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My Autobiography

My name is Jez and am 20 years old now. I was originally from Singapore. I have lived there all my life except for this year. For I now live in the united-kingdom with a friend (Sadam) and this is my autobiography our armed for ces days.

Epilogue

Singapore is a great place to live in, shame for its compulsory military training. Although it is handy and useful to know, it is still some what subtle the way they go about training youths alike. With this thought, I get ready for our 4 mile run which is quite a bit when considering that one is carrying 30kg of total equipment weight on their back. If I come within the last 10 to get to Point Kappa then I have to run back to base instead of getting a lift by jeep. Yes, life in the armed forces is 'HARD'. Having to get up at 06:00 am, get equipment you need and ensuring that your baggage weight level is at tolerance is one thing, doing it at 15 years old is another matter.

I had the tendency to always want to branch out and reach the skies. I think to myself, although I felt the realism of it within my heart as it pounded over the 140 beats per minute milestone, that it was only a bad dream. "Another hour," I murmur to myself in a low ghastly voice. I know if I can keep the running up then I will be fine, I can only pray that I don't faint out of exhaustion on the way.

We begin our run and I can feel the streams of the sun's waves upon me like a concentrated laser. There is not even a cool breeze to dry my sweat, as I wear an 'Industry Standard Rain-Top Coat'. I trek up a vast valley over-taking 23 others as I know how to rock-climb. I am thankful to my climbing skills as I over-take some more comrades, for I know that I will not be one of the last 10. I catch up with the leader of the running group and am now trekking alongside one another. "Hey, I thought you were going to end up with the losers at the back," panted the leader of the group sarcastically. I glance at Sadam to give him a grin.

Suddenly...Shrapnel of glass bursts at me from the sky; I feel my face cut a hundred fold.... It's tear gas, which is being dropped by our planes to make the exercise harder. I can't see now, it is now bare zero-visibility. Shouts and yells of my fellow brethren can be heard as we struggle our way around the sloped canyons. Gun-fire can be heard echoing. I manage to help a fallen friend up as he cannot bear the gas around us. Struggling with my own weight, I pull him with me as we tread faster than before to avoid the gasses. I can see the denseness clear; the base is ahead of us. We have made it in one piece. A sense of pride sweeps me, as I look behind to see the tremendous journey we have completed. Though our comrades are still far behind; though I don't feel pity, but strength for my own accomplishments.

Looking back on this now, I can see a reflection and what I have become today. That brief part of my moment in my youth-life was a turning point for me now. It has made

me stronger, and immune to the everyday problems. Synapses of life to me, it all comes clear. The motto of this to me is that a person experiences hardships so that he/she can have an easier future. Having experience in the armed forces at an early age has given me both a brighter perspective and a stronger life. I see the hardships of friends around me, yet I know I go through the same. Fortunately, I am able to swiftly go through it without the slightest worry of stress.

Thank you for reading my Auto-Biography.

L.K

P.S. Marconi Halipo (Israeli Intelligence) quoted, 'The hardships we endure in the mornings give us the prosperity we want in the evenings.'

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