



EXPAND YOUR SCENE

Annabelle

The soccer ball went flying to the shelf and before they could react, the soccer ball hit something big on the shelf. The big object started wobbling and eventually, it fell to the floor. Crash! The loud sound of the object crashing onto the floor echoed through the house. Horrified Tim and his brother slowly approached the broken pieces of the object. When they got close enough, realisation was like a bucket of cold icy water-it was their mother's favourite vase! Stunned, Tim and his brother stood rooted to the ground with their mouth agape as they stared at the mess of the tiny broken pieces of glass. A chill ran down Tim's spine as he thought of how angry their mother would be when she came home. Beads of cold perspiration trickled down his forehead, Tim's heart banged against his ribcage as he started breathing heavily. Fear raw and intense pulsed through his being, he looked like he had seen a ghost. "Wh...what do we do now?" Tim's brother quivered as he looked at Tim worriedly.

Caylise

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Mother opened the door and saw the broken vase shattered on the indoors floor, her jaw dropped to the ground and stared at the two of them. She asked furiously, "What happened? The two of you better explain to me!" John shyly told Mother everything, Mother smiled and even complimented both of them. She said, "Thank you for not lying to me, I appreciate it." Jane and John sighed in relief when she said that they smiled happily.

Jayden

My jaw dropped as I looked at the broken vase shattered into a million pieces, I thought to myself "what am I going to do!" Just then a dog scampered out from under the counter and stared woefully at the shattered vase, I quickly thought of blaming the dog for this. Suddenly, a memory surfaced in my mind. "we should always take responsibility for our action, even when it is difficult," my mother's voice echoed in my head. I decided to take responsibility and admit that I was the one who broke the vase. My

The memory of the broken vase surfaced in my mind, I felt embarrassed for not taking responsibility sooner and regretted not listening to my mother. I decided in the future I would always remember to follow my mother's rules. I hope that my mother will not feel sad that I broke a vase. She scolded me harshly but still praised me for taking responsibility.

Bernice

"I...I am... sorry, mom I was reckless and broke the vase..." I mumbled, ready to face the music. My mother's face turned red and chided me severely. Tears filled my eyes, I felt like disappearing on the spot. My heart pounded loudly on my chest like it was scolding me too- you knew you should not have done this! You are so reckless! Seeing my pitiful look, my mother sighed and left to clean up the mess. I stood there like a deer caught in the headlights of a car, just stared on the ground unable to say a word.

Immanuel

I stood still like a mannequin as a gasp escaped my lips. I blinked rapidly, still processing what had happened. My face turned as pale as a white sheet of paper. "What have you done!" I screamed. "I didn't mean to." My brother replied. My brother hung his mouth in shock as guilt washed through him. He bit his lip hard knowing he would get a tongue-lashing when our parents get home. Instantly a thought entered my mind, "should I take responsibility for what he had done as I told him to play football." My brother stared at the shattered pieces of the vase feeling anxious.

Evelyn

Creak.....!" The dreadful noise of the door opening rang out as Mrs Bailey walked in carrying mountains full of groceries. Her eyes sweeping through the house once she saw a ceramic shard and landed on the shattered ceramic vase. Her expression changed from delight to anger in a few seconds as steam billowed out of her ears and nostrils. Anger rushed through her veins. She gripped so hard that her knuckles turned white "Who did that!" Mrs Bailey screamed at the top of her lungs Creak.....!" The dreadful noise of the door opening rang out as Mrs Bailey walked in carrying mountains full of groceries. Her eyes sweeping through the house once she saw a ceramic shard and landed on the shattered ceramic vase. Her expression changed from delight to anger in a few seconds as steam billowed out of her ears and nostrils. Anger rushed through her veins. She gripped so hard that her knuckles turned white "Who did that!" Mrs Bailey screamed at the top of her lungs It was thecat!" Conner stammered nervously unable to meet his mother's eyes.

