

I am a normal bag, belonging to an ordinary man. He is middle-aged, single, and plain, just like any other passerby you can see on the street. The only difference is that he has won his fortune from Las Vegas and decided to spend his life enjoying it. While he was heading home, it occurred to him that he should say good bye to his poor life with a cheap meal, which only financially-disadvantaged people would eat, so he sat down at a local noodle shop with me beside him and ordered his last easy meal.

I wondered how long can I still live before he purchases a fabulous new bag and throws me away. The boy, who sat next to me, might have the same thought for he looked curiously at the man and me. I prepared that I shall be abandoned within a week, but it seemed a lot shorter. My possessor left the noodle shop alone and left me on the chair. The shop keeper noticed my helpless situation, and it was kind of her to come and rescue me.

That was what happened before I waited in the police station. My master must be anxious in the train station, trying to search for my appearance. Months passed, and I no longer belonged to the same man because he never realizes my waiting here. Maybe it suddenly dawned on him that what is granted can be taken again, but what is earned would last forever, so he gave up. The generous shop keeper must know this by heart. She donated all the money but kept me as a remembrance. I think I am fortunate to find such a new life, and I'll do what I can to assist my wise keeper.