

405/400 words.

Good work.

I highly suggest that you provide a title for your narrative. Don't leave your writing untitled.

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like someone was watching me. <sup>comma</sup> The caliginous tendrils of darkness snarled , baring its fang but it couldn't get me from the angelic light <sup>Personification</sup> bathing me like a holy angel. I stared intently at the sanguine, dried blood staining the luciferian ground. Twigs snapped like brittle bones as I trudged along the crepuscular, stygian path. Silhouettes of the forgotten glared in anguish at my presence, malevolent as satan. My eyes trained on a seemingly ordinary stone withering roses and tears. I bent down to stare at my fathers grave.

My father has always been cruel to me, even when I get good marks he says I can do better. He would always whip me if I didn't get 100 percent, which was all the time. He had always treated <sup>These similes are great!</sup> me like an unforgivable, diabolical, satanic person, and treated my sister like an angelic, divine being, even when she got bad marks he just said the test was too hard. He never whipped or smacked my sister, only me. I remembered my birthday, when <sup>everyone</sup> ~~everything~~ was wishing me best wishes when my father said nothing, and gave me nothing, not even a smile. He always rubbed it into me when I made a mistake, like cutting open a scar, leaving me with bigger marks of what had happened.

But also I saw him work tirelessly at his job, it was even a high paying one, to keep me in a private school and put food on the table. He works 12 hours a day, starting to sleep at 9 o'clock and waking up at 3 o'clock. He had only rubbed in for me to improve because he wanted me to prosper when I was a grown up, and not suffer like him. He was only trying to get the best out of me, knowing I could always improve, knowing that men could get better jobs than women so he should punish and lecture me more.

Then, I remembered his last words at the hospital. Send ... my love... to my...wife...and my... daughter before he sputtered one more time and died. I started fuming. His actions were unforgivable. He had tried to lecture me harshly. He had taken it too far. My thoughts were <sup>crowded</sup> ~~crowed~~ with bad memories of him, ready to continue this grudge for eternity.

I stepped up , and with one last glare of bitterness, I left the graveyard.

Note:

This is a great work, Kerry! You have incorporated literary techniques such as simile, personification, and imagery. As a whole, they made your story more interesting to read. Moreover, I like how you used flashbacks. Flashbacks help in character development. Even briefly delving into a character's past allows you to provide background information that complements the main plot. Writing flashbacks can give insight into the main character's reasons for the decisions and acts they take. Then, the dialogues assisted you in creating the history and narrative points that the reader may not be aware of. However, you did not write the title. Don't exclude it. Good work, Kerry!