

Write about your perfect afternoon

(Singapore–Cambridge ‘O’ Level 1184/01 2023 Q3)

What is your favourite time of the day? The drowsy mornings when the aureate Sun first casts its dazzling rays upon the world? The chilly nights when only the sound of crickets—and maybe cars’ honking—can be heard amidst the tenebrous dusk? Or perhaps, the languorous afternoons in the sweltering heat of the Sun. Well, this may sound cliché, but I don’t have any particular favourite. I can, however, say that there is a perfect afternoon for me. An afternoon where I can do all the things I love. An afternoon where I can eat all the foods I love. An afternoon where I can wash away all my worries and concerns, and enjoy the thrilling times of the present.

First, my perfect afternoon must always start in the comfortable embrace of my home. Reposed on my favourite bean bag in the middle of the living room, a stand-up fan blasts me with cooling air. As I flip through the pages of the book I picked from the library the previous day, only the rustling of the pages reverberated off the walls of the living room along with the hum of the stand-up fan. Then, after two pages of perusing my book, I lose myself. I lose myself to the ethereal worlds of fantasy, riding alongside omnipotent dragons through the azure sky. I lose myself to the enigmatic worlds of mystery, where the truths are obfuscated by thick mist. I lose myself to the steamy worlds of romance, where I envision myself reposed on a beach chair with my significant other, staring out to the golden sun that set in the orange and lavender sky. With the reinvigorating sounds of the undulating cerulean waves of the sea, we engaged in small talk with one another. Occasionally, we threw in a couple of jokes, resulting in rapturous laughter from the both of us. However, this happiness was ephemeral. Time flew like an eagle through the sky, and now my stomach was growling in frustration. I get up from the cloud-soft bean bag—albeit reluctantly—and forge the number at the bottom of the page I was at, into my memory. Then, I drag my family along and march to the nearby shopping mall, like troopers in formation

We find ourselves at the front of a renowned restaurant—Sushi-Tei. It was the restaurant with Japanese cuisine that our entire family loved with all our hearts, and also the restaurant we scouted out this afternoon. Ushered in, we sat around a round table. Then we peruse the menu. It is full of flamboyant sushi and mouth-watering meals—almost as if the foods are begging us through the pages to buy them. After a long discussion, we reciprocate our orders to the waiter who was called by and waited. Then, after a moderate wait, our food came. The tangy aroma of the lemons wafts into my nose. The moisture of the fresh fish scintillates against the light. The sashimi wobbles and jiggles on the blobs of white rice. Without any further prompt, we dig in, like voracious wolves starved for weeks. The briny taste of sashimi sent torrents of dopamine rushing through my head. The crunchy texture of the fried chicken urged my tastebuds for more. The spicy wasabi shot up my nose and sent tears rolling down my cheeks. It was bliss. While we eat merrily, we chat about our weeks and share humorous encounters we had, filling the room with gales of laughter. After finishing our lunch, we step out of the restaurant with satisfied stomachs and empty wallets. Then, I bid my family goodbye and make my way to the nearby library.

Stepping into the library, I am assaulted by the glacial air of the air conditioning. Relieved by the comfortable change in temperatures from the blistering temperature outside, I make my way to my favourite corner of the library. The corner is at the top floor of the library, where a singular chair resides fronting a large window pane that overlooks the cityscape. After sitting down, I take out my laptop and begin to write. As an avid reader, I also spend lots of time coming up with stories as a hobby. I regurgitate my worlds of imagination—the fantastical characters I meet; the suspicious people I encounter; and the horrifying monsters that chase me. I lose myself again, putting myself into the shoes of my characters. Then, after a long session, I look up only to see the sky foreboding at the end of the day. Stretching my arms out, I decide to call it a day.

Leaving the library with dusk encroaching on the streets outside, I promise myself that I will do it all again. I will indulge in books in the comforts of home again. I will eat my favourite foods alongside my family again. I will continue to write my stories with the hopes and dreams of becoming a bestselling author one day. This is my perfect afternoon, the afternoon I love and the afternoon I hope you enjoyed reading too.

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Writer Notes:

This is the transcribed version of my 'O' level essay from memory. I was personally very satisfied with this essay—the best essay I've written within time constraints. It's crazy how much I wrote! I tried my best to retain the same quality I used for 'O' levels, the same tense and vocabulary(I didn't add any but I might've missed some). However, the grammar is polished for I cannot possibly recall mishaps in my grammar. I hope you enjoyed reading this too!

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