

Last Name

Student's Name

Professor's Name

Institution

Date

Score 77.6

[Comment:] No formal writing style indicated. Document formatting is fair, with room for improvement. Document formatting issues: vertical spacing; horizontal spacing; line spacing; body header; page header; font control.

[Observations:] {Integrity}: 100%. {Length}: Just a tiny bit short (99%)—quote a bit less or write a bit more. {Mechanics:} 92% (spelling 100%, grammar 86%, punctuation 91%, word choice 90%). {Citation formatting:} ungraded. {Reasoning, logic:} 62% (efficiency 51%, acuity 65%, clarity 81%, objectivity 51%).

Personal essay

It was a breezy autumn afternoon when I received a life-changing phone call. As I answered, my heart raced, unsure of what news awaited me on the other end. It was my doctor, and he had the results from my recent medical tests. My mind buzzed with anticipation as he delivered the unexpected news - I was cancer-free. Overwhelmed with relief and gratitude, tears welled up in my eyes.

Just a few months prior, I had been diagnosed with stage three ovarian cancer. The news had hit me like a ton of bricks, shattering my world into pieces. I was terrified of what lay ahead - the grueling treatments, the uncertainty, and the fear of losing everything I held dear. But now, standing on the other side of that journey, I realized the immense power of gratitude.

Throughout my battle with cancer, I had been surrounded by an incredible support system. My family, friends, and even strangers rallied around me, providing love, strength, and encouragement. They held my hand during chemotherapy sessions, cooked meals when I couldn't muster the energy to do so myself, and sent thoughtful cards and messages to lift my spirits.

As I reflect on my experience, one particular memory stands out as a powerful example of the gratitude that filled my heart. It was a sunny day in the middle of my treatment when I was feeling particularly weak and discouraged. The side effects of the chemotherapy had taken their toll, leaving me exhausted both physically and emotionally.

On that day, as I lay in bed, I heard a soft knock on my door. It was my best friend, Sarah, with a basket filled with colorful balloons and a homemade card. She had taken the time to carefully craft each balloon with words of encouragement and love. As she handed me the basket, her eyes filled with tears, and she whispered, "You are loved, you are strong, and you will get through this."

In that moment, I was overwhelmed with a sense of gratitude. Gratitude for Sarah's unwavering support and love, and gratitude for the reminder that I was not alone in my battle. It was a small gesture, but it meant the world to me.

As I continued my treatment, I made a conscious effort to cultivate gratitude in my life. I started keeping a gratitude journal, where each day I would write down three things I was thankful for. It

could be something as simple as a warm cup of tea or a phone call from a friend. This practice helped me shift my focus from the challenges I was facing to the blessings that surrounded me.

As I began to express gratitude more often, I noticed how it transformed not only my own outlook but also the relationships in my life. I started to appreciate the small moments of joy and the kindness of others in a way I never had before. I began to cherish the time spent with loved ones, knowing that every moment was precious.

Gratitude became a guiding force in my life, reminding me to be present and find joy in each day. It helped me navigate the ups and downs of my recovery, providing a sense of perspective and resilience. I realized that even in the face of adversity, there is always something to be grateful for.

Now, as a cancer survivor, I strive to live each day with a heart full of gratitude. I no longer take my health for granted and am thankful for every moment of vitality and strength. I cherish the relationships in my life, knowing that the love and support of others can make all the difference in difficult times.