

Part 1- Thomas Wang:

Meandering through the graveyard, I felt like something was watching me. I didn't believe those creepy stories about graveyards, **and** so I carried on with my journey. I suddenly turned around in fright and realise all that was watching was a stray bunny hopping around like a drunk man. My eyes darted from left to right trying to spot something else. Nothing. I decided the best option was to forget about it and keep walking. At night time, I could easily be ambushed by anything, I was sure there might still be something out there, I shouldn't have come here at night. My father's grave wasn't too far from the entrance, I could surely be able to make it before I ran back out again.

Could I forgive my father, after what he had done? After I found his grave, I could only imagine his gaunt deceased body inside that pit. I remembered all those harsh years of torture, punished for the slightest mistake. I felt like all the bruises I got were still radiating pain into my body. All the lies he made to my mother and I. All of that after he had returned from military service. He had lost all his friends and loved ones because of how he changed. I could still see that because there weren't any flowers on top of his grave, unlike the others.

A ghost suddenly rose from the grave, shaking the ground slightly. I instantly recognised the face; it was my father. But instead of shouting or whacking, he was on his knees begging for forgiveness. "Please, without your forgiveness I am not allowed to go past the gates of heaven, and even in hell I am currently being abused." He might be doing this to just be able to get all the best things available, and not really deserve it. On the other hand, he could have changed after all this time, but I was still thinking about **the his** cruelty of him.

"Please," he said again. I was getting quite annoyed at this point. I was trying to think, and he was acting like a lump of camel snot in front of me. "Alright, fine I forgive you," without him, I wouldn't exist after all. My father's gravestone shook with glee as its occupier rose to heaven in a bright beam of light. I decided to leave before anyone **wakes woke** up and decides to ask me what was going on.

When I got home after a subway ride, I could almost see my father waving to me from heaven. I decided to forget about it and sleep, and that night I dreamt of my father in heaven, being greedy and ruining everything, although not being able to be kicked out. I hoped it wasn't one of those

dreams that were true. I figured if I said I would like to undo the act of forgiveness **he** he might go back to hell.

Meandering through the graveyard

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This piece is a well-crafted narrative but you need to work on it in terms of narrative flair to make it juicier.

You must utilise suitable literary elements to add colour. This narrative piece contains very basic words that do not intrigue the reader. You must infuse high-impact adjectives and powerful vocab to move your audience to keep them hooked to your story till the end.

Hope you find this feedback productive, keep up the hard work!

44/50