

Part 1:

Meandering through the graveyard, it felt like someone was watching me. I spun around sharply. <sup>No one, only the rustle of leaves were heard and a hundred tombstones were present in the cemetery.</sup> No one. Only the rustle of leaves and the hundreds of

suggestion: it would be better read if phrases are completed and formed in sentences correctly.

tombstones in the cemetery. I shuddered. My father was buried here, under this tombstone. He was dead, but the memories still were vivid and hurting. The memories of him forcing me to study, to wrestle, <sup>memories were still vivid and hurtful.</sup> to be more like a fierce warrior who was not afraid of anything. But I also remember the charming, calming face that I once saw before I grew up, when I was still a tiny baby. I didn't know what to pick: to forgive my father or to hold a grudge.

If I forgave him, he would never know. If I chose to hold a grudge <sup>against him, it would</sup> it would stay in my mind forever. That would be a nightmare, his face being the nightmare of my every dream, every night, perhaps even forever. The darkness would be even darker, even scarier, even more frightening. I would not have a peaceful dream, perhaps I might never, if I didn't forgive him. But that only left me with the choice of forgiving him, or nightmares forever.

I remember watching a movie with my dad, called The Matrix. There were two pills in a particular scene: a red pill and a blue pill. I remember that the blue pill will allow the subject to remain in the fabricated reality of the Matrix; the red serves as a "location device" to locate the subject's body in the real world and to prepare them to be "unplugged" from the Matrix. Once one chooses the red or blue pill, the choice is irrevocable. It meant that the blue pill meant you stay forever in the Matrix, or you go home with the red pill.

I knew I had to pick one. In the end, I <sup>chose/ selected</sup> picked to forgive my father for all that he had done to me. I could tell him that I had forgiven him when I too, died, and went to heaven with him, and lived a happy life in heaven. He would know. I had no other reason to not forgive him. I was going to forgive him. "I hope I will meet you soon in heaven, father," I said aloud, "Because then we can live a happy life there." And like that, the problem was solved. I chose to forgive my father.

Note:

Good job creating such piece and for providing this work a good flow of ideas which made the whole product appealing and read-worthy. Moreover, there are some lapses on the technicalities which some are given corrections above. Regarding the cohesiveness and betterment of the work, I advice that you enhance the word-choice and widen the vocabulary to create upgraded and high-quality writing pieces.

Marks(46/50)