it!

Mark: 49/50