

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. It felt like a liquid shadow, strangling me in a lock hold of guilt and shame, each emotion piercing me through my heart in a tirade of indecision. A delicate tapestry of mellow grey mist weaved itself around me as I forced a foot down onto the dystopian ground. Thunder crackled like the desolate crash of cymbals in an infinite series of monochromatic cracks. The willows, stripped of their emerald crowns, lent their arms down in deterioration as they edged ever so close to the ground of the dead. I felt the shadow edging behind a boulder, gazing. What was the shadow? I don't know. Who was the shadow? I wish I knew. My only mission for tonight was to put a few rotting flowers in his graveyard, hoping to erase my memories of him for good. But that left me with a burden I felt too weak to carry.

Was I to forgive him or forever hold a grudge? I remembered I watched "The Matrix" one time with my father, the very one buried under 12m of soil, and a person was offered a choice, the red pill or the blue pill. The blue pill trapped him in a fabricated reality and to always live in the matrix, however, the red released him into the world of truth. Father always made a habit of sneaking a few hurtful words in the best of times. "Guess what, boy? There IS only the red pill, and as you grow up, you realise that medication will decide your successful future! If you had any," He'd grumble after the scene and complain about graphics, for he was a famed director. I was just a puppet in his never-ending show, beaten for the pleasure of its owner. But to fully end the show, you needed to cut the strings.

All the pain I held in every moment with him blossomed like a bushfire, crackling in my heart as countless lashes blistered my heart more than any part he whipped me. The clouds conducted the atmosphere, I could hear the strings of the violins being plucked by the rain and the pattering of the drum kit on the floor. Was that who I was? A pawn controlled in an auditorium of isolation and hate? No, if holding a grudge against history would lead to a life of despise, then I would forgive.

Great job including all the necessary topics required and for being able to portray the situations very well. There are some typos and corrections above to help you improve more and lessen mistakes or lapses for better outputs in the future. Moreover, you are commended for such a cohesive work. Give more attention to the subejct-verb agreements and slight lack of conjunctions in the work to give it a smoother transition and more comprehensiveness.

Marks:47/50