Shu En :

Crash!" the ball had smacked right into the shelves. Much to my horror, a vase was sitting on that shelf. I caught sight of the vase about to topple down the shelf. I immediately bolted to the shelf, my hands outstretched trying to catch the vase. No surprise, my vase had dropped right in front of me. "It can't be. Is that... my mother's favourite vase. What have I done?" I thought, taken aback. I stared at the vase that had broken into a million pieces. I knew that there was no turning back. I looked at the vase, knowing in my mind that that vase had been gifted by my late grandmother and it was irreplaceable. It was a beautiful vase that she had painted for my mother when she was young. It was light blue in colour and had little dandelions painted on it. I bent down and picked up a piece, my mouth agape. My eyes were gargantuan and my heart was palpitating wildly. I blinked rapidly as if trying to make sense of what I had just seen. "What can I do now! I can't even fix it! There's nothing I can do she's gonna find out anyway!" I blurted out on the verge of tears. I knew there was no choice but to take responsibility for it. Anxiety clung to me like a wet shirt, uncomfortable and impossible to shake off. Suddenly, a shady thought flashed through my mind. "What if I just blame my little brother? He can't even talk, my mother would never know!" I thought uneasily. I turned to my little brother feeling sorry for him. However, just the thought about throwing him under the bus didn't feel right. Anxiety coiled around my chest, squeezing tighter with every passing second. My conscience tugged at me. A little voice suddenly rung in my head. "Always take responsibility for your actions, no matter what." The wise words of my late grandmother rung in my head. I went back and forth I didn't know what to do. I was stuck between a devil and a great blue sea. However, I soon resolved not to blame my little brother, those wise words stuck to me.

Amelia

"Crash!" The loud crash had startled both the boys. What was that? They turned their heads slowly... "Oh no... What did we just do?" Tom asked as he looked down at Mother's favourite vase shattered into broken pieces on the floor. "Mother is going to kill us!" Jerry added as his face turned pale. They stared at the disaster. No one dared to move. "What do we do now? Is Mother going to hate us forever? Is she going to send us to jail?" Jerry stuttered, his hands trembling. "It's ok... We can do this, we can do this. We need to clean this mess and before we do that, we need to find a replacement..." Tom assured Jerry as he walked

towards the base to check for the price tag. He bent down and searched for a broken piece with it. After some time, he spotted a small price tag pasted on one of the broken pieces. He picked up and looked at the price. "It is \$2500... Wait a minute... \$2500! We do not have \$2500! Do you have \$2500? We do not have that much money! We do not even have \$2500 combined! What do we do now?" Tom panicked, cold sweat running down his cheek. He paced up and down.

Cayden

Perspiration trickled down his temples as he stared at the mess. How do I explain this to Mom? Panicking, He sprinted to his room to calm down. He was scared of getting scolded by Mom for breaking her antique vase. His hands shook and clammy. His mind played countless terrifying possibilities of his mother reprimanding him. However much he tried, his heart hammered wildly in my chest like an uncontrollable jackhammer. His shoulders dropped at the thought of being unable to hide the evidence. Just as he was about to run away to his room, the main door creaked open. It was Mom! She will notice the vase, what should I do? He trudged out of his room, trying to look as calm as possible. Forcing a smile, he stuttered, "What vase? I was in my room studying for the whole time." Deep down, he knew lying was the wrong thing to do, but he could not bring himself to take responsibility for his actions. He wavered slightly as he nervously avoided Mum's piercing glare. Mom hollered, "Did you do this? Do not lie, if not, you will bear twice the consequences! Taking responsibility is part of being a good kid! " "Must've been the wind I guess... " He looked away and mumbled. His eyes widened as he looked at his pet cat, Milo, oblivious to their conversation, resting peacefully on the cupboard." It could have been Milo too. You know he is always up to mischief!"

Bryan

Zongxun

Ethan and Oliver stared at the shattered vase in horror. Ethan's mind raced as he thought about what material his grave should be. Hearing footsteps in the corridor, Oliver's first instinct was to flee the scene. When Ethan's parents came home, they stared at the broken vase and Ethan's mother instantly pulled out the cane and looked ready to explode with anger when Ethan's father calmed her down and asked Ethan what had actually happened. When Ethan told them what had happened, they were furious at the both of

them ."Ethan! You are grounded for 5 months! And bring me that friend of yours!" After she had said that, Ethan started leading them to Oliver's house. When Oliver saw Ethan outside, he knew he was dead meat.

Luke

The moment Mother stepped in, her heart beat two times faster and her hands shook. The shock was visible to anyone on her face because of her humongous eyes and tears were slowly rolling down my cheeks. "What happened!" Mother yelled as tears rolled even faster down her eyes. A puddle was forming below her body. The room turned silent and the mess of Mother's favourite vase was on the floor, untouched and unbothered. Now she stands slouching a little, frozen in sadness as it depicts her unhappiness over this accident. After a while, Mother started to accept it and let out a sigh. She then went to clean up the mess of her favourite vase. She moved to the area of the shards with her feet dragging on the floor. Why must this happen to me, Mother thought to herself.

