

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like someone was watching me. It felt like a shadow was casting over my lumbering body. I glanced sideways. The menacing shadow was just a stick, and this lonely stick had dropped from the sky, as if it had been rejected from nature, with a strong wind curling around its waist. I had come to visit my deceased father. I came here to ponder if I should forgive him or not for his treacherous actions. He had pushed me forward into battle against the sky and seas. He wanted me to become a fierce warrior. Shameful nights, hard training, fearsome defeats, it all had not been worth it. However, one thing he should know is that he had a limit on deciding who I was to become. My father had told me relentlessly that I needed to be stronger, and I was not anything. He was never satisfied with me and kept pushing me to vaster heights and opportunities. For that, I thank him, but he has done horrible things. I grew up fighting and fending for myself. I had to fight many animals, such as monstrous crocodiles and vicious sharks. I had to dodge obstacles and climb cliffs. When I was in a dangerous situation, he never helped me. My father was brutal, and he told me to get up and be a tough warrior. He claimed that only weaklings cried and gave up. Although all this, I was still not sure to forgive him or not. Flashing back to reality in a blink of an eye, I saw the gold streak of lightning flash across the spiritless sky. I was engulfed in thought. Was it a sign of hope? Maybe I was wrong. Suddenly, the Earth cracked, and I fell through.

As I woke up, I was submerged in an ocean of thoughts. I remembered sad times, but the happy and joyful memories were too overwhelming. I needed to make my move. My priority was to get out of here. I grabbed a rock and started climbing. As I expertly grabbed and swung on each rock, I realized the real benefits of all the tough training he made me do. Maybe... ^{there*} There was a good side to all this pain. Blood sweat and tears, have all been shed throughout this horrific journey. Maybe my father was right. I was destined to be great, but not in the way he expected.

Finally, I branched out of the hole, weary and tired. "I would forgive him", I droopingly decided. After all, he was important and delicate part of my family. He cared for me immensely. As I left, I grinned a little as I looked above the powerful and alluring heavens that glimmered at will. "I'll see you soon dad. Just you wait."

Nice work! I can see that you managed to follow through the theme provided for this week's writing piece. You also included the main theme which is to decide forgiveness towards your father. However, avoid starting your sentence with 'I' frequently as it may sound too redundant and it would not be too pleasing to read. You can try to rephrase your sentences to give it a bit of variety. Besides that, to add a cherry on top, you can also add high impact emotions that could not only move the character's emotions, but also the reader's emotions. Since this piece's main theme is about forgiveness, it would have been a perfect time to do just that. Anyways this output is still great!

Mark (49/50)