

A Donation

Lovely phrase to capture the pleasant weather! 😊

Although the sky was a vibrant hue of azure blue, Shelia could not be happy. She had wandered off into a run-down building only to find out that it was an orphanage. The mere interior of the orphanage damped her exuberant spirit so much that only disappointment could be felt. Rags were strewn everywhere, plants were wilted, the carpet was frayed and mud-caked, and worst of all, the paint on the walls were peeling horribly – all of it.

Vivid picture of the orphanage! 😊

“How can I help you, Miss?” a stranger with cat-like eyes emerged from behind the counter.

Shelia turned around and saw the bone-thin stranger behind her, dressed in equally dull clothes. She blurted out, “Can I take a look in your orphanage?”

The stranger nodded slowly. “This way” she pointed to a rotting staircase. Shelia climbed up the staircase. Before long, she reached the second level.

Short impactful sentence! 😊

The sight before her was grotesque.

Emaciated children were lounging on their hammocks, so thin and so poorly dressed in rags that Shelia could literally see every single bone jut out of their flesh. The wallpaper in there was worse; it seemed as if there were scratch marks. Probably from hunger, she thought. Just then, the stranger behind her sighed deeply. “We don’t have enough money to feed them, much less to even clothe them.” Sheila was horrified. “I...I have to go now...” she stammered, before dashing down the staircase and out of the building.

Grotesque description of the malnourished children!

Excellent use of ellipsis to capture her stammering! 😊

Her heart thundered in her ears as she made a mad dash towards her home. Huffing and puffing, Shelia shut the door behind her. “I must...I must do something about this,” she muttered, while ravaging her saving box for some money. “Ten dollars, twenty dollars... twenty dollars...No! I need more!” Sheila threw the coins and collapsed on the ground. A fiery determination burnt in her eyes.

Clear statement of character’s intention! 😊

I must help the children. I must. I must.

That was a week ago. Now, Shelia was doing multiple chores in a day and skipping recess just to save money. When chores in the house ran out, she would traverse far and wide to many other homes just to clean them in exchange for five dollars. A small sum, really. Nevertheless, Shelia plowed on, determined to save up at least two hundred dollars. She herself became more and more fit

Describes her efforts to help the children! 😊

- her cheeks had a rosy red shade and she could feel all her muscles in her body fizzing with energy. She resisted buying the irresistible toys displayed on shelves and display windows.

Shelia's hard work pays off in unexpected ways! 😊

Perseverance and determination were what kept her going.

"One hundred and ninety-nine...two hundred!" Shelia punched the air in delight. "YES! Finally!" Shelia heaved a sigh of relief. The warm fuzz of accomplishment filled her insides as she held up the heavy piggy bank like how an Olympic winner would do - holding up his precious gold medal, a testament of his perseverance, in triumphant pride.

Excellent use of simile to express her triumph! 😊

"Hello, my dear," the stranger welcomed Shelia into the orphanage once again. She wore a garish red lipstick that seemed to brighten up the room.

"Hi!" Shelia gave her a billion-dollar smile, with sparkly teeth and all.

"I see you've brought something," she peered at Shelia's bulging bag that looked ready to explode any moment.

Shelia nodded excitedly and took the piggy bank out. Then she heaved it on a swivel chair and climbed up on one herself.

"Two hundred dollars worth of cash and change," Shelia announced, heaving up the glass jar and presenting it to the stranger with two hands. The stranger was thunderstruck; how could this be? She thought. A deluge of grateful tears rolled down the stranger's face. She accepted the ten-year-old's precious gift with two shaky hands.

Impressive phrases to reveal the stranger's emotions! 😊

"Thank... thank you..." she stuttered, at a loss of what to say.

Shelia patted her shoulder and said, "don't cry, auntie. It's for the sake of your orphans. I gave up my money for a good cause, alright. There's no need to cry." Then, the ten-year-old girl comforted the stranger for the rest of the hour.

The stranger smiled gratefully at Sheila. "I will always remember you... the first and youngest donor of this orphanage. Call me Miss Felicity," the stranger, Miss Felicity, said.

"I will now excuse myself," Shelia said as in a matter-of-fact manner, walking out of the orphanage backwards. Miss Felicity laughed at Shelia's antics and waved goodbye to her.

Great use of humor build on the cheerful situation! 😊

As Shelia skipped out of the orphanage, as if nothing had happened, she felt happy for the orphans who could now receive proper food. As she hopped merrily home, a warm feeling of hope filled Shelia all of a sudden.

Crisp 3-word-
liner ending to
sum Shelia's
efforts 😊

As would the orphans be filled with hope.

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