Axel Goh

"What happened here?" My mother furiously demanded and I stood there, at a loss of what to do. Desmond, my little brother stood there, rooted to the ground and face as pale as a sheet of paper. My mother took one glance at the deflated soccer ball, and already guessed what had happened. She beckoned for Desmond to come over and launched into a furious tirade. I felt helpless and at a loss for what to do. Then, I made a choice. I headed up to my mother and admitted that I was the one that broke the vase. My mother immediately shifted her rage towards me and began reprimanding me like a furious lion. I glanced at Desmond, trying to hold back the tears from rolling down my cheeks. Desmond stood there in shock, mouth agape and eyes as wide as saucers." You're grounded for a month!" Then, my

mother walked away to cool down. I headed to Desmond and laid my hands on his shoulders. "Why?" he asked. My vision blurred and I could feel the hot tears already rolling down my cheeks.

Zachary ng

At this moment, John's mother opened the door and walked in. As she saw the glittering mess on the floor, her eyes blazed with fury as anger rushed through her veins, "John! Get to your room now!"

Ng Ying Chen

Her forehead creased deeply as fury bubbled inside her chest, and her breathing grew heavy and uneven. She threw her hands up dramatically, the movement seeming almost like slow motion, before screaming at the top of her lungs. Her voice echoed violently through the room while her wide-open eyes burned bright red. Hot tears streamed down her cheeks like tiny rivulets, shining under the harsh light. Suddenly, a loud piercing sound erupted and shattered the room's silence instantly. The walls trembled under the force, and glass cracked before shattering loudly onto the floor. Her fists clenched tighter and tighter until her knuckles turned completely white. At last, she released a huge furious lash that sent fear spreading across everyone nearby. The others trembled where they stood, frozen beneath her raging storm.

Her brow furrowed deeply, fury blazing hot in her chest. Heavy, uneven breaths escaped as she threw up her hands in slow motion and screamed, eyes wide and bleeding crimson red with anger. Tears streamed down her cheeks, glistening like shimmering rivulets under the harsh light. Suddenly, a piercing crack shattered the silence—a sharp, cold scent of broken glass filled the air, scattering shards clinking against the trembling wooden floor. Her fists clenched tight, knuckles white as stone. Shaking, she muttered, "How could I not have protected the vase? It was mother's only inheritance..." Her trembling

hands clutched the broken pieces desperately, tears flowing endlessly. I stood frozen, heart pounding in disbelief, the joyful silence replaced by an aching emptiness where her smile once lived. Quietly, I whispered, “Mom, I’m sorry, please give me a chance to fix this.” A flicker of hope sparked in her eyes as she slowly nodded, then rose silently. Her footsteps echoed softly, firm and solemn as she left the room, the faint scent of jasmine lingering behind. Alone, I bowed my head, breathing steady in the dark, moody study. The faint rustle of papers and the soft scrape of shards filled the quiet as I began piecing the vase together, whispering, “I can do this.”

Jade Loo

The cup hit the floor with a deafening smash, its dragon shattered into countless jagged shards, never able to fly again. I stared at the mess that was once one of Dad's favourite cups in shock. My hands trembled, my heartbeat quickened. ‘What do I do?’ A stream of this phrase flooded my mind. My brother stood beside me, eyes as wide as saucers in a mix of shock, horror and mortification. John breathed a shaky breath, mouth opening and closing, as if deciding whether to say something or leave me in silence. Either way, I would not have heard anything. All I was able to hear was the thudding of my heart. It pounded against my chest, as if trying to get out of a prison that was my ribcage. Dad loved those cups as much as he loved us.

nicholas

Aiden

John swiftly vaulted over the couch, with his dog on his tail . They were playing an entertaining match of tag .

Nayla

His eyes widen his jaw drop! "You did not play a part in this project at all!" Mr Lee shouted at John.

Amos

Mother was devastated at the broken vase. Tears ran down her cheeks as she knelt down next to the broken pieces of her favourite vase. She whispered, " This was a gift from my closest friend." I desperately wanted to comfort her, but I could not. I recalled what happened a few moments ago, when the vase had shattered and my heart in my mouth. I waited for my mother's punishment to ground me.

