

### (No. 3) Love is a Boomerang

‘Oh no! I am late! It is already half past seven!’ I woke up and brushed the sleepy sand out of my eyes. I felt scared about the possible punishment I might receive while brushing my teeth and packing the school bag. I was anxious to get to school as fast as I could.

I began to sprint. ‘Excuse me! Excuse me!’ I darted past people, buildings and trees. I quickened my pace until steps became leaps. My feet were flying over stones and leaves. Ponytail waved behind me as I ran. I was running so fast that I thought my muscles were going to explode. ‘Whew, that was close! I barely had time to catch the bus.’ I heard a sigh of relief when I got on the bus. ‘Oh no! Where is my coins bag?’ I looked for my wallet with anxiety. Perspiration beaded my brow. Thousands of questions were prowling through my head. ‘Did I leave it at home? Is there enough time to get back home to find it? Will this action affect others? What should I do?’ To my surprise, a lady walked towards me. She has two big dark eyes under a pair of thick eyebrows. They seemed to be smiling at me. ‘I will pay for you.’ I felt really thankful for her assistance. She got out of the bus after paying for me.

I then went into the middle of the carriage. This crowded carriage was sultry and hot, like a big oven. There was no place for me at all. I squeezed through the crowd and managed to hold on to a handrail. Just then, a child ran across the road and the driver had to put on the brake suddenly. I almost fell. At the same time, I discovered a man with winter-white hair was standing next to me. His face is timeworn and wrinkled. He appeared clumsy in his movements. I felt heart broken. Why did no one give him a seat? Where are the traditional virtues of the

Chinese? Unfortunately, I didn't have a seat so I could not do anything. I held his hand. After a while, someone not far from me wanted to get off the bus, I quickly took the seat. Then, I patted the old man and motioned him to sit down. 'I'll get off the bus soon!' I told a white lie, but it's still a long way from getting off the bus. 'Little girl, you must be a filial child. Thank you!' he said.

Finally, here came my bus stop. It turned out that the old man got off at the same stop as me. Walking on the street, we saw a group of little boys laughing and chasing. One of them ran towards me. He lost his balance and almost tripped. I hurriedly rushed forward to grab his hand. What a shame! He fell and started to wail. The old man took pity on the helpless little boy and helped him to dress a wound. The grieving little boy turned sadness into smiles.

It is wonderful! It is kindness boomerang. It passes from one individual to the next and manages to boomerang back to the person who sets it into motion. Most of the time people love to be on-lookers. However, there are also some heart-warming stories happening in this bustling and crowded city. It is generally believed that people's good deeds are washed down in water while evil deeds are etched in brass. Indeed, life should not be like this. Take two minutes every day to list three things you are grateful for in your life. You will find blessings in life worth celebrating.

Talking about being a good person and doing good deeds are easy, but we should not just care about our own comfort and vanity rather than people in need. If all people just care about themselves, they will become selfish and cruel and the world will be full of hopeless and indifferent people. I don't really understand

what good deeds are, but I just think it is important to give a helping hand to others and fill my life with laughter and smiles.