O³ Level
Foundation
Week 5

The Write Tribe

PERSONAL RECOUNT

LIVEWORKSHEETS

8. What do you consider as your greatest regret and why?

The loud ringing bells signalled the end of the school day. Excited voices echoed down the corridor as students dashed out of their classrooms, **barrelling towards** the school gate. **I stood rooted to the spot, numb with shock and disbelief.** Students shoved past me, breaking me out of my reverie. My body moved on autopilot as I trudged back home. My heart refused to accept how I had turned down the opportunity of a lifetime. However, I had already made my decision. I had to stand by it.

I felt miserable and started to question myself, wondering if I had done the right thing. My eyes wandered over the cars driving by as I inhaled deeply. Quickening my pace, I strode home, wanting to be alone with my thoughts. Recalling Mdm Tong's look of disappointment, I **scowled moodily** as I pressed the lift's buttons jadedly.

With a cheerful ding, the lift announced its arrival at my destination as it opened its doors. Upon reaching home, I briskly unlocked the door and entered. My mother was tidying up the living room and glanced up in concern at the lack of my usual hearty greeting. She tilted her head, her warm chocolate brown eyes studying my expression. Tears filled my eyes as I flung myself into her arms, sobbing out an incoherent version of what had happened at school. Stroking my hair tenderly, my mother sat down on the sofa and patted the spot next to her, **gently beckoning** me to tell her what was on my mind. Taking a deep breath to calm myself, I exhaled slowly before I began.

It was History class, and Mrs Nair was teaching us about World War II and its causes. Halfway through, Mdm Tong knocked gently on the door, requesting to see me. Mdm Tong was a petite lady with luscious ash grey hair, which she always kept in a fishtail braid. She was also our discipline mistress as well as the teacher-in-charge of the student council. When she requested to see me, whispers erupted amongst my classmates. Feeling confused as to why she was looking for me, I followed her out of the classroom.

Mdm Tong gently placed a hand on my shoulder and squeezed it. She smiled broadly and informed me that she had selected me to be a student council executive, and began congratulating me as though I had already accepted her offer. She began to tell me what my duties would be if I took on the role. Her **eyes twinkled in excitement** as I stared back at her, dumbstruck. A part of me was celebrating and dying to accept her offer, but the rational side of me reasoned that I was already struggling with my studies and could not afford to divert time from my revision to additional responsibilities. **Slumping in disappointment, I muttered an inaudible apology** as I informed her that I would be rejecting her offer. **A frown marred her otherwise flawless features** after hearing my explanation.

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LIVEWORKSHEETS

Although she said she understood where I was coming from, it was an opportunity that was hard to come by. She said that she had analysed my results and was certain that joining the executive committee would not affect my studies. **Squaring my shoulders**, I thanked her for her offer, but my answer was still no. **Shaking her head in disappointment**, she accepted my decision and did not press further. Then she turned on her heels and left, her braid swinging gently.

Clasping my hands between hers, my mother looked me in the eyes and asked me firmly: if I could turn back time, what would I have done? Would I have said yes? Regardless, the decision had already been made and I felt that there was nothing I could do about it. Since I had already made my decision, she advised me to **let bygones be bygones** and focus on my studies.

Knowing that my mother was right, I **sighed dejectedly** and decided to stick with my decision.

Looking back, till this day, I still deeply regret not accepting Mdm Tong's offer. I often wonder, had I accepted the offer, would my life have taken a turn for the better or for the worst? If only I could turn back the hands of time, perhaps I would have made a different choice.

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What do you consider your greatest regret and why?

WRITING ORGANIZER - Recount

Orientation: *- Introduction – Setting the scene.*

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

Conclusion: *- Personal Comment (Optional)*

LIVEWORKSHEETS

FORMAT YOUR ESSAY PROPERLY!

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