

Good people, good deeds

Shinjuku, Tokyo, heavy rain. I came here alone, to meet my friend, Steve.

Unfortunately, his flight to Japan was delayed. I had no choice but to stay in a hotel to wait for him. The streets were crowded with people. As I stood in a corner of the street, a deafening sound broke the silence. It was the tram.

The hotel I stayed at was nice and tidy. The big soft bed was my favorite. In the following day, I kept strolling up and down the streets, with excitement and curiosity.

By lunch time, I lost my wallet and my phone, and I only had a little money left. What bad news! I tried to explain it to the policemen, and they said they would follow up.

"Ah! How can I live alone in Shinjuku, with no money, no phone and poor Japanese?"

I signed.

"Maybe I should start by cutting down on food spending."

Corn soups, corn soups, and corn soups. It seemed like I had been eating these for 3 days. And there was no doubt about today's dinner. Although it tasted bland, it could warm my body and it was cheap. That was all I needed as I walked into a McDonald's.

After finding a window seat, I started having my meal. I swallowed some soup, and I looked up. There were still many people on the streets. The shops were shining, the trams were moving, and it was raining. "Gululu ..." my stomach was grumbling. Suddenly, I felt

hopeless and very tired. I fell asleep.

I fell asleep without noticing anything. A noise woke me up. Confused, I saw a young girl in a uniform standing in front of me, and there was a box on the table.

"Er... What's this?" I asked in my poor Japanese.

"It's for you. Don't tell anyone," she whispered. At least she could know what I was saying.

"Huh? But why?" I was confused.

"That's been your only dinner for three days, hasn't it?" She said, pointing to my soup on the table.

"At least please tell me your name!" I yelled.

"Toko." She left with a friendly smile.

I opened the box. There was a hamburger inside. I grabbed it up with hesitation, and I gobbled it in a rush. After the first bite, I closed my eyes. I felt tears.

I think that was the most delicious dinner I had had in all the 16 years of my life.

Finally, a policeman came to me and told me my wallet was found. "Hooray!" "I can contact Steve! Maybe he thinks that I get lost in Tokyo," I shouted.

The days flew by. I just spent time with Steve and played all around the city. The thing that I didn't expect was meeting Toko again. I was very glad to see her. I walked to her, but

I stopped when I saw some bullies around her. Toko looked panicking. and I decided to save her. So I ran to her, dragged her arm and escaped. After hiding in an alley, we were both gasping. I stared at her, and she was wearing a pink dress today.

“Thanks, it was dangerous!” She said, gasping.

“I saw you were in trouble, I ought to help you. By the way, thank you for that hamburger. If you are not there, I may die in hunger,” I replied seriously.

“Don’t praise me so much ! I should do that,” She beamed.

“Let’s go! I will show you the beauty of Shinjuku.” She took my hand and started leading me.

She led me to an abandoned building. We went up to the rooftop of the building. Suddenly it rained, and we took out our umbrellas. She pointed down at the streets, I thought she wanted to show me an overlooking view. Mansions, houses, buildings, and a huge lake. All were in the heavy rain.

“Wow, that’s stunning,” I said.

“Yes.” She was very delighted.

We went apart and said goodbye to each other at night. That’s where my memory of her ended.

Before this journey, I didn’t know that helping other people can spread. But Now I

realize one's good behavior will affect other people to do good things to others, and that's

really the spirit of "Good people, Good deeds".