The hustle and bustle in the corridors signalled the end of the school day. As usual, Mingli waited for the school bus together with his friend, Dewei. The boys were next-door neighbours and had been taking the same school bus together for the past three years.

They boarded the bus and sat at their usual seats. After a while, the two of them began dashing up and down the aisle, playing a game of catching. “Stop playing!” one of the older pupils warned. “It’s dangerous!” another pupil called out to them. Still, the well-intentioned advice went unheeded as they continued playing and shouting rowdily.

“Honk!” the bus jerked forward violently and came to a sudden halt as the driver jammed on the brakes. A little boy had ridden his bicycle into the path of the bus. “Hey! Look where you are going!” shouted the irate bus driver. Fortunately he had managed to brake in time and had not hit the little boy. Cursing under his breath, he stared daggers at the careless cyclist and did not realise that Dewei and Mingli had fallen onto the floor and hurt themselves.
Mingli started sobbing as he had fallen on his arm and hurt it badly. Dewei had grazed his knee and it was bleeding slightly. One of the students on the bus promptly informed the bus driver about what had happened. The bus driver stopped the bus to take a look at the two boys and found that Mingli had broken his arm. He immediately announced to the students that he would be driving Mingli to the hospital before sending the rest of them home.

Mingli snivelled pathetically throughout the ride to the hospital. He regretted being so mischievous; he had learnt the hard way why he should not run about in a moving vehicle.

Question 2

It was a sweltering afternoon and I was feeling particularly lethargic, especially after attending a two-hour long tuition class. I decided to get myself a cold drink before heading home.

On my way to the provision shop, I heard a soft weeping sound coming from a staircase landing. I treaded softly up the stairs while following the sound carefully and keeping my ears open. Unfortunately, my sling bag slid off my shoulder and the thud it produced made my presence known. The crying stopped abruptly.

To satisfy my curiosity, I waited for a while before continuing to walk up the stairs. To my surprise, I came face-to-face with a little Malay girl. She was sitting on the steps, hugging her legs and staring at me with a tear-
streaked face. We looked at each other for some time, neither of us saying a word. Finally, I decided to break the silence.

“Hey, are you all right?” I asked softly. She remained silent and looked away from me, using the back of her hand to wipe away her tears. As she did not look physically hurt, I decided to mind my own business and leave her there. Just as I stepped away, she grabbed my hand and wailed, “Mummy!” before breaking into a fresh bout of tears.

I decided to take her to the neighbourhood police post in the vicinity. The policeman on duty took down my statement and contact number before telling me to go home. He assured me that she was in safe hands. I looked at the little Malay girl who had fallen asleep in the chair and prayed that she would be reunited with her mother soon.

Revision Paper 5

Question 1

It was the school holidays. Ali decided to bring his son, Anirudth, to the fun fair as Anirudth had done well for his examinations and Ali wanted to give him a reward.

“Wow! Look at that! The Ferris wheel is huge! And the roller coaster! I want to ride them all!” Anirudth gushed in uncontrollable excitement. After the rides, they played a shooting game in which Ali won a toy bear. While Ali
was redeeming the prize, Anirudth was attracted by the sight of a clown about fifty metres away. The clown waved enthusiastically. He had a red nose, white face and a yellow wig. Dressed in a rainbow-coloured costume, he was giving out free balloons and lollipops to little children. Anirudth sprinted towards the clown in anticipation.

Without even a backward glance, Anirudth followed the clown around the fun fair, hoping to get more lollipops from him. After a while, he got tired and thirsty. It was then that he realised that he had lost sight of his father! He panicked and looked around frantically but his father was nowhere in sight. Anirudth started wailing loudly. Meanwhile, Ali had alerted the management to mobilise their staff to look for Anirudth. Ali was worried sick.

After an hour of searching, one of the staff finally found Anirudth. He brought Anirudth to the information counter where Ali was waiting anxiously. Anirudth ran towards Ali tearfully and hugged him. “I’m sorry,” he apologised softly. Amruth had no heart to reprimand his son and without another word, the two of them went home together, claspimg each other’s hand tightly.

Question 2

“Be careful! That’s fragile!” a voice boomed across the corridor. I was roused from my sleep by the noise of shuffling feet and things being moved around. Feeling slightly irritated, I opened my window to see what
the commotion was about. To my surprise and pleasure, I saw people moving things into the empty flat next door.

I ran out into the living room to tell my parents that a new neighbour was moving in! I was extremely excited as I had seen two boys carrying boxes into the flat. Since our previous neighbour moved out, I had been wishing desperately for a family with children to move in so that I would have company.

“Bring them some of these freshly-made pancakes, Joel,” Mum called out to me. I washed up quickly and knocked on their door. One of the boys and a lady in her mid-forties came to the door. The boy looked friendly while the lady looked embarrassed, probably because her hair was in a dishevelled mess.

“Good morning, how can I help you?” she asked earnestly. “Hi Auntie, I live next door and my mother has prepared some pancakes to welcome you and your family to the neighbourhood,” I said shyly and politely.

