

Karma

To hate a person means to put oneself down. I never knew this until I encountered a memorable incident. The memory of this incident still pops into my mind whenever I have a big day. Now let me share a short story with you.

It was a big day for my school. Everybody was excited. They were running here and there to enroll in different activities for our sports day. I was a primary four student. Looking for my friend Bob, I walked through a tiny bridge which had no fence. Under that tiny bridge was a tiny stream which runs into a large pond outside my school. A group of girls came laughing and running behind me. Before I could turn back to give them space, I was knocked down by a girl. It was Emma, a girl whom I hated most in this world. "I am so sorry. It was just an accident", Emma said, lending me her hand to pull me out of the stream. My face turned red and I was completely soaked. "You must have done this intentionally to make me look stupid in front of your friends", I said pushing her and giving a glare as I left the place.

I changed my clothes and went to the foyer to check my competitors and the time of the relay race. I was completely shocked to see Emma's team as one of the competitors. For some reasons I was happy too because it was the best time to take revenge. My intention was to make her lose. "Now I'll show you who the real loser is", I mumbled running towards my friends. I kept backstabbing about Emma with my friends.

The relay race was about to begin. Emma was standing as the final runner, so did I. The first runners were in the ready position as the horn was about to beep. Lastly, glaring at Emma, I prayed for her team to lose.

The horn sounded and the first runner started running. The crowds of the spectators were cheering. The sunny weather made my face and body perspire. I, being the first one, bent down my knee a bit as my partner was approaching me. I grabbed the batten from my partner and started running. Far behind me was Emma. I smirked knowing that I was going to win. The finish line was just few meters away from me but unfortunately my right leg got cramped and I fell down with my head first bumping against the running track. The vision of last person crossing the finish line went blurry and I became unconscious.

When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying in bed in a clinic. I realized that I had been evil. From that day on, I learned that we should never find our success in other's failure. I learned that we should always take a positive attitude and never curse the others because karma comes back around. It was a big lesson for me.