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As the cabin doors were about to close, I sprinted in and let out a huge sigh of relief, reveling in the fact that I made it on the MRT that would take me to school and prevent me from being late. Spotting an empty seat right next to the doors, I took it without a second thought and laid my heavy schoolbag beside my thigh. I was so concentrated on going through the playlist of Eminem's newest album that I failed to notice a wrinkled, trembling hand holding a cane near the plastic bench I was sitting on. It wasn't until an indignant businessman cleared his throat rather loudly that I realized the whole cart had been glaring daggers at my direction. I quickly stood up and apologized before fleeing the cart a few stops later.

Four hours later, I was running on the basketball court with my best friend Spencer, my embarrassing MRT encounter that morning completely forgotten. In the middle of a swift lay-up, Spencer's lean figure suddenly appeared in my sight. Before I could react, the concrete ground was already

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burning my cheek and white-hot pain was radiating from my ankle. My friend's face contorting in guilt was the last thing I saw before I was lifted into an ambulance and rushed to the ER.

The next day I found myself struggling to balance the heavy sac on my shoulder and my crutch, all the while trying to keep a firm hold on the plastic handle above my head. A girl was sitting at the spot I was banished from the day before, totally immersed in her book and oblivious to my hardship. I stared longingly at the seat, painfully feeling the wrath of karma. The kind backpacker standing behind me seemed to have read my mind and said, "Miss, would you mind giving your seat to this poor young man? He appears to need it more than you do."

Putting my crutch and school bag down, I smiled gratefully to the backpacker. Never had I been so thankful to the invention of priority seats and the close attention other passengers pay to make sure the seats are taken by the needy.