

## An act of mischief

Since young, I was a **vigilant** child who was quick to notice possible danger. Not only so, I was **perspicacious** and always knew what to do. Needless to say, my strengths were put to good use on one particular occasion.

"I cannot wait to get home and eat lunch, " I thought as my stomach **growled with anticipation**. It was a sweltering hot day and I was trudging back home from school. Trying to avoid the heat of the sun, I **quickenened my pace** and tried to hide beneath the shade of the trees.

Perspiration trickled down my forehead as I **traipsed through the neighbourhood**. "Why does my house have to be so far away? I wish our house could either be nearer to my school or I don't have to walk home." I **muttered aloud** as I **reluctantly** dragged my feet along the pavement.

Meanwhile, a boy named Jake was in his bedroom staring vacantly at his bedroom's ceiling, pondering about what to do next. Looking around the room, he then spotted the jar full of rocks on his table which was meant for a school project. According to Jake, he had the **most ingenious idea** , "Aha! I can use those to throw out of the window and aim at the cars outside. This way, I can **while away the time** and amuse myself !" Jake thought **with a mischievous glint in his eyes**. Dragging out the huge jar of rocks, Jake unscrewed the lid and took out a rock.



Mustering all his strength, he took a rock and **hurled** it out of the window. It landed **with a resounding thud** on a car's windscreen, cracking it. Feeling rather **triumphant**, Jake continued to throw rocks at the parked cars.

Just then, I was walking past one of the blocks when I heard something thud onto the ground. **Curiosity piqued**, I started intently at the sky. Failing to detect anything amiss, I dismissed it as a figment of my imagination and decided to continue walking

home. Then I saw another rock whizzing past. Glancing up, I spotted a teenage boy peering out from a window on the second floor throwing down rocks. **Flabbergasted**, I thought "Surely, this cannot be my imagination!" As I stared at him, **stupefied**. Gathering my wits quickly, I knew I had to stop him.



"Hey!" I called up to the boy to catch his attention.

The boy **stared vacantly** down at me and said, "What?"

Infuriated by the boy's **lackadaisical attitude**, I hollered, "Stop throwing down those rocks! You could hurt someone or damage a car!"

Rolling his eyes and **sniggering** at me, he **taunted** me by saying, "So what are you going to do about it? I can do whatever I want! Anyway, I'm getting bored, go away!"

**Seething with anger**, I tried to keep calm and said, "You don't own this place and if you hit someone, they might be injured!"

"Bleh, bleh, bleh, who are you? You are just a mere student. Not only so, you are as boring and as naggy as my mother. If you want to lecture somebody, go lecture yourself and don't spoil my fun," **retorted** the boy.

**Exasperated** by his **defiant attitude**, I made one last attempt to stop him as I yelled, "If you don't stop this, I will call the police and they will arrest you!"

Suddenly losing his patience with me, he **snapped**, "Didn't I tell you to leave me alone? If you have such free time, why don't you go and dig a hole?" Without warning, he then grabbed a rock and threw it at me. Ducking out of the way, I saw the stone hit an old lady who happened to be walking past. Losing her balance, she **stumbled** and fell



onto the ground, **grimacing** in pain.

**Aghast**, I immediately went to help the old lady and led her to a bench to sit on. Blood was trickling down from her forehead where the rock had struck her. Knowing that things were getting out of hand, I decided to call the police.

**Quite fortuitously**, the police arrived soon after I called them. Pointing to the window where the boy threw the stones from, I explained to them what happened. Needless to say, they arrested the teenager while the old lady was sent to the hospital.

I would never forget how the boy's act of mischief led to the old lady being injured. Recalling the incident, I still felt **indignant**. As I sat thinking, I learnt that **an act of mischief can lead to serious consequences**.

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