

I felt excitement pulse through my pulsating veins, as I carefully scurried through the sand for hints of the elusive treasure, buried by the honoured pirate, Red Rackham. This was the very island in which his boots had walked upon, where he had dug the hole that remained hidden from the rest of society for centuries. But now, in spite of the treacherous seas that surrounded it, I was nearing upon my richness and renown. The flaxen sand glistened with hope and appeal, as occasional greenery and shrubs adorned the peaceful bay. And it was then I saw a promising hint of wood, perhaps a degraded vestige of the treasure chest. I let my fingers slowly scrape through the sand, and there it was. A brown chest, coated with moss, its lid timmering with exuberance. I opened it.

And in it lay, a beautiful array of pearls, each littering the corners with glittering ado. The dazzling sparkle caught my eyes and I inspected each one with cheerful happiness. Rubies, pearls, gold, emeralds. All a promise for rich greatness. I was filled with promising dreams - dreams of a tale when I was a powerful millionaire, my greatness controlling entire societies, dreams of when I could establish a powerful corporate empire, landing my success into the retail world, dreams where I would be rich and enjoy the innocent pleasures of life. But in the mess of jewels, I saw a note, scrawled with a hasty message - let these riches help the poor.

My heart beated rapidly, and disappointment engulfed my soul, smothering the passionate flame of hopes and dreams with a tumultuous torrent. Could I or could I not. Should I? The question came, a loud scream, questioning my selfish hopes. Should I? The question came again, this time angry, almost resentful. I felt tendrils of indecision slowly wrap up around my soul, slowly smothering me with the pain of uncertainty. The shining opulence of the rubies caught my eyes again. Behind that though, was the crinkled paper, proudly proclaiming a message that should be embraced.

As a boy, I had always been an adventurous vessel, sailing through the seas of my life guided by my compass of ambition. But now my control has been scattered with a single demand, a single request for a better world. I had always wanted to be adorned with jewels of riches, always wanted to be known, to be famous. And a single, piercing question ran through my mind - should I let my dreams prevent the gains of others? Should I abandon the pile of glorious riches, to be content, to be happy with the bare minimums and help those in need?

And I thought that if I was going to embrace a life of shallowness and superficiality, I would be forced to bear the haunting messages of an opportunity wasted. If I was going to be a cold man, standing famous on the podium of comfort and extravagance, I would need to stand unremorseful in the ghostly whippings when I see a poor, urban slum. Could I see the impoverished, slowly aching with sorrow as they drink unfiltered water, and to sleep on strewn mats on the cold, dirty floor while I relax in the indulgence of a rich life? Would I want to live a normal life, a life uninhibited by the commanding possessions of the powerful, to throw away a valuable, crucial opportunity; might I regret my decision to pour my opportunity in strangers I do not know?

But I knew the answer. I was going to help the poor.