

It would be better if you could put a headline.

This is a promising start!

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. I looked down at the pit in which my deceased father rested. A trigger was pulled. Memories were shot out of the barrel of a Jagdtiger. The shot whistled through the air, its flight path perfect. The sonic boom from the shell deafened me. Was I to forgive him? I saw in front of me, visions of pain. The bullet struck me, straight in the heart, shattering as its filler charges exploded. The pain of torture came to mind. An MG42 appeared, shooting at me, hitting me with every shot. I perished not. The pain of trying your hardest but not being good enough hit me on the leg. Bombs fell upon me, 3000 lbs of explosive filled with hate and anger, the reminiscence of the gloomy air shone through the light of fire. A Panzer IV, ready to fire, all continuously barraging me with hate.

And at the front of the fleet of tanks, ships, artillery and aircraft stood one man. His figure was dim, but his eyes shone as they turned into those of a puppy dog longing for forgiveness. His command was not shouted, yet simply done naturally, as if every single force was commanded by his mind. His eyebrows were deep set into his large forehead, as were his eyes into their sockets. His nose stuck out, ^{its} ~~it's~~ perfectly triangular shape shining from the light of his eyes. His chin was perfectly placed in his lower face. His arms rested by his side, and his legs were planted into the ground. I was reminded of his inspiration. His hardworking self, although I didn't admire, was also firm. He was organised. He was just there. But it felt like he was controlling me.

That man was my father.

I looked at him. I had no intention of forgiveness. The barrage of artillery struck me once more. I felt the pain surging through my veins, splitting my heart perfectly down the middle. He was the sun. Its cancerous rays damaged me, yet ^{its} ~~it's~~ light encouraged me. The luminous yellow glow shone down at me, blinding me with ~~it's~~ power, yet giving me some health.

I had to forgive him. If it was not for him, I'd never be alive. Yet, if it was also not for him, I wouldn't be so hesitant to choose. I just had to. I never wanted to keep those memories with me. I had to move forward, and push the hundreds of war machines aside, blowing them to bits with

These lines are powerful. They scream volume of years' worth of pain, hate, misery, and everything in between. Still, you chose to let it all go. For yourself.

my weapon of encouragement from others and my powerful nuclear bomb of persistence. I was to put this chapter of my life to an immediate end Don't forget to put a period at the end of your sentence.

I forgave him.

You did an excellent job on this one! Different literary techniques are present in your work, such as imagery and metaphors, which add to the compelling nature of your narrative. You also incorporated such evocative and emotive words that I had to take lots of deep breaths whilst reading because they were all too much to take in. I felt the hatred and pain that the character felt in the story, and this just shows how effective your narration is. However, it would have been a lot better had you added a title. Next time, please don't leave your writing untitled because a title also plays a huge role in the totality of your work. Still, you wrote this in the most exceptional manner! Keep up the great work, Big Dog!

Mark=49/50

Scholarly