Международный творческий конкурс

«Пусть слово доброе душу разбудит…»

Номинация: «Проза».

Названия произведения:

«A good word is our».

Возрастная категория: 11-15 years.

На английском языке.

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A good word is our wealth.

With words, we can warm the soul, cheer up, and just make a person smile, so that the person feels that he is not alone. I remember an incident that happened in my life. It didn’t turn over my life but changed in many ways.

I was going home after work by a mini-bus which was overfull. At the bus stop, a small old woman climbed in with difficulty. Sitting down in an empty seat, she reached into the pocket of her old coat. The "fashionable" girls who were sitting next to her looked at the old woman and wrinkled their noses, showing that they did not like being near her. The old woman fumbled in her pocket for a long time, then began to fumble in another one.

Apparently, not finding what she needed, she reached into the inside pocket of her coat. She did everything very slowly. Irritated by the old woman's appearance, one of the girls said, "You should sit in the sun on a bench near your house, granny." And the driver chipped in: "This is how senile old people get in the way of everyone and get underfoot every day." At the driver's remark, the old woman only sighed sadly.

After a while, the old woman asked to stop at the bus stop and pulled out a veteran's ID card. The driver's indignation was at the breaking point because the passenger wasn’t going to pay. He insulted the old woman and added: "You should stay at home and let your children and grandchildren do your stuff. Being close to the death’s door and you are here preventing people to earn money." The girls giggled and snorted in disdain. The old woman pulled out a battered bill and held it out by saying that it was the last one.

(In this situation, I remained a silent witness)

There was a scandal in the minibus. Almost everyone, except the girls were on the old woman’s side. Someone even cursed the driver for all his offensive words. At that moment a young guy intervened in their skirmish, paid for the old woman and left the bus.

At that bus stop, I had to leave as well. Then I went up to the granny to help. The poor old woman looked at me and sobbed saying through her tears: "If I had children and grandchildren, I would be happy and I wouldn’t move a step from their side. But as fate has willed the God took my son, daughter-in-law and two grandchildren. And today I have gone to their graves to visit them. Today is the year I lost them."

Her wrinkled hands covered her face but tears flowed through them. My heart sank; I wanted to protect her, to help her, to hug her, to tell her that she was not alone. I decided to take the old woman to her house.

On the way home she told how her family had died in the car accident and she was left all alone, how she was living, what difficulties she was going through. Listening to her my eyes were wet and my heart was so painful. She did not complain, she only said that it was the will of the Almighty.

But I was so surprised to find out that the old granny lived very close to my house. It always seemed to me that a large family was living there. In the evenings, there were lights on everywhere, there were lots of flowers on the windowsills, and her garden was very neat and tidy.

I would never think that there was a lonely old woman living in that house.

I was very ashamed that in the vanity of my life I didn’t even know what was happening in the neighborhood and who was living close to me and how.

Anyway, if I knew the story of that old woman, I would never stay away for help and support.