

Benjamin Seing

Ms. Pahomov

English 2

September 28, 2016

The True Helping Hands

In the middle of May of my freshman year, our history teacher gave a volunteering opportunity at Temple University. Ms. Johnson expected us to be at an event she was organizing about black children who can dream and succeed to a perfect and planned out future. The first thing we needed to do was to help set up the materials and check in the guests that are coming very early of dawn. As a fan of coffee I was, I drank six cups of coffee to keep me energized. Later in that day, the event started to close up and the distribution of free backpacks, I intended to leave and go home as soon as possible. Meymey, a close friend of mine, wanted to get a gift for our English teacher, Ms. Giknis. We stopped at the Temple University's Barnes and Noble shop, where college students can purchase books and school supplies. In that area, many stores and fast food restaurants were open and yet Meymey and I were hungry from the hard working day.

A elderly man walked towards us and approached to be released out of the hospital recently. His wrist bands were still on as well as his gown from the hospital and he walked with a cane short to his waist. He asked a favor of us if we can buy him food since he has not eaten for a while at the hospital. Most likely when situations comes like this, I say that I don't have money. Though, Meymey felt sorrow for the elderly man and his condition. We were concerned for him, yet Meymey was more concerned as I was.

She begged me, “Ben, can we go to Dunkin Donuts across the street from here? I feel so bad for him and I hate to see him starve when other people are barely helping him. Ben, I’m honestly scared. Please I’m begging you not to ignore this situation!”

From those words she had convinced me to go across the street with her to buy a sandwich at Dunkin Donuts. I even felt a little bit of guilt after remembering what my grandfather had to go through for a few months.

I started to pity for the man that he is alone looking for food. I also took in consideration to buy a sandwich and drink for Meymey and I to resolve our hunger as well. In our asian culture when believing in Buddhism, I should never let a girl pay for anything. I was in so much confusion to what we were purchasing. And I ended up letting Meymey pay for the food for the man. I have looked at what I purchased and notice that I have only bought food for myself and and drinks for Meymey and I. Time was wasted and we didn’t want lose sight of the elderly man. I felt regret because I was selfish.

As we rushed outside to search for the man, we could not find him. We waited at our bus stop while keeping an eye out for the man. Minutes before the bus came on Broad street, we spotted him half a block away and dashed for him. As frightened as he looked we gave him the sandwich and he thanked us gratefully. Slowly walking back towards our bus stop, we looked back and he gobbled the sandwich in an instant. As satisfying to see that he was able to eat, we felt more relieved, though I felt guilty. I wasn’t much hungry anymore and I realized that we didn’t get something for him to drink after that sandwich. I was a cheap and selfish teenager. Good karma was not at my side and it was more towards Meymey. I know that I will be facing a consequence later.

A couple days has passed and I began to feel sick. I knew I drank too much coffee that day and a fever struck me down. My throat began to sore, and my head began to spin as I lose conscience. I didn't know if I was hungry or full after I had a meal. Bad karma was indeed at my side and I was paying the consequence. I let that situation become selfish to myself. Everyday that passes, I question myself if I was an evil doer, or one of the selfish with stupidity. I don't normally pass out over coffee, though I do know that I became drossy.

Each and every morning and night, my father gave me two asian pills that gives drowsiness and helps me sleep. Traditionally, it was a way to sweat and that would help cure the sickness inside my body. Side effects apply as dreaming bizarre things or situations with the unsteady mind. I believe that it is always best to think twice and always help the ones in need. I couldn't get over the fact that I did something that isn't true to myself and realizing that I was a greedy child. Life lesson learned as "pure hearts will only benefit your future as the ones' whose hearts aren't clean will face similar problems later" and "you don't need a reason to help people".