

## A Grave Dilemma

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. The wind howled in the night, pushing the trees aside and tipping the leaves off unceremoniously. The cold iron gates creaked in the motion of an artists acrylic brush painting the swirls of wind across the moonlit sky with utter nonchalance, bringing a chill to all who heard it. Of course, very few people were out late at night to hear those spine-chilling sounds as most were driven inside earlier in the evening, not wanting to be exposed to the forecasted storm.

The silent blue moon shining high in the sky absent of stars sent a eerie shiver down the spines of those who still lingered in the moonlight.

Cautiously searching the gravestones, I suddenly became startled by a darting shadowy figure that leapt upon a stone column. After freezing for a moment and deeply focusing on this being, I realised it was mealy a cat roaming the night which took some anxiety off my search and the need of being here tonight.

A knock at the door interrupted my TV time, who is it? The figure of a weltered man is reminiscent of a scarce family member in photos.

Could this be my father? on closer inspection he was feverishly ill and malnourished. He had come to fulfill his promise to see me the day before my 10th birthday.

We decided to play ball outside but it did not feel right having fun with someone who had missed all my other birthdays and events, despite that he is still my Dad I was not sure if I should forgive his absence.

I was feeling mixed emotions on hearing of his death following our recent bonding experience. I retained the sad times, but the heartwarming and pleasurable experience of our last visit were too overpowering. I would always bear the burden and the guilt for not forgiving my father for the rest of my life. I needed to make my move.

Despite the fact a storm is approaching we wanted to commemorate the death of my father so we traveled the arduous journey across the country, while still discussing whether or not to forgive him, this would become the most difficult decision.

Finally, I disbanded out of my thoughts because the few times that we interacted he cared for me immensely and he fulfilled his promise to see me again before my 10th birthday, "I would forgive him".

### Note:

You did an excellent job with the descriptions in your post. It evokes strong emotions and is easy to read. In addition, you have used various figures of speech in your work. Good job! Your work, however, has grammatical and punctuation errors. To avoid these technical problems, it is strongly advised that you proofread your work before submitting it.

MARK (45/50)