

Forgiveness or Resentment – Pearl 515 words

Meandering through the eerie one-way airport to heaven and hell, it felt like something was watching me. I heard something behind me and I whirled around poised to attack like a panther leaping for its prey. But, it was just a falling leaf. As I made my way towards my father's caliginous grave, memories devoured me. I remember my 5-year-old self coming home from school one day, after losing my pencil, and my diabolical, self-absorbed, champion wrestler father whipping me on my back with a belt of spikes. I remember hoping that perhaps under all my father's hard and cruel layers, there was someone who loved me. I remember stealing a coconut, and presenting it to my father, with a hopeful look on my face. Hoping he would appreciate it and be more compassionate towards me. But, instead, he crushed the coconut in his palms and threw me at a wall, choking me for being soft and not keeping it to myself, instead. I remember all those nights sleeping under the hail and rain outside on the walkway without a blanket, on the rough, rocky concrete floor. I clutched my forehead in agonizing pain. I opened my eyes, my vision blurry, as bitter, stinging tears rolled down my cheek. What had I done to deserve such a cruel father? I remember my birth, when I had expected to open my eyes and see smiling, protective parents looking down at me. Instead, I saw the scowling, crinkled-up face of my father. I pushed myself forward, towards the grave, refusing to be drowned in the past. As I neared the grave I stood by the lake, which was the only thing between me and my father. I closed my eyes, in silence for a moment. When I opened them I saw a faint figure on the other side of the lake. I squinted at it and recognised the terrifying, bulky figure of the devil... My father. I couldn't move, I couldn't speak, and I was frozen in terror. The shape ran towards me, and I expected him to attack me. But, as the shape neared me, it fell to its knees. 'Daughter, I've been so cruel to you! I'm so very sorry. Can- can you ever forgive me?' Father begged. 'Forgive you?' I shouted, 'How, after everything you've

done? Do you remember locking me in a cupboard for days because I couldn't defeat a tiger? I was bleeding and I would have died if I hadn't figured out how to crack the lock!' 'Please,' he pleaded ' I truly am sorry!'

I sighed. If I forgave him, would he ever be adequately punished? But if I held a grudge against him, that would stick in my mind forever, and really impact me. Forgiveness or Resentment? Forgiveness or Resentment? Forgiveness or

'I forgive you for the crimes you've done because you are my father. In your next life, remember my words, Hatred and Cruelty **on** causes pain, for you, your family, your neighbourhood, **and** the whole world. One act can change someone's life.

This piece is great, you were able to craft an amazing narrative piece. But you may address a few lapses to make this piece outstanding.

Utilise high-energy verbs, high-impact adjectives, extended metaphors/ personification and other literary techniques. Utilise advanced words to add more impact. You have to pay attention to the narrative that is infused with emotions and describes the character traits/ emotions/ visual imagery of the scene so that the reader can see it through their inner eye. Hope you find this feedback helpful, keep up the hard work!

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