

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like something was watching me. Daunting skulls were dispersed casually as they sniggered at my existence. Their detrimentally decayed teeth were about to engulf me **into in** their soul as a hiss of repellent mist wafted through the strokes of ebony paint and little splats of stars the bristly brush beheld. Scrunching my nose in disgust and consternation, I allowed the bully to consume me. I was a squeaky, inferior mouse that had to flee from its rivals **in-order** to survive. I bolted **of off**, wanting to cry, wanting to shriek, wanting to yell, but nothing came out. Suddenly, I **had** reached the grave. Stanely Yelnats. Born in 1978, and passed away in 2022. A beloved father, brother, husband, and hero to the world. A storm of emotions wrenched my gut, twisting and pulling desperately, turning my body sour with nausea. Shaking my head **in disappointment disappointed**, I knew that he wasn't a hero. At least not to me.

Suddenly, a jab of agony pierced my heart as I shrieked hoarsely, collapsing **in into** a small bundle and shivering uncontrollably. It was excruciating to recall my father's relationship with me. The way he spat arrogantly; his nose was held up high, and the way he would always look at me as if I were an inferior ant. The things he would call me were heartbreaking to a little soul. "You little twit, you disgrace from hell... He would never call me by my real name. Whenever my father left my room, my mother would always try to comfort me, wiping my tears and squeezing me into a tight embrace. I still don't understand why he treated me so badly. However, the question was, should I forgive him?

If I did forgive him, my heart would be at ease, and I would stop achieving shameful grades at school. The lump in my heart will shrivel, and I will be as free as a melodious bird tweeting its charming tunes in every forest tree. However, how will my father know? He is dead. Under the ground, starting a new life, he wouldn't bother listening to his "disgrace from hell" even if he could. He will never remember me as the forgiving son who always tried to find positivity in the relationship between his father and him. He will be the snotball, the twit who irritated him. The thought enraged me, and crimson **crecents crescents** formed in my pallid palms as I clenched my fists. If I didn't forgive him, I'd always have wrath in my heart, which would grow too big to handle one day, and revenge would poison my compassionate heart. My heart will turn into an inhospitable stone, which will affect other innocent people around me. What was I going to do?

Almost immediately, a voice hissed like a sly, slithering snake. It was my father's. The next few words made me gasp in shock. "Son, I'm sorry." In a blink of an eye, my heart defrosted, and there was only one thing to do. Forming the words **in on** my lips, I whispered tenderly, "I forgive you." My father and I have had a relationship in different worlds since that day, me on Earth and him in the heavens.

*You did tremendously and amazingly, this piece exhibits your potential and fulfils the criteria of narrative writing.*

*You added some impactful words, emotions and literary techniques.*

*Take notes of the grammatical errors.*

*Keep up the hard work!*

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