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When I was a twelfth grader, I was a selfish, arrogant young man who never showed sympathy to others. I remember that during the times I commuted to school, the MRT was always crowded with people. Not willing to stand all the way, I often threw my school bag on a vacant seat as soon as I saw one to prevent others from occupying "MY" seat. Then, I took out my cell phone and began to play the games in it. Sometimes, I seemed to hear some whispers that were criticizing me ^{about my} bossy attitude, but I didn't really keep those in mind. There were often many elder passengers who weren't fast enough to occupy a seat as I did, standing helplessly in front of me. I know they were suggesting that I should give away my seat, but that thought never occurred to me.

背面可繼續作答

One day, I was playing basketball with my friends at school. We were having a very close fight so I strived to get the ball to win the game. However, as I rushed toward the guy who was controlling the ball, I was tripped by his leg and tumbled on the ground. "Ouch!!!" I groaned with pain as I wrenched my ankle. "Oh, I am so sorry!" said the guy who threw the ball away and helped me up. I got my sprung ankle wrapped with ^{some} bandage, but it still hurt so much that I could hardly move. Since I became handicapped, I could no longer occupy seats as fast as I could before. Ironically, I became the one standing helplessly in front of people to beg them to give away their seats. Sadly, I was often ignored just ^{as the way as} the elder passengers had been ignored by me. I finally realized how heart-chilling it was to be neglected when I was in need. As I stood helplessly in front of the absent-minded ^{that selfish young man} passengers sitting ahead me, I saw who I used to be in their apathetic faces. Regretfully, I reflected on my previous attitude, and determined to give away my seat to people in need from now on.