

In this cold weather I can't even remember my mother's face. I've stumbled down mountains and felt frost bite and I left my family behind. I was on my way to India, I was starving and I needed help. I was looking for anything, a warm body, some food, anything that could give me a small ray of hope.

It had been a long walk. I had hopped on trains, walked a ton and all this other stuff. I've cried a lot and haven't been through some ups and downs, I haven't eat a full meal in two to three weeks. And I can feel the hunger gnawing at my stomach.

I walk up to an old farmer.

"Hello," I say.

He smiled. "Hello there little fella."

"Can I have something to eat?" I asked.

"Yeah, sure. My wife just got done cooking a whole bunch of food come, so please come in."

I follow him into his house which is a pretty decent sized home.

He introduces me to his wife, "This lovely lady right here is my wife,"

He points to a woman standing at about 5'9 in her mid-thirties with an apron around her waist.

“Hello little boy, what are you doing here?” She asked.

“He’s here to have dinner with us.”

“Oh yes, we haven’t guests in a long time.”

“It looks like the boy needs some new clothes,” the farmer commented.

She goes into the next room and comes out with a nice shirt, pants, socks and underwear.

“Thank you, mam.”

“No problem, we used to have a little boy but he died two months ago in a car accident.”

“I’m sorry.”

“No, its fine,” the woman exclaimed, “you didn’t know.”

We all stood in an awkward silence until the farmer spoke up.

“Well let’s dig in.”

We ate chicken, sweet potato casserole, sweet corn and fish. Then for dessert, pecan pie.

It was the best thing I had ever eaten and probably the last for a while.