

## Part 1

Meandering through the graveyard it felt like something was watching me. I looked back at the creaky dilapidated gate and thought about the past few days. Should I not have come back? My father's death had shook me, but why should I care? He never showed any love. Instead, he was always bitter, punishing me for his actions. I despondently, dejectedly walked past all the withered graves, reading the names as I passed them. I could either forgive and forget my father, or feel enmity and malevolence towards him for the rest of my life. Anger surged through my half grieving body as I began to think back at the traumatic hallowing memories that had haunted me for my whole life. *Such an intense scene. Like this!*

A sudden flashback materialised right before my eyes. I strolled past the living room door, realising that the floor was untidy. I bolted over to quickly clean it, not wanting to get punished. My face was pale and colourless with apprehension. I finished cleaning in a flash and relief overtook the angst I was experiencing. Suddenly, my father jumped out from behind the couch. He catapulted all the toys I had just put away all over the living room, leaving the place in shambles once again. Then, out of nowhere, he began to scream and shout and lecture me about keeping the place neat and tidy. Apoplectically, he slapped me on the cheek, leaving a red scar that I still have today. He vehemently told me I'm not good enough with such force that I can still feel the gloomy feeling from when he told me.

I suddenly realised how many times this had happened, how many times he had tortured me, lectured me, and told me I'm not worthy. As I approached his uncared-for grave, I could somehow see through his pile of ashes and hear his thoughts. I could see his ghost, vaguely regretting all the hurt and pain he had caused me. I could hear his decayed brain, thinking about his actions towards me. I could feel his feelings, feeling guilt and repentance. For the first time, I realised that he didn't mean what he had done. I realised that his parents had treated him like he treated me. I sat down on the bench next to him, and thought about what to do. Not realising what he had done didn't change the fact that he hadn't shown any respect for me. Then, I pulled the trigger. I forgave him.

**Note:**

This is such a good narrative. You have adequately used literary devices such as flashback, imagery, figures of speech, mood, atmosphere, and tone to progress the plot of the story. In addition to that, the plot is quite unique because I would have thought that the character will never forgive their father because of how cruel and animal he was to her. I did not expect that she would forgive him, which is good. There's an element of surprise.

Mark: 50/50