



**O' Level
Foundation
Week 7**

The Write Tribe

PERSONAL RECOUNT



30. Write about a time when you were shown kindness. How has this changed you?

The shrill sound of the school dismissal bell brought every one out of their seats in a rush to escape the hot and stuffy classroom. I trudged out of school and dragged my feet to the bus stop. I grumbled inwardly as I saw that the bus stop was crowded, which meant that I had not missed the first bus as I had hoped. Now I would have to jostle with the others for a seat in the bus. For a moment, I considered waiting for the next bus, but the thought of being in the sweet embrace of my air-conditioned room motivated me to join the crowd.

Expectedly, the bus was already packed like sardines with students from neighbouring schools when it arrived. Every available handhold and overhead strap was already held on to, and I struggled to maintain my balance as the bus wove its way through traffic. It did not help that the passengers were already standing elbow to elbow. Each time the bus stopped at a red light, I had to reposition myself, bracing myself for the next jolt as the bus accelerated or braked.

Suddenly, loud thunder clapped through the sky. In the blink of an eye, dark clouds covered the blue sky and the sound of heavy droplets hitting the bus drowned our chatter. Many of us cheered as we welcomed the sudden low temperature, while others groaned as they did not have their umbrellas with them. I smiled smugly at the thought of the umbrella in my school bag.

As soon as I alighted, I rummaged through my bag for my umbrella. My hand grabbed the air at the spot where the umbrella was usually placed.

"Where is it?" I wondered quizzically. "Didn't I put it in my bag...?"

It struck me that I had, in fact, not put it in my bag the night before. I had used it in the afternoon when I went out to go to the supermarket in the rain, and then left it hanging by the front door when I got home. It had slipped my mind to pack it in my bag before I went to bed.

I decided to brave the heavy downpour. Taking a deep breath, I hunched my shoulders and kept my face close to my chest, as if that would prevent me from getting wet. Within a few steps I was already drenched from head to toe and my socks and shoes were soaked in rainwater. How I wished I could teleport home for a nice hot shower!

Up ahead was an old lady. She was carrying a bag of groceries in one hand, while in the other she was struggling to hold her umbrella upright as the wind playfully tried to swing it in all directions. She was shuffling her feet and it was not long before I was right behind her. The pavement was not wide enough for me to overtake her, so I decided to sidestep her by walking on the grass patch. She immediately gave a gasp when she saw me appearing on her left, and in her shock she lost her balance and fell down. The contents in her grocery bag rolled out, while her umbrella was whisked a few metres away.

I swiftly dashed and grabbed her umbrella, annoyed that my attempt to reach home as quickly as possible had been thwarted. My annoyance grew when I realised that she was still slowly placing her items back into her now soaked bag by the time I passed the umbrella to her. I hastily picked up the remaining items and shoved them into her bag before storming off.

"Ah Boy..." Her frail muffled voice could be heard above the deafening downpour.

I turned around to find her trying to catch up with me. She gestured to me to walk towards her. Huffing, I went to her, wondering what else she had in mind to prevent me from going home. She held out her umbrella to me.

"Come," she said, "share the umbrella with me."

Her welcoming smile warmed my heart. My impatience turned to guilt, and then appreciation, as I basked in her kindness. I made a solemn and silent vow to never let my impatience get the better of me ever again.

Write about a time when you were shown kindness. How has this changed you?

