

Part 1

I Couldn't Forget

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like something was watching me. Graves were implanted everywhere where there was enough space. I cautiously turned around to see if someone was actually following me, but all I saw was a lonely grave in the corner, which I recognised was my father's tombstone. Flashbacks began to flood my head as I stared at the cracked, partially broken stone and the weeds hiding it from sight.

My father was good, but he had a bad habit. He drank ~~overdoses~~^{excess amount} of alcohol everyday. This, however, over the years, caused serious health issues. One night, he drank a whole bottle, then had a sharp stomach ache and was immediately admitted to hospital. The doctors tried to cure my father from the alcohol, but their numerous attempts all failed. They said that they couldn't do anything to help my father because the addiction to alcohol was simply too indestructible. The only thing they could do was to let my father die peacefully. After they said that, I realised that it wasn't my father's fault, but the addiction that had made him increasingly drink more alcohol and become attached to it. As I watched my father pass away in hospital, I saw that his face had finally changed. Instead of the usual angry look, there was a calm one on his face as the alcohol slowly wore off.

When my father was still alive, he always smelled like alcohol and was heavily drunk. This almost always led to me becoming seriously injured and ~~receiving~~^{receiving} countless cuts and bruises and ~~beat me~~^{beating} for no reason. At that point, I hated him so much. But, I recalled that deadly night, when my father was in hospital, the alcohol had partially gone away and he had returned to normal. In his last few moments, I had a chance to talk with him. As he died, he apologised, "I'm sorry." I wondered if I should forgive my father. Was he truly sorry? Would it mean a sense of guilt would be on me my whole life? Should I forgive him? But, memories before made me forgive my father, when I remembered that when he wasn't drunk, he was kind and caring and wouldn't hurt me at all. It was the addiction of alcohol that made my father turn into a brutal and violent person, not himself.

After the sad memory, I slowed down my pace as I fell into deep thinking. I was at the age when I had to pursue ~~in~~^{delete} a career, and I could go any pathway I wanted. I thought of the many other people who, like my father were kind and caring but were affected by the addiction of smoking or alcohol. I wanted to help them and save their lives. I reflected deeply and after minutes of silence, I knew what I wanted to be. I was going to become a scientist who could invent new types of medicines for curing mental disorders, such as smoking, alcohol and many more. "I might just be able to prevent more tragic deaths like my father's," I thought hopefully. As I walked out of the graveyard feeling clear-minded, I felt that the decision to visit my father's grave was a choice I could never forget making.

Note:

This is a great narrative, Grace. I can feel the character's resentment towards her father through the use of flashback. Good work on using this because I was able to connect the present to the past. Moreover, your application of figures of speech and other literary elements has made this more interesting. Moreover, I like your word choice because it has impacted the mood atmosphere, and tone of the tale. It adds authenticity and credibility if the story's diction matches its locale, era, and character voices. However, take note of your spelling, you have few mistakes there. Mark: 49/50