Every Child A Writer (ECAW)
6 Integrity (2018)
A Special Gift

“Is she really not coming back? Do I really have no chance to apologise?” I thought as hundreds of questions filled my head. Looking at the hand-written card on the gift box, I recalled the events that led to this…

The discordant ringing of the school bell echoed through the compound, signalling the start of recess. Imminent chaos broke out along the hallways, the teachers whizzed out of the classroom in a jiffy, followed by the students who seemed to erupt out of every classroom. While boys gushed out of classrooms like dangerous white-water rapids, girls sashayed out leisurely. I rushed out of the classroom as I needed the toilet urgently. Minutes later, I returned to class to retrieve my wallet for recess.

Just at that moment, I spotted my best friend, Jane, reaching her hand into my bag. Suspicious, I waited until she returned to her seat then I entered the classroom. As I reached into my bag for my wallet, I realized it was gone! Certain it was Jane who took it, I approached and questioned her.

“Give me back my wallet now!” I demanded. When she denied she had committed a crime, I flew into a frenzy of rage and lashed out on her. She had no chance of retaliating at all. After school, I stormed off. When nearing the school gate, I heard Jane shouting my name from behind, pleading me for a chance to explain. Unwilling to give in to her, I continued my journey home without turning back.

At home, I packed my bag getting ready for tomorrow. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed a rectangular shaped figure ----- my wallet! Oh no! I misunderstood Jane. What should I do? As I reflected on my impulsiveness, I took a box out from my bag that was unfamiliar to me. On it was a hand-written note, it said, “I will be migrating to Australia today because my father was transferred to Australia for work. This is my farewell gift for you. I hope that we will stay in touch despite the distance.”

Suddenly, everything clicked. When Jane reached into my bag, she was actually putting this into my bag! Guilt and regret immediately overwhelmed me, the regret at my actions was indeed a bitter pill to swallow. When I removed the note and opened the box, I saw a mug with two words “Best Friends” on it. Inside the mug, there was a “Keep-In-Touch” card, stating Jane’s email address. Hot tears of guilt stung my eyes.

The next day, after asking around about what had happened to Jane, I learnt from her tuition friends that Jane specially took up pottery classes after school and often skipped tuition classes just to finish the porcelain mug. Touched by her sincerity and effort put into making the mug, I was also filled with remorse for accusing her of stealing my wallet.

I would miss her dearly and would treasure the gift that she sacrificed her time to make for me. I placed the mug next to my bedside table so that I can look at it when I wake up in the morning and before I turn in for the day.
Fortunately, I still have Jane’s email address. I will definitely write to her to apologise for accusing her. But not for now, as I feel ashamed of myself and have no courage to speak with her yet…

Lee Lilin
Dishonesty

I strolled through the minimart, killing time. CRASH! Bottles of beer fell off the shelves. Shards of glass were shot across the room and beer was splattered everywhere. What happened? My curiosity was piqued. I dashed near the scene, hiding behind the shelves and craned my neck to get a glimpse of what was going on. “Give me back my wallet!” yelled a man, choking a young man who was clutching a bulky wallet as if his life depended on it.

“Calm down! It was just a prank!” the young man sputtered. That sentence resonated in my head powerfully as I recalled what had happened a few months back…

It was a bright and sunny afternoon, marshmallow shaped clouds dotted the red-orange sunset. It was the peak hour-many workers and shop owners had just closed their shops or left after a shift. I was sitting on a bench, waiting for a victim as my family was in debt. They said that I was too young to work. But that would not stop me from getting money for recess! I thought.

Just at that moment, I spotted a man standing near the entrance of a shop. His pocket was bulging with a big and bulky wallet. As fast as a bolt of lightning, I dashed past him, “accidentally” brushing against him and slipped the wallet out of his pocket.

“Sorry!” I shouted as I ran past him, I dashed towards the toilet. My heart was racing as I opened the bulky wallet. It was full of cold, hard cash! I took a handful of them greedily.

Suddenly, an announcement was heard from afar “If you see a black Gucci wallet, please call 90029837”. In a state of panic, I shoved the notes into my pocket and ran out of the toilet. Discreetly, I dropped the wallet.

Proudly, I walked out with the cash. However, when I reached home, I realised that the cash was missing! Frantically, I searched my pockets. Not there. I was devastated. Now, I knew how it felt to have things stolen from you.

I then understood the idiom, “Crime comes with a consequence”. From then on, I never steal again…

“Excuse me boy, you have been staring at the mess for a long time. Do you need anything?” the shop owner asked. Still dazed from my recollections, I stammered, “Huh? What? Oh. Sorry. Excuse me.” As I walked towards the exit, I threw a backward glance and saw the poor man cleaning up the beer and glass with a mop. Being the compassionate boy I now was, I walked back into the store, picked up the broom and dust pan from the corner and started sweeping up the glass.

The man stared at me as if he had seen a ghost. “Why are you helping me?” he questioned. “Because kindness goes a long way,” I replied.

Chew Jia Xuan, Aiko
Dishonesty

It was the first week of a new school year. Jermiah and I were discussing in the canteen about how we would buy our school supplies. Jermiah suggested, “Let’s go to Happy Bookstore and steal some things from there. I have done this before. No one will notice. “

Being an honest girl, I hesitated about it at first but agreed to come as she threatened me that she would break our friendship if I did not follow her. We decided that we would meet outside Happy Bookstore at 5 p.m. that evening.

At 5p.m. that day, we met outside Happy Bookstore. We entered the bookstore and went to the stationary section. Little did we know that we were inviting trouble as the bookstore had installed cameras at every corner of the bookstore. Jermiah stole the items while I kept a lookout for danger. A security guard suspected our behaviour, came and shouted at us. My stomach heaved and there was a big lump in my throat.

My friend took out all the items from her bag and put them back on the shelves, but she slipped the calculator, sharpener, eraser and stapler into the back pocket of my bag without me noticing. When the security guard checked our bags, I was dumbfounded and Jermiah shook her head with disgust at me. I tried a dozen times to explain to the security guard but he accused me of stealing, called the police and my father.

When a policeman and my father came, I felt embarrassed and did not look my father in the eye. I was thinking about how the items had entered my bag when I saw a Closed Circuit Television Camera (CCTV) at the front of the store and started looking frantically for others.

I asked the police officer if we could check the CCTV camera footage. I had doubts on Jermiah. Jermiah muttered, “I am feeling dizzy. I want to go home.” Her excuse confirmed my suspicion. I muttered, “What a big fat liar!”

Just as I expected, we saw Jermiah putting the stolen items in my bag. I was lost for words but I cursed her as she was escorted away by the policeman. The whole day, my face was as red as a tomato. I made no bones about the incident and told my father what I had done and he punished me severely. “As you make your bed, so you must lie on it.” I learnt my lesson and decided not to be friends with Jermiah anymore. As for Jermiah, she was suspended from school for a month.

Nihal Deb
Dishonesty

“Abigail? Do you want to hang out at my house after school?” Taylor asked me once again.

“No! Over my dead body! No matter how many times you ask, that will always be my answer!” I hollered at the top of my lungs. Everyone in the canteen looked at one another and whispered about what a crazy person I was. Nobody rejects the most popular girl in school. Well, nobody but me. I folded my arms and acted as if I did not hear what they said. After all, they had already had a bad impression of me, doing so would not change my reputation in school – the shoplifter.

“Whatever, suit yourself!” Taylor snapped while rolling her eyes in annoyance. She strutted away to her large group of friends, leaving me alone. I gazed at the empty table where I was sitting at - I have no friends, just like before ...

I looked longingly at the popular group of girls once again. How I wish I could be part of them. I was all alone every recess as I was the newest kid in school. How I wish I could be part of something. Just as I was about to tuck into my food, the leader of the popular group, Taylor, sashayed towards me. My heart jumped out of my mouth, like literally! What is she doing here?

“Hey Abigail, do you want to go to the mall with us after school?” Taylor asked. I nodded my head slightly, unable to believe my ears. I acted normally throughout the day but my insides were basically partying.

After a lethargic day at school, I followed the ‘gang’ to the mall excitedly. All of a sudden, they huddled together and whispered to one another. Not wanting to be left out, I squeezed in between them and listened to their conversation. I was frightened out of my life when I heard that they had the intention to steal. What now! “Are we really going to steal?” I asked, though I knew the answer.

“Of course we are! Why? Are you too much of a baby to do so? You’re such a timid little baby! Waa! Waa!” Taylor taunted menacingly. Her friends sniggered behind my back. I was very unhappy to be ridiculed! Although I knew that stealing is a crime, I wanted to prove that I was not a baby. Determined to prove them wrong, I blabbed, “Don’t think I’m timid, I’ll show you I could steal as well!”

The second those words left my mouth, I deeply regretted it. I wish I could take them back. It was out of impulse and I really did not want to be a shoplifter. However, I still held my breath and walked unsteadily into the store like a cat on hot bricks. I tried my best to prove that I have the potential to be part of their group. It was unfortunately just the beginning of my dishonest mission.

I gazed at the wide variety of wallets displayed neatly on the shelves. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Taylor placing a piece of black cloth over the Closed Circuit
Television (CCTV) and her friend distracting the owner of the stall. Seemed to me like this was not the first time they had shoplifted. I squeezed my eyes shut in fear, opened them and slipped one of the wallets into my bag. The wallet was nothing fancy; it had the colour of a grass green toad and it had a Spiderman image.

Not like I cared about what the wallet looked like, I was just doing so to please Taylor and her friends. With a stricken expression, I briskly speed-walked out of the shop with the rest. I was just about to step foot out of the shop when …

“Beep!” A loud beep echoed through the entire stall. I broke out in cold sweat and felt a huge lump in my throat. Two muscular security guards approached us. My first instinct was to run as fast as my legs could carry me but I knew it was of no use. The security guards rummaged through our bags and found the items that we stole. “Why did you steal this? Don’t you know that stealing is a crime?” the security guard asked angrily. We denied and protested that we were the scapegoats and had totally no intention to steal.

The security guards looked into our eyes and questioned us if we were speaking the truth. Of course, the ‘gang’ nodded their heads innocently and plastered forlorn expressions on their faces. When the security guards looked into my eyes and questioned me, I merely shook my head. My conscience was pricked. I had been dishonest again.

Not believing what we had said, the security guards dragged us into the management office and played the recording from the CCTV – the one that Taylor forgot to cover. Knowing that we were caught red-handed, we decided to eat humble pie and face the music.

Our parents were called in and our school was informed. When my mother found out, there were tears brimming in her eyes. As the only caretaker of my life, my mother had always tried her best in giving me anything she could to please me. A branded phone, a computer, you name it! Stealing was like accusing her of not providing for me. I felt heartbroken that I had upset my mother who cared about me with all her heart.

When I returned to school the next day, I was infamous. Everyone in school had known that we had shoplifted. It did not matter for the ‘gang’ as they had each other. They ditched me and soon, I was back to square one. Even worse because now, no one wanted to befriend me. I vowed that if they ever wanted to include me in their group, I will never ever agree. Although it might be weird that I did not want to be popular any longer, I could not risk being dishonest again. They made me a disgrace to myself and I would never be part of them.

