Write a composition of at least 150 words about an **encouragement**.

The pictures are provided to help you think about this topic. Your composition should be based on one or more of these pictures.

Consider the following points when your plan your composition:

* How were you encouraged?
* What effect did the encouragement have on you?

You may use the points in any order and include other relevant points as well.

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An Encouragement-Written by Lucas Low

“A word of encouragement during a failure is worth more than an hour of praise after success.”

In life, there will always be many hurdles that we need to overcome or failures that we need to learn from. Although there are times that we may be faced with impossible situations, a little encouragement from a family member or friend will definitely go a long way. To this day, I still remember one such time during my primary school days when I received encouragement during my difficult times and that changed everything for me.

Cycling was, in fact, a favourite sport for everyone in my class. My peers could not only cycle but they could also perform stunts that would gather applause and gain appreciation. I was the only one who did not know how to cycle and that caused me to be the subject of mockery for my classmates. They jeered at me for not being able to cycle and I loathed that. However...

I had a secret. I had a phobia. Cyclophobia!

Horrifying scenes of cuts and bruises dotting my body flashed across my mind at the mere thought of cycling. The very thought in itself made my heart palpitate wildly and caused me to wince. Taking a deep breath, I decided that it was about time I faced my fears as I no longer was able to withstand the teasing from my peers, A fire burned within me as I wanted to show everyone that they were wrong about me.

After a dreaded day at school of having been teased again, I trudged home. A thought popped out in my mind. I made a beeline straight to my unsuspecting father who was seated idly on the sofa reading the newspapers.

“Dad?” I asked hesitantly.

“Hmm? Yes, son?” he said, looking up from the newspapers.

“I want to learn how to ride a bicycle,” I asked enthusiastically.

“Really? Of course! Let’s go to the East Coast Park tomorrow as it’s the weekend,” Dad remarked, with a broad grin plastered on his face. It was as if he had been wishing for a long time, hoping for me to ask him.

The next day, Dad drove me to East Coast Park. It was still sunny when we arrived. Light shone through the canopy of leaves and the birds’ merry chirpings filled the tranquil air. Many people were exercising, be it cycling or jogging. Without wasting any time, Dad rented a bicycle and took me to the cycling path that he seemed familiar with.

“Once you mount the bicycle, start pedalling and do not stop. I will support you from behind,” Dad instructed me, wearing a serious expression on his face. I mounted the bicycle. A million negative thoughts assailed my mind. What if I fall? What if I could never cycle? Would I get badly hurt and bleed?

“I will gently push you when you are ready,” Dad interrupted my thoughts in a reassuring tone.

“Ready, get set… go!” he said in a loud voice, pushing the bicycle forward lightly. I started to pedal but soon lost my balance and fell heavily onto the ground with a loud thud.

“Daniel! Are you alright?” Dad hollered as he ran forward to help me up with a concerned look on his face.

“I do not want to do this anymore! This is so difficult! I want to give up!” I roared in frustration. I glanced down and saw warm blood trickling down my legs from a small wound on my knee.“No! Don’t give up! Keep on trying! You can do it, son!” Dad replied in an encouraging tone. I looked at him and smiled feebly, “Alright, I will have another go.”

Weekends came and went. Soon, it was my tenth attempt at learning to cycle. My past fruitless attempts were meant to set me back but I was somehow determined, especially with my father encouraging me every step of the way. As always, that day, my father was with me again.

Before I mounted my bicycle, he encouraged me, saying, “Whatever you do, never give up. Just persevere.” I nodded at him and got onto the bicycle. I stared at a cyclist who zoomed past me confidently. Dad gave me a push and I started pedalling. As I pedalled furiously, my father’s words rang in mind incessantly.

“Whatever you do, never give up. You can do it!” his voice echoed.

Suddenly, I felt a renewed burst of energy and found myself cycling on my own. I gasped in delight as my dad shouted from behind, “Good job, son!”

I did it! I was finally able to cycle after the initial push without any more help. It was my dad’s encouraging words that had helped me overcome my fears! I was over the moon. What an experience! I grinned at Dad and thanked him profusely for not giving up on me.

“A word of encouragement during a failure is worth more than an hour of praise after success.” How true this quote is. No amount of praise can be compared to a time when someone encourages you and shows that he or she believes in you. I will remember this for a long time to come. A little encouragement drove me to overcome my fears and made me a competent cyclist today.