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**Age**: 10

**Country**: Grenada

**Topic**: Being Honest (1 page)

There is an old saying that says “Honesty is the best policy!” I believe it to be true, because I’ve learnt my lesson in this way………

The day was like no other day. Mother got up early and left to go take care of the dog in the back yard. While the rest of my family was asleep, I woke up and gently went downstairs. I went to the play room and grabbed my brother’s big red ball and began to bounce it in the house. My brother and I were always told by our parents never to play ball in the house for we can knock things over and break them but that day I ignored their words. Suddenly, the ball bounced so high that it landed on the green armed chair in the hall way. Right next to it lays mother’s newest, most valuable zebra vase, made of marbled stones which dad had brought for her from his trip to Kenya, in Africa. When the ball hit the vase, I saw it rocking to and fro before hearing a loud CRASH!

It is indeed; precious to mom and so I stood in awe, contemplating her disappointment in me and consequences of my actions. As the thoughts raced through my mind, my heart created a racing beat to accompany to the flow of my blood as they took place through my body. Before long I felt very cold, as I heard mother’s voice asking, “What made that crashing sound?” I froze and could not answer the question that was asked. She repeated the question in a stunned and louder tone of voice, and then she touched me. My eyes rested on the ball, it came to a stop right next to a large piece of the vase as the other pieces were scattered all over the floor. I knew that I should tell the truth but when I opened my mouth to speak another answer came out, “the cat, it was the cat,” I hastily replied.

Mother, in a disappointed echo repeated the question with a new phrase “I will ask you again….. I know I am not stupid? I braved up and came clean with the truth, hoping that she will go light with the consequence. As a punishment, I was grounded for two whole weeks and I had to clean up every time somebody made a mess. As for the broken vase mom keep the larger piece as a souvenir. However, from that day on I learned a lesson that telling the truth is the better way!