

Bendemeer Otter Times

Issue 1 2026

GENRES COME ALIVE!

CELEBRATING OUR WRITERS FROM BPS



My name is Loke Sze Yu, Isabel and I am from P6 Adaptability. I would like to tell you how you can gain knowledge from reading. Reading opens the door to a world of possibilities! When you read, you explore new places, meet interesting characters, and learn about different cultures and ideas.

Reading is like the magical key to adventure, knowledge and imagination! One of my favorite authors is Roald Dahl. He writes books that are whimsical, captivating and imaginative. In addition, he uses humour and a great storyline to keep readers on their toes! My favourite books by Roald Dahl are "Charlie And The Chocolate Factory" and "Matilda". These books can be found in our school library.

Make it a habit to read widely because it is fun and rewarding. Reading a wide genre of books broadens your perspective and knowledge, and sparks your creativity. You will be exposed to different writing styles, vocabulary, and cultural insights. So, go ahead and pick up a book from the library and start reading today!



Written by Loke Sze Yu, Isabel
of P6 Adaptability

I am Mimika Sizali Magar from P6 Integrity. Reading is one of the most powerful tools for personal growth and lifelong learning. It opens the door to new ideas, perspectives and knowledge which extend far beyond our everyday experiences.

Through books, articles, anecdotes, and stories, we can explore different cultures, understand complex concepts and develop critical thinking skills. Reading also strengthens vocabulary and language abilities, making communication clearer and more effective. I enjoy reading novels which are designed to evoke deep feelings through various themes.

This Otter Times edition is filled with stories of different themes. Use the good phrases from the Otter Times for your compositions. Highlight good phrases that show characterisation. Bring your Otter Times to school daily and read it during your free time!



Written by Mimika Sizali Magar
of P6 Integrity



Non- Narratives

Read our collection of poems, persuasive texts and letters written by our students.



The Wisteria's Sonata

Come rest, dear traveller, for you have journeyed long and far — through concrete jungles and realms torn by war. The wisteria will welcome you and reward your efforts with their fruits. Let us all be beautiful, wild, and free, just like the flowers that hang from the trees. When you ever catch yourself afraid, don't hesitate to tell the flowers that have withstood all the rain. They will understand, and they will tell you why all the persistence was necessary.

You can grow your own garden, with flowers and trees. It could be hidden or left for all to behold. You could grow critters, or you could grow weeds. What matters most is what you feed.

So seize the day, or even the year. Reflect on the past, persevere through the present, and manifest for the future. The wisteria wishes you the best. May this sonata follow you while you rest.

Written by Hmue Dyan Min Htike of P6 Empathy



How Climate Change Affects Us Reported by Teh Shi Ying of P6 Empathy

Climate change includes both global warming and its wider effects on Earth's climate system. The rise in global temperatures is mostly caused by human activities, especially the burning of fossil fuel, deforestation, and some agricultural practices which release greenhouse gases.

Climate change has an increasingly large impact on the environment. Higher temperatures are also causing more intense storms, droughts, and other extreme weather.

Rapid environmental change in mountains, coral reefs, and the Arctic are forcing many species to relocate or become extinct.

Recap: What is Climate Change?

- Climate change is a rapid, long-term shift in global weather patterns and temperatures.
- It increases greenhouse gases, trapping heat, and causing on average, a 0.2°C temperature rise per decade, leading to melting ice, rising sea levels, and extreme weather.

Climate change is usually caused by human activities, which leads to a large impact on the environment. In a nutshell, climate change increases greenhouse gases, leading to rising temperatures.



All about Aurora Borealis

Reported by Audrey Yong Man Qin
of P6 Empathy

Aurora Borealis are natural light displays in the sky caused by charged particles from the sun colliding with gases in the Earth's atmosphere. These particles, guided by Earth's magnetic field, excite gases, causing them to emit colourful light. The aurora borealis is a harmless, breathtaking testament to the active electric connection between the sun and the Earth. It is a localised, high-altitude atmospheric phenomenon that peaks roughly every 11 years with the solar cycle.

More than just a beautiful spectacle, the lights are valuable indicators of space weather, providing insights into the dynamics of the magnetosphere.

Some Key Facts About The Aurora Borealis

- They are best viewed in high-latitude regions such as Alaska or Canada.
- They can appear all year-round, though often observed during darker winter nights.
- High solar activity can cause the lights to be seen much farther south than usual.

Explanation of Colours

The colours of the aurora depend on the type of gas being hit in the atmosphere.

Green – The most common colour, caused by oxygen.

Red – Produced by oxygen at higher altitudes.

Blue/Purple – Created by nitrogen molecules.

Hobbies: Why Do They Matter?

Reported by Reanna Nur Shasmeen Binte
Mohammed Romeeno of P6 Empathy

What Are Hobbies?

Hobbies are regular and enjoyable activities pursued during leisure time for pleasure, relaxation, or self-improvement rather than financial gain.

Why Are They Important?

Hobbies are important for keeping your mind and body healthy, as they lower stress and make you happier with your life.

Advantages Of Picking Up A Hobby

Studies show that hobbies significantly enhance mental and physical health by boosting happiness, reducing stress, and lowering blood pressure and cortisol levels.

Fun fact: Hobbies can extend your life by 10%.

Fun Hobbies To Try!

1. Digital Art
2. Roller blading
3. Crochet/Knitting
4. Gardening



Why Staying Active is Important

Reported by Tan Yong Ming of P6 Empathy

We should stay active so that we can maintain our physical and mental health. Staying active lowers the risk of diseases such as diabetes and high blood pressure. In addition, it also reduces stress, anxiety, and depression while improving overall mood and self-confidence. It also helps with weight management, reducing the risks associated with obesity.

While staying active can help with our physical and mental health, it can also help improve our functionality and sleep. Studies have shown that staying active can help you be more positive in life. So, pick up a sport to improve your quality of life and increase life expectancy.

Why Teamwork Makes Everything Better

Teamwork means working together with others to achieve a common goal. Instead of doing everything alone, we share ideas, help one another, and support each other. Imagine trying to complete a big project by yourself — it might feel difficult and tiring. However, when you work with a team, things become easier and more enjoyable. Let's find out why.

Firstly, teamwork makes tasks easier and faster. When we work together, we can divide the tasks so that each person does a part. If we have a group project in school, one person can do the research, another can design slides, and another can present. This way, we finish the task efficiently and effectively. I remember a time when my classmates and I worked together on a project, and we completed it much faster than if I had done it alone.

Secondly, teamwork helps us solve problems better. When we work alone, we only have our own ideas. However, if we work in a team, everyone can share different thoughts and solutions. Sometimes, one person may see something that others do not. By discussing and listening to one another, we can come up with better ideas. This is especially important in school, where teamwork helps us learn from one another and improve together.

Finally, teamwork makes learning more fun and meaningful. Working with friends can turn a boring task into an enjoyable experience. We can laugh, encourage each other, and celebrate our success together. Many successful teams, like sports teams, succeed because they trust and support one another. Without teamwork, life would feel lonely, and many great achievements would not be possible.

In conclusion, teamwork makes everything better because it makes tasks easier, helps us solve problems, and makes experiences more enjoyable. It also teaches us important skills like communication, cooperation, and respect. To become a better team player, one should always listen to others and be willing to help. Let us remember that together, we can achieve more than we ever could alone.

Written by Arissa Grace Teo of P6 Adaptability

The Story Behind India's Many Languages

India is a country full of different languages and that's what makes it special. Have you ever wondered why there are so many languages in India?

Firstly, India is a very big country with mountains, rivers, and forests. Long ago, people lived far away from each other, and they did not travel much. Because of this, they started speaking in different ways. Over time, these different ways of speaking developed into different languages.

Secondly, in the past, many groups of people came to India from different places. They brought their own languages with them. When these languages mixed with local ones, new languages were created! Another reason is that people in India value their culture and traditions. Language is a big part of that. Families teach their children their own language, and they are proud to speak it. That is why these languages have been kept alive for so long. Moreover, different states in India often have their own main language. The government even recognises many languages, so people are free to speak and learn their own.

Finally, many people in India can speak more than one language. They might speak one language at home, another at school, and maybe even another language with friends! So, India has so many languages because of its size, its history, its people, and its love for culture. Instead of being confusing, this makes India colourful, unique, and amazing!

Written by Rachel Dhivyan of P6 Adaptability

Does Money Buy Happiness?

We have all heard the phrase, "Money can't buy happiness". It is repeated so often that it feels like a universal truth. Parents say it. Teachers say it. Movie stars say it. It sounds wise and moral, almost poetic. Today, I want to challenge that idea. I stand here to argue that money does buy happiness — or at least, it plays a much bigger role in happiness than we are comfortable admitting.

Let's start by asking an honest question: What is happiness? Is it constant laughter? Is it luxury? Is it living in a mansion with ten sports cars parked outside? Or is it something much simpler?

For most adults, happiness is not about extreme excitement. It is peace of mind. It is security. It is being able to sleep at night without worrying about unpaid bills. For children and youths, happiness may come from getting that game console they have always wanted. For adults, happiness means knowing that if something goes wrong — if they get sick, if their car breaks down, or if they lose their job — they will be fine.

Now ask yourself this: What makes a person happy? The answer is money. Money provides more than just material goods; it offers security, comfort, and freedom. When basic needs such as food, shelter, and healthcare are met, individuals experience reduced stress and greater peace of mind.

People also spend money on experiences such as travel, cultural events, or education. These experiences create memories, encourage personal growth, and strengthen social bonds. As a result, they have lasting positive effects on emotional well-being. However, the impact of money on happiness tends to diminish once basic needs and moderate comforts are met.

An excessive focus on accumulating wealth without purpose does not significantly improve well-being. Therefore, money is most effective in promoting happiness when it is used meaningfully to meet needs. When people have money, they are able to purchase items such as clothes, gadgets, books, or musical instruments that bring them joy. Let me give you an example. If someone loves music, buying a new instrument can bring about excitement and motivation. The ability to fulfil personal desires provides a sense of achievement and enjoyment.

When we get something we have been wanting for a long time, we naturally feel happy and satisfied. However, while money contributes to happiness, I am not saying that money alone can buy happiness. Instead, money enhances the experiences we share with the people we love.

For example, families with sufficient financial resources can afford to go on trips together or spend a day at an amusement park. The joy does not come directly from the money itself, but from the laughter, bonding, and shared memories created during these activities. Money simply makes these experiences possible.

In conclusion, money may not buy happiness like how one buys products in a shop, but it can certainly improve our relationships with our loved ones by making the time spent with them more enjoyable and comfortable.

While the saying suggests that money cannot buy happiness, it is clear that money provides security, peace of mind, and the ability to fulfil personal desires — all of which are major contributors to overall well-being and happiness. Therefore, we should acknowledge the significant role money plays in our pursuit of a happy life. It may not be the only source of joy, but when used wisely, it can pave the way for a more secure and fulfilling life.

Written by Tan Jen Jay of P6 Adaptability

Letters From Our Students

Our Primary 6 students read a hybrid text "The Problem With Rain". In this text, students from Valley Primary School had to grapple with the inconvenience of walking to school when it rains as the walkway from the bus stop to their school was not sheltered. With the help of their teacher, they wrote an email to the Land Transport Authority (LTA) to build a covered walkway from the bus stop to their school. Have you noticed that the overhead bridge to school along 1047 Serangoon Road is not sheltered? It is very inconvenient when it rains. Our students have written an email to LTA to propose building a sheltered walkway from the bus stop to school. Let's hope that LTA accepts the proposal. That way, rain or shine, we have protection from the weather. These are their letters.

Dear Sir,

I am Hormazd Paeterasp Vevaina, a Primary 6 student at Bendemeer Primary School. I am writing on behalf of my fellow schoolmates to request for the construction of a sheltered walkway and a sheltered overhead bridge from the bus stop along 1047 Serangoon Road to our school.

Every day, many students alight at this bus stop and make their way to school on foot. Currently, there is no shelter along this route. As a result, students, parents and teachers are fully exposed to the harsh sun and heavy rain. While this may seem like a minor inconvenience, it becomes a serious challenge that affects us daily. On rainy days, the problem becomes much worse. I vividly remember one morning, dark clouds gathered and there was a downpour just as I alighted from the bus. Although I held on to my umbrella tightly, the strong winds blew the rain towards my direction, soaking my school uniform and my school bag. By the time I reached school, my clothes were wet and I was feeling uncomfortable. It was difficult to focus during lessons. Many of my classmates have experienced the same situation, making it hard for us to start the school day right. Furthermore, the walkway becomes extremely slippery when it rains, turning it into a safety hazard. Students rushing to avoid being late may slip and fall, which could result in injuries. This risk is even greater during peak hours when the path is crowded with students.

Therefore, I sincerely hope that the Land Transport Authority will consider building a sheltered walkway and an overhead bridge at this location. This will not only protect students from the weather but also ensure a safer and more comfortable journey to school for everyone. A small improvement like this can make a big difference to the students. Thank you for taking the time to consider my request. I look forward to your favourable reply.

Yours faithfully,

Hormazd Paeterasp Vevaina, P6 Integrity

Dear Sir,

I am a student at Bendemeer Primary School. I am writing on behalf of the students at Bendemeer Primary School. Most of our students take the bus to school and the nearest two bus stops are around 300 meters away from the school. The overhead bridge from the block of flats in front of our school to the entrance of our school is sheltered. However, the bus stop along 1047 Serangoon Road to our school is not sheltered.

