 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.