WRITING ORGANIZER - Recount

Orientation: - *Introduction – Setting the scene.*

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

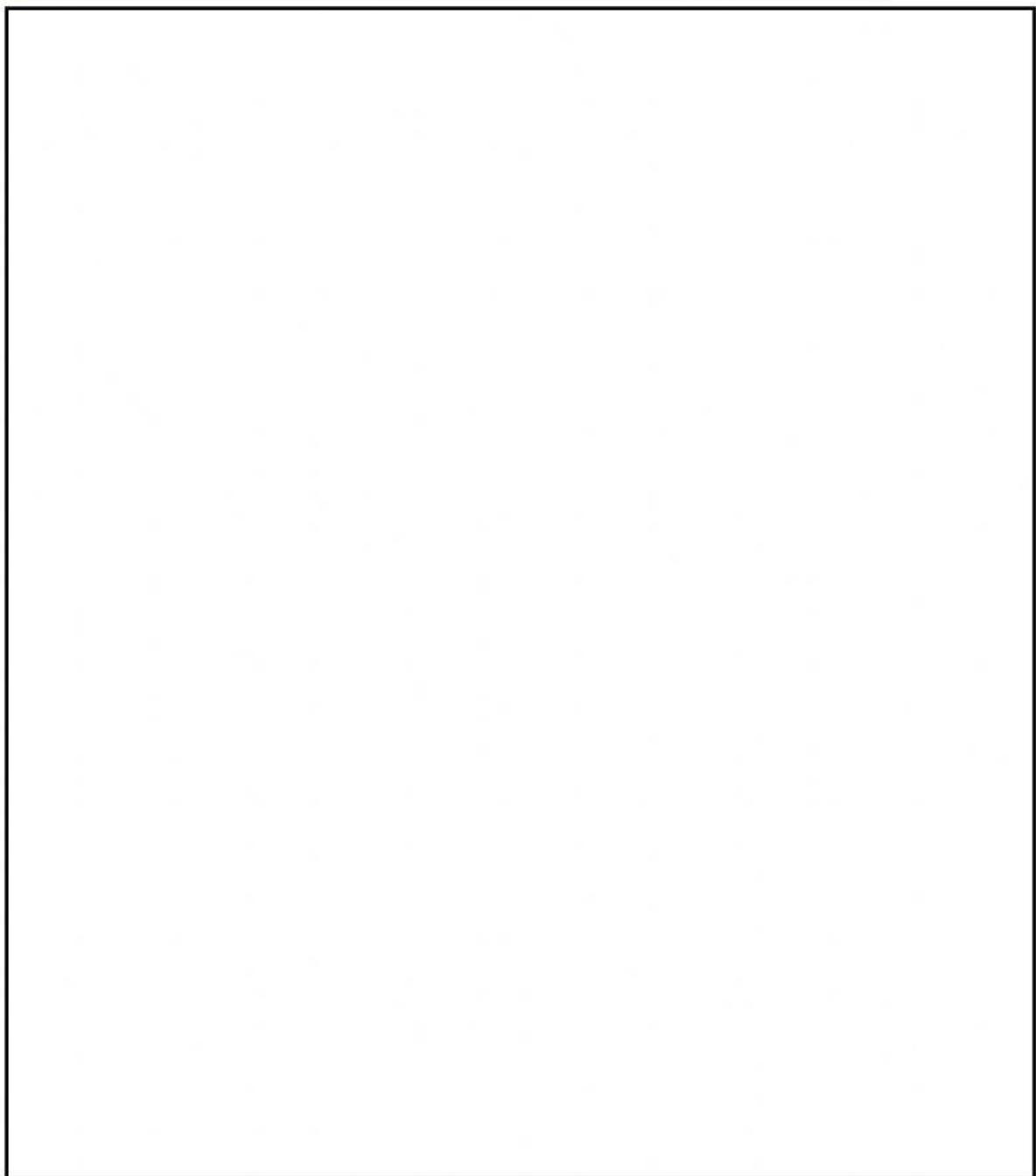
Conclusion: - *Personal Comment (Optional)*



FORMAT YOUR ESSAY PROPERLY!