On rainy days, the walkway from the bus stop to school is slippery and becomes a safety hazard. Our students have brainstormed possible solutions to this problem and we hope that LTA will consider our request to construct a sheltered walkway and a sheltered overhead bridge from the bus stop along 1047 Serangoon Road to my school.

In Singapore, it rains an average of 167 days a year. This results in inconveniences to our students, as well as teachers, who commute by bus. On rainy days, the sheltered walkway and sheltered overhead bridge will help students get safely to and from school. When it rains, students may be in a rush. Therefore, they run in the rain to get from the bus stop to school. As the road and overhead bridge are slippery, students may fall and injure themselves. Moreover, students could also fall ill after getting wet in the rain. On sunny days, the covered walkway will protect students from the sun.

This suggestion will benefit the entire school community. Thank you for your time. We look forward to hearing from you.

Yours faithfully,

Takatsuki Yuki, P6 Integrity



How I Keep Myself Safe From Scams

SCAMS ARE ON THE RISE!

Singapore has lost more than **\$4 billion** to scams since 2019.

BE ALERT. BE SMART. STAY SAFE. 



Scams are on the rise! Singapore has lost more than \$4 billion to scams since 2019. I watched a video on Youtube about a girl who received a call from scammers. Fortunately for her, she recognised that the number was not from a local caller as it started with +65. When she picked up the call, she played along and pretended that she was live on a television programme. The scammer was petrified and hung up. I think that that was a creative idea.

Once, I received a video call from a scammer. He was clad in a police uniform and asked for my bank details. He informed me that he was a government official who was verifying my details. Thankfully, I had read online that government officials will never ask for your bank details or personal particulars. I hung up the phone and the scammer never called me again.

Sometimes, scammers may lure you with gifts or rewards and insist that you click the link they send. Do not give in to temptations and click on the link. Instead, delete the message and inform your parents about it. Remember that scams are becoming more elaborate and creative. Never let your guard down!

Written by Delvryna Kaur of P6 Integrity

I read a recent article about a student who lost almost \$30,000 to scammers who impersonated personnel from educational institutions. Scammers have turned to social media and emails to create false urgency to scam their victims. I am always on my toes when I receive messages or emails from dubious sources.

When I receive a message, I will call 1799. 1799 is the 24/7 ScamShield helpline in Singapore, a dedicated, toll-free number for reporting and verifying potential scams. I knew about ScamShield when I was at a supermarket and saw a poster about it. Immediately, I downloaded the app. You should download it too. I do not pick up calls if I am unsure of the number. Sometimes, I will wait two or three times to see if the person calling me has the patience to wait. Usually scammers will try their luck and call once. If the caller persists, I assume it is genuine and I will pick up the call. My parents will never pick up calls starting with +65 as these calls are likely scams.

I will always tell a trusted adult about the calls that I receive. Remember to keep yourself safe from scams. Always verify if you are unsure.

Written by Koh En Qi Gracelyn of P6 Integrity

A Nasty Incident

The day I had been waiting for finally arrived. It was the day of the race! I had been wanting to participate in the race and win the shiny gold medal to add to my collection. I jumped out of bed as soon as my alarm clock rang. I got ready quickly as I did not want to be late.

I had been practising running around my neighbourhood for the past few months to improve my stamina. It was exhausting and I wanted to give up at times but I persevered. I became much stronger and fitter and knew I had a good chance of winning.

When I arrived at the stadium, I saw many colourful banners and streamers. Many spectators were cheering loudly for their team. Amongst them, I spotted my family and friends. They were holding up a banner that stated, "You can do it, Ben!" Despite their words of encouragement, I still felt butterflies in my stomach. I gulped and my heart pounded in my chest. To calm myself down, I took a few deep breaths and wiped my clammy hands on the sides of my shorts. As the race was about to begin, I decided to do a few stretches to warm up. Just then, an announcement was heard. "Competitors, please proceed to the start line." I took my position nervously and waited for the whistle to be blown.

"Beep!" The shrill sound pierced through the air. I sprinted towards the finish line, keeping my eyes fixed on my goal. Soon, I was in the lead and I was exhilarated. Another competitor soon caught up with me. I was neck and neck with him. I decided to use all my energy to reach the finish line first. As I surged forward, I lost my balance and to my horror, I tripped and fell! I landed hard on the ground and felt an excruciating pain shoot up my leg. It was unbearable and tears started to roll down my cheeks. There was also a cut on my knee and it was beginning to bleed. The other competitors paid no heed to me and dashed past me, leaving me sobbing on the ground. I had no choice but to shout for help.

Soon, I saw a medic rush towards me. "What happened? Are you all right?" he asked, concerned. In between sobs, I told him that my ankle was hurting very badly. Gently, he lifted my leg and took off my shoe. He examined my ankle and I could see that it was beginning to swell. The throbbing pain was getting worse and I squeezed my eyes shut. Noticing my discomfort, he bandaged my ankle and assured me that I would be fine. He advised me to rest at home so that I could recover quickly.

My family came rushing over and my mother looked very worried. We decided to head home so that I could get some rest. When I reached home, I thought about what happened earlier. I was disappointed that I did not win the race but I knew that there would be another opportunity in the future. I was just glad that I did not end up injuring myself badly. What had happened was a nasty incident and every time I see the scar on my knee, I would remember that fateful day. Thankfully, I managed to recover fully. It was an unforgettable experience.

Written by Caelyn Ong Yun Ting of P4 Empathy



The Day I Learnt Something New

One breezy afternoon, my sister, Bella, and I were feeling bored. Our parents were both at work. I decided to go online to search for interesting things to do during the weekends. As I was scrolling through videos, I came across a video on how to fly a kite. "Bella! Come here! I found a video on how to fly kites. Do you want to try flying one at the park?" I exclaimed excitedly.

"Sure! Do we have a kite at home?" asked Bella.

"Let's go to the attic to find one!" I replied.

As we both reached the attic, we discovered that the attic was as dusty as a tomb.

Bella looked in the corner of the attic while I looked in the middle of the attic. To my surprise, I found a box of kites from when Bella and I were little girls!

"I found some kites in a cardboard box, Bella! Come here and help me move it to the living room!" I screamed out loud.

Once Bella joined me, we both grabbed one side of the box as we went down the stairs of the attic.

"Let's get a kite from the box and ride our bicycles down to the park! Hopefully we can fly it like a professional!" said Bella. After we had eaten our lunch, we both rode our bicycles down to the park.

Soon, we arrived at the park. Bella took the kite out of her bicycle basket and we went towards the middle of the park. We felt the strong, breezy wind blow our hair back.

"Woah! The wind is so strong today! Hopefully it doesn't blow our kites away," said Bella. I nodded my head in agreement.

"Why don't you try it out first!" Bella exclaimed in excitement.

As I tugged on the string, I realised that it was tangled in knots because Bella had tugged too hard on it.

"Bella! The strings are tangled in a bunch of messy knots!" I shouted in panic.

As I tugged harder on the strings so that it would fly, the wind suddenly blew our kite away.

"Oh no! What are we going to do?" I shouted.

Suddenly, a young man came up to us. "Hey, do you need help? I heard all the commotion!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, please. Our kite got stuck in the tree over there!" said Bella nervously.

The young man replied, "Oh okay, I will help you get the kite down." As the young man was tall enough to get the kite down, he retrieved it with ease.

"So, how did your kite get stuck in this tree?" asked the young man curiously.

"Well, the wind blew the kite away so it landed on the tree," I replied.

"Well, the wind is really strong today, so stay safe. Have fun and enjoy yourselves! I'll get going now!" exclaimed the man.

I tried to fly the kite again. I tugged on the string, this time holding it tightly. After gently tugging on the string a few times, we both succeeded in flying the kite. After we had flown the kite for a while at the park, we rode our bicycles back to our house.

"Today was really fun. Even though we had some trouble at the start, we finally learnt how to fly a kite. And I got to do it with you," I said happily. Bella and I both learnt that flying a kite was not easy. However, with patience and perseverance, we both succeeded.

Written by Kho Jia Qi, Janelle Lui Yong Xi, Dai Jiewen, and Nisrina Athirah Binti Hisammudin of P4 Adaptability

The Day I Learnt Something New

It was a bright sunny day, I said goodbye to my little sister, Sally, and my father as they left to buy a birthday present. It was Sally's birthday! As soon as they were out of sight, I ran into the living room and started scrolling on YouTube with my twin sister, Abby, to find out what to make for Sally's birthday! We wanted to surprise her! Not long after, we came across a video of someone baking chocolate chip cookies. Then it dawned on us! We could make Sally her favourite chocolate chip cookies!

As we were taking the ingredients out of the cabinet, we suddenly realised the we had run out of eggs! So, we decided that our mother would mix the ingredients into a bowl without the eggs while Abby and I ran to the shop nearby to get more eggs.

When we got back home, we had a shock. While we were gone, Mother had dropped the bowl off the counter and onto the floor while trying to sift in the brown sugar! We ran to her and helped her clean up. Deep down, I did not know if we had enough time to start again.

Not wanting to waste time and to finish as fast as possible, we quickly poured in the flour, sugar, brown sugar, eggs, butter, salt and milk into the bowl and mixed them together. Then, we added chocolate chips and mixed again. We then shaped the cookie dough and put them on a tray lined with baking paper and put it in the oven. After 30 minutes, we took the tray out of the oven. The aroma of freshly baked cookies wafted through the air.

When Sally and Father opened the door, we had just put the last cookie on a stand. When Sally saw the cookies, her face lit up and her eyes widened. She jumped up and down with elation! She was overjoyed that we had baked her favourite chocolate chip cookies just for her! We gave her a hug and shouted, "Happy birthday Sally!"

That day, I learnt how to bake chocolate chip cookies, and I would always remember the smile on Sally's face.

Written by Adalia Chai Yi Xin of P4 Integrity



A Careless Mistake

"James, come here!" yelled his mother. James rushed down the stairs and saw that his mother was holding a new ball. "This is for you!" his mother announced happily. James' eyes sparkled like glitter, and small, quick claps erupted from his hands. "Thanks, Mum!" James exclaimed.

As quick as the wind, James sprinted to the park near his house to play with his ball. He started tossing it from one hand to the other, enjoying himself tremendously. After a while, however, he found it boring. He wanted to do something even more exciting.

Since his favourite sport was soccer, he decided to play, even though there was no one around to join him. Without hesitation, he kicked the ball around the park, pretending to be a professional player. Suddenly, as he neared a pond, he kicked the ball too hard, and it flew straight into the water. Splash!

James' eyes widened as big as saucers as he watched the ball sink deeper and deeper. He dashed to the pond, but his hands felt cold and shaky when he realised how deep it was. He knew how to swim but he was not a strong swimmer. His eyes stayed fixed on the spot where he had last seen his beloved ball. His eyes grew wet and shiny, and a tear rolled down his cheek. His bottom lip trembled, and his shoulders drooped like a wilting flower. If only he had not been so careless, this would never have happened.

At home, his mother scolded him for his careless mistake. James hung his head low and avoided eye contact throughout the lecture. "I'm truly sorry, Mum," James apologised sincerely. "Since you do not know how to take care of your belongings properly, I will not buy you a new ball until you show me that you are ready," his mother said sternly. James knew he deserved it.

Every time he thought about the incident, he felt extremely remorseful. He wished he could undo the past and not be so careless. It was, indeed, a careless mistake.

Written by Caelyn Ong Yun Ting of P4 Empathy



A Careless Mistake

It was a bright sunny morning during the June holidays. I was having breakfast at the dining table. My father walked down the stairs and exclaimed, "Son, I have a surprise for you! You can see it after your breakfast." In excitement, I quickly finished my breakfast. Then, I followed my father to the backyard.

When I opened the door, I saw a bright baseball resting on the lawn. It was the baseball I had always wanted. I immediately shouted, "Thank you so much, Dad! I have always wanted this baseball." I immediately picked it up and asked my father if we could play a game. I threw the ball with all my might towards my father. He caught the baseball and threw it back to me. After a few rounds, my father made the game more challenging. He moved left and right so it became more difficult for me to aim the ball at him.

When I saw that my father had slowed down, I tried my luck and threw the baseball with all my might. Unfortunately, the baseball overshot and flew into the hall. It hit one of my mother's vases. Thud! My mother's vase toppled over. It crashed to the ground and shattered.

My mother rushed over to see what had happened. When she saw the broken vase, she asked worriedly, "Are you all right? Is anyone hurt?" Just then, she spotted the baseball. It was then that she realised that we were the ones responsible for the broken vase. Her worried expression turned into one filled with anger.

She shouted, "Who is responsible for this? Who broke my favourite vase?" Both my father and I hung our heads in shame. We felt extremely ashamed as we had acted carelessly. "As a punishment, you are both banned from playing baseball for a week. You must also buy me a similar vase to the one that you broke!" she yelled while fuming angrily. Both of our eyes widened in surprise as we had never seen her so angry before.

That day, we learnt to be more aware of our surrounding. I made sure to always close the door when I played as I did not want to make another careless mistake.

Written by Adalia Chai Yi Xin of P4 Integrity

A Proud Moment

One Sunday morning, Jim and Jack were at home watching television in the living room. Jim felt a little bored and wanted to play a game with Jack. Jim asked, "Let's compete to see who can save up more money in a week?" Jack agreed and went to buy two piggy banks.

