

### A Story

A girl walked along the path. Her long, brown hair fluttered in the wind. With a tattered, old blouse, wrinkled and torn jeans, and worn black boots about two sizes too small, she heaved a great big sigh and it misted in the cold December morning air. She was so skinny that the wind could blow her away. Her eyes were dark pools of misery. This is the story of the girl.

This girl had two brothers and parents two years ago. They were a very carefree family. However, her two brothers fell ill suddenly, and passed away. Her mother, overwhelmed with grief, died soon after. Her father could not earn enough money to support his daughter and himself. So, her father sold her to a mean woman who had three daughters. The three daughters teased and tricked her, and the mean woman treated her like a slave. She often hit the girl and starved her. She had been treated like this for six years.

As the girl walked on the road, on the path to the bakery, she saw a familiar figure. It was searching for someone. It was calling her name. It was.....

"Dad!" she cried. The man looked round. His eyes sparkled with kindness and joy. They hugged, an action that seemed to go on forever, a hug that concealed love, happiness, surprise and relief.

