

Friday 17th September Sunny

Dear Diary,

It all began from this morning, when I just stepped in the classroom, the first thing that came into my sight was my best friend, Charlie, busily working on his homework, which should have been done the previous day. But I didn't think too much at that time as my body was already at breaking point due to heat and tiredness. Thanks to my heavy and school bag and the staircase all the way to the school from the bus stop, I was out of breath.

'Ring—' 'It's 8a.m. guys! Time to hand in your homework!' shouted our class teacher. With an accidental glance, I saw Charlie handing an identical piece of homework over to his neighbourly classmate, Simpson. From I realised that he had been copying from Simpson's homework. Little wonder that he could complete it quickly in the dying minutes.

Having witnessed the whole process, a battle between friendship and righteousness had begun in my mind. I was pondering whether to betray my friend and preserve justice, or to pretend this had not happened and be a coward. Finally, I made my decision, I slowly walked to the teacher and reported the circumstance to him. Each step made was tough and heavy, as it reminded me of every stride we had been through, every up and down we had experienced together, and I was going to tear all those beautiful memories up.

With a moment of hesitation, with a disappointing look hung up on the teacher's face, he spoke, 'Cheating on homework is a very serious guilt, whether you've caught or not. For now, you'll still be forgiven as you are a teenager. But when you have grown up, nobody will give leniency on your wrongdoings. Secondary school is a process of changing from a teenager to an adult, and I genuinely want all of you to be mature. Charlie, Simpson, please come.'

During the 5-minute interrogation, my feeling was very complicated. Doubts, nervousness and worries were floating up one by one all over my mind. I was doubting myself whether I've done it correctly. I was nervous about the final decision made in the interrogation. I was worried about their feelings, their thoughts on me, how they would be punished, and most importantly — if our friendship could be kept.

Afterwards, we went back to our seats, separately. In the remaining hours of the day, Charlie didn't even speak a word to me. I really hope that he will forget this and forgive me soon in the future, hopefully.

Love,

Chris Wong