When they each got their very own piggy bank, they put them on their desks in their room. Jim was very excited to start saving his money the following week. The next day, at school, Jim did not spend any of his money during recess so he could save his pocket money. On the other hand, Jack thought, "This is taking too long. I should ask my classmates for some money so I can win the challenge." He went around asking his classmates to donate some of their pocket money to him.

Two days later, Jack counted his money. His plan had worked. He had more money than Jim. He decided to try his trick again the next day. The following day, as Jim was walking to the noodles stall, he saw Jack asking his classmates for money. He realised that Jack had been cheating. He went up to Jack. "Jack, do you know that asking your classmates for money is considered cheating? It is wrong. Think of the consequences. If you are caught, you will be in trouble!" Jim advised Jack. After Jack reflected on what Jim had said, he apologised to his classmates and returned all the money he had taken from them.

After that incident, Jack learnt that he should not have cheated by asking his classmates for money. He was proud of himself for doing the right thing in the end. As the week continued, Jack saved his money and eventually won the challenge.

Written by Ng Xing Loong of P4 Adaptability

A Proud Moment

"I will be returning your test papers now," Miss Tan informed us. My legs were trembling and my heart started beating faster as she walked towards me. When Miss Tan handed my test paper to me, she smiled at me and gave me a thumbs up. I was confused at her gesture until I looked at my test paper. My face lit up with joy. I had gotten full marks for my test!

During recess, Miss Tan asked me if I wanted to compete in the National Mathematics Competition. I hesitated for a while but eventually agreed. After school, I rushed home to tell my parents that I had gotten full marks for my test and that I had been chosen to compete in a Mathematics competition. My parents were over the moon when they heard that. I went to my room to prepare for the big day that was coming up.

The next day, I walked into class with a big smile on my face. My friend, Jay, asked me why I was so happy. I told him that I had been chosen to compete in the National Mathematics Competition later that day. He was happy for me when he heard the good news. As I made my way to the competition venue, he wished me, "Good luck! All the best!"

When I reached the venue, I was immediately greeted by the staff who was waiting beside the door to welcome the competitors. When one of the competitors went up on stage to introduce himself, all eyes were on him. After all the competitors had introduced themselves, it was my turn. I stepped onto the stage, overjoyed yet a little nervous.

Soon, it was time for the competition to start. My heart was pounding fast as I entered the room. I was determined to win. Once I was done, I went out to meet my parents who were waiting for me.

"The examiner started asking me some questions. Though my voice was shaking, I was confident that I had answered them correctly," I informed my parents. They told me not to worry and we made our way home.

One week passed and I was waiting anxiously for the results to be announced. That morning during assembly, the teacher announced, "Mia, from Class P4A, took part in the National Mathematics Competition last week and she won the gold medal!" I was delighted when I heard the announcement. I went up on stage to receive my medal proudly.

As I walked back to my seat, I thought about how all my hard work had paid off and how proud my parents were of me. I was filled with happiness and pride. That day, I learnt that if I work hard enough, I can succeed.

Written by Neo Jia Xin of P4 Adaptability



A Frightening Experience

On a humid March morning, sunlight streamed through gaps between the leaves, creating patches of gold on the forest floor. That day, a botanist named Justin Teddy was camping in a forest. Justin had just arrived at the forest. After he had finished setting up his tent, he went out in search of more plants and food. While he was observing a plant, he suddenly heard a rustling sound that made him jump.

"Get a grip, Justin," he muttered to himself, "it's only a hedgehog. There's nothing to worry about." There were many hedgehogs in the area and the forest was also infested with snakes. Just the thought of it made him shudder. His hands grew shaky. After standing still for a few seconds, a green mamba appeared out of the blue. Its forked tongue darted in and out, tasting the air. It was not just the tongue that frightened Justin — it was its eyes. The snake's eyes glinted — cold, glassy, and unblinking. Suddenly, the snake lunged at Justin's legs. Justin screamed as loudly as he could but they felt distant, like echoes in a tunnel. He ran for his life as the green mamba slithered quickly after him, ready for another meal. As it disappeared behind him, Justin prayed the snake would not find him.

Justin had an idea. He hid behind a tree, grabbed his revolver, and loaded it. Just as he took a deep breath, another danger appeared — a black mamba. It coiled around Justin's legs, then whipped his arm with its tail, causing Justin to fall to the ground. In the process, Justin's revolver landed some distance away from him. The snake then coiled around Justin's neck, suffocating him. Justin's chest rose and fell rapidly while he gasped for air.

At that moment, a hedgehog was trying to evade the snake. While running, it accidentally kicked Justin's gun which had fallen on the ground towards him. Coughing and spluttering as the snake tightened its grip, Justin reached out, grabbed the gun, and pressed it against the mamba's head. He pulled the trigger. The lifeless snake collapsed onto the forest floor.

That evening, after catching a rabbit and sipping some grape juice for dinner, Justin looked up at the sky and recalled the day's events. The sky turned purple and orange but Justin barely registered its beauty. From that day onwards, whenever he carried his revolver, it reminded him of that terrifying experience.

Written by Aristotle Lee of P4 Empathy



Being Kind

One sunny morning, Tom and John were playing at the playground. They played many games such as tag and hide-and-seek. Suddenly, they noticed something strange. Dark and thick smoke curled out of the window of a house.

"Help! My house is on fire," shouted the owner of the house as she waved her hands frantically. She flapped her hands up and down like a bird trying to fly.

Tom used his phone to call his father for help. Soon, his father came to the scene and called the ambulance. In no time, the firefighters and ambulance arrived.

The firefighters helped the woman out of her burning house by quickly locating her, then carrying her to safety through a clear escape route. They also used protective gear to shield her from smoke and flames. Then, the firefighters worked together to extinguish the fire. Finally, after two hours, the fire was extinguished. The owner of the house was brought to the hospital. Thankfully, the doctor said that she was not severely injured and could be discharged from the hospital.

Unfortunately, the woman did not have a place to live because her house had been destroyed by the fire. Tom and John asked their parents if they could let the woman stay in their house for a few days due to her predicament. Their parents kindly agreed.

The woman learned that even though something unfortunate had happened to her, there were still many kind people around her who had showered her with kindness.

Written by Chen Yanxi of P4 Empathy

Being Kind

One afternoon, John, Jane, and Peter were walking in the park when they heard a scream. They decided to check what was happening and started running towards the source of the scream.

"It is strange for someone to scream in such a beautiful place like this," remarked Jane.

"For once, I agree with you," replied Peter.

When the three of them arrived at the scene, they were shocked to see what was happening. They froze. Their eyes went wide and their mouths dropped open like a fish. A bird had taken a phone and placed it in its nest. The owner of the phone was crying beside the tree.

He shouted, "Give me back my phone, you phone thief! This is not your food!" He kept scolding the bird as if it could understand him.

Suddenly, he climbed up the tree where the bird had placed the phone. He was losing his grip on the tree branch as he had a fear of heights. He pleaded, "Help me! Help me! Do something!"

Soon after, he fell to the ground before he could reach out for his phone.

"I'll call the police and ambulance!" yelled John anxiously. John took out his phone and called them to come as soon as possible. Soon, they heard the siren of the ambulance and the paramedics arrived just in time to save the man. They thanked the police and paramedics profusely for their kindness towards him.

Written by Wong Xi Jie Jayden of P4 Empathy



Helping Someone

It was a beautiful afternoon. The birds were singing. The amazing flowers were blooming, and the smell of freshly baked chocolate chip cookies wafted through the air. John had just returned home from school, and without a moment to lose, he jumped onto the couch and started to play video games, without a care in the world.

Out of the blue, John's mother shouted from the bedroom, "John!" His heart skipped a beat. "What now?" John thought. "I just received a call from Mdm Lim, our neighbour! She has caught a cold. I want you to go over to her house and prepare lunch for her. She has not eaten anything yet!" John's mother said worriedly. John sighed and mumbled, "Okay, Mum." He had been having a whale of a time playing video games when his game was interrupted! He walked out gloomily and went into Mdm Lim's house after knocking on the door.

When he stepped into the kitchen, he saw Mdm Lim. She looked frail and weak. "Hello there, my dear. Would you be so kind as to make me something healthy? Thank you so much!" Mdm Lim whispered. John replied with a long sigh, "Sure, Mdm Lim." He quickly looked around and saw some eggs. John's mind whirled with possibilities. There was pin-drop silence while he thought, Scrambled eggs, poached eggs, sunny-side up. "Ah-ha!" John exclaimed. "Boiled eggs!"

In the blink of an eye, he began to make boiled eggs. Firstly, he poured some water into a pot. Secondly, he placed the pot onto the stove. Then, he placed a few eggs into the pot of water. Last but not least, he started the fire on the stove to boil the eggs.

After a few minutes, he began to feel bored. He walked around, and suddenly, his elbow knocked against the pot of boiling water. Like a tsunami, the water and eggs spilt out of the pot and onto the floor. His jaw dropped and his legs felt like jelly. Oh no! John thought. What should I do! When the temptation of leaving and continuing to play video games almost took over, he thought of Mdm Lim. She cannot clean this mess up! I need to clean this up myself! John decided. He took a rag and a bucket of water and cleaned up the egg yolk and water.

At the end of the day, when he finally served the eggs to Mdm Lim, she was thankful beyond words. As he walked out of Mdm Lim's house, he realised that helping others not only makes them feel happy, but it also makes the one lending a helping hand feel happy too. With a smile on his face, he walked home with more happiness than he felt when playing video games.

Written by Lia Ann Mason of P5 Empathy



Helping Someone

"Mum, I'm home!" Jake exclaimed. Jake had just returned home from school and wanted to have a shower as he was dead tired from the sweltering heat outside. However, he went to check on his mother first.

Jake found his mother in her bedroom sleeping soundly, and whispered to her, "Are you okay?" "C-Can you help me g-get something to eat?" she mumbled. From her weak voice, Jake could tell that his mother was feeling under the weather.

In a hurry to get his mother something to eat, Jake bolted at lightning speed towards the kitchen. He looked in horror when he saw that some eggs had been spilt onto the floor. His mouth was agape and his heart nearly jumped out of his skin!

Even though he had not eaten anything, he decided to clean up the kitchen first. Firstly, he got a bucket of water. Next, he found a cloth and put it in the bucket. Then, he wiped the floor and threw away all the spilt eggs. Finally, the kitchen was neat and tidy. After all that hard work, he felt even more exhausted and went to take a shower.

After taking a shower, he prepared some eggs for the both of them to eat. He cracked the eggs very cautiously into the sizzling pan as he did not want another mess to happen in the kitchen. When Mother saw what Jake was doing and how clean the kitchen was, she commended him for taking the initiative to do what was right at the right time and gave him a thumbs-up.

Jake was over the moon and gave his mother a big hug. Then, they ate the eggs Jake had cooked earlier. His mother expressed her appreciation to Jake, and Jake remarked, "It's just a simple act of kindness, Mum."

After that day, Jake learnt that kindness makes the ordinary special. He genuinely hoped that he could make a difference in everyone's lives. He felt proud that he had helped his mother. After that incident, he decided to demonstrate empathy even when nobody was watching him.

Written by Law Zhang Chen Tyler of P5 Empathy

Helping Someone

One cheerful evening, Sam whistled all the way back home from school. While he was walking, he saw a frail and weak elderly lady ambling in front of him. Feeling impatient, Sam quickly overtook her with an annoyed expression on his face. He thought to himself, "Old people are annoying! They should just stay at home and not disturb anyone on the pavement!"

Sam did not like the elderly because he had the impression that they were too naggy and always craved attention. His mother told him to respect his elders even though they were not his own grandparents, but her advice always fell on deaf ears. He would roll his eyes believing he was right.

A few minutes later, Sam went into a small provision shop and bought a snack. When he was about to cross the street, he saw the same old lady wobbling unsteadily across the road all by herself. For a moment, he hesitated. Then, something stirred in his heart. Nobody was helping her and she was in the middle of an incredibly busy road. He went up to the elderly lady and calmly spoke in Mandarin, "Grandma, do you need help?" The elderly lady slowly nodded her head. A gentle smile appeared on her wrinkled face.

Sam proceeded to hold her by the arm and led the way. When they had crossed the road safely, the elderly lady calmly but happily replied in Mandarin, "Thank you, little boy. You are the nicest person I have met today." Sam chatted with her as he walked her home.

When Sam finally reached home, he saw his mother with an enraged look on her face. She was furious that Sam had returned much later than usual. She thought that Sam was playing with his friends at the arcade again. He quickly explained to her that he had helped an elderly lady. Unfortunately, Sam's mother did not believe him and still reprimanded him. She thought that Sam was fabricating a story since he had never helped an elderly person before.

Sam brushed it off and decided not to argue. From that day on, he went from disliking the elderly to regularly volunteering at an old folk's home. His mother gradually saw an improvement in him and was proud of him. Sam learnt to respect others. He realised that helping others would bring a smile to their face.

Written by Nyi Thway Thit of P5 Adaptability

A Heroic Act

The day I had been dreading had finally arrived. It was the first day of the new school year. My family had moved to our new house recently. So, I had to transfer to a new school, one nearer my house. I was not looking forward to it as I was unable to adapt to changes.

As I dragged my feet, inching towards the unfamiliar building, my heart sank as the walls loomed before me like giants and the staircases criss-crossed like mazes. Lowering my head, I was overwhelmed as I edged towards the school compound at the slowest speed possible. Where do I go? I could not figure out how to get to my classroom and was lost in this new environment.

