Advice

If you stop on a highway to help someone, be careful. I have read many, many newspaper articles about Good Samaritans being hit and injured or killed by vehicles when they stop to help someone. Sometimes, the best thing to do is simply to call 911 or whatever your country’s emergency number is.

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The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other
(Volume 6)

Chapter 1: Stories 1-50

“It’s a Great Thing that People Actually Stopped to Help”
On 20 February 2014 on State Road 836 in Florida, Pamela Rauseo, age 37, hit the brakes and got out of her car. *Miami Herald* photojournalist Al Diaz, who was in the car behind her, said, “A woman pops out of the car and starts screaming, ‘My baby can’t breathe! My baby can’t breathe! Call 911!’” The baby was Ms. Rauseo’s five-month-old nephew, Sebastian De La Cruz. A woman named Lucila Godoy ran over to help as Ms. Rauseo performed CPR; Sweetwater Police Officer Amauris Bastidas also gave chest compressions. (Mr. Diaz had jogged through traffic lanes to find more help; he summoned Officer Bastidas to the scene.) The baby’s life was saved; Miami Fire Rescue took the baby, who was born prematurely and with respiratory issues, to Jackson Memorial Hospital’s Pediatrics Unit, where a spokesperson said the baby’s condition was stable. Ms. Godoy said, “I think I just did whatever any person would do.” Officer Bastidas said, “The baby was pale, blue in color.” He added, “Save someone’s life. It’s my duty. It’s my duty to act.” Mr. Diaz said, “It’s a great thing that people actually stopped to help.” Two Miami-Dade Fire Rescue Haz-Mat team members — Captain Anthony Trim and Lieutenant Alvaro Tonanez — also stopped to help. (1)

“Thanks for Being There and Not Leaving One Minute Before or One Minute After. Thank You for Saving My Baby’s Life”

On Saturday, 30 November 2013, Peter Holland, a Challenger Motor Freight driver from Waterdown, Ontario, Canada, and Fredrick Robatcek, a professional driver from Sauk Rapids, Minnesota, were at a Denny’s in the Pilot Flying J Truck Stop at I-30 and Highway 108 in Texarkana, Arkansas, when a woman went into labor. She had been on her way to the hospital, but she and her sister stopped to pick up their mother, who worked at Denny’s. But the baby started being born, and the woman — 21-year-old Kaycee
Triana — screamed. Mr. Holland said, “When I got up in the morning, I went to the bathroom and washed my hands. … When I went around the corner to get coffee, there was this blood-curdling scream.” Triana said, “I just dropped my pants because the head was half-way out,” she said. “Fred came over and laid me down and went ahead and got the rest of my pants off.” Mr. Holland said, “Everyone was just watching. There was just a lot of blood and it was just a matter of they didn’t know what to do. I dived in and did what I thought should be done.” Mr. Robatcek assisted. He said, “I needed to keep her calm. I was holding her hand so she had something to cling on to.” Mr. Holland and Mr. Robatcek assisted in the delivery and moved the umbilical cord from around the 10-pound, 4-ounce baby boy’s neck. Ms. Triana said, “Everyone started clapping and applauding. [I] just thank God they were there, that they stayed calm and helped me because no one else was going to help. They are my angels.” In a newspaper article, Ms. Triana thanked the two truck drivers: “Thanks for being there and not leaving one minute before or one minute after. Thank you for saving my baby’s life.” The baby grabbed the little finger of Mr. Holland, who said, “It wasn’t until I got back in my truck and was headed toward Mexico that I realized … I just helped someone through a very difficult situation and delivered a healthy baby boy — and all before breakfast!” Mr. Robatcek said, “What a great experience this time of year. I’ve been feeding off the energy … I’m sure God was just chuckling as all this unfolded. He was the one who dispatched us there.” Mr. Holland said, “It was emotional. I went on my way to Mexico and it dawned on me what I had just done. It was good. I was very happy.” Ms. Triana and her husband, Ramon, named their son Andrew “Andi” Alfredo Avendano. Mr. Robatcek said, “America thinks that drivers are the worst people on the planet. I don’t want that image. I never wanted that image. For the positivity that came out
of this, really for the whole industry, is just wow, what a great occupation.” Mr. Holland said, “You can have all the money in the world, but the newborn smile of the baby … that’s something I’ll live with the rest of my life.” The Truckload Carriers Association named both Mr. Holland and Mr. Robatcek Highway Angels in recognition of their good deed. (2)