“Yummy!” the boy exclaimed and introduced himself as Terry. His mother thanked me warmly. I was happy because I had made new friends in my neighbourhood, all thanks to my mother’s plate of pancakes.
“Ring Ring!” tinkled the familiar bell of the ice-cream van. James and Jonathan had just ended their basketball game and were sweating profusely due to the blistering heat.

“Hey Jonathan, let’s get some ice-cream. I can’t stand the heat anymore!” James exclaimed. They joined the snaking queue of people waiting to buy ice-cream. While they stood in line, the boys were salivating at the thought of the cool ice cream sliding down their throats. “Let’s get two cones each!” Jonathan suggested greedily. James nodded in agreement.

“I would like two chocolate and two vanilla cones, please,” James said to the vendor. The two boys stood by the side of the road, savouring their ice-cream. After finishing their ice-cream, they went to an arcade to play some games. Soon, it was evening and time to go home. On their way back, Jonathan suddenly felt an acute pain in his stomach. “Hey, let’s walk a bit faster, I need to use the toilet.”

He noticed at that moment that James was as pale as a sheet. He was also breaking out in cold sweat. “I think I need to vomit,” whispered James, grimacing in pain and holding his tummy. Both boys ran towards the nearest drain in sight and started vomiting violently. They felt extremely uncomfortable as they were containing the urge to go to the toilet at the same time.
James called his mother and she told him she would meet them at the nearest clinic. The doctor gave both the boys injections to stop the diarrhoea and vomiting. After this incident, the two boys did not dare to be so greedy or buy food from roadside vendors again.

Question 2

I glanced at my watch which showed that there was only five more minutes to the end of recess. “M-E-T-I-C-U-L-O-U-S,” I repeated aloud to myself. There was going to be a spelling test immediately after recess and I was doing some last minute revision.

“Tony Teo!” a woman’s voice rang out from behind me. The voice was full of rage. I turned around and saw a woman with short curly hair walking briskly towards me. She looked as if she was coming to confront me. I stood up from my seat and said that I was Tony. In a split second, she reached out and slapped me across the face!

I got a rude shock and stood rooted to the ground, speechless for a few seconds.

“What did I do?” I asked in a shaky voice.

“That was to avenge my son! How dare you bully him!” the woman screamed. By then, everybody in the whole canteen was looking in our direction. A teacher who had heard the commotion came over. I was bewildered by the accusation and told the teacher that the lady had made
a mistake. The teacher looked at me calmly and nodded her head before taking the lady away with her to the staffroom.

I went back to my classroom to take my spelling test but I could not concentrate. The heat across my cheek reminded me constantly of the episode in the canteen.

About half an hour later, the teacher came to my classroom and said a few words to my English teacher before calling me out of the classroom. The lady who had slapped me was there. She apologised profusely and explained that it had been another boy with the same name who had bullied her son. I was relieved to hear that the misunderstanding had been cleared up. It had truly been a nasty experience for me!

Revision Paper 10

Question 1

Jason and Liming were two delinquents whose favourite pastime after school was loitering and smoking at the void deck of their block. That Friday, they were smoking as usual when Liming spotted two neighbourhood policemen walking in their direction. “Quick! The cops are coming, let’s go!” he urged.

Jason hastily flung his cigarette butt in the direction of a nearby dustbin. However, he did not notice that it had missed the bin. Both boys
went their separate ways without even a backward glance.

Meanwhile, the cigarette which Jason had thrown landed on a pile of newspapers near the dustbin. The newspapers began burning quietly but after a few minutes, the small specks of fire grew into hungry flames! Two old men who were sitting at the far end of the void deck saw the fire and were rudely shocked by the blazing flames. One of them called the fire brigade while the other one shouted to passers-by to help put out the fire.

The fire was eventually extinguished. The police questioned eyewitnesses on whether they had seen anyone committing arson. “I vaguely remember two boys in uniform from Parkview Secondary School hanging around the area smoking just now,” recalled one of the old men.

The police began their investigations and finally found the two boys. Although they had not set the fire intentionally, they were arrested for under-aged smoking. The boys realised then that justice has a long arm and crime will always catch up with one eventually.

Question 2

The morning air was cool and fresh. It was a Friday and I was walking to school with light-hearted steps as it was the end of the week. As I walked along the familiar route towards my school gate, I saw a crowd of people gathering at the road junction. I was bewildered and overwhelmed with curiosity, and decided to take a look since I was early for school.
I squeezed past the crowd with much difficulty, and to my horror, I found my best friend, Aaron, lying on the ground, unconscious in a pool of blood. I realised that I needed to act fast or my friend could die. “Will someone please call for an ambulance?” I shouted to the crowd hysterically. Somebody whipped out his mobile phone and immediately telephoned for help.

While waiting, I checked to see if Aaron was conscious and tried to talk to him but he was unresponsive. I paced around anxiously and ran to look for help from the school office. Breathless and sweating profusely, I saw my principal but words failed me. I communicated by gesturing frantically in the direction of the school gate. He understood and followed me out.

