

## **THE WRONG SIDE**

**– by Savvas (9)**

“Goodbye!” I heard the shopkeeper call as I opened the door. The shopping bag was loosely hanging off my shoulder as I walked down the steps. So many thoughts were running through my mind, “Am I too late? It wasn’t my fault that my white boss decided to unexpectedly keep me in for work.” A little bit of anger ran through my veins but I ignored it. “I should not let such cruel actions make me depressed. I’ve lived through this for sixty years; I can surely live through it for a few more months.”

The sky was pitch-black. My eyesight sort of clouded. My footsteps were the only sound that travelled through the neighbourhood – indicting that I was indeed late. Very late. I saw headlights in front of me – but I knew my presence would be ignored if I stayed on the right side of the lane. My breathing quickened. The car drifted in front of me and I let out a sigh of relief.

Just as I thought everything was going smoothly – the vehicle halted. I stopped along with it, the sudden action confusing me. I was contemplating running away, but I couldn’t. The reason being that three men suddenly grabbed my shopping bag and pushed me to the ground. The cold pavement struck my side, shooting pain up my body. “You aren’t on the right side – loser!” one of the men shouted, making me confused. I managed to take a look around and realised that I was indeed on the wrong side. I kept apologising over and over again, silently praying to our Lord that they would leave me alone. I’ve managed to escape this all of my life! I was absolutely terrified.

All my hopes were nearly shattered until I heard a voice – a woman’s voice. “Get away from him” she screamed. The men instantly departed from my crouched body.

I heard a gasp and then felt two hands gently helping me up. “Let me walk you home, sir.” I nodded, limping alongside this woman. I decided to forget about the torn-up shopping. It took about five minutes for me to point at a small, destroyed house. I turned to thank the lovely lady that decided to save me, and I was surprised. She was white! She clearly noted my expression, but ignored it and handed me £100. “May God bless you” were the last words that left her mouth, before she turned away and trotted back down the road.

*Values: Tolerance Understanding*