

The Amazing Game

I loved playing with remote controlled cars because I could drive at a high speed. Besides, it was a communication bridge between Dad and I. Dad was busy with his work but he always spent his free time playing with me. He taught me to play with remote controlled cars and helped me to upgrade my cars.

Later, Dad encouraged me to join a remote controlled car racing competition and went to the competition with me. The venue was big. There were thirty competitors. We were divided into five groups. Each group had ten minutes to drive the car for three laps of the racetrack. The first one to finish would advance to the next round and compete for the championship. I was assigned to group one.

Game Start! Other competitors drove really fast. WOW! But I easily got first place. "Not that difficult!" I thought and began to scorn other competitors with my eyes.

Unfortunately, when I was laughing at other cars, my car crashed accidentally. "OH MY GOD!" I was shocked and yelled angrily. My car turned upside down and I had to put it back on the track. Meanwhile, other cars took over me quickly. I was frustrated when I saw that I was in the last position. "The game has not yet finished, and I will never give up!" I told myself. I held the controller tightly and tried to catch up with other cars. I was in 6th position. Then 5th, 4th, 3rd, 2nd! The first car and mine were getting closer and closer. I was getting more excited but nervous. "We have a champion!" The judge announced loudly.

Sigh. I finished the game in 2nd position. Although I tried hard, I still lost the game. I was disappointed but Dad came to cheer me up. He said he would always practise with me. Right! It didn't matter that I lost because I would win back the next time!

Out of my expectation, a boy came to me. He said, "Your car and your skills were excellent! Can you tell me how you upgraded your car? Maybe we can exchange ideas!" I was surprised, smiled, and said yes. Playing remote controlled cars was such an amazing game by which I could enjoy the exciting process, feel the love of Dad, and make friends.

A Day in the City

I was a library. I was very big and colourful so those humans gave me a name, Billy. The city I lived in was very beautiful and colourful so the city was called Rainbow city. The people were kind here and only a few people were bad and naughty. I always saw the kind people in the city, but something changed my mind.

One day, a little boy came into me. I was very happy because I thought the little boy would read a lot of books, but I didn't know that the little boy was very naughty. He shouted in the library.

"What's the matter?" asked my best friend Terry. Terry was my friend. He was a boy. In the beginning, we didn't know each other but why we were friends was a long story. Throwing back to a night a year ago, I wanted to sleep but suddenly there was a loud voice.

Where is my homework?

I was shocked. "What? There mustn't be anyone inside me at night."

"Who was that?" A boy said. He came out of the library as fast as he could. He stopped and looked at me.

"Did you talk to me?" "Yes. I am Billy the library. I can help you find your homework." I looked at my tummy and I saw that it was on the desk! "Thank you Billy! Can.....n we be friends?" I asked. Of course! I want to be friends with you too!" The boy said it happily. "What's your name?" "My name is Terry." He said it shyly. That's how we became friends!

"Laaaaaaaaaaaa!" My mind came back to reality. "There is a little boy shouting in me!" I told Terry. I looked down at my tummy, and the little boy was jumping up and down on the chair and running here and there. "Oh My God! My tummy hurt very much!"

"Stop!" A librarian said. "Looks like there is a helper." said Terry. But the little boy did not listen. Terry was very angry and he stopped the boy for me. So the little boy ran out of the library because he was scared that he couldn't go to the library anymore. Then, my tummy was not hurt anymore.

The little boy said sorry to me and he promised not to run in the library anymore.

I realised that even though some people were bad, they would know that they did wrongly and returned to being good again.

The city was beautiful again.

November is Gone!

One morning when I woke up, I saw that it was full of Christmas lights outside. Yesterday was Halloween and today was just the start of November. Why was everyone so happy?

I wanted to find out the reason. I went outside and asked someone named Condia. 'Hey, it's November now. Why does everyone celebrate Christmas?' She said, 'What is even the word November? I haven't heard of this word and you'd better check it up on the internet. And what do you mean it's not time for Christmas soon?' I felt sad because she was not polite.

I asked more people about November. I asked Kessia. She said, 'Oh! November? This word doesn't exist anymore but I might help you!' What does that mean? Did the dictionary cancel this word? I followed her for the truth about November.

On the way, she peeped at me constantly and I felt uneasy. She wanted to say something but swallowed her words. At last, she said, 'Actually, this is a mystery. Everyone thinks November is gone already, but it hasn't yet. Do you believe in me?' She seemed like testing me. 'A long time ago, everyone didn't know about November but I'm the only one who knows about it. Gradually I forgot this word, just like I forgot my mum and dad who passed away.' This mystery seemed much more important than what I had imagined. I followed Kessia suit, hoping not to miss any important moments.

