

Part 1

Disgrace

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like someone was watching me. I swiftly spun around just in case to catch the spy but no one was there, just my copycat shadow. I had been clambering up the cemetery hill for what felt like hours until I found it. My father's gravestone. I stared carefully at the derelict words and numbers carved on **them**. "1950-2022. R.I.P Percy Kase, The soccer legend" I suddenly felt faint and a flashback took over. I remembered how I was silently counting down 5,4,3,2,1 for the New Year and when I reached 0, I heard a tumultuous thump. Then there was a deafening silence then it came. A shrill wail **which that** sounded like my mother. I was daunted and rushed down the stairs to see my father laying down on the stairs, pale." The thought still haunts me to this day, a year later.

Could I forgive my father for everything he had done? I still had a vivid memory **of** when I went down to the park to practice soccer with my father. All the other kids, frolicking around would have their **faces** painted with joy on the swings which is what I wanted to do. By the time I was 16, I had never gone on a swing because my father would force me to play soccer. He would always push me to play soccer for hours and hours non-stop. The worst part is, whenever I would stumble or **misaim** a goal, he would drag me into the bathrooms and spank me which not only left a bruise, but an emotional scar too. Percy would never spank me where people were because he obviously cared

about his reputation more than me. When I became so weary from training, I had a savoury taste in my throat which was like blood and it ached. When I was 11, he thought I ate too much so he cut my food and only gave me fruit. When I told my mother about all the torture I had to experience, she ignored me and thought I was lying. When it got a bit dark, I decided to head back home. However, I heard a swish and muffled sob come from the gravestone. It was my father's ghost! He was sobbing uncontrollably but managed to speak words of apology "Im so sorry darling! I-I-I just wanted you to be as good as me and I know everything I did was appalling and disheartening. Please forgive me" NO! I will not! You left me trauma which is still carved in my heart." I screamed while trying to hold back tears. I stormed down the hill with my hands in my face. At night, I thought about everything that had happened. Had he really only **did done** everything for my own good? I pushed the thought out of my mind. Tomorrow I was determined to go back and talk to my father.

You did well with the narrative and infused the emotions strongly but you need to work more to make it richer.

You must 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!