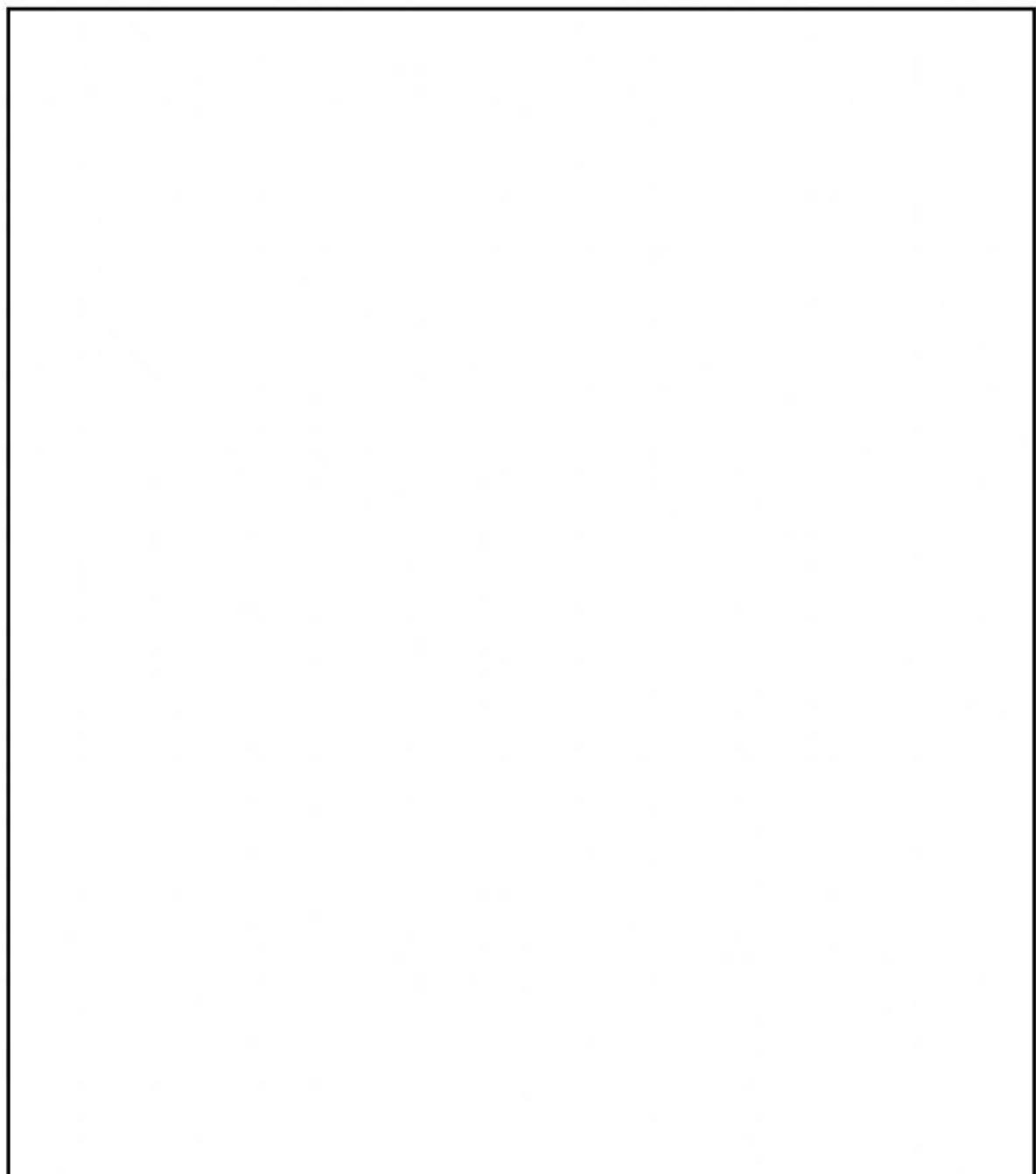


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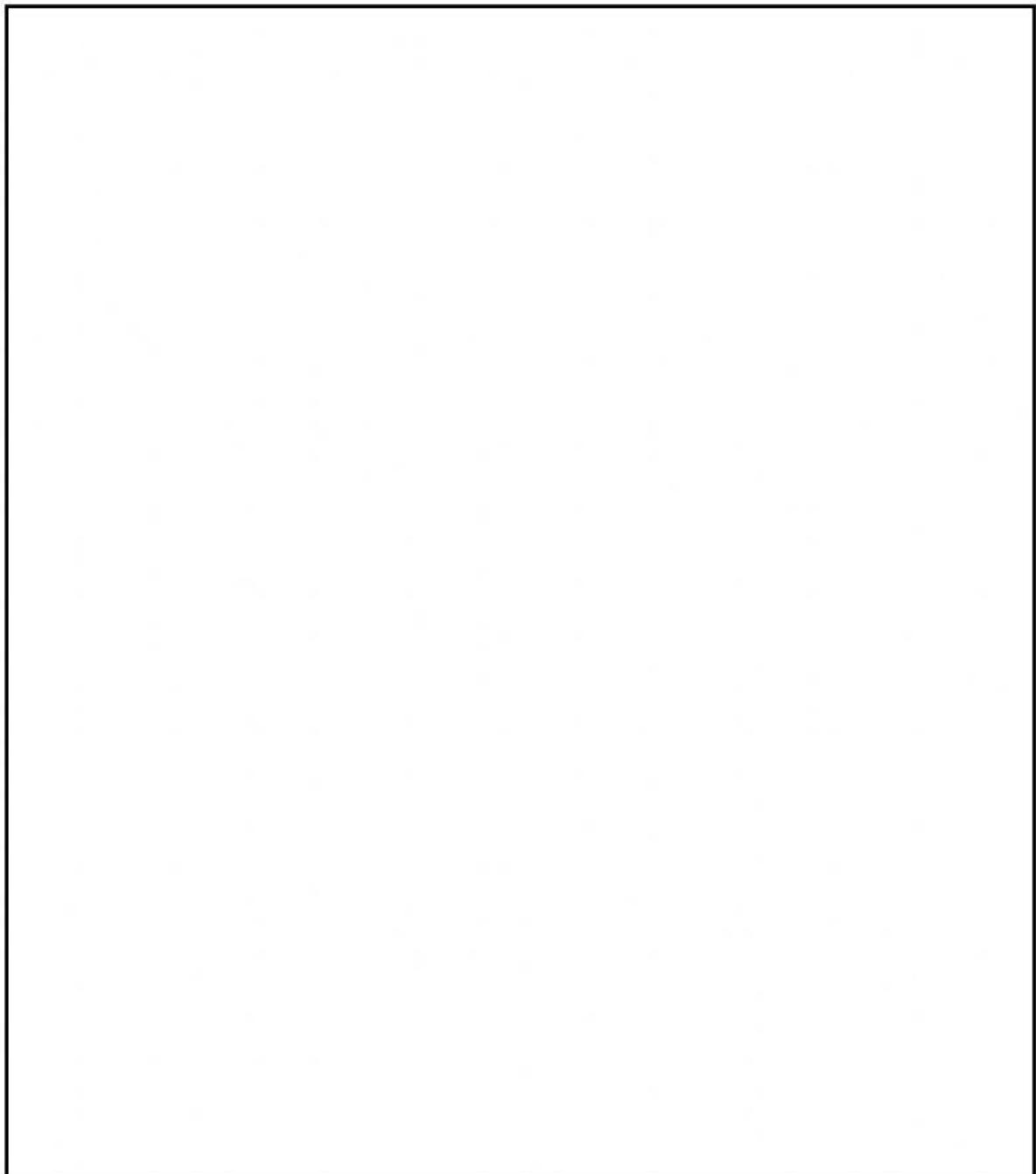
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