

It all started when an obese man waddled into our simple deli and ordered a large bowl of noodles. He seemed so peculiar that I had a hard time concentrating on my homework. I paused now and then to get a sneak peek at him. Having a large fleshy nose, thick lips and a mole near his left brow, he wore an expensive-looking business suit indicating great wealth. He wolfed down his meal in a matter of seconds and left in a hurry, a man not to waste time.

Only then did I notice a duffel-bag on the stool next to me. It must have been left by the plump man for no one else had come. Overcome with curiosity, I unzipped ^{it} and was astonished to find stacks and stacks of bills in it. I exchanged a glance with my mother and ^{without further ado.} set off after him, toward the train station. When I reached the ticket booth I spotted him looking frantic with large beads of sweat on his forehead; no doubt in search of his lost bag.

As I made my way up to him with the duffel-bag, he broke into tears of thankfulness, and in a fit of hysterics, shoved the bag back in my arms, telling me it had been his leisure money and his wished me to keep it. With the look of extreme happiness and peace, he gave me a watery smile and boarded the train, leaving me dazed. Initially I wanted to buy the latest game on Nintendo, ^{when} I was suddenly reminded of children not as lucky as me. I ended up donating the cash to the orphanage, whose matron devoted it to education. Thus the orphans all became loyal and hard-working employees to Mr. Wang, the same man who gave me the money. I bet he never worked it out his gift of thanks turned out to be his best investment! As myself, I have become the chef of the most popular deli. of the island, everyone demands for my famous noodles!