Through this dishonest incident, I learned that honesty is the best policy and that I should always heed the values and principles that my parents and school
teaches had inculcated in me. I believe that if we follow the right principles in life, we will never go wrong.

Lim Zhi Yu

Dishonesty

Scrolling through the news articles on the internet, I came across a particular article that stuck out like a thorn. It was on the increase of bicycle theft in the neighborhood. One of the thieves who have been caught yelled, “It is not me!” A feeling of guilt engulfed me as I recalled the moment when I said the exact same words…

Seeing the weather setting being the best today, I decided to take my bicycle out for a ride. When I got to the park, I wasted no time into riding my bicycle. Out of a sudden, I heard a loud thud. I stopped to a halt, cautiously dismounted, and checked my wheels. Just as I had suspected, one of my wheels has been punctured. Man! Just when I thought I was enjoying the picturesque scenery! With a heavy heart, I walked my bicycle to the nearest bike repair shop.

After an eternity of pushing my bicycle, I finally arrived at the repair shop. I looked at the notice board out at the entrance of the shop to check the price for repairing a wheel. Unfortunately, the price was thirty percent more than other shops! What a rip off! Looking to my right, I saw a branded bicycle. It looked as if it was made of gold! Just then, an idea struck my head; Switch my punctured wheel with one of the wheels on the branded bicycle! Since it was parked at a corner, it was easy to pull off the heist. When I made sure nobody was looking at me, I stealthily did the swap. “What are you doing with my bicycle?” Oh no.

I whirled around and saw the bicycle owner’s angry face. Seeing this, I did the first thing that came to my mind. Deny everything. “It was not me!” Upon hearing this, the owner whipped out his phone and showed me a video clip of me stealing his wheel. I was at a dead end. I immediately pleaded for forgiveness but to my surprise, he let the matter slide. “Everyone deserves a second chance.” I thanked him for his kindness and pledged not to steal ever again.

Crime does not pay, it will only make you scared and anxious. I really thought I was going to be sent to jail. Never had I felt so fearful of my future. I am now an upholder of justice and if I could turn back time, I would not have stolen the wheel.

Teo Min Xun
Dishonesty

Mark strolled into a bookstore leisurely, whistling as he browsed through the magazines on the shelves. “A guy around his mid-thirties was arrested by the police last Friday for stealing a pencil. His sentence was lighter due to the fact that he suffers from a rare disorder named Kleptomania. Kleptomania is…” The monotone voice from the radio in the bookstore spoke. Mark’s mind drifted from the reporter speaking, letting his mind float back to the incident that happened a year ago, still freshly etched in his mind. It all started out with what seemed like a perfect day to get coffee and fresh air…

Puffy white clouds dotted the azure blue sky, the first rays of sunlight peeking through the windows. Mark looked outside and smiled to no one in particular. It was going to be a perfect day, or so he thought. It was still quite early, so Mark thought he should get his daily dose of caffeine to get him ready for the day.

The gentle breeze nipped at Mark’s face while he was walking through an alley to get to a café nearby. He glanced around and caught sight of an old rusty bicycle. Mark felt his chest tighten ever so slightly, the reason being something he was not quite aware of. He wanted to continue his way to the cafe but his legs were rooted to the ground. They would not budge a single inch. It was as if the bicycle had hypnotised Mark, he felt his brain beginning to go empty, his ears blocking out whatever sound echoing through the surroundings.

Mark felt an urge to steal, but why? He already had a bicycle in way better condition than this one. Unknowingly, he had stared at it for a whole five minutes, battling between his moral values and desire. The control was slowly slipping out of Mark’s mind. He inched forward little by little, and he knew it was only a matter of time before he charged at it like an angry bulldozer. His need to steal was getting stronger by the second. After the whole mental torture, Mark decided to steal the bicycle handle only. It already seemed like it was going to fall off anytime soon anyway.

He checked the surroundings—no one. Mark stealthily walked up to the bicycle and broke the handle off effortlessly. That was it—he had tumbled down the slippery slope of his first crime, but the wave of euphoria that coursed through his veins sent tingles up his spine that he did not even notice he had committed a crime.

All of a sudden, a man sprinted towards Mark while shouting at him incoherently. It could only be the police of the owner of the bicycle so he did what his first Instinct told him to—run. Mark dropped the bicycle handle and ran like the wind, trying to lose his pursuer. Once Mark could not hear any sound of footsteps behind him, he halted to a stop. Placing his hands on his knees, Mark started panting heavily as if he had just run a marathon.

After his breaths had slowed down, the truth began to sink in, and so did the guilt. Mark thought back to what had just happened. He had stolen a bicycle handle which he did not even want or need and even felt an adrenaline rush through his body. Mark had never acted that way before, nor was it normal for him to. Perhaps it was the
guilt slowly seeping through him or the fear of losing control that way that made him seek help at a psychological clinic the next morning…

“Excuse me, Sir. We’re closing the bookstore soon.” Mark snapped out of his momentary stupor at the female cashier’s voice. He apologized and briskly walked out of the bookstore.

In the end, the bicycle owner decided to let Mark off the hook upon finding out about his condition. Mark got treatment for his rare disorder and vowed to never let it take over his senses ever again.

Lua Huiqin, Joslin

A Dishonest Act

I was strolling around the convenience shop with my older sister to kill time. I wanted to steal my favourite potato chips because I had no more money in my wallet and I was feeling hungry. However, my sister glared and me and said, “Honesty is the best policy.” That proverb resonated powerfully with me as I recalled the incident that happened a few months back…

“Hey everyone, look at my new comic book I bought. This book just costs peanuts to me and I am sure Sarah cannot afford it!” I craned my neck, trying to catch a glimpse of her new comic book. It was Lisa again, flaunting her wealth and picking on me.

She had never done it to me before because she knew from the start that I had financial difficulties, however, ever since I had accused her of stealing, she started to mock me because I had “betrayed” her. I so wanted to stop her from teasing me again!

Feeling annoyed and distracted, I kept thinking on how to prove her wrong as I was on my way home from school. Suddenly, I almost tripped on something. I thought to myself, who had left their thing here? However, that thing caught my attention. I picked up the wallet curiously and scrutinized it.

It was shiny.
It was blue.
It was filled with many notes and cards!

At that moment, I was caught in a dilemma - should I return it? My parents had always taught me to be honest in life no matter what happened, however, I could take the wallet to stop Lisa from teasing me. After a long time, I decided to return the wallet to the nearest police station as fast as lightning so the owner would not be worried. Just then, my best friend, Irene, who was also walking home, met me. “Wow, is that yours?” Irene asked.

I told her the truth of what had happened and I thought as a prefect, she would be honest and supported my decision to return the wallet to the rightful owner. Instead,
she wanted to split the number of notes in the wallet. I was shocked and did not agree with her at first. But, she pointed out that I could use the money to buy the comic book that Lisa had and prove her wrong. Eventually, I caved in.

I opened the wallet and took out the money. Stealing furtive looks around to check if anyone caught me in the act, I left the wallet on the floor. I was a cat on hot bricks. However, Irene was not the least bit afraid, she was not worried that we would be in for the high jump.

We went to the nearest bookstore. My hands started to turn clammy and my stomach churned. Feeling anxious, I decided to buy the comic book as quickly as possible and acted as calmly as I could to avoid suspicion from the cashier. It felt like an eternity as the cashier scanned the barcode of the comic book.

I was on cloud-nine when I had bought the comic book. I could finally prove Lisa wrong and make her stop teasing me. I wanted to go home straight away but Irene thought otherwise, she wanted to continue shopping!

I agreed after much persuasion. As I was shopping, I knew that I could never escape the punishment forever even if I did not get caught red-handed that day. The law is very strict and would catch up with me one day. After a few hours of shopping, I started to feel even more anxious as we finally made our way home.

In no time, I witnessed someone looking flustered, looking everywhere for something. Could it be the owner of the wallet? As I was thinking, the man came towards me and stuttered, “Do you know where is the police station? My wallet is here, but the money is gone!”

I pointed to my right anxiously, telling him the right way to the police station. Afterwards, his gaze drew towards the numerous shopping bags that we were holding. He started to suspect us and questioned, “How did you have so much money to buy branded stuff?” We tried to explain, but we were looking so flustered and he could see through our lies. He threatened to call the police unless we admitted to what we had done. We ate humble pie. True enough, he kept to his words but decided to call our parents to inform them what had happened.

Sweat started trickling down my forehead as I was scared I would get a scolding from them. After our parents knew about what had happened, they wanted us to repay the man with our own savings. The next day, we collected all our savings and gave all of our money to the man. I had not been honest so as I make my bed, I must lie on it.

My older sister was too disappointed in me. She told me that “Honesty is the best policy.” I tore my gaze away from the packet of potato chips and left the shop with my sister.

Megan Lim Fang Hui
“Mia! It’s time for recess! Let’s go to the canteen now!” I yelled impatiently at my best friend, who was still taking her own sweet time to put her homework into her bag. Didn’t she know she might make me late for recess? I glared at the ‘sloth’ crossly.

“Coming! I just have to find my wallet…There it is!” Mia exclaimed in delight as she grabbed her wallet and gave me a cheeky smile. I took a glimpse at her wallet before she shoved it into her pocket. Instead of seeing the old, dirty wallet that Mia had always brought to school, I saw a brand new wallet – a limited edition golden wallet! I felt a dizzy sensation as memories of that incident that happened two days ago flooded my mind. It was then I realised that honesty is the best policy…

“Argh! Why can’t I solve this simple Math question?” I yelled as I pulled my hair in frustration. There was nobody I could seek help from. My parents had gone out for their usual morning jogs, while my sister should be still snoring in bed, like she usually does.

Out of the blue, I heard a soft click followed by footsteps. I whirled around. Where was the sound coming from? My curiosity was piqued. I placed my pen down before tracing the source of the sound. It led me to my parents’ bedroom. A chill ran down my spine when I saw a shadow in the room. I froze. Where was the shadow coming from? Mustering up my courage, I took a peek.

“Iris, what are you doing?” I inquired, my mouth wide agape. My sister’s face turned as pale as a sheet upon seeing me. “Nothing…” Iris murmured, her head lowered. I knew that something was amiss when I realised that she was hiding something behind her back. “Nothing? Then what are you hiding behind your back?” I inquired, unconvincing. My sister bit her lips before showing me what she had been hiding—it was my mother’s wallet! Before I could react, Iris explained that she was trying to get some money to buy the limited edition golden wallet I wanted. I was touched by her words. My lovely sister was stealing for me?

I was stuck between a rock and a hard place. I was in a dilemma. Should I tell my mother about her dishonest act? Or should I keep quiet so that I would have the money to buy the wallet I wanted for days? However, the moment I pictured the decently branded wallet, I could not help but to agree that I would not tell mother about her dishonest act. What other choice did I have if I wanted the golden wallet? It would take months if I wanted to buy it using my savings, and by that time, it would be out of stock. It was painfully obvious that I could not afford the costly wallet. I wanted it so badly that I was blinded by my cravings.

