

part 1

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like someone was watching me. Skeletal trees intertwined, creating a canopy above me as I stared down at my lone ^{father's} fathers grave. Kneeling down at the dilapidated tombstone, I gently tossed a white rose onto the bed of flowers that rested upon the grave. The wind blew silently as I sat on the withered grass during the middle of the night. Leaves fell to the ground. I sighed. My father was never kind to me. My multiple attempts to satisfy his constant demands never worked. It seemed I was always doing something wrong. The feels!! TT-TT

My sister and I were treated very differently. My father expected more from me, trapping me behind bars of guilt and shame. ^{i like this line!} His mouth was always full to the brim with disapproval. Each day he pushed me further into the ruthless flames of his temper. He wanted me to feel the endless pain that he felt. I thought I was ^{broken--by constant criticism and dissatisfaction} broken. Broken by the constant criticism and dissatisfaction. I had fury bottled up inside me. I thought I was my ^{father's} fathers punching bag. All the discontentment that I was given when I've done nothing wrong, tore me apart. Tormenting memories flooded into my mind, cracking my already damaged heart.

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But... it wasn't what it seemed. I myself had also thrown spiteful phrases at him. I made rude comments when he didn't understand. I wasn't always the victim in this story. I was oblivious to the pain my father faced. I reached into my pocket, grabbing a crumpled medical report. "Why didn't you tell me you had cancer all ^{enclose with another quotation mark} along?" I muttered under my breath, tears streaming down my face. That's why he would leave the house at five in the morning and return in the middle of the night, when I was sleeping and oblivious to the hard work he had done. That's why he saved up so much money. He wasn't greedy; he was preparing for his passing. I was a child, naive and unable to process the situation. I lay in the endless, painful traumas of my life. Little did I know, my father did too. I believed I was the one who was suffering, the one with endless hardships and pain put upon me but I wasn't. I was unable to see how much hard work my dad did just to leave us some money when he passed away. I never thought of it like that. it wasn't your fault :((

I stood up, brushing the leaves and twigs off my legs. I made my way through the tombstones, leaving my father to rest, peacefully. He was one of the only people who cared about me. He gave me as much as he could as a single parent. With a final glance at the gravestones and a heavy heart, I left, shutting the rusted iron doors behind me. I forgave him and all that was left was peace and tranquility.

This narrative is so angst. I love it! It started as if it were a horror scene but it ended wholesomely. I didn't expect that twist from the character's reflection. It goes to show how important communication is because our loved ones will only be misunderstood if they don't open up to us and we remain oblivious and naive :((Anyway, you really got me hooked and immersed. However, there are a few punctuation errors. So, be careful next time. Overall, good job!!
Mark=48/50