Topic: A Foolish Act

Pictures given: A smartphone, A lit cigarette, A wallet.

My life changed forever because of one foolish act. Until this day, I still regret it.

The shrill ring of the recess bell resounded throughout the school. Everyone dashed out of the classroom doors and sprinted down the stairs, bumping into each other in their rush to get to the canteen.

Unlike everyone, I took my time picking up my shabby schoolbooks and placing them in my tattered school bag neatly. There was no use hurrying since I had no money to eat anyway. I was poor and my classmates constantly teased me for it. Thinking about food, my stomach only growled with hunger. I had nothing to eat for breakfast and now I had nothing to eat for recess either. My father and mother worked hard every day, earning just enough money to keep me in school and buy my school books.

With a sigh, I heaved myself out of the chair and headed towards the classroom door when something caught my eye. The gold sparkled on a surface decorated with beautiful patterns. It was my classmate, Sophie’s wallet. Sophie was the richest girl in class, and I had been jealous of her from the first day I met her. She was rich, smart and pretty, all the things I was not. A thought crossed my mind. What if I took the wallet? I could use the money to buy food during recess! I felt a tug-of-war inside of me. I knew it was wrong to take it, but it would be so nice to have more than fifty dollars in my pocket for once. In the end, greed got the better of me, so in a moment of folly, I quickly lifted the wallet out from the bag and slipped it into my pocket.

Just then, a deep voice growled, “What do you think you are doing?”

Blood drained from my face as I turned around to face the principal. I opened my mouth to say something, but no sound came out. I was petrified and could only stare at him. Without another word, the principal grabbed the wallet from my hand and led me out of the classroom. He was livid with anger. He brought me to his office and gave me a tongue-lashing. I cowered in fear as he met out punishments and called my parents. I lowered my head, my face red with embarrassment.
From that day onwards I promised not to steal anymore. I always remind myself that crime does not pay.

By Fuji Aimi