Matthew

Horried, Bryan stared down at the shattered vase. Frozen in place, he shivered as he imagined the tongue lashings he would get. If only he hadn't been so foolish!

Jovelle: Staring at the scene before me, I could not believe my eyes, I blinked repeatedly, unable to process it. My mind was in a daze, a million thoughts bombarded my mind. "Oh no! What am I going to do, I am definitely going to get scolded. " The broken glass shards still strewn over the floor, reflecting my image, gaping wildly at the pieces.

🚢Claudea🚢

I stood rooted to the ground in shock, my mouth wide agape. I immediately covered my ears as the vase came crashing with a loud smash. Looking at the tiny glass shards on the floor, I swallowed my saliva. "What do I do now!" I thought dreadfully. The vase was gifted to mother by grandmother and meant a lot to mother. She would always polish the ceramic vase and ensure that no one touches it. The shards seemed to have more meaning than weight. Seeing this, my brother, Jake, immediately ran into his bedroom, scared of

the consequences. His legs seemed to have a mind of his own as he dashed into the room, traumatised by the scene before him. I clenched my fist, wishing that I could go back in time and fix my mistake. Guilt stabbed my heart. I wish that I had never decided to play with balls in the house. Especially after I had already been told for the millionth time not to do so

Annabelle

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Yuexi:

Excuse me, I remember telling you boys not to make such a ruckus just now. Clean up your spilled sweet drink from the floor right this instant. " the librarian's strict, cold voice reverberated throughout the silent library. At that instant, I felt like everyone was staring daggers at me. At that moment, Tom stammered: "Im...im sorry! Please forgive us! we'll never do this again!" My heart was pounding like a wild drum. Beads of cold sweat dripped down my forehead. Anxious. Nervous. Regretful. A wave of shame washed over me as I kneeled down, taking the wet rag from the librarian's hand. My friends, Bob and Tom followed accordingly. My face was bright red as I pushed and pulled the wet rag across the floor. Soon, beads of hot and salty tears ran down my cheek." Why didn't I listen to the librarian earlier? Now that my carbonated drink has stained the books, I have to pay for them now! My parents are surely going to give me a beating when I arrive home later!" I sighed. The librarian stretched out her hand, signalling for me to pay her for

the dirtied books. " Each book costs fifteen dollars. You three dirtied three books. Each of you pays fifteen dollars. "Unwillingly, I fished out my wallet, took a ten and fifteen dollars note out and 🤪 placed in her hand

Ruohan

Remorse. Pure, unadulterated remorse. This emotion lingered in my mind as vivid images of the shattered vase lying on the floor and my mother scolding me flooded my thoughts. As my gaze turned to the empty spot where my laptop used to sit, I was catapulted to that unforgettable moment.

"Ugh... I'm so bored," I muttered to myself while flipping through the videos on the television. That was the June holidays and I was at home with my brother, John, as my parents went to work. Just then, I had an idea. "Let's play soccer!" I suggested, my eyes lit up with delight. However, John shook his head and sighed, "Mother said that we cannot play soccer at home and what if we accidentally knock down her vase?" John explained. Upon seeing John's hesitance, I immediately pleaded with him and swore that I would be careful not to knock down Mother's things. After some pleading, John finally agreed to play

soccer with me. "Catch the ball!" I shouted to John before delivering a powerful kick to the ball. However, instead of John catching the ball, the ball ricocheted off the wall and slammed into Mother's favourite vase. "Crack!" The vase dropped on the floor with a loud noise and shattered into pieces. John and I stood rooted to the ground with our mouths agape.

After a while, we recovered from the shock and I went to take the broom and the dustpan. "You see, I told you not to play, right? I knew this would happen. Now, both of us are going to get scolded just because of you!" John scolded me accusingly and glared at me in annoyance. "Just clean up the mess and keep your big fat mouth shut!" I retorted back irritatingly while sweeping up the pieces. Not wanting to bicker with me, John went to the kitchen to find a mop to wipe the water on the floor.

After cleaning up, I sat on the sofa wondering whether I should be an honest person and tell the truth or blame it on our house pet, Cookie. There and then, time slowed to a crawl.

"Should I do the right thing and tell Mother the truth? But I do not want to get scolded!" I thought anxiously. A plethora of thoughts bombarded me, demanding my undivided attention. At that pivotal moment, I was caught between the devil and the deep blue sea. On one hand, I wanted to tell Mother the truth. On the other hand, I wanted to put the blame on Cookie as I did not want to get scolded. "Not like Cookie will get scolded too harshly. Mother loves him the most and would never scold him," I reasoned to myself. After some rumination, I decided to shift the blame onto Cookie.