As I wandered around the school, I suddenly bumped into someone. Jumping back instinctively, I stammered an apology while trying to pick up the file I had just dropped. Looking up, I saw a tall, burly teenager towering over me. To my horror, he cornered me menacingly. "Don't you have eyes? Are you blind?" he thundered. I just stared at him in fear. Watching him kick my file down the stairs, my heart pounded in my chest and my hand gripped tightly onto my bag straps. He gave me a hard shove and I knew I had no chance of escaping. Panic was rising within me and I tried to look for a way out but to no avail.

Not getting any response from me, the bully grabbed my collar and I felt myself struggling to breathe because of his tight grip. Seeing him clench his fist, I let out a scream, hoping that someone would come to my rescue. My heart was in my throat as I closed my eyes, waiting for the punch to land.

"Stop! What do you think you are doing?" a clear voice rang out. As I opened my eyes, I saw a petite boy running down the stairs towards me. He stopped right in front of the bully and I could see the prefect badge pinned on his shirt. "Don't you dare punch him!" he yelled. Staring daggers at the prefect, the bully loosened his grip on me and made an attempt to move towards him. However, the prefect was not intimidated. He stood his ground and glared at the bully. Turning to me, he told me to go. Then, he told me that he would handle the bully on his own. I tried to pull him back but he would not budge. I decided that I had no choice but to run to get help, desperately hoping that I would be able to find a teacher soon.

I panted as I sprinted up the stairs — my worries for the prefect kept me going. Thankfully, I found a teacher and quickly told her all that had happened and pleaded with her to intervene before the prefect got hurt. I saw her head straight towards the place where I had pointed. Then, I slumped onto the nearest chair. It had been such a harrowing morning!

That day, I gained a new friend. John, the prefect, was thankfully unhurt and we later learnt that the bully had been punished severely for his actions. The following day during morning assembly, the principal praised John for his heroic act and encouraged all of us to learn from him. The resounding applause in the hall for John was well deserved and I would always remember how he had stood up for me. I promised myself that if I ever saw someone else in need of help, I hoped to be half as courageous as John and do the same. As long as I do not turn a blind eye to someone else's predicament or pain, I too could be a hero to someone in their time of need.

Written by Huang Yiyi of P5 Adaptability



A Change For The Better

Life is like a box of chocolates. You will never know what you will get. I stared at my health report. Vivid memories of making a valiant effort to change for the better emerged in my mind. Instantly, relief thrust me down the realms of memory, where the echoes of the past replayed.

"Pre...prediabetes?" I stammered, my mind in complete bafflement. That day, I was utterly stunned by that news I had never imagined would be delivered to me. Heaving a sigh, Doctor Tay nodded his head and immediately, hot, salty tears started cascading down my cheeks.

"John, Doctor Tay said it's reversible with a healthy lifestyle. We still have hope!" Mother whispered in my ears as she pulled me into a tight embrace. There and then, a cauldron of regret hit me like a ton of rocks. My poor dietary habits, comprising of bubble tea, hamburger and fried chicken had finally caught up with me. Despite Mothers' constant suggestions to cut down on my junk food consumption, I had chosen to turn a deaf ear time and again. "Why didn't I heed your advice earlier? This is the end of my life," I whimpered.

"Your mother is right. If you change your lifestyle, you can still reverse it," Doctor Tay echoed Mother's words. I nodded, the weight of his message pressed down on me.

"So, this is the plan. We will focus on changing your diet and we will include regular exercise..." Doctor Tay continued, walking me through what had to be done. As I listened, a glimmer of hope sparked within me. Perhaps I could turn things around after all.

For the next one year, my world revolved around school, homework and executing my plan. Every day without fail, I would drag myself to the park which was a stone's throw away from my flat to run for at least 20 minutes. It was no easy feat, though. Imagine having to transform from a couch potato into someone who runs daily. There were moments of doubt, when the effort felt overwhelming and my body protested with every step, pleading for me to stop. However, Mother's constant encouragement kept me going, reminding me that every small change would lead to better health. As such, I bit the bullet and pressed on. That, however, was only half the battle. I still had to resist the temptations of carbonated treats, comfort fried food, and all the cravings that had become familiar parts of my life. To my disinclination, the days of savouring bubble tea and fried durian were over, replaced with healthier options like vegetables and whole grains.

Fortunately, things began to look up after the six-month mark. Broccoli no longer tasted bitter, while the natural sweetness of apples started to feel comforting. Simple tricks, like adding mint leaves to plain water made the change much more manageable.

After what felt like eternity, it was time to determine if all my hard work had paid off. Fear gripped me in its vice-like grip as I waited with Mother in Doctor Tay's consulting room while he went to retrieve my blood test result. "Don't worry. We replaced our bad habit with a good one. I'm sure we'll be fine," Mother reassured me.

I looked left. Doctor Tay's laptop showed a screen about the importance of exercising.

I looked right. The smile appeared on Mother's face as she nodded constantly.

I looked left again. Doctor Tay's laptop screen turned black.

Click. The door swung open, revealing Doctor Tay grinning from ear to ear. "John, you did it! Well done!" he chirped. Immediately, relief and joy surged through me. Tears of gratitude and triumph welled up in my eyes, tracing a silent journey down my cheeks to my quivering lips. I turned to Mother and wrapped my arms around her.

Then, like a closing scene of a movie, the curtains drew and I was abruptly brought back to reality. In retrospect, had I simply ignored the dreadful result 12 months ago, who knew what would have happened to me. That day, I was finally able to reclaim control over my health, and more importantly, my life. That episode would definitely leave an indelible mark in the deepest recesses of my mind, and I vowed never to resume the bad habits I had kicked.

Written by Gu Zhantao of P6 Adaptability (2025)

A Change For The Better

I used to have an unhealthy lifestyle. I would always eat greasy food. Every time I heard my little brother, Sam, pleading with puppy eyes, begging to play downstairs, I would reject his request. My mother would always advise me to adopt a healthy lifestyle. However, I always replied, "I'll cross that bridge when I come to it." However, I never seemed to cross it. Never would I have expected that I would have to make a decision that would change my life. No, change me for the better. This was how it went ...

"Huff. Huff. Haaa...ah... Haaa...ah!" I was gasping for air as my heart pounded like a drum and my legs felt like jelly. I was doing my 1.6-kilometer run in school.

I looked left. My classmates were overtaking me.

I looked right. My arch nemesis, Bobby, was smirking at me. He had finished the run.

I looked left again. I was in last place.

I walked in exhaustion towards the finish line. "You're so slow! Faster!" I heard those torments by Bobby's gang as I walked to the finish line. At that moment, I wished that I could just disappear. My Physical Education (PE) teacher, Mr Lee, pulled me aside. He advised me, "Nathan, you must adopt a healthy lifestyle. It's better late than never."

Hearing that, I knew I had to change for the better. I can do it! I thought. That night, I was having dinner with my parents, I told them what had happened earlier.

"You must change for the better. You will not regret choosing a healthy lifestyle. I will not force you to do what I said. You are old enough to make your own decisions. The ball is in your court now," my mother said sharply.

"Should I ... should I really adopt a healthy lifestyle?" I asked my father. However, he kept quiet and nodded in agreement.

During bedtime, I tossed and turned in bed. At that moment, I was at the crossroads. My instincts dictated that I should just continue my old habits. On the other hand, I could live a healthy lifestyle and be free from illnesses. Then, what my mother said kept on ringing in my head, "You must change for the better. You will not regret choosing a healthy lifestyle." Her advice kept on ringing in my head.

However, I kept on hearing a seductive voice in my head that tempted me repeatedly. "Think about all the good food that you can eat if you do not follow a healthy lifestyle!"

I stared at the ceiling.

Thinking ...

Thinking ...

Thinking ...

After mulling over my choices, I decided to change for the better and live a healthy lifestyle. With a great sense of determination, I whispered to myself, "I'll start tomorrow." The next day, my classmates and I were doing push-ups. However, I was not even able to do one. I was tempted to give up. I tried my best but could not. I did not realise that this would just be the start of my journey to becoming a new me.

Every day, I would exercise for one hour. During meals, I would eat fewer fried food. While grocery shopping, I would opt for healthier options such as brown rice and wholemeal bread. Every time I fell down with a thud while running, I would get back up. Every time I fell while running, I remembered that mistakes are lessons in disguise.

After a full week of consistent effort, I started feeling more energized and I could focus more in class. I could climb the stairs all the way up to my classroom without huffing and puffing. My clothes fit better and my skin glowed. The fruits of my labour paid off as I did well during PE lessons.

One day during recess, I saw Bobby approaching me while I was having a drink. I felt more and more afraid as he came closer and closer. What have I done to him! I thought as my heart pounded and my hands felt cold and clammy.

Continued on the next page

A Change For The Better

Once Bobby was barely an inch away, he exclaimed in surprise, "Woah! How did you get fifth place this time?"

"Uh ... I ... I ..." I stuttered while trying to reply. "I'm so sorry for insulting you the other day," Bobby interrupted and apologised. Soon, Bobby and I became good friends and our conflict had been resolved. Bobby even exercised with me. "Good job!" Mr Lee complimented me in front of the class after I was the runner-up in a race.

Now, I am the fastest sprinter in the country. Adopting a healthy lifestyle was one of the hardest things I had ever done. Like Nelson Mandela said, "It always seems impossible until it is done." Through discipline and determination, I changed my habits — and more importantly, I had changed for the better.

Written by Nathanael Tyler Anthony of P6 Adaptability (2025)

A Difficult Decision

To err is human. My cardinal flaw? My perpetual addiction to my phone. For some inexplicable reason, it was as if my problem and I were joined at the hip. Wherever I went, chaos trailed behind me, like a shadow. Suffice to say, I paid a hefty price for my addiction.

"Thomas, please bring me to the park to play!" my younger brother, Danny, pleaded with puppy eyes.

"No! I am going there to relax! You are just going to annoy me!" I retorted, unwilling to relent. That day, I had just completed my examinations and wanted to relax at the park while enjoying the cool breeze.

"Thomas, just bring him there! Remember to take good care of him!" Mother warned, signalling for me to go.

Unwillingly, I brought him along. As we reached the park, the cool breeze caressed my cheeks and the flora and fauna welcomed us with open arms. Reaching the playground, Danny chirped, "Brother, let's play a game of hide-and-seek! I will hide and you will find me!" Upon hearing his words, I let out a groan, soliloquising, "Why do you have to ruin my day? This game is so childish!"

Ding! My phone in my pocket chimed. Reaching into my pocket, I relished the thought of immersing myself in the digital world. However, Mother's words rang in my head — take good care of your brother!

"Should I play with my phone? But what if Danny goes missing?" Manifold thoughts took root in my mind, multiplying exponentially despite my valiant effort to eradicate them.

At that pivotal moment, I was in a state of limbo, suspended between heeding Mother's advice and playing games on my phone. Uncertainty clouded my thoughts as I grappled with conflicting thoughts.

"Thomas, it's fine! Just let him play for ten minutes. It won't hurt, right?" a seductive voice made a final, compelling bid to influence my decision. A long, difficult deliberation soon ensued before my internal turmoil quietened down. Unfortunately, I had succumbed to the devil's temptation.

"Sure Danny, let's play!" I exclaimed, putting on my Oscar-winning facade. Just as Danny went into hiding, I bolted out of his sight and sat down on a bench far away from the playground.

Soon, I whipped out my phone and began playing my favourite game 'Brawl Stars'. "I must defeat the final boss and win!" I resolved, swiping my fingers across the screen as my eyes became glued to it. Elation was bubbling inside me. Seconds turned into minutes. Minutes turned into hours. Before I knew it, three hours had passed.

Continued on the next page

A Difficult Decision

Standing up, I put my phone away. "Let me find Danny now!" I exclaimed, sauntering towards the playground. When I reached, I realised that no one was in sight. As I went to Danny's favourite hiding place, the slide, I looked under it, hollering, "Boo! I caught you!" However, he was not there. After searching high and low, I still could not find Danny.

I looked left. Children were leaving with their parents.

I looked right. No one.

I looked left again. They were becoming a speck in the distance.

"Where are you? Danny, come out now! It's not funny anymore!" I thundered as a sliver of fear ran down my spine. Why was I so negligent? Why didn't I make a better decision? Questions bombarded my mind as I clutched my head in despair.

Trudging home, I thought about my consequences. Reaching home, I noticed Danny rushing out.

"Kor! Kor! You are finally back!" Danny gasped, hugging me tightly.

"Why didn't you take care of your younger brother? He had to walk back home and elucidate the incident to me!" Mother reprimanded, casting a piercing gaze at me.

Needless to say, I was given a dressing down and was grounded for a whole month. My phone was also confiscated.

That day, as I lay in bed, a miasma of self-reproach engulfed me. With a single tear that slid down my eye, I murmured regretfully, "However difficult the decision is, I should always prioritise my family over my mobile device."

In retrospect, I knew that the consequences could have been worse. Once bitten and twice shy. I definitely did not want history to repeat itself and I vowed not to let my phone get the better of me.

Written by Zhang Qishan of P6 Adaptability (2025)



A Difficult Decision

A roar of jubilation echoed in the wake of the clanging dismissal bell. My classmates rushed out of the door like raging mad bulls as the relief teacher let out a sigh of dissatisfaction. The roguish popular girls surrounded me and they showed off their newly released phones.

