

The first time I heard what Confucius said about how we should never apply to others what we do not wish to happen to ourselves, I laughed it off with a smirk on my face. Now I know better.

A couple of days before, I was on the MRT, occupying a priority seat in ignorance of an elderly man standing in front of me, as usual. I never really gave much thought to yielding seats to others because it was always I who came first, and I had right to sit comfortably on my seat. The MRT moved on. The old man tilted slightly as the carriage jerked to the left, his legs quivering. I turned on my mobile phone and closed my eyes on everything else around me. Everything is just fine, I told myself, in an effort to ignore the bitter taste of guiltiness right at

背面可繼續作答

the tip of my tongue.

However, justice prevailed, eventually. I was playing an extremely important basketball game when it happened. Dribbling the ball halfway through the court, my knees gave out under me all of a sudden, causing me to fall rather ungracefully to the ground. An unpleasant crack sounded the air like a lifeless, empty echo. Almost simultaneously, raw, scorching flames of pain licked at my ankle and shot up to my leg. No doubt, I had sprained my ankle. Badly. Letting out a cry of anguish, tears started springing freely from my eyes. Quite unsurprisingly, I was forced to retire from the match.

Later that day on the MRT, hobbling unsteadily on a crutch, I found "my" priority seat "occupied" by a pretty young lady. I had to stand, as a result. The carriage started to move. It jerked sharply to the left, nearly throwing me to the floor. Tears welled up in my eyes again for the second time that day. The young lady slapped open a book and began to read, refusing to notice me. What goes around does come around, I thought, and I would never, ever be so selfish again for as long as I live.