

Amy's Journal

Written by Athena Chan (5C 3)

This morning, Mum and I went to the local supermarket to buy groceries. As we were heading back home, Mum suddenly gasped, she then told me to wait a while since she had forgotten to pick up bananas. I told her that it was okay and that I would wait for her near the entrance. Whilst waiting, I found myself wandering into a dark gloomy alleyway. The air there was damp and musty, all that could be heard was the occasional sound of water dripping from old air-conditioners from the buildings above. At this moment, I heard the distinct sound of coins clinking and clashing together. I turned to see an old lady kneeling on a small piece of cardboard, shaking a small plastic cup with a few coins inside.

I watched as she clasped her hands together, begging for spare change from people walking by. One by one, I witnessed as the passers-by ignored her pleas, not even sparing her a glance. "Such selfishness! How could people turn a blind eye to a person seeking help and support?" I thought. It was then that I felt the thin piece of paper wedged in my pocket and I found myself in a dilemma. This cash was the allowance I had saved up for the book that my favourite author had recently released. I wanted this for so long, could I really just give this desire up so easily? I looked at her worn clothing and wrinkled face, could I really just leave without offering her anything? That makes me no different from all the people that walked past her? The same people I called selfish and cruel?

The guilt lay heavy on my shoulders, as if there were a boulder weighing me down. I glanced at her frailty skinny body and I knew that my conscience had won me over. I remembered some of the extra groceries we had and I handed it to her along with the 60 dollars that I had saved up. And when I saw her face light up and her tired eyes sparkle, I knew that I

had made the right decision. The old lady looked up at me and thanked me profusely, “You have a heart of gold!”

From the corner of my eye, I saw a familiar figure emerge from the supermarket, Mum had gotten the rest of the groceries. I hurriedly bid the old lady goodbye as I had to return to the parking-lot before Mum got worried. As I left, I happened to pass by the book store. In the display window was the book that I originally had planned to buy, but I had no regrets. If I could pick again, I would still choose to help the old lady again. This time, my pace slowed... I had to choose... without hesitation.