"Hey loner, I bet you don't have this phone," one of the popular girls, Sally, boasted. Apparently, her parents were rich as her father owned a famous restaurant. The popular girls had been picking on me because I was petite and came from a poor family.

"Let's make a deal. If you can buy the same phone as me, I'll stop bullying you!" she stated, her voice laced with arrogance. At that split second, my eyes glimmered with a bit of hope — if I can buy the phone, they will definitely leave me alone! I nodded in agreement without thinking twice. I carried my bag — that was giving way and rushed out of school. My shoulders were suffering to support the heavy bag but that did not dampen my euphoric spirits. The popular girls had been ripping my books, calling me names, embarrassing me and kicking me almost every day. I tried telling the teachers but they just shook it off like it was nothing!

So, this was a great chance for them to leave me alone! I was busy hatching a plan to make more money — perhaps I could walk my neighbours' dogs or water their plants for a few dollars. There was no way I would ask my family. After all, they would just give me a tongue-lashing about how I was wasting money. Moreover, they could not afford it.

"Oh! How I wish to switch lives with Sally," I groaned in frustration. Just as I was getting lost in thoughts, my foot tripped over an object and I plummeted towards the ground.

"Ouch ..." I moaned in pain but fortunately, there was only a scratch on my knee. I looked down to see what I had tripped over, my eyes wandering around the floor. It was a phone! To be more specific, it was the same model that Sally had! I could not believe my eyes! Exuberance bubbled within me as I grinned, the white of my teeth could probably be seen a few meters away. "What a lucky day!" I thought as I hastily picked up the phone. "The gods above me must have heard my pleas." I carefully inspected the phone and I noticed something familiar. The phone cover was the same as Sally's. I sighted a sticker on the cover which read 'Sally Tan'. I was not wrong. It was indeed Sally's phone!

I looked right. There was no one.

I looked left. Still no one.

I looked right again to make sure.

Should I return this phone to her or should I just keep it? It was indeed a difficult decision. If I were to keep it, she would stop bullying me. However, I would be filled with a strong sense of guilt. If I returned the phone to her, she might still bully me. At that moment, I found myself stuck at the crossroads. My instincts dictated that I should just pocket it. At that moment, my mother's advice echoed repeatedly in my head, "No matter how poor we are, we must not keep what we find."

Knowing what to do, I decided to return her phone the next day. Coincidentally, I bumped into Sally and her gang as I turned around. Sally looked frantic. I took a deep breath before whipping out her phone from my pocket. "Here ... I found it on the floor," I mumbled, my voice trailing away uneasily. Sally stared at me, dumbfounded. "Why did you return my phone when you could've just kept it?" she muttered, her head hanging down in shame. "It was a difficult decision but I realised that returning it was the right thing to do," I stated as a small smile plastered on my face.

"Really, after all I had done to you?" she asked guiltily. It was at that moment regret gnawed at her.

Mhm! I smiled giving her a toothy grin.

"I ... I'm so sorry for everything I have done to you," she apologised. I could tell from her expression that she was sincere. "It's ... okay! Everyone deserves a second chance!" I exclaimed as I pulled her into a hug. My mother was right after all. We should never take what is not ours.

One by one, the popular girls apologised to me. A radiant smile spread across my face. At the end of the day, I had earned many new friends as well as learnt something new. I realised that the difficult decision I had made was a blessing in disguise! "I will cherish this day," I thought.

Written by Wint Wah Shwe Yee of P6 Adaptability (2025)

Not Giving Up

"All right, class, settle down! The school is holding a competition where you will get to show off your talents. You will also stand a chance to win a trophy!" Mrs Tan explained to the class. As she described what the trophy looked like — big, metallic, shiny, not those cheap plastic ones — I immediately wanted to participate in the competition. My eyes sparkled as I thought about standing on a podium and holding that trophy in my hands. However, there was a problem — a really big one. I was terrible at everything I tried.

From sports to musical instruments, I had failed them all. My mother was flabbergasted when she heard me play the violin for the first time and immediately covered her ears. I furrowed my brows as I intently thought of what to showcase for the competition. Suddenly, a light bulb lit up over my head — my friend, Yuna, played the guitar! I could ask her to teach me! I quickly leapt from my seat when the bell rang and dashed to the canteen where she was. I begged her to teach me how to play the guitar. Seeing how desperate I was, she smiled and agreed to help me.

That day, I went over to her house, determined to surprise her. As expected, however, when I gave it a shot, a screeching sound came from the guitar. We both cringed at how terribly I had played. I did not want to give up, though. The competition was in two weeks, so I had enough time to practise. I tried to play simple nursery rhymes, but even those were too difficult for me. Yuna tried to encourage me, but I knew she was only doing that to be nice. I felt like a lost cause. So, I packed up my things and went home, taking the guitar with me too.

During dinner, my mother noticed how gloomy I was and asked, "A penny for your thoughts, Lizzy?" I snapped out of it and glanced over at her, her soft smile comforting me. I confided in her about the competition and how hard it was to play the guitar. It was not just that, though. I felt like I could not do anything right and that I always seemed to be messing things up for myself and everyone else. My mother looked at me and told me that even when things got too much to bear, I should not give up. I should persevere until the end. Her words were so comforting that I almost shed a tear. I hugged her and went to bed, full of hope and with a new-found goal.

The next day, I immediately began practising the guitar. Within minutes, I managed to get used to the strings and what sounds they made. After some time, I tried to play a song. It sounded bad but it did not make me want to rip my ears out. So, I knew I was improving. Every day, I went over to Yuna's house and practised the guitar with her. She was elated to see how much I was improving day by day and so was I.

On the day of the competition, my hands were clammy and my heart was beating out of my chest. I had been practising for this very moment and soon it was time to make everyone proud. On the stage, I gave it my all. I strummed the notes to my favourite song and surprisingly, I made no mistakes! After I was done, everyone gave me a round of applause. I felt like my hard work had finally paid off! I ran backstage and hugged Yuna. We were both jumping for joy although I had not even won the trophy yet.

A few weeks later, my mother came dashing into my room, holding a letter from the school. My heart skipped a beat as I read the words aloud. I had won! The next day, I received the trophy on stage. I beamed with joy as I held the trophy tightly in my hands. I realised that this all happened because I had not given up on my goal.

That day, I learnt that life will always throw obstacles your way. However, that does not mean we should give up. We should always endure and persevere until the very end no matter how hard it gets. Learning the guitar and not giving up made that day the most memorable day of my life.

Written by Akther Arfana of P6 Adaptability

Not Giving Up

It was a scorching hot day without a single cloud in the sky. Beads of perspiration were dripping down my face even as I was lying below the fan. The sun was shining mercilessly that day. I felt bored and decided to play my guitar. Playing my guitar was the only thing that could entertain me. I sat up, grabbed my guitar and took out my file which was full of music scores. When I opened the file, all of my scores dropped out. I groaned in annoyance and rubbed my face. I already had a long day and the universe was making it longer. As I picked up my scores, I spotted a score in which the paper was light brown in colour, probably because it was old. I picked it up and scrutinized it carefully. The notes looked familiar but I could not put my finger on when I played it. I decided to play the score on my guitar, hoping that I would recall. When I strummed the first few notes, that was when it hit me. It was the first music score that I had ever played. A wave of nostalgia washed over me as I recalled what had happened eleven years ago.

I was ten years old. I had never been passionate about anything until my mother took me to a festival. Lively music filled the air. My mother never liked music. In fact, she only went there because her boss had given her a pair of free tickets to that festival.

"Don't get brainwashed by all this music, Alya. You should focus on your studies and get a good job in the future," she stated. "Music is just a distraction and a waste of time," she added with a scowl.

She had always wanted me to be a successful person. I followed her dreams because I did not know what I wanted to be. Just then, we saw a guitarist performing. It suddenly felt like the world around me had disappeared as I looked at him in awe. He looked so cheerful, lively and passionate. That was when I knew that I wanted to be a musician.

When the concert ended, I walked over to the guitarist and told him that I had never seen such a breathtaking performance. I shared with him my dreams of being a musician. I complimented him with a twinkle in my eye. He chuckled at my comment before giving me his guitar as a gift. He told me that I would make an extraordinary musician. I was about to reply when my mother dragged me away. I had to beg her to let me keep his guitar.

Every day, I started to practise playing the guitar, determined to become a great musician. Since my mother refused to hire a teacher for me, I had to watch tutorials online to learn. Nevertheless, I refused to give up on my dreams despite the number of times my mother insisted that I quit.

My school was holding a talent show. I signed up for it, wanting to show off my music skills. When I stepped on stage, a wide smile was engraved on my face as I confidently strummed the strings of my guitar. I bowed to the audience with pride when my performance ended. No one clapped. Pin-drop silence filled the air. Tears filled my eyes as I rushed down the stairs. I was so confident of my skills but nobody thought much of it. I hoped the floor would swallow me up. My cheeks turned crimson red and tears streamed down my face. I was about to throw my guitar away when I was stopped by my music teacher – Miss Chen. She congratulated me with a smile on her face. I thought she was just saying that to make me feel better.

"I could see the passion in your eyes as you played. There was a smile on your face throughout the whole performance. Everybody in the hall could see that," she told me with puppy-like eyes that could melt anyone on the spot.

She was silent for a while as if she was debating before asking me if I would like to take guitar lessons from her. I agreed immediately and nodded my head eagerly.

Days turned into weeks and weeks turned into months. Day after day, I would go to the music room for lessons. She was an excellent teacher and a good listener. She understood the expectations that my mother had of me. One day, she told me about an upcoming performance where I could showcase my talent. I was reluctant but I agreed. I practised every day for the big day.

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Not Giving Up

Soon, the day of the performance arrived. The moment I stepped on stage, I felt my heart pounding loudly in my chest. "What if the same thing happened during the talent show? What if nobody likes my music? All my training would have gone to waste and my mother would be right," I thought to myself. I glanced at my mother in the crowd who had a frown on her face. Just then, I glanced at Miss Chen who did the opposite. I felt a wave of confidence wash over me. I started to play my guitar with such passion that no one had heard before. When my performance ended, a round of applause was heard from the crowd. Even my mother stood up and applauded with an unexpected smile on her face. It felt like I had levitated to heaven. At that moment, I was glad that I had not given up. It was all thanks to the wonderful Miss Chen.

Now, I am a well-known musician, holding concerts all around the world. From that show, I learnt that not giving up can lead you to achieving something big.

Written by Alya Binte Mohamad Haris of P6 Empathy

Not Giving Up

The shrill ring of the school bell never ceased to bring joy to the students. However, I was the exception. The familiar chime signalled the end of school. While everyone else rushed home, I had to endure a boring thirty-minute drive to my music class. Although playing the guitar had been fun, I was sick and tired of my fierce instructor, Mrs Pam.

I despised it wholeheartedly. I never felt that I was musically inclined but my father forced me to obey his wishes. According to him, I had spent too much time glued to my phone. Dog-tired from school, I stumbled into the studio.

I took a seat across the table from my instructor. I was immediately greeted with a stack of music theory worksheets. I whined in protest explaining that I would not be able to finish them in time. However, Mrs Pam was not having any of it. Instead of snapping at me like how she usually would, she sat beside me. That day, something felt different. It was as if Mrs Pam had been replaced by someone else! She began to guide me calmly. I was dumbfounded for a moment.

As we were going through the notes, I felt more comfortable. I started to get the hang of it. Before I knew it, we had gone through the whole stack of notes which once towered over me, spanning almost a quarter of my height. It felt like a weight had been lifted off my shoulder when we finished.

My eyes lit up with excitement as it was time to move on to the practice sessions. I finally had the chance to play the guitar myself. I plucked the strings gracefully and melodious tunes began to reverberate through the studio. I was concentrating deeply on where I placed my fingers. Little did I know, what had begun as an amazing lesson would end in a disaster.

When I completed the song, I looked up at Mrs Pam expectantly. In my ears, I thought I had played well. However, my grin faded away upon realising that her expression did not mirror mine. I gulped nervously, bracing myself for the lecture. Mrs Pam went on and on about my mistakes. "The notes are inaccurate. Your pace was all over the place. Your posture was slumped against the chair." Deep down, I knew those things were true. She had some valid points. However, I could not accept that. The lesson that day was going well for me and I did not want it to end on a bad note. Unable to contain my emotions, I snapped.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. My face turned red with anger and my blood began to boil. I lamented about how she would only scold me and would never acknowledge my good points. I could see that Mrs Pam was visibly upset with a look of utter disbelief on her face. The colour had drained from her skin and a frown was etched on her lips. Seizing the opportunity, I snatched the guitar from her and ran.

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Not Giving Up

I dashed home as quickly as my legs could carry me. My mother was informed about what had happened during the session. When I burst through the door, she was standing with her arms akimbo. She questioned me sternly. By then, I started feeling remorseful and chose not to defend myself. I pleaded with my mother to drop out of Mrs Pam's classes so I could practise on my own. To my surprise, she reluctantly agreed.

The same evening, I was lost in thought. The chain of events that day started to replay in my mind like vintage tapes. Soon, I got up and heaved a long sigh. My disappointment was instantly replaced by determination upon seeing the guitar placed in front of me. I hatched a plan. I would make it up to Mrs Pam and my parents by showing that I would not give up! Rejuvenated, I laid out the music scores and picked up my instrument.

