

Sir Ellis Kadoorie Secondary School (2016-2017)

4A (4) Ford Victoria Natasha

My Puppy Love

When I was eight, I had a crush on a really tall boy in my class. I did anything to get his attention, and I would feel jealous when he talked to the other girls. Since I wasn't the most sociable girl and I had few friends, I didn't know how to deal with my feelings.

One recess, the tall boy brought a packet of crisps. Being a popular boy in class, all of my hungry classmates hurried over to him and grabbed a crisp. Of course, I tried to grab one piece, seeing that everyone was getting one. When I managed to fight through the crowd and get one, he quickly said 'NO' to me. He walked off and the stampede following him.

It might not be a big deal now when I have recalled this episode, but at that time I was rather upset. I wasn't mature enough to get over such hard feelings. Being rejected, I felt as if I had been labelled as an alien of the class. I felt ashamed of my crush and all people didn't think I deserved a crisp, while every other classmate did.

I didn't know what an eight-year-old girl like me was thinking when I stormed out of the classroom. I had no idea what drove me to snitch him in front of the teacher for bringing snacks to school. I was completely blinded by childish anger and jealousy. I decided to take revenge on him. I cruelly took away everyone's joy because I couldn't have any. Only a villain in a cartoon would do that. I became evil, all for the wanting of the recognition from a tall boy I fancied slightly.

For the first time in my eight years' life, I had never seen a boy crying so severely. He was neither screaming nor outraging. Perhaps, he regretted bringing those crisps to school or he would not be punished. Whatever he was feeling, I could remember my feelings were ten times worse than his.

I didn't tell anyone I was the snitch. I wanted to apologise but I was afraid. I hid in a corner while his crowd of fans attempted to comfort him. Even now, this tall boy has not known who

the snitch was, but I suppose he'd forgotten it for ages. Sometimes I would recall the younger 'self' turning evil just because of a crisp and would like to go back to the past by the time machine and say sorry to him. It doesn't matter now because it happened over a decade. Though I still regret for what I did

