

## Part 1

### Forgive Not Forget

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like someone was watching me. I jumped a metre into the air as a branch cracked above me. Crepuscular shadows loomed menacingly over me, reaching out with their gaunt, sinister hands. My heart raced like a jaguar as I took a step back, lighting my stubbed candle. This was the hazardous, threatening resting place of my departed pater, who now lay lifelessly and mournfully in his grave. A frigid draft fell across my back and the hairs on my body stood up. I sluggishly stumbled over to my father's grave, clutching the single iris I brought with me in my hands. Iris was the Greek Goddess of rainbows, and like her, the flower is colourful and beautiful, unlike everything else in this dark place. I breathed in the fragrant, ambrosian scent of the iris, the luscious aroma wafting around the graveyard like a fluttering fairy. Hoping this prismatic, angelic blossom would brighten up the drab place, I set it down on his grave – then hovered. Putting the iris down meant I forgave him, and was that something I could really do?

My pater was a zillionaire that owned a chain as long as a snake of immensely wealthy and successful restaurants. They hired only the best to work there, but success had made him paranoid. I never got to hang out with anyone, bodyguards were constantly following me around, and everyone either was awed, scared, or thought I was weird. Growing up in despair and loneliness, I hated Pater for his cupidity and possessiveness. Yet he was gone already, and I couldn't blame him entirely for his paranoia. Should I hold on to grief and hold a grudge? Or should I forgive him yet face the truth that he would never be punished?

Drops of rain fell on my head. A chorus of rabid, frenzied, raging voices yelled at each other through the competitive spirit of the sky. I had to go back in soon, so what would my decision be? I closed my eyes and made up my mind. I didn't want to be my pater – holding a grudge would just eventually possess me obsessively, and I would turn into Pater. So I slowly lay the iris down. Immediately, the fuming voices of the sky turned mild and pacific as the sonorous rain stopped and the mellow sun came out. I looked up and smiled radiantly; for I knew that the crippling father-son relationship will never return. I would forgive Pater. But I would never, ever forget.

#### Note:

Nice! You can still work better and more on the grammar and word-choice to formulate better sentences next time. There are parts in the work that may cause confusion because the delivery is not quite clear and concise. Anyhow, there is always room for improvement and some parts are corrected above to guide you as well.

Marks (45/50)