

Write about a person who had the most impact on your life

Throughout my life, I have met countless people. Some leave an unforgettable impression on my heart, and others like a speck of dust in the tempestuous winds storming through my brain. Those who leave an engraving on my soul vary from colourful affectionate love, to dull, murky resentment. Yet, there remains one crater in my heart—one so big that nothing else could be fitted in its place. However, this crater was not so much a depression of sorrow but a cosy settlement I could find myself in. The person who made the biggest impact on my life, the person who created that crater in my heart, would be my loving mother.

She was a woman with a dazzling face. Eyes scintillated like diamonds under the light, hair like satin undulating in the light breeze and a smile which radiated happiness that drowned away my anguish. However, what made her infinitely more beautiful, was the loving and caring heart she possessed.

In my darkest times of self-doubt and despair, it was she who fished me out of the sea. I still recall the time when I faced the devil himself amidst the toxic hatred directed at me by the other students who resided in the same class as I did. Stuck in the pitch-black ravine, I was in utter dismay, with tears streaking down my face like molten lead. However, it was my mother who cast the light from the heavens. It was she who presented me the haven of her embrace, where I could cleanse away my worries. It was she who gave me a solution to the seemingly never-ending bullying. It was thanks to her, I changed for the better.

Furthermore, in my times of standstill, when monolithic obstacles stood in my way, it was she who tore down the barrier that prevented my advance forward and lifted me high in the air where I could see beyond the goal. There was one occurrence of this that I remember vividly. It was the time when I first picked up the violin when only squeaky clamour erupted from the wooden instrument. During then, I was certain that the violin was not my forte, and that I would never be able to play it like my mother did ever so gracefully. However, it was my mother who spurred my motivation. It was she who taught me even when time was short. It was she who lit the candle in my heart for my love for the violin. It was because of her I was able to produce my own music and soar through the sky on my own.

Lastly, in my times of stress, when the workload piled to colossal heights, it was she who downplayed the seemingly impossible task and augmented my determination to work hard. One example of this would be the time during my O-level examinations when I was bombarded with a multitude of dreadful tasks and assignments. At the time, my teachers would hand out homework like candy, forcing me to burn the midnight oil, staring blankly at the mash of black symbols and letters on my worksheets. My fatigue exacerbated the issue, creating an illusion in my mind, that the words were some characters from an extraterrestrial civilisation. Yet, it was my mother who aided me through these turbulent times. It was she who sat beside me until the sun rose, helping me learn and complete my homework. It was thanks to her I persevered and achieved my dream grades that would have been nothing more than an intangible goal.

In conclusion, it was my mother who had the most positive impact on my life. Even though she has left this world we live in, her soul will forever be in that crater in my heart. Her warm embrace will forever be remembered on the body she has given me; the life she has given me.

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Writer Notes:

There's a blaring issue with this essay, as stated by my teacher, it is too metaphorical. This is quite dangerous for content, as the reader cannot really feel the mother as a tangible character. This transcript is with my teacher's corrections, so it was not as beautiful as what you just read. Also, I would like to emphasise, throughout this entire essay there was but one thing on my mind—I wanted to poop. Yes, I did eventually leave the exam hall midway to poop.

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