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As the MRT accelerates, I lean hard on my cane. A dull pain throbs in my broken ankle as I am forced to stand, putting a part of my weight on the plaster encasing my ankle. I gaze longingly at the priority seats, but they are both taken. In one rests an old man — to this I have no objection — but in the other seat is a young girl reading a book. "Alas, I am getting a taste of my own medicine." I think bitterly as I start to look back, with regret, upon my past...

Every morning, on my way to school, I used to shamelessly hog the priority seats. I never noticed the pleading look in the eyes of the old man who ^{could} never find a seat. He clung weakly to the grips on the ceiling that he could barely reach, balancing himself precariously on his cane, enduring the full force of every toss and turn of the speeding MRT. I never noticed the looks of disapproval and scorn of the other passengers. I never noticed the sad look on the face of the old woman who sat next to me. I was always deeply absorbed in my own selfish world, entirely oblivious of the needs of others around me.

背面可繼續作答

Then one day, on the basketball court, my punishment finally came. As I reached for the ball, I fell, crashing down hard on my right ankle. I felt something stretch tight and snap. An excruciating pain shot up through my leg, causing me to writhe in agony on the ground.

Immediately I was rushed to the hospital, where they put my ankle in a cast. The doctor said I had severely damaged the tendons in my heel and that I would have to walk with a cane for a year and a half. Overwhelmed with sadness, I realized I would never play on our school team ever again.

Little did I know that not being able to play basketball was nothing compared to the inconveniences I would have to face in daily life. Lugging the heavy cast around greatly exhausted me. I could not move more than fifty meters without becoming drenched in sweat.

Now, as I grit my teeth and struggle to hang on in the MRT, I finally truly understand that, for the disabled, even standing can be a great challenge. I stare at the girl in the priority seat, imagining what I would have looked like in the past. My cheeks burn in shame.

I vow that I will never use the priority seats when I don't need them again. I vow that I will help save the seats for the people in need of them. I vow that once I am well again, I will become the guardian of the priority seats! Mark my words: I will not allow anyone to hog any of the priority seats in my sight!