

329/400 (Did not meet the required number of words)

comma after graveyard

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like someone was watching me. Vermillion blood trickled down my forehead as algid hands seemed to knock on my back. I spun around, anticipating a cryptic and arcane ghost to stand before me, its devilish eyes glaring at me like a despicable dictator. However, I found myself before my fathers tattered grave. so, it was you behind yourself? or was it your father?

A blend of agonising hate and gruelling guilt enveloped me. I envisaged my father, seldom smiling and towering over me like the malignant Satan himself. A pool of rage would always bubble in his eye sockets and i would always sit, petrified, cold sweat surging down my spine. "You are a stupid piece of rubbish!" he would scream, and i would be left there, emotionally battered and drowning in seas of my own tears. My father had left evermore scars within me.

I just turned back callous from loathing, i would live in forever penitence and contrition. Although my dad had thundered at me with his hoarse voice more than a hundred times and forbade me to have normal human rights, he was an excellent father sometimes.

When i broke my mum's porcelain plate, and my mum bathed me in puddles of shame, my father took me to the local dessert store, and made my day. He would also compliment me for even the smallest achievements i made. So, could i forgive my impudent father? ABSOLUTELY NOT! Those simple and meaningless deeds won't even out the horrible things he has said and done to you! >:[

All the times he had erupted in anger was when i was mischievous. Maybe blaming him wasn't the best option. I stood, staring at the intricately carved letters of his name. Positive memories flooded my mind as my tremulous finger tips traced his grave. A minuscule tear plummeted down my face, and i smiled, my body brimming with nostalgia for the jocund memories i had. If i forgave my father, maybe i would feel free again, like a jovial bird in the sky. Maybe this time, i could walk away, all my burden washed away.

I believe this narrative lacks sensory language and details. I believe you could've hooked your readers more in the part where you recalled the protagonists bitter past with their father. You could've added more scenes where it clearly demonstrated his horrible parenting ways. Moreover, the same goes with the part where you told the readers about the good deed he has done. I think you could've done better. If you want to put your main character in a dilemma, make their situation really difficult. And by that, I mean let your readers think there's really not a choice when really there is. Make it heart-wrenching and angsty. Lastly, you tend to write "I" in lowercase. Please capitalize it at all times (the pronoun I).

Mark=46/50