I moved along the streets towards a warm restaurant I could sit at to eat my delicious sandwich I won in a raffle draw.I noticed a man sitting alone, shivering under the thin roof. His clothes were damp, and his eyes followed every passerby without a word. For a moment, I hesitated. My stomach growled, reminding me that I hadn’t eaten in 2 days. I thought, “I really need this sandwich” but outside I still heard myself say “Do you want to share this sandwich with me?” The homeless man’s face lit up with excitement as if he had won the lottery. He nodded weakly. My heart pounded as it wasn’t what I had wanted to say.

I wasn’t planning on ordering any food, but since I had a homeless guest, I decided to order a quick cheap meal, because I barely had any money left after I lost a whole 50 dollars at the lottery. The homeless man ate slowly as if he just ate a huge filling meal. When we finished the small dish that the restaurant served it as time to move onto my sandwich.

Both the homeless man and I eyed the sandwich like it was the last one on earth. After a few more seconds of awkward silence, I quietly grabbed the sandwich by the edge, hands sweating, I split it in half with a seemingly deafening crunch and gave one to him and kept one for myself. The homeless man finally said something which seemed like the whole world to me. I had helped a homeless poor man... with me being poor myself. A joyful tension built up inside of me, it transferred from my head to my heart. It was the greatest joy I had experienced for 2 years. The money I spent for the food was definitely worth the joy.