Just then, Mother came back home from work. Although guilt was gnawing at my conscience, I still decided to lie. When John heard my explanation, his eyes almost bulged out of their sockets but he remained silent.

That night, I tossed and turned in bed, unable to fall asleep. Images of Cookie looking up at me with its innocent eyes replayed repeatedly in my mind. Unable to withstand the guilt anymore, I went to Mother's room and confessed everything. Upon hearing that I had lied to her, Mother glared at John and me, her eyes rivalling those of Medusa. "John and Jack, I am so disappointed in both of you. Not only did you

ignore my warnings, you also refused to take responsibility for your actions," Mother scolded sternly. When I heard Mother's words, shame washed over me. Tears welled up in my eyes and I blinked back my tears. Mother grounded us for one week as a punishment.

For the rest of the day, I kept ruminating over the incident that had just transpired. In retrospect, had I taken responsibility for my actions, I would not have felt so guilty. That incident left an indelible mark in my mind, reminding me to always take responsibility for my actions.

Nayla

Mr Lee was kind enough to allow them to work on their project in class."Should we tell him?",Amy asked while nudging Adam.Adam gave a thumbs up. "Faris since you have not contributed at all, we assign you another role. The role we have assigned to you is to present our project to the entire class,"Amy said in hope that Faris will take her seriously.The next second Faris burst out laughing like a maniac, tears started to roll down his cheeks while he was clenching his stomach."Are you serious!Out of those in the group, you chose me?"He questioned while still trying to control his laughter.Amy rolled her eyes and stood up."He is so immature!"Amy muttered to herself.She couldn't take Faris behaviour anymore. Her eyes full of anger and frustration, her body was tense,Her long golden brown hair covered her face as she stormed out of the room .Before Adam ran after Amy he warned Faris about his actions and how it could affect others.Even though both Amy and Adam was serious he still took their words as a joke.He did not know the consequences of his actions.After Amy and Adam left Faris had no guilt or shame for his actions he was still as playful as before. He did not care about them at all as he joked around with the rest of his group mates.His eyes still had a glimpse of playfulness his group mates was shocked at his behaviour.The group mates seemed stunned by the fact that he didn't care about his own behaviour.

Zavier

KaiZer

I could only watch as the vase got shattered into a million pieces. At that moment, I felt my heart pounding against my rib cage as I thought of a way to hide the broken vase pieces as familiar footsteps arrived at the door. Before the door opened, I hurriedly took a yellow coloured cloth to cover the pieces. As mother came in, a few pieces of the vase and the bright coloured cloth caught mother's attention. "Why do these look so familiar?" Mother questioned me curiously as she pointed at the pieces. Hearing this, my heart palpitated like a runaway train as my face started to turn red. "Should I be responsible for my own actions?" Manifold thoughts rushed into my mind like an unstoppable tsunami. It was as though there was an invisible force freezing that pivotal moment and only one and only thought monopolised my mind-should I own up? The weight of the decision weighed down on me and I struggled to make the right choice. After a long deliberation, the decision in my mind had finally crystalised. I refused to succumb to the devil's temptation as I knew instinctively that the path led by him was paved by naivete and poor judgement. "I...It was me that broke the vase." I stuttered as my face turned red and my face hung low. Tears cascaded down mothers cheeks as she turned silent. To my surprise, mother patted me gently on my shoulder and warmly muttered: "It's okay, at least you were responsible for your own actions and owned up. A lump of guilt formed in my throat as I took the yellow cloth away, revealing the other shattered pieces. Afterwards, we started to clean up together. "I...I am also responsible for the broken vase, I should clean it up too." Aiden stuttered as he took a broom to start sweeping the floor.

Darian

Tension was filled all over in the air , it was as if a chain was stuck on my neck slowly tightening every second . I felt the emptiness in my mothers soul , there was a mix of negative emotions written on her

face . Stroking the cane that she never took out before , dreadful rage overwhelmed her... Clenching her fist , she stared aimlessly at me , with agony screaming out for help deep inside her.

Janelle: My mother had a simple but precious vase. It was bedazzled with jewels and was given to her by her late best friend during her wedding. She loved it and treasured it very much. One afternoon, my mother was