

**STD 3 NATIONAL LEARNING ASSESSMENT**  
**MENTOR TEXT – BOOKLET 2**

**HELPING MRS. RODRIGUEZ**

Have you ever had your evening ruined and blessed in one? Well, this happened to me and although I was sad for one thing, I was extremely happy for the other. Let me tell you exactly what happened. It was a Friday evening. I was hustling to get home to watch the 4 x100 relay final for Olymics. I really wanted to see my country break a world record.

As I turned the corner onto my street, I saw Mrs. Rodriguez, our elderly neighbour, struggling with her grocery bags. She had three big bags, and they looked like they were about to burst. Already walking very slowly, Mrs. Rodriguez kept stopping after every two steps to catch her breath. At first, I was going to mind my business, but I remembered my mother always telling me to be kind to the elderly. Knowing I had not much time to spare, I hurried over to Mrs. Rodriguez. “Mrs. Rodriguez,” I said, “can I help you with those bags?”

She looked surprised and a little relieved. “Oh, that would be very kind of you, dear,” she said, her voice a bit shaky. I carefully took two of the bags from her. To this day, I’m not sure if Mrs. Rodriguez was carrying groceries or bricks. My arms felt like it would separate from my elbow. As we walked, we talked about my day at school and her gardening. It felt like our conversation made the walk even slower. When we finally reached her front door, I quickly dropped the bags and turned to leave. Yet, I couldn’t. The sight of Mrs. Rodriguez struggling with her bunch of keys to open her front door was too much to bear. So, again, I offered my assistance. After opening the door, I took the bags into Ms. Rodriguez’s kitchen. She thanked me again with a warm smile. “You’re a very helpful young man,” she said. “Would you like a little glass of juice?”

I politely declined and tried to hurry out of the house to get home quickly. As I grabbed by bag which I had left in the gallery, Mrs. Rodriguez stuck what looked like a ten-dollar bill into my shirt pocket, patted me on the shoulder and thank me again. As I got home, I turned on the television, but I was too late. The race was over. At that moment, I wished I had minded my business.

I sat on the chair and sulked. Then I remembered the ten-dollar bill. On reaching into my shirt pocket, I realised it was a fifty-dollar bill. Even though helping Mrs. Rodriguez made me miss the race, I was grateful for fifty dollars. It taught me that even little acts of kindness can be beneficial even if its unexpected.

