

352/400 (Did not meet the minimum number of words)

Meandering around in the graveyard it felt like someone was watching me. Staring lovingly at the tombstone in front of me i gently placed down the pearly white roses, traced my hand across....., and tenderly caressed the engravings. "Dear Atalanta," I thought "Why couldn't you have lived longer?". Suddenly a chill went down my back, as if someone had dumped a bucket of ice cold water onto my head. This time I knew there was a person behind me.

I turned around stiffly afraid of the ominous stranger behind me. But I decided to face my fears and turn around. As soon as I turned to face the unidentified person behind me I regretted it. My hands quivered and terror pierced my feeble and shattered heart. A tall and slender figure loomed enigmatically above me. A jet-black hood veiled his face in a foreboding shadow. Onyx tendrils of vapour slithered around him like snakes slowly tightening their grip on his body. A deep voice emitted from what seemed to be the stranger towering above me it said "I am willing to make you an offer, I will revive your dear mother, Atalanta Grace on the condition that you give me your lifeline." I thought deeply about this tempting offer. Make this part dramatic. Expound and prolong the angst

My mother was the kindest woman I'd ever met. She would sing to me in her sweet and soothing voice at night while tucking me into my covers and gently embracing me. She was as pure as pearly-white lillies and her laughter was soft and melodic like bells chiming rhythmically in synchronisation. She had white-blond hair that cascaded down her back in ocean waves. Her soft periwinkle eyes gave me warmth on event the coldest winter nights. The pale complexion was as white as snow and perfect, smooth and unscarred. I would easily give up my lifeline to have her back. But was it really worth it? That question lingered in the back of my mind and bothered me.

But I had made up my mind and I was not going to change it. I simply said "I accept."

I can see the attempt to use nostalgia to elicit emotions from your readers, but it wasn't properly executed. As the character reminisces their late mother, it would've been more effective if not only did you write about how the mother looked like, you could've at least showed your readers that the main character and the mother indeed had wonderful and memorable experiences together that will make them decide to trade their life for their mother's. By expounding, you could've also reached the number of words required. Moreover, there were a couple of punctuation and grammatical errors. Nevertheless, I thought the ending was good but the decision wasn't fully justified in your writing. Good job, still!  
Mark=43/50