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Two years ago, I was unwilling to volunteer in the hospital. However, my mom forced me to do so, hoping me the cultivate an ability to help others. With laziness and reluctance, I felt like dying while I was just sweeping the floor. Out of a sudden, I caught a glimpse of a bald and skinny boy sitting weakly in the bed. In his room stood a nurse injecting drugs into his body. I then realized that he was an cancer invalid who was receiving chemotherapy. As the nurse left, I knocked the door and went it politely. Out of curiosity, I started to chat with him, and, of course,

the main topic is how he thought about the cancer. To my astonishment, he said "Cancer is nothing but a pair of glasses which allows me to appreciate the world from different prospectives." He became more optimistic and grasped a lot of profundities of lives. In addition, I learned a lesson.

How can I cherish my life? Healthy as I was, I kept whining all day long while doing my homework, chores, or helping others. In contrast, the boy with cancer had a iron will to survive. I couldn't even see a trace of fear in his eyes. In addition, he profoundly know how lives should be utilized instead of being a smartphone addict and kept playing games on cellphones as I did. It is absolutely a waste of time! After the conversation with the brave little boy, I started to mediate what my life should be like. As he was bravely fighting against death demons, I had to do something more meaningful. Therefore, considering I was a student, the first priority is studies. I get to do my studies well instead of indulging myself in virtual games. After that, I'll help those people who have cancer, telling them the story of the boy, encouraging them.