

Personal Recount – A Rotten Day

Last year, I got a wound. It was a Monday morning, and I was in a rush. My mother kept nagging me to bring an umbrella, and I felt annoyed. I kept saying I would bring it. However, when I was trying to sleep on my school bus, I realized I forgot to take an umbrella.

After school, I prayed for it not to rain. Unfortunately for me, fate wasn't on my side, and it rained heavily. To make matters worse, I didn't even have a cardigan to shield myself from the rain. I walked quickly so I could go home faster and take a warm shower. That's when I tripped over my own feet as I reached the zebra crossing. My leg was covered in blood, but I was too shy to walk up to a stranger and tell them I hurt myself. So, I decided to keep walking.

When I finally reached the lobby of my building, I told the security guard I was injured and broke down crying. He immediately called my mum and told her I got hurt. A few minutes later, my mum rushed towards me and asked if I was okay.

In the end, I got a scar on my right leg and a valuable lesson: always listen to my mum