

A share of affection

The sky was pouring buckets of water on the earth, while I took shelter near a shop, under the awning of it. Puddles formed around me because of the heavy downpour. While the fresh scent of earth lingered in the air, people were busily hurrying past me doing daily things that didn't take notice of a scrawny ragged 10 year old girl, me, as I know how to stay invisible. Head low. Shoulder up. Look down. Then something caught my attention. A man stood out in the crowd. His dark blue suit and golden button told me that he is rich and the luxurious sandwich in his hand made me realize that famine almost took over my body and hunger washed around me. But then something peculiar happened...

He advanced toward me when the people all broke apart into small groups. At first I was about to move out of his way, seeing that he could actually buy something from the shop but then I saw kindness and longing for me to sit down in my seat inside him. When he turned the sandwich wrapper, it was not what I expected. The cheese was overflowing and the lettuce was a shade of shamrock green. The tomato was the freshest one I ever saw, not the rotten one you would see in the bin and the bread was fluffy and had grains inside them. He tore it in half and gave the bigger piece to me. The man then scurried away but in the corner of a window reflection, I can see that he can't stop smiling that he did a good deed, and somehow so can't I.

I open my mouth with the air already warmed up with kindness, bite into the dedicated sandwich. It was fluffy and the cheese made me want to wish for more. It didn't just taste good because I hadn't eaten for ages, it tasted amazing because of the kindness. From now on, I learned that at least someone cares about you and that the tiniest spark of kindness can spread to an inferno later in your life but for now, a spark is enough for me.