

Topic: A Special Gift

“That handphone is really amazing,” I told my friend, Katy, as we walked past a gadget shop. A brand new handphone was being displayed and I really wanted it. That was when an idea dropped into my mind. My fourteenth birthday was just around the corner and I could ask my parents to buy the handphone for me. I really longed for a handphone as all of my friends had one while I was the only one who did not. They would spend their free time on their phones while I would stare at them, green with envy.

Over the course of the next few days, I tried to drop hints to my parents about the handphone. Once, when I was doing my social studies project, I went up to my mother and asked to borrow her computer. Right after I had asked, I proceeded to say, “It would be so much more convenient if I had a phone.” I snuck a peek at my mother’s reaction without her realising, but to no avail. It seemed like she had not heard me.

After a few days, I decided to tell them straight. During dinner, on that same day, I mumbled, “Mum, Dad, I want a.....” I was so speechless that I could not gather the courage to ask my parents for a handphone. I was worried that they would scold me for being ungrateful for what I already had.

Time flew by quickly and before I knew it, it was four days before my birthday. I realised I had to tell them in case they would buy me the wrong gift. When my parents and I were sitting on the couch and watching television, I switched it off and hesitantly said, “Mum, Dad, I want a handphone for my birthday.” Perspiration dropped down the side of my face. After a period of silence, my father shook his head. I was devastated. “Why? All of my friends have one! Why can’t I be like

them?" I thought to myself. My parents just kept silent. I began to cry uncontrollably and ran to my mom. On the other hand, my parents kept straight faces and not a word escaped their mouths.

The next day, I was in no mood to celebrate my birthday. I laid in bed for a while until I heard my mother's voice reminded me to start changing. I got ready and soon enough, guests started arriving. They would come into my house, give me their gifts, and wish my "Happy Birthday." I smiled superficially and thanked them but I knew none of the boxes contained what I really wished for. Despite knowing that, I kept a smile on my face and I pretended everything was divine.

After the party had ended and all the guests left, I was about to go into my room when my parents stopped me. They looked really happy when they suddenly handed me a small box. I thanked them and turned around to go to my room. However, my parents insisted that I opened it with them. I could believe my eyes when I opened the lid of the box. It was a brand new phone!

"Why did you only give this to me now?" I asked. "We wanted you to wait. We wanted that as we felt that you would treasure it more if we waited until the very last moment to hand it to you," my father replied. I hugged my parents tightly and thanked them profusely.

From this incident, I learned that good things come to those who wait. This birthday gift was truly special!