The ambulance arrived just as my principal and I were making our way towards Aaron. The paramedics stopped his bleeding and rushed him to the hospital. Six hours and one operation later, Aaron regained his consciousness. He remembered that he had been knocked down by a car on his way to school but had no recollection of what had happened after that. As for me, I was just glad that my best friend had survived the accident.

Revision Paper 11

Question 1

It was a blistering morning and the Farrer Primary School soccer team was having its weekly soccer practice. “I’m here, pass me the ball!” Johnny exclaimed.
His team-mate, Allan gave a hard kick as he tried to kick the ball into the opposing team’s goal. The kick was so **forceful** that the ball flew over the school fence. It **whizzed through the air** and across the road. The boys **jeered** as it was a pain to have to stop the game to retrieve the ball.

However, in the next second, they were **confronted by a sight to behold**! The ball had hit the fire hydrant across the road and had knocked off one of its covers. A **powerful jet of water gushed out** from the hydrant. People around quickly **steered clear** of the area. All the boys **gaped in shock** at the water **surging from** the fire hydrant. Allan and some of the boys quickly ran over to see what they could do. Allan took off his shirt and **tried with all his might** to stuff it into the opening but the jet of water was too strong.

Fortunately, a police car was patrolling the area and stopped to help. One of the policemen told Allan to take a step back from the fire hydrant as he was actually standing in front of the tap that controlled the flow of water. The policeman turned the tap anti-clockwise a few times and the **jet of water slowed until not a trickle was left**.

Allan’s teammates who had **witnessed his failed attempt to salvage the situation** started **sniggering**. Allan felt stupid and **walked back sulkily** to school.

**Question 2**

Miss Chng **walked solemnly** into the class with a stack of papers. The class immediately knew what that meant. “Our examination scripts!” the
students whispered among themselves, in barely audible voices, hardly able to contain their excitement.

“I am going to return your Science papers today,” said Miss Chng with a smile on her lips. “Averine,” Miss Chng called out. That was me. Last semester I had done extremely badly for Science and had put in extra effort to prepare myself for this examination.

I walked calmly towards Miss Chng, took a deep breath before glancing at my results. “Oh no, I barely got a B, my parents will be so disappointed,” I thought, my shoulders drooping in disappointment.

After everyone’s papers had been returned, the class was bustling with excitement. Everyone was comparing results with one another but I was totally not in the mood. I guess it showed on my grumpy face as nobody dared to ask me about my results.

“Settle down, please,” Miss Chng announced. “Generally, the whole level did not do well so most of you would have scored much lower than expected. However, I have a little present for the pupil with the highest marks in this class.” Everyone started shouting and guessing who the highest scorer was.

“Congratulations, Averine!” The class clapped and cheered. I was shocked beyond words. I stood up in surprise and walked forward to receive my gift. The present was wrapped up in shiny gold paper with a brown ribbon. I thanked her and went back to my seat.
I could not wait to tell my parents about it. From this incident, I learnt that hard work always pays off!

Revision Paper 12

Question 1

Julie’s father seldom had time for her because he was always as busy as a bee. On her birthday, he decided to make up for lost time by bringing Julie to the newly-renovated library near their home.

At the library, Julie sat at a table while her father read her a story. She felt sleepy and wished that she was back at home in her comfortable bed. She tried to look interested in her father’s story-telling but soon fell asleep.

Suddenly, Julie was awoken by the shrill ringing of her father’s mobile phone. Her father quickly answered it. Feeling bored, Julie started flipping through the books on the table. They contained some really beautiful pictures and Julie thought they would look good on the walls of her room. She started tearing them out happily.

Upon hearing the tearing sounds, Julie’s father turned around and was appalled to see the mess of paper on the table. He shouted for Julie to stop what she was doing. Julie had never seen her father so angry before.

He grabbed her and marched to the information counter with the books. He explained the situation to the librarian and apologised profusely.
before taking out his wallet to pay for the damage done to the books. Julie realised the gravity of her mistake and felt extremely ashamed of herself. From then on, Julie made sure that she treated books with care.

**Question 2**

It was a lazy Sunday afternoon. Father and Mother had gone out and had left me and my elder sister, Kimberly, at home. I was supposed to be revising for my Science examination but I kept dozing off. Out of the blue, a loud blast of music from the living room jolted me awake. I nearly jumped out of my skin! Immediately, I went to see what was going on.

I saw a few of Kimberly's friends dancing in the living room. What surprised me was that my sister was choreographing the dance. I had no idea my sister could dance, and in fact, she looked pretty good! I stood in a small corner of the living room, admiring the energy and vigour of their steps. I found myself bouncing to the addictive rhythm of the music and unconsciously trying to follow the steps too.

Just then, Kimberly noticed me. She came over, ruffled my hair playfully and jokingly asked if I was trying to dance with my two left feet. My cheeks turned crimson and I quietly returned to my room to continue with my boring revision.

Although it was only for a short while, I knew at that moment that I wanted to learn to dance as well as Kimberly. I resolved not to let my sister look down on me!