Iris grabbed a hundred dollar note and left the empty wallet back to where it was initially found. “Emma! I am going out to buy the golden wallet you wanted. Bye!” Iris shouted from the doorway. I gave her a quick wave before proceeding to complete my Math worksheets. Instead of being frustrated like I was before, I felt excited as I could finally own the golden wallet. One minute ticked as the other crawled by. Before I knew it, my parents were back home.

“Emma, you are studying! What a good girl! I will reward you with your favourite chocolate, alright? Just wait a moment while I get some money from my wallet,” my mother praised. She gave me a pat on my back before strolling towards her room. The
moment I heard the word ‘wallet’, beads of sweat trickled down my forehead. Before I could stop her, she was already in her room, aghast by her discovery.

“EMMA TAN! COME HERE NOW!” Mother bellowed. My mother’s screams were so loud that my eardrums were about to burst. I knew I would be in hot soup. I dragged my feet towards my parents’ room unwillingly.

“How could you steal my money? Didn’t I remind you to always be honest?” Mother questioned, disappointment dripping in her voice. Since I was the only one at home, Mother thought that I was the one who stole her money. Without giving me time to explain, she flew into a rage and gave me a tongue lashing. Regret overwhelmed me. If only I had not agreed to what my sister did. If only I told my mother about Iris’s dishonest act instead of agreeing to it. If only… If only…I knew that all these was partly my fault. Seeing anger, sadness and disappointment in my mother’s eyes, I lowered my head in shame. After the ‘drama’, Mother stormed into her room, slammed the door shut, and locked her door. I guess she needed time to calm down.

I decided to tell my sister to refund the golden wallet and return the money back to Mother when Iris got home. However, Iris returned home with a pink purse in her arms. It was then I realised that she had lied to me by saying she would buy me the golden wallet! She only said that to escape from trouble! A surge of anger rushed through me. Steam was practically shooting out of my nostrils. However, I did not want to make the situation worst, so I decided to pay my mother back using my savings.

“Emma, are you away with the fairies? Let’s go to the canteen now! I am starving!” Mia vociferated. I was brought back to reality. I gave her a quick nod, before we skipped to the canteen.

As the saying goes, “Honesty is the best policy.” After that incident, I realised that integrity is out most important. If I could turn back time, I would never have been dishonest. I hope it was not too late for me to prove to Mother that I had understood that riches could not buy honesty.

Ng Wei Xuan
Dishonesty

Mother often reminds me like a broken radio about her motto, “By confessing your faults, you have gone a long way towards putting things back again.” I did not know the phrase’s meaning until that day …

“John, come and take a look at this suspicious black object!” John went up to me and both of us went to take a closer look at the suspicious object. Turned out that it was a wallet!

I took the wallet and opened it. There was so much money! We decided to split the amount between us and spent it. We went to the nearby shop to buy the expensive toy gun that I really wanted then we went to the nearby restaurant and ordered food to eat. While I was eating, I became very thirsty so I went to buy a bottle of drink.

As I took out the wallet and paid the money for the drinks, the cashier kept staring at the wallet. Feeling uneasy, I quickly hid the wallet from her view and went back to my seat.

When I was eating my food, I suddenly saw a hand snatch away the wallet from the table. Surprised, I looked up and saw that it was the cashier who had taken away the wallet.

She found a photo of her family and she noticed that there was only a few wads of money left in the wallet.

“Where is the rest of the money in the wallet?”

“I… I had spent all of the… …money.”

After hearing what I had said, she was very angry. She asked for our parents’ phone numbers. While she was calling our parents to ask them to come down to the restaurant, John and I were trembling in fear. Beads of perspiration dripped from my forehead.

When our parents arrived at the restaurant, the shop owner told our parents everything. Upon hearing what we had done, our parents gave us a tongue lashing.

No legacy is as rich as honesty. My mother must have wished she had passed the legacy to me. I hope that it was not too late to prove to them that I had understood that riches could not buy honesty.

Soh Jing Shan Sabrina
Dishonesty

My parents had always reminded me like a broken recorder, “Honesty is the best policy.” I did not understand what it meant until the incident that occurred a week ago...

It was an ordinary school day. The canteen was flooded with students who were busy talking to each other. I dragged my feet into the canteen alone, my head hung low.

“Hey guys! Look at that poor kid over there!”

I raised my head to see Lisa, the school bully, and her gang of friends laughing their heads off. I watched as a smirk appeared on Lisa’s face. Annoyed, I shot Lisa a glare and shoved my way through the bystanders, making my way out of the canteen. Suddenly, I tripped on something but I ignored it, thinking it was just a juice box that was thrown onto the floor by someone. But out of curiosity, I glanced down to find out that it was not a juice box, but an expensive wallet. I looked around wondering who could have been so careless to drop such an expensive wallet on the floor. After a few seconds, I decided to do something I had never done before. Since no one was looking, in one swift movement, I scooped the wallet into my arms and stuffed it into my pocket.

After I reached home, I opened the wallet to see what was inside, it was a ten-dollar note! I squealed in excitement as I thought of what I could buy with that money. Little did I know, it would not end well.

The next day in school, I confidently strode into school, not thinking anything would happen. As I strolled past the general office, the discipline master greeted me with a glare. In that moment, I knew that I was in hot soup.

“Good m...morning ,Mr Lee,” I stuttered as I trembled in fear. I stared into his eyes, hoping for forgiveness. But the only thing I saw was a pair face full of fury. I did not need to explain my situation as everyone in the school knew that I was poor. I was already at my wits end. He took pity on me and only requested for me to return what I had stolen to the rightful owner. My parents were called and told about the situation. I knew that I was about to be given a tongue lashing.

At that moment, I understood what “Honesty is the best policy” meant. I swore to never do anything like that again.

Koo Yu Ting, Jaymie
Dishonesty

I strolled leisurely through the maze of shops in the newly opened shopping complex; Northpoint. Out of the blue, two burly-looking police officers dressed in their smart navy-blue outfits were dragging a little boy towards the management office. “Let me go! I didn’t steal anything!” the boy shrieked, attempting to kick and shove the policeman who was closer to him. “Sorry boy, until we check your pockets, you are not going anywhere!” The policeman answered firmly. “Let me go…” That powerful phrase echoed in my head. It triggered the memory of me shoplifting two years ago…

It was the first day of secondary school and so far, Lady Luck was not on my side. Why? I had trouble fitting in with the rest of my classmates! I sighed in exasperation. “Seems like you woke up on the wrong side of bed, Alicia Tan; having seen you still haven’t found a friend!” I smiled bitterly to myself. Then all of a sudden….

“Hey girl! Any friends so far? If not, why don’t you join us for recess? I’m Chloe; by the way!”

I whirled around. Standing behind me was a girl with a face of an angel. Trailing after her were a group of girls that were giggling among themselves. “Think that pathetic girl can make the team?” I heard a girl snicker. Huh? What team? Chloe seemed to have read my thoughts. “Oh, don’t you worry, this team promise you LOTS of…exciting adventures,” Chloe paused long enough to give the girl who said that phrase a hard stare before dropping her voice into a whisper, “But there are rules you need to follow. We’ll give you anything you want, but remember, when the time comes, you’ll in turn pay us back.” Although I was a little wary of the phrases ‘exciting adventures’ and ‘pay us back’, my greed still washed over me and without a moment’s hesitation, I had agreed.

Over the next few weeks, Chloe and her group showered me with the items that I had told them I wanted. Although I was happy beyond words, my suspicions grew with each passing day until I could not hold my curiosity any longer. When I confronted Chloe and burst out my opinion, she just rolled her eyes and exclaimed, “By stealing of course! It’s easy; just wait for night to descend; make sure the targeted shop is closed, pry open the door and POOF! That item is all yours!” Then she added with a cunning smirk. “So after all the tricks of the trade I have just told you, it’s your turn to repay us. Go to the bookshop beside school tonight and steal all the newly-launched notebooks that are on the shelves.” “But-” I tried to protest. However, Chloe had already put her foot down and was sashaying away.

That night, I hid in the shadows of the trees until I was certain that there was no one around. Mustering up the little courage that I had left, I reluctantly broke the lock the way Chloe taught me and as quiet as a mouse, crept into the store. The moonlight streaming through the windows casted a glowing pool of light on my “target”. Stealthily, I shoved the notebooks into the big duffel bag that I was carrying. Mission accomplished! I took off, heart pounding in my chest.

The next day, the bookstore manager finally realised that the notebooks were missing and called the police. After a futile search around the bookstore, the police decided to check the closed-circuit television. Recognizing me as one of the pupils from school, the infuriated owner rang our principal up. I was then called into the principal’s office. “Let me go! I didn’t steal anything!” I lied through my teeth. This
made the principal even angrier and my punishment of 24 hours of charity work jumped to 36.

As the saying goes, “Once bitten, twice shy”; I have learnt a valuable lesson: no legacy is as rich as honesty. Heeding these words into heart, I never once looked back at the slippery slope of crime. As for Chloe and her gang, I did not see them as friends anymore; and instead befriended others who were willing to help me turn over a new leaf.

Geoy Kai Lin
Dishonesty

“How is this your wallet?” I asked a man, clad in a long brown coat with a fedora, who claimed that the wallet I found was his. I wanted to run to the nearby police station and gave it to the police. But it was too late as the man had already grabbed my hand and snatched it from me. I screamed and demanded he gave it back to me. He punched me right in the face and I fell onto the floor with a loud thud!

This was an incident which happened to me last year. The loud noises from the supermarket pulled me back to reality. I was supposed to be buying fish for my mum to cook for dinner. I quickly chose a fresh fish and paid for it before I made my way home.

On the way home, I was interrupted by a soft flop sound. Instantly, I turned my head around and saw a wallet laying on the ground. It looked worn out, however, it was loaded full of cash, about a centimetre thick. I thought to myself, “This is a lot of money! I should put it into my savings!” I smiled joyfully and continued my same route home, with the wallet filled with cash. I was daydreaming about the gaming computer that I would be able to purchase with the cash I had found. It was a lucky day for me. I stumbled upon a rock and almost fall, at this instant, my father’s words reminded me like a broken radio about his motto, “The foundation stone for success is honesty.” I decided to live up to his motto and returned the wallet to its owner.

As I was about to walk away from the scene, a man with sweat all over his forehead asked in a deep voice, “That is my wallet.” I looked at him and retorted, narrowing my eyes, “How is this your wallet?” In a quick flash, the man snatched it out of my hand and ran into the crowd. Hatred filled me as I felt I could have been tricked and I had failed to pass it to the police to return to its rightful owner. But at least, this time round, I was not being punched in the face like the previous time.

I proceeded to the nearby police station and make a police report. “See if he dares to run now,” I muttered to myself. I provided the man’s facial features, hair colour, height and size and the details required by the police to make a sketch of the criminal.

