

A heart-warming story in the Storm

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There was a torrential rain last night. The wind was picking up continuously and it was pouring with heavy rain.

That was a drizzling Sunday morning. The passing by of the storm had indeed ravaged the town a little bit. Trees were in their risk of meeting the ground, birds were flying around seeking for a safe place to stay, and human beings were slowly walking on the street with disheveled hair.

Wandering on the breezy street, my eyes were caught by an old lady who had a chubby face with some fringe, mole and wrinkles. It's like all her life great changes had all deeply printed on her face. To be apart from a block, I could barely see that the old lady was holding some sort of bags on her hands. I got a closer look when I was approaching her, and then I saw her carrying almost twenty lunch boxes. Curiosity went through me, I wanted to know what she was going to do with those lunch boxes. I secretly stalked her...

Wind kept on blowing and the lady kept on walking, towards places that I had never been to before. As she kept on going, I started to feel weird as she was turning to a dark and small alley, which I bet no one would ever go there.

My second thought was turning around and went back home, but then I saw a scenario which was so mind-blowing. That was going to be printed on my mind forever. At the end of the alley, there stayed a number of people, sitting on small pieces of paper boxes, constantly rubbing on their frail clothes, hoping to get warmth. It must be freezing for them to stay in the alley after the big storm,

but what about last night? Were they here last night? How could they sleep and rest when the pouring rain and gale was shouting at them?

So many questions popped up into my mind in a second, with no ideas for any clues. Confused and sympathized, I started to realize what the old lady was doing with those warm lunch boxes.

"Hey! What a beautiful morning after the storm, time for LUNCH!" screamed the women enthusiastically. She started to deliver the lunch boxes and had some little chat with the homeless.

I was astonished as well as contented when I finally understood what was happening in front of me, and I remembered William Shakespeare once said, "How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a weary world."

I bet I finally realized how strong and deep the quote was, when you could literally see it and feel it in front of you. The small good deed that the old lady did might be just a small move, but it showed huge love and shone in the dark.

This was supposed to be the most beautiful and heart-warming scene, until I realized one more thing...

Having delivered the free lunch boxes for the homeless, she peacefully left the alley with a big smile on her face. Satisfied and fulfilled, she slowly pushed her trolley with her wrinkled hand, full of paper boxes which would be sold for money for her living.