

Life is small By Esme Bayliss for Bali Rai

Once I was walking around a Tesco store, when I saw a cashier hand this boy some money back. The boy couldn't have been more than 5 or 6 years old. The cashier said "I'm sorry but you don't have enough to buy this doll." The little boy turned to face his Grandmother "Are you sure you don't have enough money?" The old lady replied "You know that I don't have enough money to buy this doll, my dear." Then she asks him to stay there for just 5 minutes as she wanted a look around. She left quickly. The little boy still holding the doll in his hand. Finally, I walked towards him and asked him who he wished to give his doll to. "It's the doll my sister loved most she wanted Santa Claus to bring it to her for Christmas. She was sure he would." I replied to him saying that Santa Claus might bring it to her after all and not to worry. But he replied to me sadly "No, Santa Claus can't bring it to her now because of where she is. I am going to give it to mummy so she can give it to her when she goes there." His eyes were glimmering with tears as he said this. "My sister has gone to be with god. Daddy says Mummy is going to see him too very soon, so I thought she could take the doll with her to give to my sister." My heart suddenly stopped. The little boy looked up at me with a sad glimpse in his eye "I told Daddy not to let Mummy go just yet. She needs to wait until I come back from the shop, but Daddy says she has to go to be with my little sister." Then he looks back at the doll with sad eyes. Very quietly I quickly reached out for my purse, "I suppose we check that you have enough money then," I added some of my money secretly without him seeing and we started to count. There was enough money for the doll and even extra. The little boy said "Thank you god for giving me enough money!" Then he looked at me and added, "I asked last night before I went to sleep for god to make sure I had enough money, so that I could buy the doll for Mummy to give to my little sister. He heard me!" He paused and smiled at the doll then looked back up at me, "I also wanted to buy Mummy a white rose, but I didn't dare ask god for that much. But he gave me enough to buy the doll and the white rose!" He smiled even bigger at me. "Mummy loves white roses!" A few minutes later the old lady returned and I left with my basket. I finished my shop in a totally different state of mind from when I started. I couldn't get that little boy out of my mind. Then I remembered the local newspaper article from 2 days ago, which mentioned a drunk man in a truck, who hit a car with a little girl and a mother in. The little girl died right away, and the

mother was left in critical state. The family had to decide whether or not to pull the plug on the life-sustaining machine, because the mother was not able to recover from the coma. Was this the family of the little boy?

Two days after my encounter with the little boy, I read in the newspaper that the mother had passed away. I couldn't stop myself as I bought a bunch of white roses and went to her funeral home where the body of the mother was exposed for people to make there last wishes before her burial. She was there in her coffin, holding a beautiful white rose in her hand with a picture of the little boy and the doll placed carefully on her chest. I left the place teary-eyed feeling that my life had been changed forever... The love that that little boy had for his mother and younger sister is still, to this day, hard to imagine. But after a fraction of a second a drunk driver had taken this all away from him.

Thank you for reading this is based on a true event.

By Esme Bayliss

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