**Tuesday, 15 April 2025**

Dear Diary,

Today, I did something that stayed with me long after it happened. It was not planned, not something I had thought about beforehand, but once it unfolded, I realised how much a simple action can matter.

The train was packed, the usual rush-hour congestion where silence is heavy and people avoid eye contact. I was tired, distracted, thinking about everything except what was happening around me. Then, as we pulled up to a stop, I noticed an elderly man standing near the doors. He was gripping his cane tightly, his movements slow and careful, as though each step required calculation. He was struggling to board, but nobody moved. A few glanced at him and then quickly looked away, hesitant or unsure if they should help.

Something in me acted before I could think twice. I stepped forward, reached for his arm, and helped steady him as he climbed onto the train. His grip was weak but firm enough to show his determination. When he settled into a seat, I paused and asked if he was alright, if he needed water, if someone was expecting him at his stop. He nodded and spoke softly, his words barely audible over the noise of the train, but his expression was clear. He was grateful.

The train continued moving, and the moment passed like any other, disappearing into the motion of travel. But it lingered in my mind. There was nothing remarkable about what I did, nothing extraordinary, yet it mattered. It reminded me how often people hesitate, how simple acts of kindness are sometimes left undone because no one wants to disturb the routine.

I began to wonder how many moments like this are overlooked, how often I have missed them before. People move through life convinced that change must be big, must be undeniable, but sometimes it is built from the smallest choices. A moment of attention. A decision to help. A reminder that in a world filled with distractions, being present for someone, even for a few seconds, can be enough.

Today, I saw kindness in its simplest form, and for once, I was the one offering it. That is what I will remember.

Until next time, Mason