I spent the whole evening locked in my room, practising repeatedly. To improve further, I recorded my tunes and analysed them in detail. The final recording was soon reviewed and I was pleased with the outcome.

I punched the air triumphantly and squealed in joy. I had done it! I had completed the song perfectly! I jumped up and down until my parents could feel their room shaking. I was no longer afraid of going for lessons. The next day, I gathered my family and Mrs Pam to show them the fruits of my labour. Their jaws hung agape.

That fateful day taught me the importance of resilience and adaptability. You have to keep on trying even if things do not go your way! I will always have this fond memory etched deeply in my heart. What started as a dreadful problem ended as a fond memory.

Written by Hmue Dyan Min Htike of P6 Empathy

A Painful Lesson

I stared at my house, which had been engulfed in flames. All the memories and all the good times had been reduced to ashes. Tears streamed down my ashen face like rivulets as I regretted not heeding Mother's advice.

"James, please do not play with fire!" my mother told me for the umpteenth time. I was so focused on trying my best to beat my opponent that I barely heard her.

"Yes, yes, Mum. I will not play with fire!" I waved my hand back and forth, annoyingly. The second Mother left the house, I jumped up with joy. Finally, I was home alone! After a while, boredom crept in. After all, I had the whole house to myself — why not have some fun? I thought. Without wasting another second, I jumped up and immediately ran downstairs. First, I made an obstacle course. Then, I tried to build a house out of cardboard boxes. However, all that did not feel enough. That was when my eyes lit up as I saw a matchbox.

Jubilantly, I ran towards it and picked it up. This was my best find yet! Just as I was about to strike a match, my mother's warning reverberated through my mind. Should I really play with fire?

However, curiosity got the better of me and I decided to play with fire. "It will be all right," I thought. Little did I know how wrong I would be.

"Shik, shik." I struck the match. Soon, a flame appeared on the tip of the match. The warmth of the flames made my body feel cozy. I slowly carried the match towards the fireplace. Turning around, I was shocked to see a trail of black smoke. Trembling, I accidentally dropped the match on the floor.

The rug caught fire and the flames quickly spread to the rest of the house. Realising that I was in danger, I grabbed my mobile phone and dashed out of the house.

Continued on the next page

A Painful Lesson

With sweaty palms, I punched in 995 on my mobile phone. After explaining the situation to the operator, they immediately deployed firefighters to the scene. The sound of the fire trucks reverberated through my city. I heaved a sigh of relief as they extinguished the fire. I knew I was in hot soup once my mother knew the truth.

Moments later, my mother arrived. She sprinted towards me and enveloped me in a tight hug.

"Mum... I'm ... so ... sorry!" I stammered. Instead of scolding me, she checked if I was injured. Fortunately, I had reacted fast enough and ran out in time.

Looking at my mother's worried face, I broke down in tears. Not only had I burned down our house, I had also lost her trust. If I had heeded Mother's advice, I would not have to go through this painful lesson.

Written by Xu Yifei of P6 Adaptability

A Painful Lesson

The blazing sun shone mercilessly as its golden rays peeked through layers of clouds. Children ran around the park with their laughter trailing behind them. With a toothy grin plastered on my face, I wheeled in my heavy bicycle while humming a soft tune.

Just then, a strong hand tapped on my shoulder. It was my friend, Alex. I was startled by his dishevelled look. He had messy hair with sweat dripping down his neck. His shoes were covered in mud. He had always been a neat freak and disliked getting dirty. I almost burst out laughing at this bizarre sight. When he asked me to compete against him, my competitive nature suddenly surfaced.

The previous day, I had spent hours teaching myself how to perform stunts on the bicycle. I had learnt how to do a flip, spin and I even rode with my hands off the handle. That day, I had a chance to showcase my skill. We soon headed to the park. Alex counted down, and the park went silent – as if it was preparing for the grand race. The tension was thick in the air. For a moment, it seemed like time had slowed for us. However, it did not last for long. We kicked off with a burst of speed, wheels screeching beneath us. We rode furiously through the park. Our bikes swerved around one another like dragons. The wind brushed my cheeks even on such a sunny day, and my hair was blown around. For the next few minutes, Alex and I were on par. None of us tried to accelerate or did anything risky. Our bikes just danced around. Soon, I was getting bored. So, I decided to spice things up.

My eyes darted, scanning the park for any shortcuts I could take. Then, I spotted a ramp. It cut through half the park, which could set me well in the lead if I dared to take it. My eyes narrowed and my brows furrowed in focus. I smirked with a spark of mischief glinting in my eye. Discreetly, I slid off the track onto a patch of grass and cycled faster. My eyes widened, lighting up with amazement, as I launched into the air. It felt like I was flying and I savoured every second of it. I dropped back down with a thud, my bike creaking with the sudden force of the fall. I jolted up from my seat, tightening my grip on the handles. My, oh my! That felt incredible! I looked over my shoulder to see Alex approaching me. He had slowed down to watch in awe as I dashed ahead. I was winning! I was going to win! The thought had me punching the air with my eyes squeezed shut.

I laughed loudly, turning heads of other children and earning applause. "I won!" I exclaimed. "I beat you, Alex!" My proud announcement was cut short by a loud crash. THUD!

I was trapped under my bicycle. My head hit against a tree trunk. Blood oozed from a deep gash on my calf. I hissed through clenched teeth, looking up at Alex with tears in my eyes. Soon, I was brought to a nearby clinic.

There, I reflected on the chain of events. I stared at the ceiling as I recalled how I had endangered myself with an embarrassed flush on both my cheeks.

Written by Hmue Dyan Min Htike of P6 Empathy

A Painful Lesson

The moon was high up in the sky and the soft moonlight lit up the dim room as the stars decorated the dark sky. Tom lay on his bed with his eyes staring unblinkingly at the screen of his new phone. His textbooks and school work lay untouched in a neat pile by his bed. Tom only cared for his game. On his screen, the knight was beating a fire-breathing dragon and the sounds of swords clashing filled the silence. It was past his bedtime but Tom did not look at the clock. Time was always the same, melting away slowly. This was not the first sleepless night Tom had endured. His examinations were just around the corner. Tom told himself he would study "tomorrow" but "tomorrow" never came.

The next morning, Tom awoke heavy-eyed, and still dreaming about beating his opponent in the next level. By the time he got out of bed, it was already past seven-thirty. Tom rushed down, tripping over his bag while rushing to pack all his school things into his bag. "Hope you do well!" his mother called to him as he ran out the doorway.

When he arrived at school, he was very late. The examination had not started but it was almost time. The classroom was unusually quiet as students flipped through notes and textbooks. Tom slid into his seat and waited for the exam to start. The silence and tension weighed down on everyone as if daring someone to break it.

"You may begin!" Mrs. Tan's voice echoed through the classroom. Tom flipped through the paper, only to realise that he had no idea how to do the questions. Everything seemed to be in another language. He tried to remember his notes but it was harder than holding sand in his hands. His head throbbed as he tried to think of what his teacher had said. He watched helplessly as time ticked by, minute by minute. As his classmates scribbled furiously on the papers, Tom could only imagine what his mother would say, after all the time she had helped him to study.

At home, Tom locked himself in his room, not being able to face anyone. He reflected on the sleepless nights as he played his game on the phone. He remembered how he had paid no heed to his parents' advice to start studying. He thought of what happened during the examination, how all the knowledge had slid out of his brain like a snake, leaving nothing. He stared at the shadows in his room, wishing that he had done his work. He never thought that it would all lead to such a painful lesson. Tom sat up, determined never to go through the painful lesson again. He reached out, not for his phone, but for his Science textbook. He flipped through the pages one by one. There would be no shortcuts. Tom had learned his lesson the hard way, and he was ready to turn over a new leaf.

Written by Tan Zixuan Charmaine of P6 Empathy



Lending A Helping Hand

A sense of helplessness crashed through me. I stared at the blank ceiling, filled with loneliness. I lay on the hospital bed. The four walls enclosed me in the plain and dull room. A single beam of light illuminated the surroundings as I had been admitted to the hospital. My bone marrow had been severely affected by leukemia — a type of cancer — and the only option was to have a bone marrow transplant. Out of the blue, I heard a creak beside me.

I swivelled my head to the side and saw my parents with the doctor. The doctor then told us that if I did not get a bone marrow transplant within a week, I would most likely kick the bucket.

Dumbfounded, I felt like a stun dart had just been shot at me. My pulse raced as realisation hit me like a ton of bricks.

I might die.

Horried, my heart rate sped faster than Usain Bolt. Cold sweat trickled down my temples as I shook uncontrollably. I burst into tears as it felt like my heart had been ripped out of my chest. "I don't want to die!" I wailed. My parents immediately came to console me, saying that they would find a compatible bone marrow. They even said that they would volunteer to be my donor but the doctor explained that our blood types did not match. The doctor offered to check whether the transplant centre had any compatible bone marrow.

A glimmer of hope sparked within me. Time flew past and soon, a week had almost passed. I had an unexpected visitor — my best friend, Amy. Amy and I were like two peas in a pod, inseparable since young. Her long, silky hair and her big, doll-like eyes never failed to cheer me up.

Amy was concerned about me as I had not replied to any of her texts and had not attended school for a few days. She then texted my mother and came to visit me immediately. Amy understood that if I did not get a bone marrow transplant in a few days, I would die. She volunteered to be my donor. The doctors examined her and said that they would have the results the next day. I was not expecting much.

The next day, my relatives, Amy, and her family all came to say their final goodbyes. I was in a pool of tears, reminiscing about the good times I had. Suddenly, the doctors came rushing in. They said that Amy and I were a match! My eyes sparkled. Amy quickly asked her parents for their consent and they — knowing my life was on the line — agreed.

The doctors, at the speed of light, started to prepare for the operation. While they were preparing, I took a pen and paper to write a thank-you card to Amy to show my heartfelt appreciation to her. However, before I had the chance to give it to her, the doctors pushed us into the operating theatre.

The surgery started. The surgeons expertly carried out the transplant. Just when they were about to finish, Amy's blood pressure started to decrease rapidly. The surgeons tried desperately to save her with every ounce of strength they had, but to no avail. They did not have time and swiftly completed the surgery. I was saved.

When I woke up, I wanted to pass the card to Amy. That was when the surgeon in charge walked in solemnly and said calmly, "Amy has passed on during surgery." For a moment, I thought he was joking, but seeing the sombre look on his face, I realised he was not lying. I broke down. My tears were flowing down my cheeks like a waterfall. "No! No! It can't be!" I cried in denial.

On the day of Amy's funeral, I stood there crying, overwhelmed by guilt. "If only I had not been sick," I murmured. Amy's parents consoled me, saying that Amy would not want to see me like this. Amy had saved my life in exchange for her own, so I should live it to the fullest without regret. As a final goodbye, I placed the thank-you card I had not managed to give her on her grave.

That day, I felt sorrowful as my best friend, Amy, had died. The day Amy lent me a helping hand taught me a priceless lesson: always cherish your loved ones and live your life to the fullest.

Written by Lim Hao Xin of P6 Empathy

Lending A Helping Hand

There was nobody in the classroom, except for the muffled whimpering of a boy. All the students had gone for their recess, and all that could be heard were the sounds of students playing in the canteen. John was worried when he saw Tim burst into tears. Their teacher had returned their Mathematics examination papers. The whole class, except Tim who had failed miserably, had passed with flying colours.

When the bell rang for recess, everyone made a beeline for the canteen as their growling stomachs demanded food. In the empty classroom, all alone, sat Tim, looking despondent. His tears flowed silently down his cheeks as he stared blankly ahead. John approached him and touched his shoulders, squeezing it gently. Startled, Tim awoke from his daze and looked up. John smiled kindly at him and asked whether he was fine.

Tim's swollen eyes brimmed with fresh tears once again. He explained in between choked sobs that he had really wanted to do well but understood absolutely nothing that was taught in class. "Do you attend enrichment lessons?" John asked tenderly.

"I... I... no! My parents can't afford it," Tim replied hesitantly, expecting a giggle from John. He looked down at his torn shoes as his face turned crimson red. John felt his eyes turn moist. He pursed his lips as he searched for words of consolation to offer his classmate.

Suddenly, an idea struck him. His eyes lit up as he beamed with joy. "If you don't mind, I can tutor you for free."

Tim gasped incredulously, "Really? You would do that for me?"

"Yes! Of course!" John giggled as he answered.

Relief and gratitude shone in Tim's eyes as he nodded his head, not knowing how to thank John.

The boys arranged to stay behind three days a week after school in the school library. The progress for the first few sessions was slow as Tim had a weak grasp of Mathematical concepts. However, as he understood more, he began to pick things up quickly and easily. "You are a bright boy!" John commented to Tim earnestly. Their sessions proceeded smoothly, and soon, Tim had caught up with the rest of his classmates. The boys' friendship also blossomed. They became the best of friends.

Soon, the boys took their mid-year examinations. Before they entered the examination hall, John encouraged him with a wink, "Just do it! I am sure you will pass with flying colours." He gave Tim a handshake only the two of them knew. In the end, their efforts paid off. Much to their delight, both boys were the top two students in their class.

The next day, John returned to class after recess drenched in perspiration. Huffing and puffing, John made his way to his table. There, he saw a letter — a thank-you letter. It read: "I can't thank you enough for your help and belief in me. Your patience and dedication have helped me achieve good grades. Thank you for everything." John looked at Tim. That moment, John realised how helping others can make a difference in their life. Till today, John still has that card in his bedroom, reminding him of the amazing journey with Tim.

