

LI: Write a flashback

In the early dawn, Gunnar woken up and stretched his muscular arms, then got out of his leafy bed (fit for his 6ft body). His dark eyes shimmered in the sunrise as bright as a diamond. On his back, he carried a shield that had many a tale to tell. His luscious, long hair was stained with blood from previous battles. Gunnar began to think how much he had grown since his father's death and past memories of happier times flooded his mind.

Back in his childhood, thoughts filled his head of his family house and how much laughter was there and all of the respect that was shown within. He also remembered when he would play out and look after all the animals (at the farm) or when he would help his mother cook stew and would help bake fresh bread, which drifted through the lushes, green fields, or when he would play in the long grass with his friends from the village.

As his memories continued, he remembered his fearless father, who was as brave as a lion, and how he was like a book with never ending tales to tell Gunnar and others from the village. He remembered how his father would teach Gunnar how to fight and how to farm. Gunnar looked up to him as a hero, mentor, a guiding light and most importantly his loyal, loving father. Even other people wanted to be like Gunnar's father - a mighty, fearless warrior. He had a pure heart of gold, Gunnar saw him like a shield (as well as other people). Wishing he had spent more time with his father, thoughts filled his head.

Opening his eyes, Gunnar felt a tear roll down his face with a bitter sweet smile. Those days were long gone although the memories would always be with Gunnar everywhere and anywhere he went. A reminder of the oath Gunnar had made to his father when he was younger - to avenge his death. In that moment, he thought that his father would always be with him and standing next to him. He felt a glimmer of hope to one day be reunited with his father and to be with the gods above.