

**Singapore HeritageFest 2009**  
**“Arte (factually) Speaking” Story-Writing Competition**  
**Shortlisted Entry (Upper Primary Category)**



Contest ID: 68  
Name: Caleb Khoo  
Gender: Male  
Age: 11-year-old  
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Artefact: ER11 Red Posting Box  
Museum: Singapore Philatelic Museum

Colonial Posting Box

Hello! I am a colonial posting box. I was once a typical posting box found on the streets of Singapore during the colonial days, but am now an artefact located outside the Singapore Philatelic Museum. I weigh approximately 400kg. Although 109 years have passed since I was first made, I still remember the day that changed my life...

It was a typical Monday afternoon. Leaves swirled to the ground, leaving a trail of withered foliage. Back then, I was eleven years old and was installed at the corner of Edinburgh Road. I had many friends at that time.

As I looked at myself, I suddenly realised that I was red in colour! I did not know I was red since I was born. Just then, a man dropped an envelope into me. Whooping with joy, I marvelled at my own luck. Suddenly, I saw something that terrified me.

A man who was wearing a cerise shirt, vermilion pants and a pair of worn-out sneakers was uninstalling one of my friends! Swiftly, I informed my friends of the dire situation. They too, were shocked and stunned by the news and quickly shouted at the man to stop. Unfortunately, my friend had already been uninstalled and was going to be dismantled very soon.

Ever since that friend was uninstalled, more of my friends had suffered the same fate. Very soon, only three of my friends were left. My friends were orange, green and blue. "Oh no...here comes that man..." my orange friend shivered in fear.

Unfortunately for him, he was the one that was dismantled. A day later, my green friend was dismantled. Then I was only left with my blue friend that turned out to be my best friend. A week later, the man in the cerise shirt came again. My friend and I stood rooted to the ground.

"No!" I shouted as I watched my blue friend being dismantled. I yelled at the man to stop what he was doing, but my yells came to no avail. My friend had been dismantled. I was filled with despair and sorrow. I had no friends to play with, and I was sure that I was the only remaining postal box of my kind. I also thought that I would be dismantled soon.

Fortunately, I survived and am now living a happy life, watching people walk past me and

staring at me in amazement. I do not think there would be any other postal boxes made, but I still would cling on to the hope that one would be made.  
(429 words)