That night, I turned on the television to watch the news and was so happy to find out that the man was caught by the police. The man was a repeat criminal and the wallet was returned to the rightful owner. I was shameful of my initial thoughts to keep the wallet and money to myself. I was glad that the rock pulled my back to my sense and that I did not commit a dishonest act.

Michael Douglas Scalzo
An Animal Experience

“When life gives you lemon, you make lemonade.” This saying’s meaning is exactly like what Alexander did earlier today….

It was Alexander’s first time going to the zoo so he was very energetic that he could not sit still at all. “Today, we will be going to look at the lions, then the giraffe after that it will be the elephants. It is very crowded so please stay in the group,” instructed the guide. “Also, everyone will get a chance to ride the elephant. I hope all of you will learn a lot from this experience.” “Yes!” chirped twenty little voices.

Time flew by and soon they were on their way to the elephant enclosure. Chattering blithely, one by one they climbed on top of the elephant back. Vernon, one of Alexander’s classmate, was waiting for an opportunity to humiliate him as he hates how popular Alexander is. “How can I humiliate him?” Vernon thought with a sigh.

“Wow the view is so enchanting!” exclaimed Alexander. The cool wind blew towards them and made their hair ruffled up. Splash! Calm and cool water flowed down the river for the elephants to drink.

Suddenly, the elephant Alexander was riding on became playful and used its trunk to suck up a bucketful of water. Turning its trunk towards Alexander, the elephant showered him with cold water. A look of surprise flashed across his face. Everyone jerked their heads towards Alexander and remained stunned for a second. It was so quiet that you could hear a pin drop.

Seizing this opportunity, Vernon began to laugh tremendously loud. “Do you like your bath, stinky Alexander? The elephant also must have think that you were too unbearable for words!” sneered Vernon maliciously. Choosing to ignore this nasty comment, Alexander began to giggle helplessly. “Ah, that was so refreshing little elephant! Thanks a lot,” said Alexander with a big smile plastered across his face as he gently patted the elephant’s head.

Alexander’s contagious laughter caught on and soon, teachers, classmates and guides started to laugh along. “Damn! My plan to humiliate him failed again! How frustrating.” Vernon scowled maliciously. Due to this funny and happy occasion, the teachers decided to not punish Vernon for his rude remark.

To Alexander, this experience was a first time for him especially being splashed with water and going to the zoo. It became etched in his mind as long as he could remember.

Lin Li Xuan
An Animal Experience

I was reading a book on idioms when I came across a particular idiom that I could totally relate to curiosity killed the cat. This was a bad and unforgettable incident which happened a couple months ago. It all happened on one fine day….

Finally, the school was over. I walked back home eagerly, thinking of my favourite cartoon program. When I was near the lake, I slowed down and stopped to admire the brightly coloured flowers. The lake was so clear that I could see my reflection in it.

All of a sudden, I snapped out of my reverie when I heard a loud cry. It sounded like it belonged to a cat. Curious, I tried to locate the source of the cry and found a stranger struggling with a cat. Curiosity got the better of me and I decided to intervene as I thought that the stranger was trying to kidnap the cat. As he tried to push the cat into a bag, I pushed his hands away roughly and quickly to release the cat from the bag.

Expecting the cat to be grateful to me, it scratched my face instead. There was a sharp pain on my face and the next moment when I touched my face, there was blood. I was really angry and pretty upset. Soon the stranger regained his composure quickly and shouted at me, “What’re you trying to do!”

“I should ask you that!” I retorted. To my utmost embarrassment, he identified himself as a SPCA staff. I felt my cheek was hot, and soon my face was on fire. Seeing how flustered I am, he did not reprimand me but instead, he praised me for having the cat’s interest at heart.

As I looked at my watch covered with red drops of blood, I was really upset and thinking that I had also missed my favourite cartoon. I dragged my feet along the pavement, and walked back home, feeling sorry for myself. Just then, I found another cat which appeared to be stuck in a tree outside of my house. Although I pitied the cat, the last thing I wanted to do was to climb up the tree and rescue the cat, but only to be rewarded by scratches by a cat.


Jerlyn Ong
An Animal Experience

I was going home after a late study night. It was very late and the moon was abnormally large and it bathed the earth with its luminous glow. The stars gazed at the earth, unblinking. Fatigued, I rubbed my bleary eyes as I tried to stifle a yawn. My eyelids were beginning to grow as heavy as lead. Just when I thought I could not keep them open anymore, something caught my attention. The pile of boxes right before me started moving and I heard a loud yowl.

"It's okay to come out! I will not hurt you!" I implored, hoping that something I heard, whatever, would come out. The something seemed to understand as a small head with distrustful eyes popped out from behind one of the many boxes. I knew something was wrong as I saw that the cat's fur was in an untidy mess and it had scratches all over itself. I tried to scoop it up gently but it came back and scratched me. After I was scratched, the cat seemed like it had used up all its energy to scratch me and fainted in my arms. It looked like my old cat that died a couple of days ago.

I felt sorrowful for the fainted cat and decided to bring it back home. Looking at the disappointment on my mother's face, I explained every detail of what I had done on the way home and until the part where I bring the cat home...

"Wait! You brought a cat home! Where is it?!" my mother exclaimed. I brought her outside of the house and she saw the cat trying to stand up. We both knew that it really needed our help.

The next morning, the sun was like a huge fireball, hanging in the clear blue sky. My mother and I brought the cat to the veterinarian and she said that the cat would recover quickly if it was fed properly. A few days later, as predicted by the veterinarian, the cat made a full recovery. Just like that, the cat and my bond grew until it was unbreakable.

A few weeks later, my worst fear came true. My mother, who had been finding the owner of the cat, had found the owner. We met at the nearby park to return the cat to its rightful owner.

The cat's owner wanted to reward me for my help but I did not accept it. As the saying goes, "We should help others without expecting anything in return. If we want something in return, it's business, not kindness." Patting the cat's tiny head adoringly, I spoke to it softly, "You take care, little buddy." Still smiling, I waved to its owner goodbye and continued my way home.

Jaydon Seah Wei Heng
An Unforgettable Experience with an Animal

Whenever I see stray, disowned, pitiful animal wandering across the streets, I would gaze at it and fall into a momentary stupor. This incident changed me completely and I have learnt to cherish and treasure animals.

The moon was abnormally large and it bathed the earth with its luminous glow. The stars gazed at the earth, unblinking. Fatigued, I rubbed my bleary eyes as I tried to stifle a yawn. I was cycling home back from tuition, and my eyelids were beginning to grow as heavy as lead. No matter how hard I tried, I just could not keep them open anymore, till I felt a bump at the front wheel of the bicycle. A shrill yowl echoed the starry skies and jolted me out of my daze.

I dismounted the bicycle and used my mobile flashlight to thoroughly inspect the obstacle. My eyes widened with horror and my jaw dropped when I noticed a pitiful kitten trapped below the front wheel of the bicycle. The poor creature’s body was covered in open wounds with crimson, red blood profusely oozing out of them. I even caught sight of raw flesh protruding out of the creature before my very eyes!

Upon seeing this atrocious situation, I used all of my might and muscles to lift up the heavy bicycle. As I scooped up the kitten into my arms, I was feeling awful as I had caused unintentional harm to an innocent creature. Cautiously, I cycled to the nearest veterinary clinic while ensuring that no excess harm could be inflicted on the severely injured animal.

After relating to the veterinarian about everything that had happened, the veterinarian prescribed ointment and medication for the wounded kitten. I gently rubbed antiseptic cream over the kitten’s wounds and tightly wrapped it in thick bandages. I took the stray kitten for myself and journeyed back home with it.

As I finally returned home, I started rattling off like a machine gun and informed my mother about the rather horrible incident. However, Mum was not an animal lover. She was also annoyed at the fact that I had wasted a whole lot of time and money (to the veterinary clinic) for a stray animal. Even so, I tried to persuade her to my will by insisting that we should adopt the kitten as it did not have an owner. However, my attempts were futile as I had zero experience or knowledge in taking care of animals. In the end, we came to a compromise – once the kitten had fully recovered, we would deliver it to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (SPCA).

I was disappointed in the fact that Mum decided to have me hand the kitten over to the SPCA after it had fully recovered. However, I wanted the kitten to have a rightful owner that could treat the kitten properly and knowledgeably.

From dawn to dusk, I accompanied the kitten and ran my fingers through its soft fur countless times. The bleeding had stopped and I applied the medication prescribed for it cautiously. As the weeks and months went by, my bond with the kitten
grew until it was unbreakable and we would never dream of separating from each other.

Once the kitten was back to excellent condition, my mum ordered me to deliver the cat to the SPCA. Upon hearing her devastating words, I froze. I could not bear saying goodbye to the kitten which I fell for. However, I forced myself not to go back on my promise and thus, I would no longer be able to take care of the kitten. While I was heading there, I was stroking the kitten while recalling all the fond memories that I went through with it.

Upon arrival at the SPCA, I snuggled with the cat one last time. It looked at me with its jade green eyes as if it knew it was our final parting. It probably did. Tears flowed down my rosy, red cheeks as it was being carried away by the staff.

It was then that I understood – loving can hurt. This unforgettable incident would eternally be etched in my mind.

Joel Tan Jieren
An Animal Experience

Whenever Lizzie sees an animal gets stuck, she will remember what she had done with her brother, Joel, a few year ago…

It was a beautiful day. The gentle gust of wind greeted them and caressed their face as Lizzie and Joel were walking home from the park. While they were on their way home, Lizzie heard a soft mewing sound. It seemed to come from the drain. Lizzie took out her phone and shone light into the drain. To her surprise, she spotted a kitten in it. Lizze slipped her phone into her pocket and tried to lift the drain cover.

Lizzie gently scooped the frightened cat into her arm. The kitten was very dirty, its fur was tangled and it had scratches on its body. Lizzie pulled her handkerchief and cleaned the kitten. She felt sorry for the kitten for staying in the drain. While Lizzie was cleaning the kitten’s body, the cat jumped away from her hand in fright. It shot off into the bush.

Joel and Lizzie panicked. They looked in the bush to find the cat. They sighed in relief when they found the cat but it seemed to have blood oozing out of its paw. The kitten whimpered in pain and collapsed. Joel picked up the kitten and they ran home quickly.

Upon reaching home, Joel sprinted to get bandages while Lizzie placed the kitten on a cloth, wrapping its paw with bandages. Snow and Spots, their pet cat and dog respectively, paddled towards the kitten. Snow licked it and purred while Spots nudged it with his nose, as if trying to say, “You are in good hands.”

A few days later, the kitten recovered. Lizzie and Joel took some pictures of the kitten and made a poster. They placed it around the neighbourhood. They expected a phone call from its owner but none called. A few weeks later, they decided to adopt the kitten and named her, Furball.

As the saying goes, “When life give you lemon, make a lemonade.” Lizzie learnt that one should always make the best out of a difficult situation.

