

# The story of my mistake

Life



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

It was my 13th birthday. I decided to celebrate my birthday at the Cage, a soccer pitch, with my new friends, including my best friend, Strung Grunts. His name sounds like, "strong", which is indeed true. Once, he was able to move this big table by himself to the other end! Isn't it amazing? The people in the soccer pitch that I had rented were filled with emotions. We knew that there are exciting hours waiting for us. However, I had different plans. Every alternate day in my school whenever my friends, including Strung Grunts, and I went to the school field to play soccer, my friends would always praise Strung Grunts saying, "Hey!

Strung! You are the best soccer player! You rock!" I curled my upper lip to keep myself from speaking. My mind was whirling with thoughts that only made me assume the worst. The feeling of jealousy was slowly growing in me; filling my blood, making my eyes go dark, and my mouth become a straight line. I knew that this was the time when I could do something to Strung Grunts and make sure that he does not play soccer for the rest of his life. I decided to hurt him indirectly. However, a million of thoughts ran through my mind at that point of time. Should I really cause him pain? Isn't he my best friend? Is it wrong?

Or is it right? Shouldn't I train myself to become a better soccer player than him? I was in a dilemma. However, my jealousy got the better of me. Rather than thinking whether my act is right or wrong, I spent the time thinking what I shall do to him. Suddenly, an idea struck my mind. There were still 10 minutes left before we planned to start playing a game of soccer. Everybody went to the washroom to get a shower before playing except me. Strung Grunts left his boots outside the washroom before entering. Within a flash, I

quickly went near the washroom, tied the laces of both the shoes together and fled from the washroom. minutes passed. Everyone came out of the washroom. It was very wet and slippery outside the washroom. My heart was thumping and pounding hard. A chill ran down my spine. Strung Grunts went on to put on his shoes without realising what had happened. When he took his first step itself, he slipped and fell down with a “ thud”. Three, two, one... Ahhhhhhhhhh!!! , Strung Grunts shouted out loud as our ears became almost deaf. A flood of tears gushed down his ashen pale cheeks staining the floor. He tried moving both his legs but he was not able to do so. All of us came to him frantically, including me, and gathered around him.

We quickly informed this news to his mother as soon as possible. Within a flash, his mother came down to the pitch, horrified and bloodcurdling. I was informed that he fractured each of his legs. Moreover, the doctor advised him not to engage in any activity that requires the use of his legs for the next six months. Till now, everyone thinks that the slippery floor was the main cause of his accident. However, only I knew the truth. The scar which I have on my heart is invisible to anyone but more painful than anything I have ever felt. I would like to tell him the truth but I think it is not the right time yet, what about you?