I sat on a comfortable bench under the shade of a lush, thick tree. The rain fell in drops that fell to the ground, tiny sparkles leaping off each drop. Next to me was a stranger also taking refuge of the rain under the tree. I held my wrapped sandwich in my hands, feeling its warmth in the cold of the day, breathing in its delicious smell that mixed with the odour of wet cement. Hungrily, I unwrapped my delectable sandwich, ready to indulge into it, when I noticed the stranger didn’t have any lunch to eat.

I considered it. My sandwich was especially handmade, and I didn’t want to waste some of it on a hungry stranger – yet, at the same time my mind kept telling me to put kindness ahead of myself. My mind debated with itself. I gazed a little wistfully at my sandwich, then glanced up at the stranger. I swallowed hard. I didn’t exactly want to, but the words tumbled out of my mouth anyways.

‘Do you…do you want some?’ I asked. The stranger stared at me, surprised by my words. ‘Me?’ he whispered, ‘Really? Uh…thanks, I guess.’ I smiled and carefully ripped my sandwich in half as evenly as I could, and gave the half that was slightly bigger to him. Mumbling another thanks, the stranger bit into it. I took a mouthful of the delicious sandwich. First came the crunchy crust, shortly followed by a tang of lemon juice, and the tastiness of bacon and sauce. Munch. I ate ravenously, feeling all the flavours on my tongue. Gulp. Munch. Gulp. There was the crispy lettuce and juicy tomatoes. There was the unresistable melted cheese that oozed through the flavours. Munch. Gulp. My stomach was satisfied as the renmants of the sandwich slipped down my throat into it. I turned to look at the stranger, who was equally satisfied. He caught my eye then grinned. That day, as I closed my eyes for sleep in the bed, I couldn’t help but feel as if what I’d done was definitely the right choice to do.