

Always

Austin X

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. Looking over my shoulder I glanced back, half expecting to see the ghost of my dad rising out of the dry brittle ground, with all his sharp words and barbed remarks. I looked down at the gravestone, a small one compared to the ones surrounding it. A few decaying roses crumbled into dust as my tears smashed into them, sending them into the stagnant brumous air. My pale hand stretched out to feel the rough gravestone as I knelt down, feeling the coarse texture of the stone.

As the last leaves of the trees fluttered to the ground, I remembered my father sitting at the dinner table. Although his harsh words always left deep marks, although his expectations ~~was~~ ^{were. Follow the correct subject verb agreement.} always a bit too high for me, he had loved his family and he had worked so hard each day just to earn enough money to buy us food. And now he was buried precisely 9234 millimetres below the ground and my heart ached knowing I would never hear his voice, never see his laugh, never feel his love ever again.

And yet once again, I remembered his disappointment every time he looked at me, I remembered moments when his anger flared and I had to hide away, I remember seeing the hate on his face as he read my marks. These were things that left permanent marks, like splotches of ink on a piece of white paper. ^{This is a good comparison.} And yet his love was a dragon, ^{Oh. A metaphor.} it was brave and it would do anything for me. Was his actions forgivable? Was there enough space in my heart for him to fit in? Forgiving him would mean letting him free without any charge. Was it possible to do that after everything he had done?

His laugh echoed through my mind, a warm laugh, one that melted ice and filled a heart with love. ^{Good} But my mind kept trailing back to when he yelled at me, saying how disappointed he was. My father was cruel, heartless, unsociable and... and... lovable. He only hoped for the best for me. He worked day and night just for my family. I stood up, brushing some dust off my knees. My father was a hero for me and my family and he will always, always and always have a small special place in my heart for him.

Note:

This is an excellent narrative. I like that you employed imagery and figures of speech to it. They resulted in making the story more flavourful. Moreover, I like that you indirectly narrate that you forgave the father without putting the words to the readers' hand. Having them understood the implied meaning is a good technique. However, I want you to remember that when the subject is plural, you also need to use the plural form of the verb. Please continue to write like this. Good work.

Mark 50/50