

(No.8) A Cake

What is kindness? Is it all about money and sacrifices? Nowadays, people see kindness in a different way. They think that the more money you donate, the more kindness you have. Therefore, people want recognition and to let the others know how “kind” they are. To me, kindness is something simple, something we do to help others because we care. Something we feel is the right thing to do. Something that helps make someone else’s life or even just their day better and brighter. It might mean little to the one who gives help, but it definitely means the world to the one who receives help.

It was my tenth birthday and my mother promised me that I could have a chocolate cake for my birthday. Because we couldn't really afford luxuries, the last time that I had a birthday cake was for my fifth birthday. I was really looking forward to this cake. My mom and I went to the bakery and I kept on thinking what it was going to be like to have a big, delicious chocolate cake. When we arrived, I ran to the fridge and pointed to a creamy, beautifully decorated chocolate cake with a cherry on top. My mom looked worried, peeked into her old, tattered purse and said, “Son, I am sorry, can you choose something else? I promise you that we can have it later on or next year.” Her voice was soft, shaky and full of sadness. As a child, I didn't understand why I couldn't have the cake, so I burst into tears. While my mom was trying to figure out how to persuade me to have something else, an old man saw what was happening and bought the cake for me. “There little guy, don't cry, here's your cake. Happy birthday, boy!” said the old man. After that, he left and I didn't even have time to wipe my tears, react to what was happening or to say thank you. I hadn't seen him since then and every day I kept looking for him. I really wanted to say thank you and give the money back to him. I could still remember what he looked like, what he was wearing and his deep voice. However, I was never able to find him anywhere.

The years went by, I studied hard and got a job in the bank, wore a fancy suit and drove a nice sports car. It was my mom's birthday, so I decided to go to the same bakery to buy a birthday cake for her. I went inside and saw a kid pointing at a cake, crying, while his grandmother was trying to calm him down. In that moment I had a flashback and I saw my young self and thought about what that old man said. I knew exactly how the little boy felt. By the time I came back from my flashback, the grandma and the kid were already gone. So I bought the cake and started running after them. The little boy was still crying so I followed the crying sound and found them. I was out of breath as I gave the cake to the child. They didn't know what was going on so I said “Take this, it's for you. Don't cry, happy birthday, kid.” His grandma was shocked and so happy. “Why are you helping us?” she asked. “Well, when I see this little boy, I see myself. When I was young, someone did the same for me, but I never got the chance to say thank you. The only thing I can do now to honour and appreciate his kind deed, is to do the same for someone else and spread kindness and hope to more people” I said. They took the cake and went home with big smiles on their faces.

Sometimes, the simplest thing can be the greatest help. It can just be lending a helping hand or showing your caring and kind heart. It doesn't have to be something big. No matter how big or small it is, it will make the world a better and more joyful place.