

I was First!

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Whenever someone asked me to relate an incident which I could never forget, millions of different experiences would come into my mind. However, there was one experience which I would consider the most unforgettable and scariest. It was the time I almost got into a fight. The fear and anxiety I felt was beyond one's imagination. Let me recall the whole incident...

"Hey! I got here first!" I protested.

Two classmates of mine barged into the queue standing right in front of me. **It was as if I did not exist.** Alex was skinny with spiky hair, Bob was plump with spectacles, wore flat hair with a mushroom haircut.

"So?" challenged Bob, the class bully. **With a pudgy face that was perpetually etched in a growl, he looked like a ferocious monster.** His accomplice, Alex, had proudly displayed his aggressive behaviour. He **snarled and raised his rock-hand fist** at me.

Seething with rage, I clenched my fists tightly, piercing each fingernail into my palm and the blood vessels on my head looked ready to burst as anger washed over me. Although I was **blinded by uncontrollable rage**, I decided to take a deep breath to calm myself down. I had been waiting for ages to get my favourite mouth watering fishball noodles, and they just cut in front of me! I really wanted to swiftly deliver a punch on his face but I was outnumbered and there was also no point **stirring up a hornet's nest.** The bullies smirked at me as they bought their food. I **scowled as two brats swaggered** past me. **With my heart pounding like a sledgehammer**, I was tempted to knock them so that they would be scalded by the hot soup. However, I decided not to as I would be the one getting reprimanded and I did not want to be an unruly hooligan like them. Upon reaching my turn, my mouth watered as the **aroma of the piping hot noodles wafted into my nostrils.** While waiting for the canteen vendor to prepare my food, my stomach growled even louder. When I finally got my noodles, I **held it as if it was an invaluable treasure.** I found a seat and **eagerly wolfed down** my food. That was when I spotted the bullies, each holding a long broom standing **like meek lambs** in front of the discipline master as he reprimanded them severely.

The bullies then walked to my table and **muttered a humble apology.** **Being magnanimous**, I forgave them. The bullies' punishment was to sweep the whole of canteen floor until it was sparkling clean. While they were sweeping, the discipline master was **watching them like a hawk** which made them even more efficient in their work. In the end, I found out that the whole incident was witnessed by the head prefect and the head prefect told the discipline master about it.

After that incident, the bullies turned over a new leaf and never dared to bully anyone again.