Written by Pranav of P6 Empathy



Lending A Helping Hand

An uneasy silence filled the classroom as Mrs Lim walked in, carrying a stack of examination papers. My stomach twisted into knots and I could feel butterflies in my stomach. I kept tapping my foot against the floor, unable to sit still. The air felt heavy with tension as she began arranging the papers neatly on her table. I swallowed hard, bracing myself for what would happen next. Around me, my classmates whispered nervously while waiting for their names to be called. My palms were damp with sweat. This was it, the return of our Mathematics examination papers. I took a deep breath, hoping all my hard work would pay off.

When my name was finally called, I walked up to the front of the class. With trembling hands, I received my paper and flipped it over. I had scored 95 marks out of 100 marks! I could hardly believe my eyes. Excitement bubbled up inside me and I felt like jumping with joy. All the late nights spent revising my work had paid off. Relief washed over me as I returned to my seat, feeling proud of myself. Just as I was about to share my happiness with Mary, I noticed she was very quiet.

I glanced at Mary and my smile faded. Her paper laid flat on her desk, and the number 30 was written on the side of it. Her shoulders were slumped. I saw tears well up in her eyes. She buried her face in her hands, letting out a soft sob. My chest tightened. Part of me wanted to celebrate my success and rush home to tell my parents. After all, I had worked hard for my result. However, seeing Mary like that made me feel uneasy. Should I really leave her alone? My fingers twitched nervously as I bit my lip. Should I help her?

I remembered that my mother had always reminded me to always lend a helping hand. I took a deep breath and walked over to Mary's desk. "Mary... would you like me to help you?" I asked softly. Surprised, she looked up, her eyes glistening with tears. "Really? You'll help me?" she whispered. I nodded as I pulled my chair closer to hers. I flipped through her paper, going through the questions, one by one. Whenever she looked confused, I tried to explain it in a simpler way, using smaller numbers, and easy steps. Sometimes, I had to repeat the step more than once, but I did not mind. As we worked together, I could see her frown disappearing slowly. Every time she solved a question correctly, her eyes lit up and a tiny smile appeared on her face. I felt a warm glow in my chest. It was hard and tiring tutoring her but it was a fulfilling task.

Over the next few months, I stayed behind after school every day to help Mary. Sometimes, it was frustrating. She would frown, shake her head and sigh when she could not get the question right. I had to repeat the same steps many times, explaining slower and using simpler examples. Despite all struggles, I tried my best to stay patient. Mary did too. She did not give up even when things were hard. Little by little, I could see her confidence growing. I could not help but wonder if her Math results would improve.

Finally the day of the next Math examination had arrived. My heart raced as our papers were handed back. I peeked at Mary's paper and my eyes widened in surprise. She had scored 65 marks out of 100 marks! She passed! Her face lit up instantly. "I did it!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with joy. I grinned from ear to ear, feeling proud, not because of my score, but because I had helped her succeed. It was an amazing feeling, knowing that my act of lending a helping hand had made a difference.

As I watched Mary beam with happiness, I realised that true success is not just about doing well, but helping someone in need. Even if it takes time and effort, it can bring joy far greater than any marks.

From that day on, I promised to always lend a helping hand whenever I could. It could be a small act, but it would mean a lot to someone else. Looking back, I realised that lending a helping hand is more than just offering answers — it is about being patient, calm and spending your precious time helping others. That day, I learned that helping others is not only rewarding to them, but it also makes you feel happier and lighter. Truly, lending a helping hand is one of the most valuable thing that anyone can do.

Written by Karys Koh Kai Xin of P6 Integrity

Lending A Helping Hand

Ken and Sarah were playing during recess. Ken was the tagger while Sarah was the runner. While Ken was chasing Sarah, she ran towards a puddle of water while trying to evade Ken.

"Sarah, don't run there. You are going to slip and fall!" Ken yelled at Sarah. However, it was too late. Sarah slipped and fell, injuring her leg in the process. Ken rushed over to help Sarah up. Sarah was limping badly so Ken sent her to the General Office. After a while, Ken exited the office and returned to class. At that moment, he remembered the time Sarah had lent him a helping hand.

It all happened that day. Ken and his classmates went on a camping trip. They arrived at their campsite and started unpacking their camping supplies. Ken had finished setting up his tent and walked over to his friends for a little chat. As Ken was chatting, he saw his arch nemesis, Sarah. Ken disliked her as she always teased him by drawing on his books and kicking his chair. When confronted, Sarah feigned ignorance. Both exchanged glances at each other. Ken rolled his eyes at Sarah and left to do other things.

After a few hours, the group had finished setting up the tent and planned to go hiking. The trail they planned to hike was steep and slippery due to the heavy rain a few days ago. With many cliffs in the area, that particular one was the most dangerous. Ken was the last person in the pack while everyone was ahead. Halfway through the trail, Ken found flowers that everyone had ignored on the trail. As Ken's ambition was to be a botanist, he knew the flowers were a rare species. By this time, the group was long gone. Wanting to inspect the flowers, Ken took a step forward. Unfortunately, he slipped on the mud and fell off the elevated cliff. He sprained his ankle and could not stand. Ken groaned as he was in excruciating pain. "Help! Help! Somebody!" he cried for help.

He looked left.

He looked right. He saw nothing but trees in sight.

Adrenaline surged through him. With his heart pounding and his ragged breathing, he tried to calm himself by taking deep breaths. He drank every ounce of water he had in his bottle. Finally, the adrenaline wore off as Ken came back to his senses. He realised that he had drunk the last sip of water. He thought he would die from thirst if he was not discovered on time. Ken lay on the ground with tears welling up in his eyes. "I'm just going to die like this. No one will ever find me," he thought aloud. Just as he was about to lose hope, he heard his name being called. "Ken! Ken!"

It was Sarah's voice! Ken realised she had been searching for him. For one last time, Ken cried out for help with all his might, "Sarah! I'm right here!" Sarah saw Ken and swiftly slid down the cliff to help him. "I realised that you had been missing for almost an hour so I came searching for you!" Sarah said in concern.

Unlike his friends who had not realised that he was missing, his nemesis, Sarah, was worried for him. Sarah tried to help Ken up but he was in too much pain to even stand. Sarah thought of a way to help Ken. Ding! She got an idea. She planned to use small sticks as a makeshift splint. Sarah went around the cliff, took some sticks, and wrapped a cloth around Ken's sprained ankle. She then helped him get off the cliff. Sarah then confidently whipped out her phone and dialled the emergency service.

Beep! Boop! To her disappointment and as expected, there was no cell service! "One of our classmates has a handheld radio. We can use that to call for help!" Ken suggested. "Good idea! You know, sometimes, you're really resourceful!" Ken just laughed it off, knowing it was one of Sarah's jokes. Both decided to walk to the place where the others were taking a break to use the handheld radio to call for help. While walking to the place, Ken asked, "Sarah, why did you help me? Everyone knows that we're enemies."

"We may be enemies, but nobody made a rule that you can't help your enemies," Sarah replied. "Plus, my parents always told me to lend a helping hand," Sarah added. The both of them took a break and drank some water from Sarah's bottle. "Sarah, you're not as bad as I thought you would be. Most times, you may bother me till I lose my temper but you are really kind," Ken uttered to Sarah. "Ha! See? I'm a kind person!" Sarah exclaimed.

Continued on the next page

Lending A Helping Hand

Both chuckled and Ken asked if they wanted to be best friends. Sarah agreed without any hesitation. After forty-five minutes of walking, they finally heard the chatter of their classmates. Ken borrowed the handheld radio to ask for assistance from the park rangers. Ken was later taken away on a stretcher by the park rangers to be assessed. The park rangers praised Sarah for the makeshift splint she had made.

Well, what goes around comes around. Ken could not thank Sarah enough for her help that day.

Ring! The sound of the bell jolted Ken back to reality. He realised he was going to be late for class! By this time, Sarah came out of the General Office with a gauze on her leg. Smack! Sarah slapped the back of Ken's head and told him to stop daydreaming. Hastily, they both made their way back to their class, hoping they were not late.

Written by Linn Thu Won of P6 Integrity

Turning Over A New Leaf

"John, tidy up your room! It is cluttered!" Mother commanded. "Yes, I will do it this instant!" I yelled. I lifted myself off the couch before marching into my room. "Where should I start first?" I thought to myself. I decided to start on the messy pile of books at the corner of my desk. As I was arranging them into my cupboard, something caught my eye. It was a calculator. I immediately reminisced what happened on the day of our Mathematics examination as rivulets of hot tears began flowing down my cheeks.

"This is a Mathematics examination and cheating is strictly prohibited. If caught cheating, offenders will face severe consequences," Mr Lee, our Mathematics teacher, repeated for the umpteenth time. "You may begin now," Mr Lee said in a monotone.

I flipped through every page of the paper furiously and looked at the topics tested before regretting not having studied for it. Mr Lee had reminded us that our Mathematics examination would be coming up in two months. He told us to prepare for it and revise the topics tested since it was the most important examination for Primary 5 students. Instead of revising for it after school, I played the latest edition of "The Mario Kart" on my Nintendo Switch. Since I was always one of the smartest students in my class, I thought the examination would be a piece of cake. I continued playing games on my Nintendo Switch right up to the day of my examination.

Flipping through the pages, I hoped that there was at least a question that I knew how to answer. Unfortunately, that was not the case. At that very moment, an evil thought flashed through my mind. Should I use the calculator in my pencil case to solve the equations? However, calculators were not allowed for this paper.

A deluge of thoughts flooded my mind and I found myself droning in my quandary as the devil and the angel appeared right in front of my eyes. "You should cheat in the exam so you will do well and retain your top position. I know that you do not want to disappoint your mother. You want her to be proud to have an intelligent son, wouldn't you?" the devil said in a demonic manner. The angel advised me in an angelic manner, "You should not cheat in the examination. Mr Lee said that you will face severe consequences if you are caught cheating. If Mother found out that you cheated in the examination, she will be disappointed and furious! You will also lose the trust of your teachers and your friends!"

At that pivotal moment, I was in a dilemma – torn between cheating and doing the right thing. To be or not to be, the very same question that once tormented Hamlet was causing me great distress. Except that it was a matter of life and death for him while the implications were slightly less significant for me. Uncertainty clouded my thoughts as I grappled with conflicting emotions, struggling to make the right decision.

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Turning Over A New Leaf

A seductive voice made a final, compelling bid to influence my decision. A long deliberation soon ensued before my internal turmoil quietened. Against my better judgement, I succumbed to the devil's temptation. I took my greyish-blue calculator out of my pencil case before darting my eyes left and right, making sure no one would spot me. After confirming that no one was looking at me, I swiftly pressed the buttons and wrote the answers down on the examination paper. I slipped the calculator into my pocket after I was done.

"Cheating is so easy!" I whispered to myself as my heart throbbed with joy. As I shifted in my seat, the calculator fell out of my pocket. Thung! The sound of the calculator hitting the floor startled everyone. Everyone lifted their heads then stared at the calculator on the floor in shock. "What have I done!" I whispered to myself while being flabbergasted. At that moment, Mr Lee marched towards me with arms akimbo. His mouth thinned and his eyes narrowed into slits of fury. My head felt hot and thick. My heart began beating to a tune of a thousand drums.

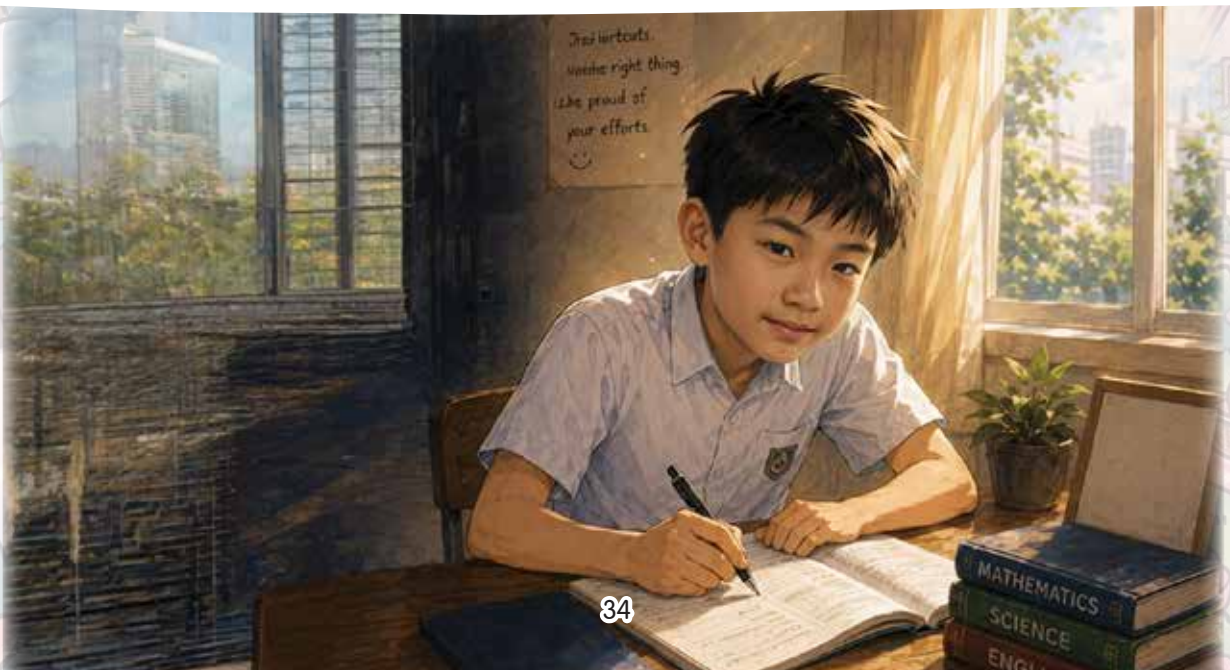
"What are you doing? Were you cheating by using a calculator? This is Mathematics Paper 1. Calculators are strictly prohibited. Did I not say that earlier?" Mr Lim blurted out, furrowing his eyebrows while his bloodshot eyes bored into mine like swords. Breathless with anger, he thundered at me to go down to the principal's office. As I left the classroom, eyes stared at me in disbelief.

