"See you tommorow!" My teacher, Ms Lim exclaimed. Everyone rushed out of the classroom like a herd of Elephants. "La, la, la" I hummed a tune merrily as I walked back home. It was a seemingly peaceful afternoon. When came home, I was greated with an aroma of delicious food. After gobbling up my food, I immediately started reading a new book I got for my birthday. "Yes! I think I got to the interesting part." I thought. Right when I turned the page, I saw it marred with crayon scribbles! I knew my younger brother did it because he just got a new set of crayons. My face turned as red as any ku Kueh. I was furious! I stormmed into my brothers room and bellowed "WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY BOOK!" My brother hung his head in shame and muttered " I... I... am sorry" At that momment I could not control my emotions so I took his favourite Stuffed toy and ripped the head off. "That is what you get for ruining my book!" I said angryly. My brother burst out crying. I realised what I did and thought, "I have to fix this or else mom will scold me." I immediately ran to my friend's house, like a crazy mad horse on steroids. You may be thinking, why would I go to my friend, Amy? Well Amy is very good at sewing so, I wanted her to sew the head of the Stuffed toy back together with the body. "Ding! Dong!" I ringed the bell. When amy opened the door, I said, "hI Amy, I need you to help me sew this stuffed toy back together as fast as possible." She immediately took the toy and started sewing. I could not believe my eyes, she was so fast. After five minutes, everything was fixed. I thanked Amy profusely. She offered me to stay a bit longer but I really had to go back home. "See you at school!" Amy said. I came home panting, I was drenched in sweat. I realised that my mother was comforting my brother. When I walked into the room, I apologised. "I am so sorry for not controlling my emotions, I went out to ask Amy to sew it back together." My brother was very appy and jumped up and down. In a nutshell My mother was very Proud of me that I took responsibility to fix it back. The next time something like this happends, I will control my emotions. I was quite happy too, even though a page of my book was ruined and I did not control my emotions, I practiced to be responsible and I dit not get scolded by my mother.