

### (No. 1) The Famous Sentence

We all know the famous sentence of “Treat people the way you want to be treated” right? It has been said to me a lot of times as I get older. I was a bad kid, I would never listen to my parents nor anyone around me. I was the type to bully my kindergarten friends because of my high ego and pride. But then I realised why no one would want to play with me. And as I grew older, I became aware of my actions and surroundings, and I have witnessed a lot of things as I pass by the busy streets of Hong Kong.

Every time my parents have a holiday, we would go out to eat or explore places I have never been before. There was one time I noticed a man wearing almost nothing but a towel over his body, as he was begging the people passing by the bridge for money. I looked around my surroundings, why was no one helping him? I tapped my mom’s shoulder and asked if I could give him some spare change. She quickly said “No Angel, you can’t just suddenly give things and help people you don’t know.” And we continued our journey to go to Lamma Island. When we were on the boat I couldn’t stop thinking about the poor man. Are people that busy? Will I become like them in the future? I was a small kid, I did not know any better. I was taught at a young age that we shouldn’t trust people that easily, because they could have bad intentions. This mindset has changed me to who I am now, fast forward to 12 years later.

When I was 16, I used to go to a local High School and I made some pretty cool friends. I always gave them a helping hand whenever I could, it could either be helping them with homework or helping them study. One day after school, I helped my friend Irene to practise her English speech competition that was on

the following week. "Thank you so much Angel, you really don't have to do this you know," she spoke with her soft voice. It was so angelic and was strong enough to win this competition. "I can practise on my own." She replied to me. I shook my head, because I loved helping people. Maybe it's just natural for me to do so.

After helping Irene, I took a different direction home. Normally I would turn left and go up a small hill to my building, but today I went on the right side. There I saw an elderly, whom I assume is around her 60's, trying to put stuff on the top shelf. "Maybe she is opening a new shop in the area." I thought to myself. I was wondering if I should help her or not. But I don't know her? From this moment, I thought about what my mother said to me. "You can't suddenly just give and help people you don't know." I, being a 7 year-old girl, would've listened to her because after all, I was a kid. But now I've grown older, I realised what the sentence means. Yes I agree that we can't give and help strangers that easily, but what's the harm in helping them a little bit?

I then ran to her shop, carrying the box of canned goods onto my arms. "Oh, thank you my dear!" She said in a sweet tone, smiling at my kind gesture. I helped her stack them one by one, according to her orders. After that I climbed down the ladders, and I patted my uniform to remove the dirt. She couldn't stop smiling. That was the thing I loved about her. She then offered me brownies and a carton of chocolate milk, I thanked her and we started to get to know each other. She came to Hong Kong 20 years ago, and she came from the Philippines. Her name is Daisy, and she lives nearby. She opened her shop today, calling it Quezon Pinoy. The space was small, but it had a lot of varieties of goods.

Every day after school ends, I would visit Daisy and help her around the shop. She handled the cashier. As it was too dangerous to make her climb ladders and put heavy stuff up, that was my job. I wasn't paid for this. She would then feed me afterwards, so I felt like home.

She treated me like I was her daughter, and I treated her as my other mother. Her hugs were so kind and comforting. But everything always has to come to an end, doesn't it?

She told me to close the shop early, so we could have a talk. I followed her instructions and then we sat down on the floor together. "What's up Nana?" That was the nickname I gave her, she looked at me with sad eyes. "I became sick, my love, and I will die soon, you need to take care of the shop when I'm gone." Fear and horror came to my mind. My heart became heavy and it started to pound hard. This can't be happening. "No, Nana!" I yelled, tearing up. "You'll grow up to be just like your name — an angel. I'll always remember you and the things you've done to me, but the time has come, my dear. I can't thank you enough. I love you so much." She spoke, as we both sobbed the night away.

Time has passed by, and I'm 20 now. Nana is gone, but her spirit is still here. I look back to our fond memories and I smile, I miss her every day. I own the shop after her and I help people on a daily basis. That famous sentence 'Treat people the way you want to be treated' can stick with you forever, and who knows, it may change your life too.