



**O' Level
Foundation
Week 10**

The Write Tribe

PERSONAL RECOUNT



21. Recount a time when your parents were disappointed in you and what you learnt from the experience.

I stared at the ceiling mindlessly while the voice of my Physics tutor, Mr Leong, droned on. It was two o'clock in the afternoon and while most of my classmates had been dismissed from school, I was stuck here in my Physics remedial class. Everything else in this classroom seemed more interesting than what he had to say. Even the soft whirring of the fan right above me, coupled with its gentle breeze, was lulling me to close my eyes, if only for a little while...

"Emma, wake up! Go to the washroom and wash your face now!"

Startled, I opened my eyes to see Mr Leong towering over me, his booming voice jolting me out of my unintentional slumber. Stifled giggles could be heard as I shuffled my feet out of the classroom.

With no desire to return so quickly, I took my own time in the washroom, studying the stains on the grimy mirror in the washroom. I dreaded my Physics classes. It was a difficult subject for me to understand, and if I had known that it would be such a struggle, I would not have chosen to do this subject for my O-Levels. As a result of my difficulty with the subject, I had to sacrifice one afternoon each week to attend remedial classes, which only deepened my dread for the subject. Taking a deep breath, I willed myself to return to the confines of the four walls where I would spend the next long hour.

The moment I stepped into the classroom, Mr Leong started to berate me for my lack of enthusiasm in my studies.

"Why aren't you as invested in the subject as you are in your CCA, Emma? Do you know that if you continue with this attitude, you will not be chosen to represent the school in the Nationals competition?"

Instead of flooding me with motivation, each word he uttered filled me with vexation. My heart started thumping and I could feel my face turning red with anger. I gritted my teeth and clenched my fist.

"If I'm such a bad student, maybe I should not be here anymore!" The words spewed out of my mouth and, with tears blurring my vision, I hurriedly gathered my belongings and stormed out of the class. Mr Leong called out to me, but I did not stop. Each step

look me further away from his **booming voice**, until all I could hear was the sound of my breathing and heavy footsteps.

I stormed out of the school gates and let my feet lead me. My surroundings were a blur and I was too distraught to think about what I was doing or where I was going. The frustration that had built up in me slowly dissipated with each quick yet aimless step I took. After what seemed like eternity, I plonked myself on a seat at an empty bus stop, **feeling out of breath and light-headed**. I closed my eyes and focused on my breathing. With each deep inhalation and slow exhalation, I felt calmer and my **sensibilities slowly engulfed me**. I began to realise the rashness of my actions. If only I could turn back time, I would have taken Mr Leong's words in my stride. I knew now that he meant well. Slowly, I opened my eyes and gazed at my surroundings.

I was not too far away from home, but home was not where I wanted to be at that point of time. I was sure that Mr Leong would have called my parents by now, and I could not bring myself to think about the trouble that I would get into with them at home. Yet, where could I go?

Reluctantly, I trudged home. **Two wrongs would not make a right**. Not going home would only drive me deeper into a **pit of regret**. I must face the music, and with **newfound courage** to accept that wrath that I knew was waiting for me, I unlocked the main door slowly with **bated breath**.

There they were, my parents, standing in the middle of the living room. I dared not meet their eyes. I did not want to know how they felt, though I could not help wondering. I did not have to wonder for long, as my mother's voice revealed their feelings.

"Emma, what have you done?"

Her **crestfallen voice** was all it took for me to break down and burst into tears. Through my sobs, I poured my heart out — how my difficulty in understanding the concepts in Physics made me hate the subject, because it made me feel like I was incapable of achieving the results that were expected of me. I also revealed that I had kept my struggle a secret from them all this while because I did not want them to be disappointed in me. Ironically, it was this same secret that led me to have an **irrational outburst**, which I was sure disappointed them even more.

Silence lingered in the air. I braced myself for them to **chastise** me. My father was the first to break the silence.

"We could not believe what we heard when we received that phone call from Mr Leong. However, your action only confirmed our suspicions. We have always had a hunch that you were having some trouble with your studies. We respect your privacy, but at the same time, we want to offer you our help and support. Each time we tried to get you to open up to us, you would brush it aside and change the topic. That pained us. Our disappointment is not only in the way you behaved today. We are mostly disappointed because you do not trust us enough to share your troubles with us."

What I would give to turn back time right there and then! I had not realised that all my parents had wanted to do was help. How foolish I had been to think that keeping them in the dark was the right thing to do! **My legs buckled under me** and tears started to well up in my eyes again. My mother came over, and her **warm embrace was such a sweet respite.**

From that day on, I vowed to share all my thoughts and feelings with them, both the good and the bad. Their support and encouragement gave me the motivation I needed to overcome my struggles with my most dreaded subject, and slowly I became more receptive to learning. **My heart was filled with gratitude** to have parents who showered me with their love and care unconditionally, and I vowed to always do my best to never disappoint them again.

Recount a time when your parents were disappointed in you and what you learnt from the experience.

WRITING ORGANIZER - Recount

Orientation: - *Introduction – Setting the scene.*

Events: - *What happened – In chronological order.*

Conclusion: - *Personal Comment (Optional)*

FORMAT YOUR ESSAY PROPERLY!



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