

## The Worst Day in My Life

Yesterday was the epitome of MISERY for me.

Early morning, I went to Ocean Park with my friends. The trip was a farewell gathering for my classmate and best friend, Bell.

I prepared a special souvenir for Bell. There is a lovely shop selling hand-made hats on the way from the MTR station to school. There was a fancy hat with ribbons in the showcase. Bell exclaimed, "How glorious! It would be even better if it were adorned with faux flowers. But it's so expensive." Determined to surprise her, I bought her the hat. I also stitched some flowers and her name as a personal touch.

On arrival at Ocean Park, Bell called that she could not come. The rest of us went on thrilling rides and had lunch at the restaurant. We were upset that Bell did not show up. To make matters worse, it started to rain heavily. I could feel an ominous heaviness in the air. Unprepared, we and the hat were all drenched. The colour of the flowers ran off leaving dingy patches behind. My heart sank and I was fighting a losing battle with my tears!

At 2 o'clock we headed to our respective homes. I sought comfort in the fact that there would be ample time to go with Mum to the eye doctor at 4 o'clock. As I was about to settle the fare at the MTR, I realized that my pouch was missing! I had kept my octopus and mobile phone there. I retraced the route from the bus stop to the MTR station. My pouch was nowhere to be found.

I finally walked home, exhausted and frustrated. I was late for Mum's appointment. On reaching home, I met Mum at the foyer. "Gosh! Mum, you're bleeding!" I gasped. "I tripped in the wet market," said Mum with her eyes squinting. After the eye check-up, she went to buy groceries to make dinner. Mum picked a few bad potatoes and bought a stale fish. I felt so ashamed of myself. I should have accompanied her.

I think you want to know the ending. Several days later, I gave the spoiled hat to Bell. She said the run-off colour adds a beautiful touch to the design. She is happy that she and the hat are important talking pieces in "the worst day in my life". Whenever I talk about my worst day, I will remember her.

Moreover, there is no major problem with Mum's eyes. Mum was not angry with me. Someone found my pouch and took it to the police. The things inside were intact. I said to myself - *Every cloud has a silver lining*. I have also come to realize that not every day will bring fireworks. Sometimes, JOY is quiet, and small joys are enough to propel us further.