

Part 1 – Jayden Kok

The Choice

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like someone was watching me. I silently stared at the dilapidated gravestone of my treacherous father. Anger surged across my heart as I remembered the terrible memories of what my father did to me. The studying I did. The sleepless nights. The beatings when I got something wrong. The tears shed every day. He pushed me hard, forcing me to study and get better. Life was hard, fighting not to get bitten by the shark waiting to bite me in the water when I slipped. I saw my father standing on his gravestone, looking into my soul with teary eyes, begging for forgiveness. I felt like a fish, tempted to eat the food from the hook. I imagined if I forgave him, would he feel free and happy to do these things again? Would he learn from his mistakes or drop them and forget what he did to me?

I sat down on the cold grass, deep in my thoughts. Memories of the past flooded and engulfed me in a sea of memories. Salty tears went down the smooth skin on my face. Then, realisation struck me. Where was I now? I have a good life. I was a specialist doctor with a PhD. My father had done this for a reason. He shaped me into what I am now. I should not be angry but thankful. His tiring method was to teach me. He stayed awake with me all night, helping me with my studies. If he had not pushed me beyond my limits, I would not have had a good life but, instead, have a tough life. He had done this all for a reason.

I knew I had to pick. To forgive my father and feel free of what happened or keep it with me forever, remembering it every day for the rest of my life. I knew my father did this for a reason, but the pain he caused me made me wonder if he just used it as an excuse for the beatings. His image was in front of me, lingering there for me to say something.

“Please forgive me, my son,” his image conveyed.

I looked at him, stupefied. I did not expect him to say sorry and ask for forgiveness in a million years. I wondered if he was a changed man. Chameleons could change their colours. He had helped me throughout life, even though it was not how I wanted him to. I realised he was trying to have a fresh, new start in his afterlife. His heart had softened and turned from black to white.

“I forgive you,” I said with tears pouring down my face.

Then, I felt him embrace me like he never had before.

You did a marvellous job! This piece fulfils the criteria of a narrative piece. Although you may add more colour to this piece by adding literary elements like personification, imagery, metaphors and exaggeration. You may work more on the visual imagery to intrigue the audience.

Hope you find this feedback fruitful, you did an exceptionally amazing job, try to implement these suggestions to the existing content and you are good to go!

44/50