

LI: Write a flashback

Climbing up a steep mountain, Gunnar was determined to get to the top - though he didn't need much effort to climb up what was like a small hill to him. As he took another thunderous step, his dark, wirey hair fell upon his iron-covered shoulders. Gunnar was trained to fight by vengeance for those he loved, dark memories is what made him like who he was now. He held his scarred shield in triumph with eyes that screamed with the ghosts of his past. Taking the last step, Gunnar raised over the peak.

Upon the mountain, he towered over the village he grew up in, he could still see the endlessly outstretching field full of life and crops. The longhouse in the middle - his. He could see the exquisitely woven and a warm, thatched roof of his house. Inside, the fiery hearth cast the nostalgic aroma of freshly baked bread. Though these days were long gone, the days of fighting with wooden swords were extracted from his life forever. It felt like a reminder of loneliness in the present. Back then, the fun and laughter was his world. All the memories from then were full of joy.

But most importantly, the man who everyone looked up to (especially Gunnar) his dad. It was him who inspired Gunnar wildly. The wise and loving dream father with a heart of gold had taught Gunnar skills that had saved his life. He was a mighty father like an old book of tales: telling stories that never got old. He was a fierce, courageous leader yet kind and caring in his soul -protecting all the ones he loved with his own life. Gunnar remembered comparing himself to his dad, the same muddy eyes with long, similar hair -only Gunnar's had brighter flecks of brown. Bjorn and Gunnar had treasured days skipping rocks in the yearning pond. Sentimental days like that can't be built again but left an imprint in Gunnar's heart forever.

In that moment, Gunnar felt a singular tear fall down his face as he broke out of his trance. Opening his eyes he couldn't help but have too many emotions filling his mind. Rage was overpowered with sweetness, but sweetness was torn out by severe sadness. Gunnar wished he could go back in time to his wonderful past, however he will always remember the love and joy that had filled his world forever.