Chua Yu Xuan
An Unforgettable Experience with an Animal

During the March holidays, my parents and I decided to visit the Tree Top Walk Nature Reserve. I was excited as it was the first time going there. After packing some snacks, we went off. Little did I know that it would be the most exciting trip I had ever had.

When we reached there, we strolled along the path. When we reached a bridge, we gaped at the scenery below us. We had a wonderful time looking at the flora and fauna.

After walking for an hour, we decided to have our snacks. While eating, I heard a weird noise it sounded like an animal whimpering in pain. At first, I thought that my ears were playing tricks on me. But when my sister asked, “Did anyone hear that weird noise?” I knew that it was real. Being the more curious one in my family, I decided to investigate the source of the weird noise.

After walking for several metres, I found a small hairy monkey sitting on a log. There was a deep cut on its leg and there were many shards of broken glass on the ground. I was annoyed at the inconsiderate person who littered as it had caused the poor innocent monkey to get injured. I immediately went back and called my parents. We cautiously approached the monkey, fearing that it might attack us. To our surprise it did not even move an inch. My mother and sister went to find a park ranger while my dad and I made sure it did not escape. Seeing how the monkey’s face was as pale as a ghost, we decided to feed it some fruits that we brought. It gobbled the food up like it had not eaten for days.

Once the park rangers arrived, they put the monkey into a cage. They thanked us for our help and told us that they were going to send the monkey to a veterinarian so that it could be well taken care of.

We were glad that we had helped an animal in need.

Mohamed Zifini Mohamed Nifaal
An Unforgettable Experience with an Animal

As time goes by, naturally, memories will fade. However, there will be some memories that remain firmly etched in my mind. After that particular incident, I learnt that loving can hurt...

It was a shiny bright afternoon. I grumbled to myself, “Finally, I am done with tuition.” Continuing with my journey back home, something attracted my attention. I heard cat purring loudly. Being curious, I decided to check it out.

“You better stop purring or I’ll hit you again!” A kid shouted. Taking a closer look, I identified that the person who was abusing the creature was my neighbour, I decided to threaten him to give him a taste of his own medicine, “If you don’t stop, I will tell your father and I’ll make sure you get an even worse punishment from your parents!” Dropping the baton that he used, my neighbour ran like a headless chicken back home.

I am a compassionate guy; I would always care for animals and would not abandon them. Therefore, I decided to bring the cat home. I vowed to take care of it such as bathing it and bringing it out for a walk every day.

But one day, something very bad happened to me. My parents discovered that I had hidden it in my room. They gave me a strict tongue-lashing. Unable to protest, the animal was sent to the SPCA. I had no choice but to pass it unwillingly to the volunteers at the SPCA.

Looking at my disheartened face, my parents decided to reach a compromise with me – as long as I do well for my upcoming examinations and show them I am responsible at home, they will allow me to adopt a dog. Though it would not be the same cat, at least I had a pet to replace that gaping hole in my heart.

Indeed, loving can hurt.

Chia Han Gin Alden
An Unforgettable Experience with an Animal

"I must praise Michelle for writing her composition well on the monkey attack! It looks like this happened in real life! She has topped the class for this competition!" The teacher announced. The class clapped and cheered loudly as I smiled widely. Actually, my teacher was right. It indeed happened to me. As I reread my composition again, flashes of that incident appeared in my mind...

The bright orange rays of sunlight penetrated through the white dotted clouds and into the classroom. "When is this mundane English period going to end?" I thought hopefully. Looking on the wall clock, it was 1.45 p.m. already. We were supposed to be released at that time. "See you tomorrow! Remember to work on your composition ‘Monkey Attack!’" Mr Tan reminded. I tucked my books in my bag and rushed to the nearest drink shop at the nearby mall to buy my bubble tea.

I dragged my feet across the ground as I slurped down my cool and refreshing drink. I was contemplating to jaywalk across the road as I wanted to get home and have a bath quickly. But I knew it was the wrong thing to do. "I guess I should just take the overhead bridge," I sighed to myself. It was a decision that I would soon regret.

As I was halfway through the bridge, something jumped right in front of me. It had brown hair, brown eyes, four legs, and a tail - it was a monkey!

"Aww, it is so cute!" I thought. Soon, more monkeys began to join the first one. One monkey in the “gang” suddenly leaped and snatched my drink away! Desperate to get my bubble tea back, I snatched the drink away.

"Not for you!" I warned. Unknowingly, another monkey snatched my tea away from the back! The monkeys were screeching wildly as if they had won the bubble tea and I had lost. I launched myself towards the monkey but it dropped the drink onto the hard, solid ground of the bridge. Much to my horror, the monkeys were drinking the spilled tea. A monkey even stuck out its tongue at me!

Enraged by the monkey, I kicked the monkey with all my might. The monkey bit my leg in vengeance. The rest of the monkeys began to follow suit - they tugged at my hair, pulled my shirt, and bit my leg too! I thought, "I cannot take this anymore! I have to do something!" I tried to use my school bag and swung it at them. The monkeys became furious and started to chase me. I tried to dash away and in my haste, I stumbled down the staircase.

BANG! SMASH! THUD!

"Shoo!" a voice boomed across the bridge. It was Uncle Tom! Amazingly, the monkeys scurried away in retreat. "Michelle, are you alright?" I nodded in despair as my bubble tea was gone. But wait a moment, I could write this for the composition Mr Tan had assigned us!
I scrambled back to my house and began writing my composition with great ease...

“Michelle, why are you still standing up?” My friend, Nicole, called out. “Nothing,” I replied sheepishly. My smile turned into a grin. Nobody, including my family, knew it was a true story!

Keane Tan Weiheng
Bullying

“Hey! You, stop right there!” A familiar voice shouted angrily. I looked around but saw no one. Just when I was about to continue on my way, a shadow loomed in front of me. That person was near me. Behind me, to be exact.

“Did I scare you? Hahaha!” I turned around slowly. I had a bad feeling about this and …. I was right. It was Wayne, the big bully! My face turned as white as a sheet of paper as soon as I saw him. Just then, I realized that he was holding on to something. If only I could get closer to see what it was. Turned out that was not necessary.

“How did you get my pencil case? Give it back!” He swung my pencil case in front of me mockingly.

“Why should I? Unless-“ Wayne sneered.

“Unless what?” I asked out of curiosity. He rolled his eyes and drawled, “Give me your pocket money, you dummy. If not, you can kiss your pencil case goodbye.” He mimicked a ripping action to my pencil case. I had no choice but to give him my money. Taking out my wallet slowly, I took a few dollar notes out of my wallet and passed it slowly to Wayne.

Just as I was about to pass the notes to Wayne, I realized that he had not given me back my pencil case yet. So I yelled at him to pass it to me first. He threw my pencil case up high and it landed at a dusty corner. I quickly dropped my notes and ran to catch my pencil case. “Tomorrow, same venue! Make sure you are here on time, or I will go look for you instead! Don’t keep me waiting,” he shouted as he walked away happily.

This transaction carried on for more than a week. Finally, I could not stand it. I went to the staff room and looked for my teacher, Mr Lee, who was also the discipline master. I was nervous and scared. When I was about to knock on the door, Wayne’s threats rang loud and clear in my head, as if he could read my mind. Just when I was about to walk away, a familiar voice spoke, “Yes, Jim? Are you looking for me?” It was Mr Lee. I picked up my courage and nodded. Then, I followed him into his office.

Mr Lee nodded his head encouragingly as I told him everything. It certainly felt a load was lifted off my shoulders when he said that he would look into the matter. As I went back to class, I saw Mr Lee talking to Wayne, who was looking nervous.

From that day onwards, I did not see him during recess. I guessed that maybe Mr Lee had changed his recess timing. I was so glad that he did not extort from me anymore.

Tan Hui Shi
Bullying

“Be brave, conquer all challenges, ignore them and eventually they would ignore you,” Emily spoke softly to herself. Somehow, at that crucial moment, her mother’s words rang out, loud and clear in her head. Emily got down shakily from the ledge. As the saying goes, “Written words have power.” Words do have the power to hurt. Emily should know better. For the past few months, Emily was emotionally scarred by the relentless teasing...

“Class, we have a new student. Her name is Emily,” Mrs Toh said excitedly. Everyone in class did not clap their hands to welcome her. “Class, don’t be rude!” Mrs Toh exclaimed. Staring openly at her pimples, her classmate pointed and laughed to themselves. Emily’s heart sank. It was not a good start.

Ring! Everyone got down to the canteen and bought their food. “Pimple girl, pimple girl!” May, the school meanest bully, pointed at Emily and kept laughing at her with her friends. Emily was ruffled at being laughed at. May started to demand Emily to buy her a drink otherwise she would tell the whole school about her pimples. Emily looked at May’s friends, they looked so burly. She stood no chance against them. Sighing, she immediately walked to the drinks stall. Hatred flowed through her veins.

After a while, they moved on to their next victim. Tears welled up in Emily’s eyes and began rolling down her cheeks like rivulets. She did not expect her first day at a new environment would be so awful. No one really liked her so there was no one willing to be her friend.

She was not teased on how she looked before. But after being bullied, her confidence was deeply hurt. Emily put on a brave front to others but the bullies’ words and actions affected her. May also demanded Emily to buy her food and hit her at times. Emily dared not confide in her parents as they were so busy with their work. She did not want to add on to their worries.

Months had passed, yet things were not getting any better. Once, the bullies grabbed Emily’s waist painfully and hit her across the jaw using their elbows. They threatened her if she told anyone, they would beat her up. Emily did not confide in her teachers and parents. Everyone pitied her but did not do anything as they were scared of the bullies. She bore with the pain and walked back to class.

Eventually, Emily’s parents and teachers felt that her behaviour had changed. She was not as chatty as before and was withdrawn. They tried to comfort her and asked her to tell them what was wrong. Emily remained tight-lipped. The bullies’ threats kept ringing in her head. Emily’s loved ones could only give her some wise sayings such as, “Be brave, conquer all challenges…"
One day, Emily decided she had had enough. At her wits’ end, Emily went to a nearby flat and took the lift to the highest floor. She did not want to feel anything anymore.

Before she could count to three, her mother’s words came back to her. Why should she end her life for the bullies? There were people who cared for her. Loved her. Her parents. Emily got down from the handle and decided to heed her mother’s words.

With a renewed take at life, Emily felt powerful because of her mother’s advice. “Hey pimple girl, buy me a drink,” May said ferociously. Emily replied her calmly, “All right, that will be $1.20.” May and her friends were stupefied. They did not expect Emily’s comeback. Usually, she just kept quiet.

Time passed by. The bullies started to ignore Emily. Emily’s emotional state improved and she started interacting with people again. Looking back, she was glad that she did not end her life.

Tan Hui En

Bullying

As the saying goes, “Pain can change you, but that doesn’t mean it has to be a bad change. Take that pain and turn it into wisdom.” The newly transferred student, Paige, was being bullied and she thought that her friends and teachers would help her. Little did she know that they would stand on the bullies’ side. But she still decided to face it positively...

