Dear Diary,

Today was a day I will never forget. From just simply helping to realizing that the reward was more that just a handshake. On that moment, I couldn’t stop wondering that one good turn deserves another, really is true in reality.

It was a rather foggy morning before school, as a thunderstorm approached, rumbling in the distance and causing lightning to strike unsuspecting electricity poles. It was almost impossible to see in the mist, making accidental bumps into random people extremely common at this time. As I trudged along with the mumbling crowd, I tried to memorize all my spelling words for today’s examination. Everyone hated Thursdays since our ever so boring teacher, Mr. Microwave, always seat a vocabulary test that day. And unfortunately for me, today **was** Thursday. I groaned and predicted how my mom would react when I received yet another D grade.

At the traffic lights, I spot the school bully, Diabeto, and his nasty gang named ‘The Chunky Monkeys’. Although they seen like a entertainment group, that description is actually the complete **opposite** of what they actually are. Malicious and loathsome, they used to torment every single person in there path at primary, young and old. The chunky Monkeys also once roasted a teacher. But they didn’t get away in time and got suspended for whole school term.

I tried to remain hidden from the tyrants by blending in with the crowd and hanging around the hedge that lead the way to the side entrance of the academy. On my way there, I spot a oddly straight stick stuck on a overhang from the bush. It was black and had what looked like a lens on the tip of it. It took a while before I realized that this wasn’t a stick, but a full functional electric torch. Someone must have dropped it recently or else it wouldn’t have been glowing, especially in the dense downpour. I scooped it up and put it into my pocket before continuing my way to primary.

But as I almost reached the gate of our elementary school, I smashed in a student about half my size and crashed onto the damp ground, ruining my brand-new schoolbag.

“Dang it,” I thought silently. “That was my new backpack. My mum’s going to kill me.”

And then a squeaky voice quavered above me.

“Are you alright?”

I turned around to see a tiny kindergarten staring back with pupils filled with terror and shame. He looked as if he had just murdered the president on accident.

“Yeah, I am fine,” I reply.

I took me while to regain consciousness, but as I woke, I could help but wonder why the boy was in such a rush. School only starts in 30 minutes.

“Are you looking for something?” I inquired.

“Yea. . . . wait, how do you know?” question the shocked kindergarten, trying hard to process what he had just heard (At least that’s what I think from my perspective).

“Well, um. . . . I found this and I am wondering. . . . whether this is yours!” pulling out the soggy electric torch, still intact and unharmed.

The frown on the kid’s face transformed almost instantly into a wide smile.

“Oh thank you, that was my only digital camera I’ve every had! My parent went insane when they heard I lost it and forced to me to search for it.” exclaimed the delighted child, gentle examining the unbroken cam and putting in his pocket. He then rose his hand to shake my hand. I handshake him before departing the scene, saying bye to each other in smiles etched on our faces.

Unfortunately, as I arrived at my classroom, I was shocked to see 30 faces with an expression that meant they wanted to be me at that moment and a extremely outraged Mr. Microwave, who was literally grinding his pencil into very tiny fragments.

During recess, I felt as if a stone had been dropped on my head. I had been scolded by Mr. Microwave so hard that the person with earphones was inches away from fainting due to extreme levels of noise. Eventually, my teacher had to be sent to the hospital to reset his emotions. And so, we took the remaining period off with some gaming and music. The staff thought that I had went too far with Mr. Microwave but my classmates thought I was **Brilliant**. Not only had they missed the leftover half of spelling but like I said earlier, was able to game for **1 hour and 30 minutes**. People described Mr. Microwave when he left for medical treatment ‘*so angry that scientists would agree that his became the next* ***nuclear bomb***’.

As I strolled through the massive oval, watching as hundreds of students boot and swish balls into goals, a massive hand grabbed my shoulder. For a moment, I thought is was the principal going to give me a long boring lecture, but it was something much worse. It was Diabeto and the rest of the chunky monkey squad. My blood runs cold as I am tossed by their lead like a piece of rubbish and slam into one of the soccer poles. Diabeto and his gang jeers and comes racing toward me like muscular bulls, except that they are sightly off the description of ‘round’. But before they could even strike, a familiar voice prevents them from preceding.

“Stop right there!!!”

The bullies expect to see a teacher brandishing a whistle but it turns out, it was the kindergarten that lost his torch which was returned by me. I tried to shout a warning about Diatbeto to the child but his gang laughs hard, covering my faint signs of warning.

“How do you think you’re going to stop us li’l ‘garterner, eh?” roared Diabeto, as his goons rocked side to side, howling in laughter as the round tyrant approached the tiny first year. But before another step could be taken, 10 other kindys sprung out from the towering grass, lifting the hunk of mass up into the air. Laughter was replaced with screams as the squad shot Diabeto through the air, a enormous cannon ball streaking towards the roof of the cafeteria. Within seconds, a deafening *CRASH* could be heard from the lunch room, a gigantic hole formed in the ceiling. Silence swept through the field as the eating area shrieked with surprise. The kindergartner, turned to face the rest of the ‘Chunky Monkey’ gang, whose faces were petrified with shear terror at the sight of their leader falling to several minor kids.

“Who wants to face me know, eh?” demanded the leading kindergartner, speaking with pride and strength.

The remainder of the bully team stared at each other’s face for a second before sprinting away in the direction their once-powerful ruler had been thrown. Then the kid turned and help me rise to my feet. He asked if I was ok from the ordeal but I stated that I was fine, despite had a extremely large bruise and many cuts on the elbows.

From that moment on, whenever preventing bullying is mentioned, the memory of that time always sparks into my head. Now I have realized that the power of kindness, can really give impacts, even if your helping a child.