(No. 8) An Umbrella Taught Me to Help

As a child, I was not willing to help because I thought it would only bring me loss. Time or money. Someone might say: 'It would not take you a lot of time but would make others feel happy.' However, I don't think so. Why would I help you if I don't even know you? Especially when it will cost me extra time and money.

That's why I was not willing to help others when I was a child. However, now I change my mind.

I always ride my bike to my classmate's house on Saturdays. The weather was not very good one day. It looked like it was going to rain, but I forgot to bring my umbrella. So, I was going to ride my bike home early.

Unfortunately, it rained before I got home. So, I rode increasingly faster and hoped the rain wouldn't pour soon. However, things didn't go the way I thought they would, it turned worse in no time.

The rain was so heavy that I couldn't see the road ahead and there was no shelter from the rain. I had to push my bike slowly through the heavy rain. I was wet all over like I'd just fallen into the water. At that moment I felt abandoned by the world.

A light came from behind me but did not just leave like the others did. I looked back and saw a car. A man came up with an umbrella and he handed it to me.

I watched him get back in the car under his other umbrella. His clothes looked expensive, but they got wet in the rain.

My body was cold, but my heart was warm. He got back in the car and took off, but he was still in my mind.

After that day, my childish thoughts disappeared. I also helped others

sometimes.

I remember at the beginning of the COVID-19, not everyone could get hold of a mask but only people wearing masks could enter premises like supermarkets.

I was waiting for my family outside the supermarket one day. I saw an elderly couple unable to go in because they weren't wearing masks. They still tried to enter, but the staff refused. I watched their anxious faces, I remembered pushing the bike in the rain. I took out the only three masks I had left in my bag and handed them over.

They were surprised and then kept thanking me. When they got out of the supermarket, they passed me a bag of snacks. I didn't like the snack, but I still felt so happy.

I realized the joy of helping others, I am ready to help those who are in trouble. The umbrella from the helpful stranger is still in my home and whenever I see this umbrella, I remember that man.

After these two incidents, I learned not to think about what you are losing when helping others, we should think more about what other people you help can pass their difficulty instead.