We walked and walked. We found a tower and there were people sitting on chairs and listening to a guy talking. The tall tower stood in the forest, shining like silver under the moon. It was guarded by the knights and watched by a wise old owl. The guy said, 'We can't let her go away. November is a woman wearing torn clothes. Her days are cold and empty. People avoid her sadness and want her to disappear. But most important of all, November has magical powers. When she is on the planet for one day, ten people forget about her. We don't know if she will make people forget other things too, so everyone has tried to kill November.' November was a person people wanted to kill! In my dream, November was a month between October and December. It seemed like I was wrong.

We wanted to save the people and November so went to find her immediately. Finally, we found her in a hidden garden, quietly caring for fallen leaves. We realized she was gentle, not cruel, only lonely. She did no harm to anyone, just that her loneliness made ten people forget about her each day. In the end, people cleared up the misunderstandings, welcomed her with kindness, and no one ever wanted to kill her.

November is Gone!

"33°C! Christmas is coming next month but we are still wearing vests and shorts! There will be no November in the future!" Mum exclaimed when she watched the weather report.

"No November? That means we will only have eleven months?" I asked. I was shocked.

"Haha," Mum laughed, "Don't worry, we will still have twelve months. I mean November is disappearing. It should be autumn now but it is hot like summer. Very soon, we will only have summer and winter."

I was really upset. I liked cool autumn most. I enjoyed flying kites, going hiking and going on picnics in November. I didn't want it to disappear so I asked Mum what I could do. The method sounded easy. She told me to save the environment.

After that, I strictly followed the 3Rs, reduce, reuse, recycle, just liked what the textbook taught us. I encouraged my friends to follow too. I even grew plants at home. I hoped Mr. Earth could get well soon. However, when December came, the weather was still hot.

Finally, I decided to study hard. I would become a scientist when I grew up. I would invent materials that could replace wood so that trees would not need to be cut down and make Earth green again. So, November, please stay! Please wait for me!

Grandma hated me and I hated her

Grandma hated me and I hated her because we always argued. Sometimes I hated her because she didn't buy me a teddy bear. Sometimes she hated me because I was a bad boy. That's why I loved Grandpa more than her. But something happened that changed our relationship.

One day, I flew a kite happily in the garden. I ran and jumped and laughed happily. Suddenly, the kite tangled in a tree. I pulled the kite string hard but it was still trapped in the tree. I started to cry. Grandma walked past. She was annoyed and frowned at me. "Just a toy..." she murmured. I cried more loudly. "That is my favourite toy..." Grandma peered at the kite. Then, she walked towards the tree and clumsily climbed on it! After a great effort, Grandma finally got the kite back for me. I gave Grandma a big smile. She gave me a smile back that I had never seen.

Since then, Grandma and I have been getting closer. She played with me and I helped her to do housework. Grandma loved me and I loved her.

Unfortunately, while I was in secondary, Grandma died because she was too old. On that day, I finally remembered I had to say sorry. But it was too late. "Why! Why did I not say sorry! That was unbelievable!" I cried and said sadly.

In the end, I took my kite, went to the garden and sat under the tree. This was a place full of memories of Grandma and I. I looked at the sky and hoped that Grandma could listen to what I said, "I'm sorry for being naughty. Thank you for loving me. I love you so much, Grandma!"

I'm blind since I was born

I'm blind since I was born. I have never seen the colour of the world and my mum's big smile. I could only feel it but I didn't know the colour of the things. But I still could smell the fresh meal my mum gave me, and I could feel my mum's hug and I felt so warm.

I learned Braille when I was young. I didn't learn how to write at school. As my eyes could not see, my sense of smell, touch and hearing were stronger than a normal person. I loved playing the piano and listening to music in my free time. I liked playing with my fluffy dolls and sleeping on my silky bed.

My friends always told me what the world looked like and let me know more about the world. I knew I was living in a peaceful world.

My family treated me as a normal person at home and told me there was no limitation due to blindness. I could try to do anything if I wanted. This let me know I was not useless at all and blindness was not as bad as one might imagine.

At least I am not afraid of the dark.

I am blind since I was born

I am blind since I was born. But I have many good friends. We always play together. One day I went outside to meet my friends. I walked on the blind road with my stick. But there were many bicycles on it. I couldn't go further.

I felt very helpless, so I went back home. I was tired. Then I went to sleep and had a dream. In the dream, my eyes recovered! I saw the world. The world was so colorful.

I saw the tall buildings and green trees. But there were no people here! I was wondering where they were. I don't know. I was alone, I thought.

Then I woke up. I felt so happy. It was only a dream. It was better to live in a world where there were lots of friends but being blind, rather than seeing a colorful world but being alone! I don't want to lose them ever!