At the principal's office, I sat on a chair before explaining what had happened to the principal, Mr Tan. He told me that he had to inform my mother. After a while, Mother arrived. Mr Tan explained what had happened during the examination. She was disappointed in me. Mr Tan said that I would have to face the consequences of cheating — suspension from school for two weeks. After what felt like an eternity, my mother and I finally left the office and reached home. At home, I was not spared either. Mother grounded me for a month and confiscated my Nintendo Switch.

From that day onwards, I vowed to turn over a new leaf and not cheat again. Although the punishments were brutal, I was glad that I had learnt from my mistakes and changed for the better. Whenever I recall that unfortunate day, an avalanche of regret would wash over me. It was as clear as day that I should not have cheated. In my folly, I had silenced the parts of my conscience and made the wrong decision. If I could turn back time, I would not have made the wrong decision. That incident would be deeply etched in the deepest recesses of my mind, serving as a wake-up call that I ought to consider the ramifications of my actions.

Like the closing scene of a movie, the curtains drew and I was transported back to reality. "I have certainly turned over a new leaf," I muttered with a smile etched on my face and grinned from ear to ear like a Cheshire cat.

Written by Tan Jen Jay of P6 Adaptability



Turning Over A New Leaf

Sally sighed as she bit into the crispy crust of the pizza. Clair was discussing the new things she wanted for the school year. "I want to get new pens, books, stationery..." Clair rambled as she leaned back in her chair. "I wish to buy those as well, but the prices are sky-high right now," Sally lamented. "Well, you don't need to pay if you steal," Clair said casually, as though stealing was perfectly normal. "Steal? Isn't that shoplifting?" Sally whispered. Clair shrugged. Soon, the two girls paid and left the pizza place. Clair bade goodbye to Sally as she strode off into the busy mall. Meanwhile, Sally was deep in thought. "Shoplifting is wrong, but if everyone does it, is it still wrong?" Clair's words floated in and out of Sally's mind.

Before long, Sally arrived at the bookstore. She stepped inside, breathing the cool, crisp air. It was very crowded in the small bookstore — an ideal situation for stealing. Sally could hear the sound of books being flipped, the chattering of customers, and the consistent beep of the cashier scanning items. Sally scampered in, walking over to the notebook section. Soon, Sally selected her school items. Finally, she was done. Along the way, something caught her eye. It was a batch of new, shiny black calculators. Sally hesitated. Clair's words surfaced in her mind. She stretched her hand to grab one, but quickly retreated. Sally wondered, "Should I really steal? What if I get caught?" A wave of questions rushed through her mind. Sally looked right, then left — no one. Her eyes darted to the counter where the shopkeeper was hard at work. Sally made a choice. In one fluid motion, she grabbed the calculator from the shelf and put it in her bag. However, the moment she heard the soft thunk of the calculator, she felt an overwhelming sense of guilt. Being the superb actress she was, she strolled over to the counter. The shopkeeper was a woman with striking eyes and auburn hair. The closer Sally got to the counter, the more nervous she seemed. She fidgeted with her bag — a nervous habit — and thought of being brought to court, a terrifying thought to behold.

Finally, it was Sally's turn to pay. She put the books and stationery on the counter. The shopkeeper stared at Sally with a hint of suspicion before finally asking, "Anything else?" Sally knew this was the last chance to come clean, but she found herself stuttering, "N...no! Nothing at... all." The shopkeeper eyed Sally with suspicion as Sally exited the shop. "Beep! Beep!" A shrill sound rang throughout the store, causing a disturbance. Sally froze in her tracks, paralysed with fear and horror rising in her chest. The shopkeeper strolled over to Sally and said, "I need to check your bag, Miss." The calculator was fished out of the bag. Sally had no choice but to follow the shopkeeper into a small room. "Connor! Watch the shop," the shopkeeper called out to a young man whom Sally assumed was the other employee. Sally told the shopkeeper her parents' number. A sense of dread filled her — what would her parents say?

Soon, her father and mother burst into the room. The shopkeeper stood up to explain the problem. Sally stared at the ground, awaiting to face the music — but it never came. Instead, her parents just apologised on her behalf. The pained, disappointed look they gave her afterwards was much worse. "You are lucky the shopkeeper did not call the police," her father said sternly. Sally lowered her head, fully grasping the seriousness of the situation. "You should write an apology letter, and offer to work there for free," her mother told her. "We know you feel very guilty, so we won't punish you. But if you do it again, we will not hesitate to punish you," her father said. Sally, who was indeed guilty and disappointed, nodded with relief. Then, she went to the store and apologised.

Every weekend, Sally would report to the store. She swept and cleaned, sometimes working at the counter, always being watched by the eagle-eyed shopkeeper. Over time, the shopkeeper gradually forgave her. One day, the shopkeeper even suggested that she work there part-time. Sally was extremely happy. Sally now understood the gravity of shoplifting — a serious offence. She still shuddered at the thought of being brought to court. Sally turned over a new leaf and corrected her ways. She found out Clair was arrested for multiple thefts. Sally was grateful to the shopkeeper for not calling the police. It had been a regretful experience, one which Sally never wanted to repeat.

Written by Tan Zixuan Charmaine of P6 Empathy

Turning Over A New Leaf

Ring! The recess bell chimed as the once quiet class erupted into chatter. My classmates and I ran out of the class and headed towards the school field. There, we met other students from Primary 6 Empathy and made a friendly greeting before the match started.

"3...2...1..." I shouted. Both teams dribbled the ball.

Both teams were equally strong, so the score was very close. Out of the blue, my classmate, Tom, took the lead. Just as he was going to kick the ball, John, from Primary 6 Empathy, ran up to him and tried to snatch the ball away from him. Tom ran at full speed, intending to kick the ball towards the goal post. Unfortunately, he accidentally kicked John while trying to aim for the ball.

John looked up at Tom with anger in his eyes and without hesitating, he kicked Tom back. He hissed at Tom, "Why did you kick me?" Anger consumed John as his chest heaved up and down. He clenched his fist and punched Tom as he spat out his words one syllable at a time.

Before long, both students started raining punches and hurling vulgarities at one another. The commotion aroused the curiosity of the other students as they watched in silence.

Both boys summoned their friends to join in the fight.

Should I join in the fight? If I get caught, I would be in hot soup and I might get suspended. On the other hand, if I were just a bystander, John would get beaten up and I might lose a good friend.

Deliberating, I made up my mind to join in the fight. Being the biggest in the group, I grabbed a boy from the other class by the collar and threw him to the ground with a loud thud. The boy screamed in pain and lay on the ground, writhing in agony. "Please stop it!" he whimpered in fear.

Without realising it, both groups of boys had been fighting for 30 minutes straight. Just then, a teacher on duty caught sight of us. Her face turned pale and she scampered away. When she came back, our discipline master, Mr. Lim, ran forward bellowing, "Stop it right now!"

Both teams froze and butterflies seemed to be flying randomly in all our stomachs. I stood rooted to the ground as I turned my head around slowly. Mr. Lim's eyes blazed with anger as he stared at us.

I looked to the left.

I looked to the right.

I looked to the left again.

There was nowhere to escape and I realised that all our faces were drained of blood.

Blood was oozing out of our gashes. It was then I realised the severity of my actions. Ashamed of my own behaviour, I hung my head down in shame.

Timidly, we walked to Mr. Lim and apologised. Everyone was rounded up to go to the principal's office. All our parents were informed, and the principal questioned every one of us. In the end, all of us were punished and we were suspended from school for a week.

We were informed that we had to clean and scrub the school toilet for a month. Then, we stood outside the office. As I reflected, I realised I should have informed the teacher instead of taking matters into my own hands.

Continued on the next page



Turning Over A New Leaf

Just then, I saw my parents in the distance. I was too afraid to move. They had a look of disappointment on their faces. I felt hot, stinging tears welling up my eyes. I had learnt a lesson the hard way. As my parents walked past me, I muttered an apology to them. I dared not look at them in their eyes.

They were disappointed.

Disheartened.

Sorrowful.

After the suspension, those who had been involved in the fight had to report to school early to sit in front of the principal's office. We were not allowed back in class. Every recess, we had to clean the toilets.

In addition, we had to pick up trash around the school during recess. On top of that, we had to write a reflection on what we should have done instead of taking matters into our own hands and acting impulsively.

At home, I was not spared either. The moment I returned from school, I had to clean and tidy my house. My devices were confiscated so I was bored out of my mind. I could only read storybooks that my parents had borrowed for me. In addition, I had to list ways to control my emotions. How I wished I had thought of the consequence before I acted that day!

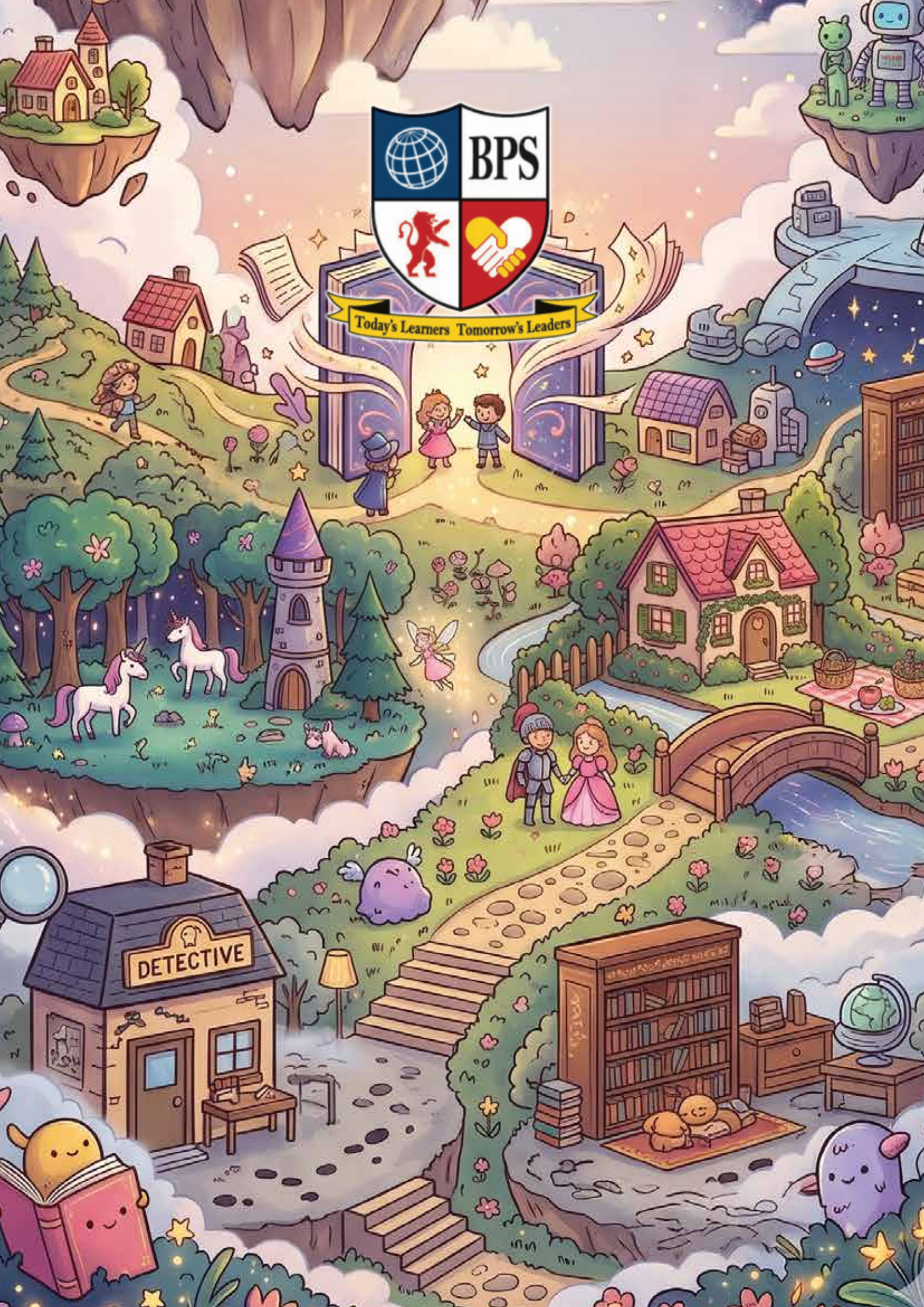
As humiliating as it was, it was the only way I knew I would learn my lesson and turn over a leaf.

Written by Alinda Pan Xinyan of P6 Integrity



Notes

Notes



Today's Learners Tomorrow's Leaders