

By Vinal Liyanage

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like someone was watching me. I felt something on my shoulder breathing on me, however, when I turned sharply to look behind me, I saw nothing. I continued my cautious stride to my father's grave. There was a brumous chill of

Do not capitalise

Winter as I arrived at his grave, memories flooding back to me like a tsunami. Moments of hatred was all I could think of. There were no nice memories of my father. In fact, the word 'nice', hasn't existed in my family. The quarrel me and my father went through was not your normal five-year-old quarrel. It was as powerful as war.

Just as I was thinking of my memories of my evil Olympic wrestler father, a shooting pain went through me. My scar on my leg where my father had kicked me, many years ago, was bleeding and I was shouting in agony. I got a lot more flashbacks of my father and how cruel he was. I saw my 3-year-old self, slumped up against the wall, tears streaming down my eyes. And then in the present I saw his ghost shadow, begging for mercy.

"I am sorry my son. I am deeply sorry. I am sorry that in my cruel, evil life, I couldn't be a normal dad. I was too focused on my fame. Will you please forgive me?" pleaded my father. "Forgive you!" I shouted. "Why would I? You once shoved me outside in the rain and made me sleep there, all by myself!"

"I am sorry. Will you forgive me, please," asked my father, once again.

The wind in the background started howling, as if telling me not to forgive him. However, he was in my family. Looking at him, it looked like his heart was crippled. If I didn't forgive him and held my grudge, this day, this night, this presence of my father, I would never forget. If I forgave my father, he would never have a price to pay, if I held a grudge on him, I would never forget, and his presence would be haunting me forever. What option would I pick? "I will forgive you," I announced.

"Thank you, my dear son. No other son could be better than you."

Then in a flash my father was gone leaving me with only a coffin and a flower, with a note saying, 'You know what to do' and so I put the red rose on my father's coffin, kept the note and went on my way home. Then my father's voice whispered to my for the last time, saying "Good luck my son." Then I stopped looked back at my father's grave, for the last time, and ran back to my house.

Note:

Excellent effort on this week's writing assignment. Your words are well-written, and the events flow well. Excellent work! However, because the flow of events was too rapid, I would like to propose that you include little details in your last two paragraphs. What prompted you to ultimately forgive your father? There are a few grammar and punctuation errors as well. Please double-check your work before submitting it the next time. Regardless, excellent work on this week's writing assignment!

MARK (46/50)