

□ Reading time: 1 min.

The child: "Sometimes I drop my spoon."

The old man: "It often happens to me too."

The child whispered: "I wet my pants."

"I do it too," smiled the old man.

The child: "I often cry."

The old man nodded: "Me too."

"But the worst thing of all," said the child, "is that nobody pays attention to me."

At that moment he felt the warmth of a wrinkled old hand on his chubby little hand.

"I know what you mean," said the old man.

(Shel Silverstein)

*From beginning to end, life is fragile.*