“There will be a transferred student from another country. I hope you will all guide her around,” the students’ English teacher, Ms Tang, said. The new student, Paige, looked different from everybody. She had curly hair and her skin colour was brownish-yellow. She smiled at everybody. Alice, Jane and May did not like her friendly smile one bit as they hated people who looked friendly.

The day after a test, the results were announced and Paige topped the class. More people started to talk to her and she made more friends. Alice, who always topped the class before Paige was in the picture, was furious. Alice, the leader of the gang, suddenly thought of an idea. She smirked to her gang. Flashing an icy glare at Paige, she snarled, “She is going to regret this!” Her gang let out an evil laughter.

The next day, Alice started to spread rumours on how Paige had cheated in her test to top the class. They also made fun of her name. Paige heard the rumours that Alice had spread but she did not feel upset. She pretended nothing had happened. Seeing that the rumours did not affect Paige, they thought of more cruel ideas.
The next day, when Paige went to the toilet, Alice and gang stalked her. Seeing there were no teachers or students around, they went in and started using the hose to spray water at her and pulling her hair roughly.

When they returned to class, they pretended nothing had happened and acted obediently. Meanwhile, Paige cried in the toilet, dumbfounded as she did not know they would go to such lengths. She decided to confide in her friends about the bullying. Slowly, she tidied her hair, took a few deep breaths and walked back to class.

When Paige got back, Alice whispered loudly to May, “Look! Here comes the toilet girl! Haha!” Everyone noticed that her hair was wet and she just came back from the toilet. The whole class burst into laughter, even her friends! Paige was burning with humiliation and her face was as red as a beetroot. No words can express how she felt.

Just then, Ms Tang noticed she was wet and asked if she was fine. Paige wanted to tell Ms Tang what happened but she caught Alice’s glare. Looking down, Paige murmured, “I just fell down.”

During recess, Paige was in the limelight of the class. Everybody started gossiping about the toilet incident. They even called her ‘pig’! This is going overboard! Paige thought scornfully. She flared up and told the teacher, but Ms Tang did not believe Paige as Alice and gang were always obedient. A dark mood came over her, she was at her wits’ end.

After school, she dragged her school bag towards the school gate. Alice and gang were waiting for her at the wall nearby the gate. Alice threatened Paige and May and Jane pushed her to an eerie place behind the abandoned classroom. Their English teacher saw what had happened and was curious of what they were doing. So, she followed them. Ms Tang hid behind a wall. Alice and gang threw a stone at Paige. Paige dodged and the stone flew straight towards the window.

S-M-A-S-H!

The window shattered into smithereens. Alice and gang wanted to flee but Ms Tang stopped them. Alice and her gang were stunned to see their teacher. Needless to say, they were brought to the principal. Not only were they punished severely, but they had to also pay for the broken window. Paige’s friends did not made fun of her again. She was glad that Alice and gang got a taste of their own medicine.

Lee Yit Yi
Bullying

As the famous saying goes, “What goes around, comes around”. This is a story of how I learnt the meaning of this quote...

“Hand over all your money or else…!” I growled as I shoved a fist in front of an “ant-sized” student, Ann. Her petrified look unwittingly brought back memories of the time I had been bullied too.

I used to be the victim, always getting picked on by a bunch of beastly girls. They would threaten me, punch me and also do all sorts of humiliating things to me. To make matters worse, the whole school would laugh at me. That made me feel terrible, as if I was the only tiny fish among big terrifying sharks in an ocean. I had no friends; no one had ever stood up for me, not even one.

I began to feel sick and tired at the entire school humiliating me. Thus, I decided to get my revenge, and at the same time, try to make some new friends. But what was my plan? It was to be a bully!

Ever since then, I was the notorious bully everyone would have nightmares about. The principals and teachers of my school did not know of my “good” actions. I would always plaster on a fake big, wide grin and pretend that my victims were my friends----from a fist twisting their shirt collar to an arm draping around their shoulders. Even after I thought I had “fitted” in by being a bully, it seemed like the new “friends” I made were superficial. Sure, they laughed at everything I said but something was lacking.

Once, during recess, I saw a little boy holding a bowl of hot soup. As he walked past my table, I purposely stuck out my foot. The boy tripped, fell flat on his face with strands of noodles, all over him. I cackled evilly, just like how the girls who bullied me did. My friends laughed along. Of course, that was how things were. I thought that I would be the “leader of the gang” forever. But all “good” things had to come to an end.

“Do you need me to repeat?!” I yelled as I threatened to beat Ann up. When she refused to hand over the money, I saw red as I could not believe that someone would disobey my orders. Furiously, I raised my clenched fist and shoved it towards her pale trembling face.

“Lily! Stop whatever you’re doing now!” Mr Lim, our school’s strictest teacher, commanded.

I froze. So did everyone.

Mr Lim brought me over to the side and reprimanded me. My “friends” scattered away in all directions. Each further step they took seemed to crush a small part of me. I thought bitterly, “Where are they when I needed them?” Deeply regretting my actions, I apologised to Ann and walked away in disappointment, “Now in the end, I still have no friends…”

“Lily, wait for me!” Ann called. Surprised, I whirled around.

“Can we be friends?” I
was taken back by her words. Slowly, I nodded shyly. Happily, we skipped hand in hand back to our classroom. This, was something I was looking for - sincerity.

Life certainly has its problems, but you have to learn to take the bad with the good.

Jovi-Kate Goh Teng Xuan

Bullying

As the saying goes, “Sticks and stones may break your bones but words will never hurt you.” But little did I know our words did hurt Mary irrevocably...

It was the final examination of the year. Everyone was so anxious about the examination, except for me. Even though I was totally unprepared for the examination, I remained calm for I had a plan. I clenched my fists, hiding my palms filled with answers while everyone was revising. I took out my file, pretending to revise when in fact, my mind was occupied with something else. “Is this the right thing to do? What if I get caught? But no one knows that I’m trying to cheat, so I guess it’ll be fine!”

So I continued to stare at the notes in my file as I waited for the examination to start. Not long after, the examination had begun. Everyone was deep in concentration, never breaking eye contact with the paper. I took a few occasional glances to make sure no one caught me cheating. Then, Mary glanced at me and noticed that I was looking at the palm of my hand. I gave her a glare and whispered, “Don’t you dare!”. Without hesitation, Mary’s hand shot up in the air and pointed at me. As the teacher walked up to me, I swore that I was never going to forgive Mary no matter what. When the teacher went to my table, she saw my palm filled with answers. She shook her head and snatched the test paper away from me. I gave Mary an icy stare as she sank into her seat, seeing how angry I was.

After school, Mary apologised and tried to make it up to me, but it was of no use. I felt betrayed by her, my own best friend. There was no use in her apologising anymore. I just ignored her and ran away.

I could not bring myself to face my parents yet so I stayed at a park nearby. I was still boiling with rage, thinking of ways to get my revenge on Mary. “What could be the worst possible thing to do to her?” I murmured to myself. “Maybe I could spread rumours about her. That'll teach her a lesson!” I thought. I whipped out my phone and started to type, “My best friend framed me for cheating in the examination when she was the one who cheated!” A few minutes later, almost everyone replied. They expressed their disgust at Mary and assured me that they would be on my side. In the end, I went back home, satisfied with what I had done.

The next day during recess, when Mary walked into the canteen, everyone steered clear of her path and whispered among themselves. When I saw what was happening, I laughed to myself. “Hi!” exclaimed Mary, hoping to spark a conversation with someone but to no avail. I saw Mary heading to the library alone. I smirked and walked towards her, followed by my group of friends. We went up to her and accused her of cheating while the rest watched. Not long after, Mary started to burst into tears. “Wow! What a CRYBABY!” I yelled in a mocking tone. Before I could insult her further, the school bell rang and everyone went back to class unwillingly.
“There is going to be a project, all of you will have to work in groups that I have assigned. Mary, you are going to be Lily’s partner,” the teacher told us.

“We’re going to do the project in your house!” I demanded.

“But I—” Before Lily could finish her sentence, I shot her a look and she nodded.

After school, I brought my friends to Mary’s house to ‘help’ with the project. I demanded her to help us get snacks and when she refused, we would pinch and elbow her. “Hey! Get us some water NOW!” I bellowed. A few minutes had passed and she still had not shown up with the water. My friend went to the kitchen and shouted, “Hey loser! Where’s our glass of----AAAAHHHHH!!!” We hurried to the kitchen and saw that Mary had hung herself! Shocked by what we had seen, we immediately left the house and promised to tell no one about this incident.

The next day, the principal announced that a student had passed away and I knew who it was. Hearing this, I tried to act as nonchalant as possible so as not to arouse suspicion. But during Mathematics lesson, the police arrived. I was called out of the classroom for interrogation. I felt that I was the cause of Mary’s death, so I decided to tell the truth and not rat out my friends. Just before I was brought into the police car, I told my friends to stop bullying and that bullying gets you nowhere but trouble. As the door closed when I went in, I turned around and saw the ghost of Mary smiling at me...

Be yourself, because the people who mind don’t matter, and the people that matter don’t mind.

Gigi Ong
Bullying

My mother has always told me, “If there are no heroes to save you, then you be the hero.” But I had never really understood the meaning of this quote until now.

“Hey! You over there, come here!” shouted Big Bully Chia, BBC, for short. I was looking at the fishes in the pond before BBC called me over. “Hey, fresh meat, your money. Where is it? Give it all to me now!” I dug into my bag for my wallet. Not there. I had checked all the compartments except the last one. I “ripped” open the compartment. There it was. “Okay,” I agreed reluctantly as I mumbled under my breath, “Of course, I have no choice.” As if he could read my mind, BBC grabbed me by the collar and lifted me up. BBC pinched me at the arm and grabbed my wallet with his fat, grubby fingers.

At home, I was recounting about what happened on the first day of school to my mother as I normally do while in kindergarten on a regular basis. She had not encountered such problems ever and signed me up for a one-month karate class. I agreed with her decision as I needed to be able to challenge BBC. Without a moment of hesitation, I planned my timetable to accommodate training karate five times a week to be prepared for the next time. While training, I avoided the people BBC extorted money from and the places he frequented.

All too soon, my karate class had ended. Feeling more confident and stronger, I befriended everyone who was bullied by BBC and visited the places BBC frequented. Sure enough, I was confronted again by BBC soon enough. Lucky for me, not only did I grow a head taller, I had also mastered the karate techniques rather skilfully. BBC ordered me to help him buy pens from the bookstore. This time, I put my karate skills to the test, leaving my hand just inches before his face, only to scare him. BBC took a step back and widened his eyes in shock. The karate skills were useful! Then, I ran to my father and the principal who were waiting at the general office and BBC followed me shouting, “Get back here! You won’t scare me again!” I continued to run to the general office. It was time for BBC to receive his payment.

