

105 學年度第 1 學期高中部英文作文比賽

請勿拆開

1. Life is full of challenges. You may have to make decisions in the face of the difficulties. Sometimes you make a right decision; sometimes, wrong. Write a composition of at least 500 words to tell a right (or wrong) decision you have made before, which has an impact on your life.
2. 比賽時間：13:10~14:50，共 100 分鐘。
3. 不得使用任何形式的字典與電子載具，其餘依本校考試規定辦理。

Everything happened with a cause; with a different decision to the dilemma usually winds up with a different outcome. I am not a good decision maker, I like things decided for me; some might say I'm an easy going person, others might say I'm evading responsibility, well, I feel like both types. One can't forever hide from situations where a choice must be made, a choice that decides your path of life.

It is quite ironic that I'm not having any trouble deciding which story of my "life choices" to tell; from all that I remember, there is one single event that's significant enough to stand out from all other events. My "life-changing decision" was made about nine years ago when I was in second grade. I have one best friend who I do pretty much everything with him, from sports to meals to studies, the only time we would split up is when we both got back home. One of our favorite activity is to go to the school store and pick up some snacks to share with, it is always delightful to take a walk around the campus, chatting with your best friend. But one time, when we arrived at the school store, he asked me if I had extra money with me, "No, I don't, sorry," I said. He told me he really likes this new multi-functional pen, never before seen in any stationery stores, and now available at the school

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store. I told him to save more allowance and come next time, "I've got it, no need to wait till next time." he said. He took two of the special pens and slid it into his pocket, "We've always been friends, do me a favor and keep this between us." he whispered into my ears. Chills spread from my face to my limbs, it is the first time ever I've done something illegal by law.

Days passed, I still can't relieve the load on my mind, seeing my best friend commit a crime. I tried my best to forget whatever happened and act natural when he's around. But in the same week, the morning assembly on Friday, the teacher announced, with a serious demeanor, about the incident of shoplifting in the school store. Everyone was shocked by such news, and started to look around, as if they are seeking for the thief. For the first time, I am actually certain of the identity of an anonymous subject, everything fits. Seven periods of the day passed, it's finally time to go home. I bid farewell to my friend but quietly stayed at my desk. Half an hour after class is dismissed, I've finally made my decision. I walked into the student's affairs office, and talked to the teacher who announced this morning. I ratted out my best friend. I described how the process was done, which colors of pen he took how many, which recess and what he told me, everything. Knowing I might lose my friend, I held my tears in, my voice trembled. The teacher acknowledged my information, told me I did the right thing and patted me on the shoulders, but all I could think of is I "betrayed" my very best friend, nothing else actually matters or makes sense to me.

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After a gloomy weekend, I remember vividly, it rained for two days, what a perfect weekend to combine with my clouded feelings. I couldn't think of anything. I stayed idle for most of the time. Monday has come, my best friend came in with a bright shining smile, ready to meet with his best friend, only to find him quietly at his seat. Showing no emotions. I looked at him, he was completely oblivious of what's coming for him. He asked if I'm alright, "Just a little sick." I lied. Our homeroom teacher came in during lunch time, asked my best friend to follow her, and she also grabbed his pencil case. I know he's in deep trouble. I also know I'm in trouble as well. His parents were notified and picked him from school, I'm sure they had to pay for what their son has stolen. Other disciplinary acts should also follow.

discipline

My best friend for five years suddenly wanted no relationship with me, "I hate you, you are no longer my best friend." he told me, strictly. His words struck my heart like a truck. Tears ran down my cheeks. It was the end of the semester, for the last month we kept at least five meters away from each other, not a single interaction, not even a word. Classes will shuffle every two years; a summer vacation passed and I was

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hoping for a new start, only to discover that he had transferred. Back then no emails, no facebook, no phones. I lost my best friend of five years (half of my age).

This incident had me thinking, did I make the right decision? From where I'm currently standing, I believe it is the right call. I also believe that there is no perfect decision, every choice is a sacrifice. In my case, I sacrificed my very best friend, also my trustworthiness. But what I gained, is my lawful and righteous traits. I also hope that this incident would teach my friend a life lesson. On top of that, I learned to communicate with my friends, if I could convince my friend to do the right thing, none of this would have happened. Until today I still haven't heard a single thing about my lost companion. My decision deeply traumatized both of our young hearts. I know it is the correct decision, I just hope that he understands what decision he made wrong, and I hope that he can understand that I made the right decision.