

Meandering through the graveyard^{comma after graveyard} felt like someone was watching me. Should I forgive him or not I thought out loud as memories of both sides flushed through my brain,^a And then I arrived. I stared blankly at the engravings on the rusty tombstone. I edged closer to his tombstone and dusted it,^{period, not comma} It said: "In memory of ..." William Anderson (1945-2011). My heart sank as I dropped the flowers and left at once^{period after once} I felt one million shards of regret pierced through my chest reminding me what I would be without him. But the forces of courage pushed back reminding me how he did it.

I envisioned him coming home from work^{comma after work} dead in the morning^{comma after morning} forcing me to play piano until noon, standing there with an alcohol bottle, whipping me every time I stop or play the wrong note. I remember the times he would come home from the bar and hit me knowing that I passed the bedtime curfew leaving with sore bones and bloody cuts of glass. Once he even^{comma after me} threw^{comma after curfew} through^{threw} my prized pet fish out of the window and forced me to watch them get pecked boneless by the birds.

But there were times he helped me on homework and got me the books I wanted and even play video games with me. My father had worked long hours in fact from noon to 2 in the morning every day with no breaks even public holidays. He put food on the table for me and drove me to school everyday. I know my dad was trying to help me. But the cost was unbearable.

^{but still, he hurt you so bad. that doesn't even out things}
I know I have to choose to forgive or the hold a grudge against him.
^{chose between forgiving or holding a grudge}
I know holding a grudge will haunt me for the rest of my life and I can't just easily forgive him.
grudge and let him haunt my life or forgive him with chances of abusing my own children. My head was tearing apart, I had a flashback showing all the good things he did and his intention but the truth fought back. should i forgive him for destroying my childhood but giving me a great adulthood. I remember how he died^{add question mark at the end} that night when I insisted I want to be a doctor instead^{instead} of composer and he died in his sleep because of rage. ^a I thought holding a grudge won't change much

anyway so I forgive him^{that's tough...} that's a very abrupt way to conclude your narrative. You were already doing great, why end it this way?

First of all, I can see that the character was in a dilemma. They were confused and as a reader, the way you developed that part was confusing to me. You have your reasons but you're having difficulties in wording these effectively, where it reaches to your readers and eliciting emotions from them. Moreover, there were a couple of punctuation and grammatical errors, misspellings too. Lastly, I believe you could've reached the word limit if you hadn't rushed the conclusion like that.

Mark=42/50