



**O' Level
Foundation
Week 12**

The Write Tribe

PERSONAL RECOUNT



PERSONAL RECOUNT/REFLECTIVE ESSAYS

25. Recount an incident when you forgot something of extreme importance and what you learnt from the experience.

Back in December, during Secondary One, I volunteered to pack and deliver Christmas presents to a children's home to celebrate Christmas with them during the festive season.

Five days before Christmas, I was tasked to help in packing the gifts. By the time I was done, I realised it was dark, past seven in the evening. **My shirt was soaked with the filth of my sweat** after having packed presents for hours. The school was deserted, **void of life** save for Ms Tan and myself.

This was too much to handle all alone. I was wondering why I ever signed up for this. With a deep sigh of regret, I thought to myself, "At least I would earn a volunteer badge."

"Robert, could you help write the address on the gifts? The children's home address is 16 Grange Road. If we send the gifts today, they should arrive before Christmas," Ms Tan, who was the organiser of this trip as well as my form teacher, **instructed with her shrill voice piercing through the damp evening air.**

"Yes, Madam!" I replied to the best of my ability without trying to sound **dreadfully worn out**. **A sudden pang of pain** hit my stomach right before I could pen the address down.

After a painstaking 15 minutes in the gents, I trudged back to the classroom, all ready to head home. I was packing my belongings and realised I had completely forgotten about penning down the address!

"What was the address again?" I thought to myself.

"Was it 16 or 61 Grange Road?" Exhaustion hit me and feeling muddleheaded, I tried my best but I couldn't recall Ms Tan's instructions at all.

Frantically, I went in search of Ms Tan but all was in vain. She had left for the day.

Panicking, hunger-panged and completely worn out, all I could think of was a hot meal and my comfortable bed. The thought of having a sumptuous dinner spurred me on... to going home. Moreover, my best friend's birthday party was scheduled for the next morning and I was invited. I couldn't have been any less bothered and was totally nonchalant.

"All these for a volunteer badge and no one else is here to help me. Why should I even care? These are just some gifts for the kids," I thought to myself whilst scribbling down the delivery address.

"16 or 61? Never mind, it should be 61 Grange Road." Without further thought, I then proceeded to drop the gifts off at the school's mailbox for the courier man to pick up the next morning.

Soon, Christmas Day came. As scheduled, we went to the home bright and early on Christmas morning. As we approached the front gate, I realised the address written there was 16 Grange Road, not 61 Grange Road!

"Oh no!" I gasped in horror.

Ms Tan turned and asked, "What's wrong, Robert?"

My pulse was racing and my head hurt. "Should I tell Ms Tan about the address error that I made?" I wondered frantically. Panicking and turning blue from my thoughts, I decided to confess to Ms Tan,

"What! You wrote the wrong address?" Ms Tan snapped at me in disbelief. Flushing hotly in shame, I had to explain what had happened.

The children's home was not what I expected. Instead of a dull, dilapidated building, it was painted bright yellow and there were children's paintings framed along the corridors. Children were playing fervently in a hall decorated with a Christmas tree, streamers and confetti. Squeals of laughter could be heard.

However, these squeals of laughter turned to frowns of disappointment when we explained to them that the address of their gifts had been penned wrongly and that they were not going to get any presents today.

Thankfully, Ms Tan had written a return address to our school. Days later, we then went back personally to the home to redeliver the presents way after Christmas. Seeing the exuberant smiles on the children's faces while unwrapping their presents certainly had me beaming with pride, knowing that I had accomplished much more than just wrapping up presents. I was sending hope and happiness in these little packages I wrapped all day.

Recounting this particular incident left me with a lot of memories of the good, the bad and the ugly. It sure taught me plenty!

Now a Secondary Four student, I still recount this incident vividly with a tinge of **embarrassment** and regret. This episode has taught me that a slipshod job could **jeopardise** one's hard work and a small mistake, even if it's just numbers, could spell disaster. Another precious lesson I learnt was about taking full ownership of my assigned responsibilities. Lastly, I **came to the realisation** that owning up to a mistake was not as dreadful as I thought it would be. The incident deeply ingrained in me the lifelong habit of **checking my work for errors**. It has become part of me to check, double check and recheck for mistakes while doing my daily homework and especially during exams. This is especially so for my Mathematics papers, as I know by heart that a minor mistake, even if just one digit, would lead to an absolutely dreadful situation!

Recount an incident when you forgot something of extreme importance 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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