

## The Memories of Torture

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. I stared into my father's rotten grave like it was a can of sour milk, the evil eyes of the tombstone stared back, challenging me. My mind was flooded with memories of torture. Memories of my father, him forcing me into studying. Studying harder, studying longer, and studying more efficiently. All the sleepless nights, all the spankings, <sup>and</sup> all the harsh words. I clenched my fist. My scar bulged. I still distinctly remember the time I got it. I had a vile time at school, the exasperating bullies pushing me around their words piercing me like daggers. And when I got home, work was done. My father was standing there bitterly, staring at me with his stone-cold glare, shouting, <sup>Capitalise.</sup> "that's wrong! WRONG! ALL WRONG!!!" I anxiously stepped back as my father panted in fury. That day, he whipped me, the hardest he had ever whipped. And that's how I got the scar. An agitated bear, he spat his rage at me, letting <sup>it</sup> out through abuse, <sup>and</sup> solving everything with abuse. Bitter hate filled my body. I was shaking with anger. I closed my eyes and eventually, the temper filtered out. Suddenly it was cold.

I looked around me, ready to fight anything foolish enough to ambush me. A pale blue corpse rushed out of the ground. It floated towards me with the speed of light. I tightly closed my eyes. <sup>Use a comma instead. Do not capitalise.</sup> But nothing came. When I uncertainly opened my eyes, I saw the transparent figure crouched <sup>ing</sup> in front of me, begging for mercy. I abruptly recognised the figure. It was my father. My father's ghost. I stepped back and looked down at the cowering figure. I felt powerful. I had a choice. I looked down at my father, his clothes ripped, his hair messy, it seemed as if he wasn't having the best time, even after his death. He looked at me and started to explain. "I wasn't allowed into heaven due to the endless years of... unhappiness that I gave you. I would only be accepted if you were to forgive me," said my father in a quaking voice. "Even in hell, I am humiliated, shamed, by all the people, saying that my crimes were not enough. I feel left out. It is driving me headlong into the peril of madness. And... I need your help." <sup>This is well thought out. Good job!</sup>

I never thought my father would ask me for help, out of everyone in the world, but here he was. Forgive the years of pain and torture <sup>or</sup> leave him to perish and give him an afterlife of pain. The pain was unbearable but look at my position now. The scientist I always wanted to be. Have a house, a high-paying job, and a relatively relaxing life. and it was all thanks to my dad. <sup>Rephrase.</sup> He had pushed me hard, maybe a bit too hard, but the years of toil finally paid off. I turned my back to my father and said, "I forgive you." I heard my father floating away after that sentence. I felt like I had done the right thing. I looked at his tombstone one last time, and it stared back. I walked away, with a sly smile.

### Note:

Excellent job of writing this piece. I especially enjoyed reading your work since your descriptions convey the emotions of a child's grief. In addition, your sentences are well-constructed, and the flow of events is smooth. Good job! However, I would like to suggest that you add minor details in your last paragraph since the flow of events was too fast. What made you decide to finally forgive your father? There are also a few grammatical and punctuation mistakes. Kindly review your work before submitting it next time. Regardless, good job on this week's writing piece!

MARK (47/50)