In the end, the principal reprimanded BBC and issued him a stern warning that if he ever tried to do something like that again, he would be sorry and expelled from the school. I felt proud that I could help the school stop bullies like BBC. BBC also learned from his mistake and turned over a new leaf, getting other bullies to stop too, setting the wheels in motion for a safer school environment.

Kadmus Lee
What I feel about Endeavour Primary School

Dear Endeavour Primary School,

I’ll miss you when I leave Endeavour Primary School. You would be a part of me as a journey in growing up.

I miss a lot of things from you. Especially the old eco-garden. I remember a teacher (male) would always be there with something that is either: fish food, frogs, new small fishes, seeds or gardening items.

I’ll also miss the library, new eco-garden and the new fitness area dearly. Followed by my favourite teachers: Ms Yee, Ms Oh, Mdm Gin, Mdm Grevith, 田老师, Zheng老师, Msssee and Mr Ramadan. I also made more friends in Primary school.

My favourite subjects are music, art and P.E. ! I also enjoy the canteen stall’s food. But I’ll also thank the cleaners for keeping Endeavour Primary School and my classroom...
clean and more enjoyable for learning. A very big Thank you! for organising Learning Journey, Field trip, Sports day and rainbow day!!!

I've learnt a lot and grew up with my friends in you and I am very grateful.

Thank you, Miss Pek and other teachers for making Endeavour Primary School (you) a better place to learn in.

Love,
Tiu Li Min (6 Integrity)
What I feel about Endeavour Primary School

Dear Endeavour Primary,

My school is like a light, guiding and telling me where to go. You will know this is Endeavour Primary School when you hear the laughter of the students, as we chat and joke with each other during recess.

My school is like a bridge, helping me go further.

At the field you’ll see us playing soccer, in the ISH you’ll see us playing basket ball. I will miss the beautiful garden, it’s mini lake and waterfall. I will miss the familiar scenery.

And most of all, my friends and teachers.

Happy anniversary!

Friends at EDP

Nathaniel Tan Ze Wei
What I feel about Endeavour Primary School

I think what I would miss the most after graduation would be my friends. This is because I am with them most of the time in a week. There are some who are still friends with me since Primary One and they are still in the same class with me – 6 Integrity. Throughout the years in Endeavour, I've made new friends. My friends have always been supporting me emotionally, academically and through thick and thin.

After graduation, some of us might be parting ways and taking different paths; but I hope that we could still be in contact and still be supporting each other.

Hayyan Danish Bin Johari

What I feel about Endeavour Primary School

Dear Endeavour Primary,

I have learnt many new things in these past six years. I also enjoyed the assembly programmes every Tuesday morning. The things that I will miss about the school are the teachers who have always encourage me to do better, and my friends who always stick with me through thick and thin.

Thank you for taking care of me for the past six years.

Enrique Tang Un Kang
随着时间的流逝，很多事情我已经淡忘了。然而有一件事，却一直在我的脑海里。事情是这样的……

早晨，凉风习习，阳光像一支支细小的金箭，从天边射下。天还没亮时，爸爸妈妈便到公司工作了，让我和两个顽皮的弟弟妹妹们留在家里。由于我和妹妹——小明和小丽做完功课后感到很闷，所以在客厅内讨论做些什么。想了半天，我灵机一动，想到了一个办法，便笑眯眯地说道：“小明，小丽，我们到附近的公园玩吧！”小明听了，一边摇摇头，一边说：“不要，不然我们去公园散步吧！”我们俩听了，异口同声地点头表示同意。

到了一座组屋楼下，我们发现下雨了，豆大的雨点像千万颗子弹扫射着大地。小丽看到了，一边指着雨点，一边失望地喊道：“下雨了！下雨了！怎么办呢？”我连忙拉着他们的手，气不接下气地向一旁跑去，对他们说：“不用紧！我们在这儿玩捉迷藏，我来当‘鬼’！”他们听了，开心地眉开眼笑，便问道：“那…我们怎么玩？”听了他们的问题，我便告诉他们怎么玩。

过了不久，我便用两只手来遮住自己的眼睛，而小明和小丽三步并作两步地跑向不同的地方。小明向柱子跑去，小丽便往电梯跑去。她一边开心地笑，一边按钮，要把门关上。“七，八，九，十！我来了！”我高兴地转头想找弟弟妹妹，没想到一转身便看见小丽在电梯里哈哈大笑。看到这一幕，我大吃一惊，张大嘴巴，赶快跑向电梯的按钮，按下去……

“妹妹！你不要这样！你让我很担心。你从来没有自己搭电梯，如果到别层楼，怎么办？“我一边抱着妹妹，一边骂她。她也哇哇大哭地向我道歉，而小明刚好躲在那边，知道了事情的经过后，便一边安慰妹妹，一边走到我的旁边。我看见妹妹肯承认错误，我决定原谅她，但严厉地警告她：“下不为例！”妹妹听了，点点头，抱了我。所谓“经一事，长一智”，经过那次教训后，我们都不会犯同样的错误了。

CHOI YING EN JANELLE

6 Integrity
《小猫不见了》

光阴似箭，日月如梭，随着时间的流逝，许多往事却像树根牢牢地扎在我的心底，永不磨灭。我有一只小猫，它名字叫“正廷”。它是一只又聪明又可爱的小猫。我从三年级开始就养了它。自从这次的意外，我定决心改掉我粗心的坏习惯，好好看住我的小猫。事情的来龙去脉是这样的……

微风轻轻地吹，暖暖的阳光覆盖着大地，小草在阳光的沐浴下吐出了嫩嫩的芽。我心血来潮，决定把“正廷”带出去附近的公园散步。

到了公园，凉爽的风迎面吹来，让我感到心旷神怡。公园里鸟语花香，景色宜人。我一边抱着“正廷”散步，一边欣赏风景。跑到一半，我遇见了多年没见到的朋友——子瑜。自从我们升上大学，我们就再也没有联络了。没想到竟然会在这里偶然遇见！他向我迎面走来，并向我打招呼。我们便开始有说有笑地谈起，谈得非常投入。

这时，当我们聊得起劲时，“正廷”变得很不安分，在我怀里不停动，我就下意识地放手，让它跳下。没想到“正廷”被不远处的一只小鸟深深吸引住了。它试图要去捉小鸟，小鸟被吓得拍拍翅膀飞走。“正廷”却不顾一切地往前追。只见小鸟越飞越高，“正廷”穷追不舍，因此也越追越远。此时的我却对这一切浑然不觉。

时间不早了，我们向对方告别，准备回家。这时，我发现小猫不见了！我急得像热锅上的蚂蚁，心情像十五个吊桶打水。子瑜看到我的表情，问道：“你怎么了？”我大惊失色地问子瑜有没有看见“正廷”。她摇摇头，关心地告诉我她帮我看“正廷”吧！我们东张西望，四处寻找猫，但我们完全找不到“正廷”。子瑜劝我回家，免得父母担心。我心想：“正廷”到底去了哪里？妈妈会不会骂我？

回家后，我把事情的来龙去脉告诉了妈妈。妈妈不但没有怪我，还安慰我说：“别担心，吃完饭后再去找‘正廷’，‘正廷’是很聪明的，一定没事的。”虽然妈妈煮了我平时最喜欢吃的饭菜，但我没有胃口。妈妈看到我一口也没吃，苦口婆心地说：”你一定要吃一点东西，不然你就没力气找‘正廷’。”听了妈妈的话后，就吃了几口饭菜。

吃完饭后，我乘搭电梯下楼时，看到一张吸引我的通告。看了看通告上的资料，发现他们找到小猫的主人。我定睛一看，看着“正廷”的照片！我开心得眉开眼笑，高兴得像飞出笼子的小鸟一样。我立刻掏出手机拨打通告上的联络号码，和找到小猫的人在公园里会面。

到了公园，我看到一位阿姨抱着“正廷”！我连忙跑向前从阿姨的手上抱过“正廷”。阿姨告诉我她看见“正廷”一身脏兮兮，便带它回家洗澡。我感动得晶亮的眼泪顺着我的脸流了下来。我想阿姨道谢就回家了。

所为“前事不忘，后事之师”，经过这件事后，我决定改掉粗心的坏毛病，并且会更加细心的照顾“正廷”，不再让它走失了。

ASHLEY TOH LOK SUEN

6 Integrity
《一次危险的经历》

正所谓“良药苦口利于病，忠言逆耳利于行”，妈妈总是苦口婆心地劝小丽改掉粗心的坏毛病，但是小丽却把妈妈的话当耳边风。终于，她尝到了苦果……

休息时间到了，有的学生跑去操场玩，有的跑去买食物吃，还有的去图书馆借书，校园顿时像撒了盐的油锅——热闹开来。小丽拿着书包和文件夹来到食堂买面吃。她知道待会儿需要交作业，所以她把作业夹在文件夹的中间，就把文件夹摆放在椅子上。不料，一阵风突然吹来，作业就飞落在地上，但小丽对一切还浑然不觉……

吃完面后，因小丽不知道她的作业掉在地上，所以她拿了文件夹和书包，就匆匆上去课室了，而食堂里的清洁阿姨就开始拖地了。

上课时，当老师要同学们把作业交上来，小丽这才惊奇地发现，作业不见了！她顿时想起可能是因为她把作业夹在文件夹的中间，所以在食堂用餐时飞走了。小丽顿时慌了起来，不知道该怎么办才好。她想把作业找回，所以就去请求老师。她得到了老师的允许后，便一溜烟地跑去食堂寻找活动纸。

来到食堂，小丽从她眼角的余光看见她的作业，顿时兴奋起来！但是她捡起作业时，却发现纸已湿透了，字全都看不到了。清洁阿姨看见了，便走向小丽，向她道歉，说：“对不起，小妹妹，可能是我把你的作业弄湿的，但你也应该小心一点，以免一样的事再次发生。”小丽羞愧得面红耳赤，只好硬着头皮回到课室向老师解释来龙去脉。

所谓“吃一堑，长一智”，经过这一次的教训，小丽下定决心，一定要改掉粗心的坏毛病。

Donovan Ho (He Yi Yang)
6 Integrity
《一次危险的经历》

光阴荏苒，岁月如梭。随着时间的流逝，有许多事我已经渐渐淡忘了，但有一件事却像树根一样，牢牢地扎在我的脑海里，使我至今难以忘怀。事情的来龙去脉是这样的……

记得那是一个阳光明媚的早晨，阳光像一支支金箭从天边射下，一朵朵棉花似的白云飘浮在无边无际的蓝天中。我和爸爸像往常一样，去公园散步。公园里的景色十分迷人，鲜花盛开，芬芳扑鼻，令我陶醉在其中。

“小心!”爸爸喊道。他的叫声把我唤醒。一位骑着电动滑板车的男孩从我和爸爸之间擦身而过。所幸爸爸呼叫，我们才能及时闪避，没有因此而导致意外的发生。我暗自松了一口气，心想：他怎么可以骑得那么快?要是他撞到别人，后果一定不堪设想。我一边想，一边替他人捏一把冷汗。爸爸看见了，苦口婆心地劝他：“放慢速度，别开太快啊!”

