

Good People, Good deeds

Who cares about the little paws?

It is often said that human is the cruellest and the most selfish animal in the world. To some extent, it is true. People stop at nothing to kill the innocent lives in order to meet their demands or lead a perfect life that they want. For instance, people kill animals for fur so that they can wear it for fashion or showing off their social status. Some may kill animals for food and take their habitat as a trade off. Then they turn out to be endangered. But human ignore the cruel fact and continue hurting animal in an atrocious way.

Hong Kong is a civilised city, where animal abuse frequently happens. I just can't help but feel agitated while reading the news which involved kittens being killed or animals being abused. Only cold-bloodiness and cold-heartiness can I feel from the appalling news of this city. Nonetheless, since I met this woman, I could feel there is still humanity in Hong Kong.

The story started one year ago and took place in Victoria Park. Every time I went home from school or Causeway Bay in the evening, I had to walk by the Victoria Park. Strayed cats are the one of the Victoria Park's best-known things. They are everywhere. Therefore it comes as no surprise that a cat runs across the path in front of you any time.

Every time I walked by the Victoria Park in the evening, I always saw an old lady with a ponytail carried two or three black bags. She often murmured to the underbrush that I didn't catch. At the very beginning, I thought she was a psychosis like she was always being this way.

Day by day and week by week, almost half a year passed. She was still doing the same thing, muttering and carrying big bags like Santa Claus.

One day in the evening I had just had a meeting in Causeway Bay and was ready to go home. I walked along the Victoria Park as usual. Predictably, I saw her again. Then I decided to follow her to figure out what she had been doing. I hid behind a tree. I stood the side of the path and kept a close distance to observe her.

"Meow... Meow.."

"What? She was pretending as a cat?"

Shortly after she meowed, a few cats came out and yelled at her. Then she took out the cat food from her bag and distributed the food on some pieces of papers. She knelt down and put those papers with food underbrush for the fear that someone might scare them or clean up the food.

"Babies, I'm going to feed other cats right now. Enjoy your dinner!" gently she said to the cats.

At that moment, I realized what she had done in that half a year and how wrong I used to think. After that, she turned round and noticed I was staring at her. Closely could I see her face. I guessed she was forty something since she got some white hair. We nodded each other and she went away. I found this meaningful so I asked if I could join her. She replied me "yes" without any hesitation.

"How long have you fed the cats? Is it only you who feed them?" I suddenly became an inquisitive kid.

"I have fed them for a couple of years. I'm not the only one to feed them but just a little of people would be willing to be volunteer." she said. We had talked a lot when we were feeding the cats.

She not only fed them but also cured them. If any of them got sick, she would take the ill cats to the vet until they recovered. To my surprise, all the food and the medical fee came from her pocket. There was no knowing how expensive the medical fee was. I could only say her greatness was beyond description.

You might think she was rich enough to help the cats but the fact was far from your thought. Before I talked to her, I didn't know anything about her pitiful family background. She had a jobless husband who always went to Mainland to please his mother to give him some money. She had to live by herself. Rent was her sole income. Helping cats used up much of her money. Therefore, she had to lead a frugal life. I was wondering why she was still a volunteer helping those cats without any return. She told me that we should not only take care of ourselves, we ought to take care of the poor. Human shouldn't be selfish. Then she smiled.

The woman's story ends here, but it will last long in my heart. The lesson learnt is that when you spend money in a meaningful way, you won't regret and it's worthwhile. While I saw the cats having their food, it was really heart-warming. All animals should be respected. I also hope

she will influence more people to play a part in helping people or animals in need. No matter whom they are and what they are, we live under the same shelter.