



WRITING

The Lonely Homeless Child

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TYPE

Narrative

Social-Emotional Learning

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One day, my grandparents and my brother went to a restaurant to eat dinner in Mexico. Right when we finished ordering our food, my grandma spotted a homeless boy selling some rubberband bracelets. A couple minutes later, the boy asked me and everyone else at my table if we wanted to buy the bracelets that he was selling. But the truth was, we didn't really want one. So instead of buying the bracelets, my grandma gave the boy \$20. When she gave it to him, he said, "Thank you." He went to the ice cream shop and bought a vanilla ice cream cone. When we saw him coming out, he had a smile on his face and he was jumping for joy. In my mind, I felt so happy and glad about what my grandma did for the boy because he did not have parents at home or any money. And all of this happened in Mexico at dinnertime. I felt like I had butterflies in my stomach because of what happened. And because of that, I wasn't even hungry anymore. I was just in shock of what happened that day.