可是，男孩把爸爸的话当耳边风，仍然横冲直撞地骑着电动滑板车。果然不出所料，在他急速的行驶下，电动滑板车撞到了一位小女孩，使她跌了个四脚朝天!小女孩疼得哇哇大哭，哭声震耳欲聋。我和爸爸目睹了这一幕，便赶紧以百米冲刺的速度跑到意外“现场”。爸爸急中生智，从口袋里掏出了一块毛巾为她止血。鲜红的血不断地从她的伤口流出，把原本洁白的毛巾瞬间染红了。小女孩嚎啕大哭，一旁的妈妈努力安抚着她的情绪。小男孩见到事情不妙，急得像热锅上的蚂蚁，一时之间不知所措。他原本想要脚底抹油——溜之大吉，却被我逮个正着。

爸爸见了这种情形，气急败坏，怒发冲冠地斥责小男孩：“你撞伤了别人，还想逃走!”男孩被骂得哑口无言。回过神来，他才笨拙地吐出一些字来：“对不起，我不是故意的……”宽容大量的妇女见他知错了，便原谅了他，但严厉地警告他，说：“这次我们就原谅你，但下不为例!以后不可以横冲直撞，必须注意驶速。”

爸爸见女孩伤势严重，决定开车送她们去医院。检查完后还提议送她们回家。妇女频频向我们道谢，并竖起大拇指称赞我们是乐于助人的好市民。我和爸爸听了，心里甜滋滋的，感觉比吃了蜜糖还要甜!那天，走在回家的路上，我望着天空，总觉得天空比平时更蔚蓝。或许是为自己乐于助人的表现而感到骄傲吧!

所谓“马路如虎口”，不管在哪里，我们都要为自己和别人着想，时时刻刻小心谨慎，以免导致意外的发生，造成终身遗憾。我也默默祈祷那位小男孩吸取了教训，不要再重蹈覆辙了。

Esther Loh Xin Qi (Luo Xin Qi)
6 Integrity
《路不拾遗》

时间过得真快！回想起来，这件事好像发生在昨天……

一个格外炎热的下午，太阳像一个大火球，高挂在蓝色的天空。小红在景色优美，有高大的树木，芬芳的花草的公园向人募捐。他穿着校服，拿着捐款箱，东张西望。突然，他看见一位漂亮的女士，她拿着很多购物袋，刚从超级市场出来。他向前走，说：“我的学校正在为家境贫穷的人筹款，请您捐钱。”女士想一想后，就从钱包拿出两块，放进捐款箱里。小红谢她后，看到一个戴着眼镜的男士正在读报纸，就走向他，叫他捐钱。男士一看到小红，就赶他走。

女士收起钱包后，走到公园的椅子上，坐下来，想休息一会儿。一放购物袋在椅子上，女士的手机响了起来。女士接电话，听到一个医生说：“你的爸爸正在医院里。请马上来医院。”女士挂电话后，急得像热锅上的蚂蚁，心情像十五个吊桶打水，七上八下。她拿着购物袋，匆匆忙忙地离开。女士紧张到没发现手提包还遗留在地上。

女士紧张到没发现手提包，男士读完报纸后，离开了椅子。小红也刚好绕过了椅子。他们不约而同地看见地上的手提包。男士问：“这个手提包是你的吗？”小红摇头。接着他又想了想，发现是刚才那个女士的手提包。他看了看周围，发现女士正在把购物袋放进车厢。小红大声地喊：“对不起，太太！”女士听到有人叫她，转头一看，发现男孩用迅雷不及掩耳的速度跑向女士：“这是不是你的手提包？”女士惊讶地点头。小红还了手提包，女士竖起大拇指表扬小红，说：“你真是个诚实的孩子！”听了女士的赞扬，小红的心里甜滋滋的，感觉比吃了蜜糖还要甜。

女士从钱包里拿出十块要奖励小红，但小红拒绝了。于是，女士便把十块放进捐款箱里，并说：“把这些钱拿去帮助有需要的人吧！”

所谓“物虽小，勿私藏”，不是自己的东西，我们绝对不能占为己有。只有这样，我们才能活得心安理得。

这件事至今让小红难以忘怀，因为它使小红深深地体会到诚实的品德最可贵。
《把位子让给有需要的人》

Koo Yu Ting, Jaymie
6 Integrity
《一次危险的经历》

随着时间的流逝，许多事情我已经渐渐淡忘了。但有一件事却像树根一样牢牢地扎在我的心坎上。是它，让我明白了凡事都要三思而后行。事情的来龙去脉是这样的……

最近爸爸都常出外工干，而他今天总算能回来陪我了！看见他平安无事的，我已高兴不已了。但我万万没想到爸爸还为了我买了一架我梦寐以求的电动滑板车！看见我的礼物，我喜出望外，迫不及待地来到公园骑电动滑板车。

到了公园，我想“尝试”一下电动滑板车的极限，便以电动滑板车最快的速度骑着。当下，横冲直撞的我根本没考虑到他人的危险，更是对接下来的意外措手不及……

那时，在不远处有一对正在跑步的父子。我以风驰电掣的速度冲过了他们。幸好他们及时闪避，不然我就撞到了他们。即使我知道这样的行为是很鲁莽、很危险的，但当时我所沉浸在的刺激感已胜过了我的理智。我陶醉地心想：这好痛快啊，我想电动滑板车能再快一点，我就能飞起来了！

就在这时，不远处有一位阿姨和她的女儿在散步。但时而在电动滑板车上玩花招，时而享受着无比快感的我却对她们浑然不觉。当我正想转弯时，我猛然发觉前面有一位阿姨和她的女儿！我吓得呆若木鸡，一时之间不知所措。等我回过神来，我赶紧杀车，闭上眼睛，默默地祈祷我不要撞到那位女孩……

但由于我骑得实在太快了，女孩的脚重重地被电动滑板车击撞！那位女孩被我撞倒后，痛得嚎啕大哭。鲜血从她的伤口流了出来，把她白色的鞋子都染红了。就在我急得抓耳挠腮时，刚才那对父子见状后便赶上来帮忙。那位父亲用他的毛巾为女孩止血后，才让女孩的妈妈带女孩到诊所看医生。

过后，我羞愧得面红耳赤，好想找地洞钻进去，并向大家连声道歉。本来我以为大家会怒火冲冠地斥责我，但他们看在我已诚恳地道歉了，最终便原谅了我，还劝我下不为例。所谓“一朝被蛇咬，十年怕草绳”，经过这次的教训后，我下定决心以后做事前，一定要三思而行，不要再重蹈覆辙了。

Looi Zi Jenn (Lei Zi Yuan)
6 Integrity
当家人都在甜蜜的梦里时，我却在床上辗转难眠，今天上午的情景仍历历在目……

那是一个晴朗的早上，微风吹扶着，街道上的树叶沙沙作响。爸爸妈妈有急事要出门，便一边收拾东西，一边吩咐我：“小妹，我们出去了。请你帮我们照顾好弟弟妹妹，尤其是你那年幼又淘气的妹妹。”

作为一个懂事的姐姐，我信心满满地答应父母一定能完成这项“任务”。爸爸妈妈出门后，我和弟弟妹妹聚在客厅里。因为我们已经把作业都完成了，所以都没事做。

忽然，一个想法从我的脑海里冒了出来，我便向他们提议到附近的公园玩球。他们互相看了一眼，然后异口同声地说：“好啊！”我们便匆匆出门，乘搭电梯到了组屋底层。

电梯门一开，我们迫不及待地冲出电梯，只见豆大般的雨点突然从天而降，打在地上溅起了一朵朵水花，地面上也激起了一个个小水潭。妹妹指着雨点和弟弟失望地说：“哎呀！下雨了！”

我失落地叹了一口气，心想：下雨了，不能去公园玩了！弟弟连忙说道：“我们别去公园了，换个游戏在这里玩不就好了？”“我们来玩……捉迷藏吧！我数到十，然后我找你们。”我接着说。

弟弟妹妹赶紧赞成，然后抓紧时间躲好，而我在一旁遮住眼，数到一到十。“一，二……十！”我把遮住眼睛的双手放下，转身一看，见到年幼的妹妹一个人试图躲在电梯里。门就快要关上时，我吓得三步并作两步地跑向按钮，妹妹却露出一丝窃喜，心想：如果电梯门关上了，姐姐就抓不到我了！

我这一下没能来得及按住电梯的按钮，电梯关了便开始往上升。见到这一切的我从慌乱中回过神来时，急中生智，注视着电梯旁显示的楼层，便像脱缰的野马，以迅雷不及掩耳的速度爬楼梯冲上楼。在五楼的电梯外，只见到妹妹哭着喊：“哥哥，姐姐！”我跑到妹妹身边，抱着她，安慰道：“没事了，姐姐在这里！我们去找哥哥吧！”

我们下了楼找弟弟后，立刻回家。幸好这次的经历有惊无险，不然后果不堪设想。所谓“经一事，长一智”，经过这次的教训，我们不会再在电梯门口玩了。这个经历也提醒了我们要时时刻刻注意安全，否则后果不堪设想。

Toh Rui Ting Charmine (Zhuo Rui Ting)
6 Integrity
《粗心的后果》

小丽是一个做事很马虎的人，也经常不见东西。妈妈劝她改掉坏习惯，可是她不听。直到有一天发生一件事，让她改掉这个毛病。

一天下午，小丽在食堂吃饭。一份作业从她的文件夹掉出来，可是小丽没注意到，就起身准备回课室去上补习课。没走多远，她看见校工阿姨在抹地，就跟她问好，然后加快脚步走向课室。

小丽到课室后，老师说：“请你们拿出昨日的功课。”小丽打开文件夹找那份作业，可是她东翻西找也找不到那份作业。小丽神色慌张，紧紧张张地跟老师说自己有东西落在食堂，要下楼去取。老师点点头，小丽就三步并作两步地跑到食堂找她的作业。

到了食堂，她着急地四处找。来到刚才坐的座位，她忽然看到凳子下面有一张纸。小丽仔细一看，那是她的作业！她高兴极了，一箭步冲上前拾起作业，却发现那份作业又湿又脏。小丽的心情由晴转阴，心想：糟了，要是把这份作业交上去，一定会被老师骂死的。小丽抬头看到校工阿姨在看着她，阿姨手里拿着拖把。小丽猜想作业纸是在阿姨拖地板时弄脏的。她带着沉重的心情，低着头走回课室。

小丽回到课室后，告诉老师发生了什么事，老师拒绝收那份脏兮兮的作业，铁青着脸对小丽说：“你应该有责任感，重要的东西要看管好，如果你弄丢的是考卷，后果就更严重了。我再给你一份新的作业，回去重做!”小丽红着脸向老师认错，全班同学的目光都投向她，她恨不得在地上找个洞钻进去。

所谓：“一朝被蛇咬，十年怕井绳。”经过这次的教训，小丽下定决心改掉粗心的坏习惯。

ARIEL LAU KE YING
6 Integrity