

VANDALISM

By : Alex Li, Primary 5

"What have you got to say for yourself, young man?" the teacher shouted as I stood at the classroom door, obviously late for class. Forty pairs of eyes turned to me as I stood shamefully at the door. How humiliating!

I muttered an apology and went to my seat. On the outside, I might appear like I did not care. However, on the inside, **my anger swelled up like a volcano ready to erupt**. Why must my teacher, Mr Tan, humiliate me like that? How dare he! I thought, **my eyes filled with vengeance. After what seemed like eons**, the bell rang, signalling the end of the day. I had not always looked forward to home but after the shame and anger I had experienced earlier on, I was more than happy to go home.

On my way home, I noticed a shiny red car. **Upon closer scrutiny**, I discovered that the car tag indicated Mr Tan's name! **Images of being scolded and humiliated seeped back into my mind, like a movie being played over and over again**. I decided to seek my "revenge" on Mr Tan as **an evil plan densed in my mind**. "Let's vandalise Mr Tan's car, shall we? This would teach him a lesson for humiliating you!" a voice rang in my head. I took out some paint from my bag that was used for art class today and started vandalising his car.



Mixed feelings welled up my chest when I was vandalising Mr Tan's car. I felt amused as I imagined Mr Tan's reaction when he saw his car. However, at the same time, **fear and trepidation had me by heart** as I fervently wished that no one would spot me doing an illegal act. The place where Mr Tan's car was parked in was quite deserted and very few people would pass by. As time past, the traces of fear were forgotten as I sought my revenge. However, a voice made me froze. "Hey! What do you think you're doing?" Spinning around, I came face to face with a passer-by, arms akimbo. **Fear penetrated me like an insidious monster and panic seemed to completely dominate over me, paralysing my legs and disabling me to run**.

Regaining my senses, I **kicked my legs into action** and ran like Usain Bolt sprinting in a loom race. Unfortunately, children like me can never run faster than adults. Within a few seconds, the passer-by gripped my hand and growled, "You looked like someone who needs to go see the principal." I was then dragged to the principal's office and faced a **severe reprimanding**, and was told to clean off the paint on the car, on top of cleaning school toilets for a week as punishment.

As the old adage rings true, "once bitten, twice shy", I learnt never to disrespect my teachers and elders again.