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[Comment:] Personal narrative. Document formatting is great!
 [Observations:] This essay evidences third-party preparation.
 {Integrity}: 100%. {Length}: 100%. {Mechanics:} 96% (spelling 100%, grammar 87%, punctuation 97%, word choice 100%).
 {Citation formatting:} ungraded. {Reasoning, logic:} 99%
 (efficiency 100%, acuity 99%, clarity 100%, objectivity 99%).

Personal Narrative

When we show appreciation for other people, it doesn't matter how big or small the favour is done to us. My grandma was always there for me to help, and the story I'm about to tell is my way of showing appreciation. I'm thankful to my grandma for her incredible supportive lessons and the beautiful times we had together in the kitchen.

One of my fondest childhood memories is when my grandmother gave me the family chilli recipe she'd used for decades. The start of October was unusually mild, and the leaves didn't begin changing colour until just before the season's conclusion. I had just moved out on my own for the first time, and I was nearing the beginning of my twenties. Despite my excitement at homeownership, I soon realised that my inability to cook would be a significant disadvantage. Although I quickly realised I was not a terrific cook, that opinion has not changed. I decided to give Grandma a call and ask if there was any chance she might teach me how to cook her world-famous chilli. I was going to approach her with a request for a demonstration.

Since she was staying at my place, we spent a pleasant day together cooking. All in all, it was a fantastic day. When I helped her chop onions and garlic, she told me stories about her childhood. Stories from her youth and adolescence were told. She told me how my grandpa ate three bowls of chilli despite being full the first time she cooked it for him. According to her, he ate it even though he was full since he loved it so much. She also shared a story about how she used too much cumin when cooking chilli and how my grandfather still

teased her about it. She believes this behaviour occurs if her chilli has excessive cumin. The chilli she cooked had too much cumin because of her mistake.

While my grandfather and I were preparing the meal, my grandmother told me her best-kept culinary secrets. Her perfect chilli recipe was one of the family secrets she gave me. She showed me how to make flavorful and tender beef by cooking it in the oven and demonstrating the many steps involved. She told me what spices to use so it wouldn't be too hot but still have flavour. They both gave her serious cause for concern. She also taught me the importance of slowly boiling the chilli to allow all the flavours to combine, which is why she always does it. So, the chilli was ready to be served in record time.

As soon as we were done cooking, the chilli filled the kitchen with a tantalising aroma, and the meal looked delicious. My grandmother's chilli recipe has become her signature dish, and I appreciate her taking the time to teach me how to make it. My family and I continued this practice long after the initial event had gone. As I mix the chilli's components, I reflect on my grandmother and how much I cherish the time we spent together in the kitchen and the delicious meals she prepared for my family. Even though I have known it for a long time, it still surprises me how much I owe her for showing me how to make one of my all-time favourite meals.