Memories of Robin Williams

Comedian/actor Robin Williams died on 11 August 2014. Many Redditors shared memories of him, including some memories about his good deeds:

1) flying_d wrote, “My Dad is a pilot and told me a story a few years back about meeting Robin Williams on one of his flights. He was actually commuting on a connect flight to Minneapolis from where he would be starting his trip from and happened to be sitting next to none other than Robin Williams’ wife (Robin was sitting a few seats ahead of him). My dad got up a short while into the flight and asked him if he wanted to switch seats with him so that he could be with his wife. According to my dad, Robin Williams responded with a friendly smile and said, ‘No, it’s okay. I feel a bit like wandering around right now anyway.’ He got up, shook my dad’s hand, and then proceeded to go say hey to other passengers for a bit. My dad said he was one of the friendliest guys he had ever met.”

2) bonyponyride wrote, “I met Robin in 1992 when I was 11 years old. The pool scene in Mrs. Doubtfire was filmed at the pool where I used to swim as a kid.

“One night I was with a friend at the pool and we thought we saw Robin swimming. We kept a close eye on him from 100 feet away, trying to figure out if it was actually him. The man stood up at the edge of the pool and looked over at us. It was him! We waved. He was wearing swimming
paddles on his hands, so he immediately went into character, clapped the paddles together, barked at us like a seal and waved back.

“He got out of the pool and walked over to us, where we gushed to him about our favorite films of his. Then he signed a couple autographs, we thanked him for his time, and he went off to the locker room. I'll never forget that moment. What a cool and hilarious dude.”

3) EbidColeslawToo wrote, “Mrs. Doubtfire came out right after my parents got divorced.

“I remember seeing it in the theatre with my brother and dad. Now, during any other movie, my dad would fall asleep …. But, I remember watching tears run down his cheek during Mrs. Doubtfire while he sat awake, wide-eyed for the whole movie (no doubt thinking about his own divorce and how much he loved his children).

“Even though I was only 7 at the time … I remember my father’s tears made me realize what a life-changing thing we were going through together.

“My father passed away 6 years after that — and watching Mrs. Doubtfire next to him in the theatre remains one of my favorite memories of him.”

4) asar5932 wrote, “When I was maybe 10 years old, I was in the lobby of a hotel in Baltimore and my dad tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to a guy standing in line. I turned and saw a short, hairy guy with a big backpack. When I realized who it was, I let out a gasp and made eye contact with Robin Williams. He then looked back at me and let out a gasp of his own. Small, insignificant story, but it makes me laugh thinking back to that.”

5) hibloodstevia wrote, “My favorite Robin Williams moment: He was asked by a reporter what he said to
aspiring comedians who asked him if they should be a comedian.

“He flatly said, ‘I tell them no. Don’t do it.’

“When asked why he would say such a thing, he replied, ‘If they have the drive to make it, they’re not going to give a f**k about what I say. And if someone quits because I say that, then they weren’t going to make it anyway. I just saved that person from wasting their time.’” (3)

Robin Williams and Christopher Reeve

Robin Williams was good friends with Christopher Reeve, famous for playing the character Superman in several movies, while they attended Juilliard and afterward. In his 25 September 2013 “Ask Me Anything” session with Reddit, someone asked him what was his best memory of Mr. Reeve. Mr. Williams responded, “Him being such a great friend to me at Juilliard, literally feeding me because I don’t think I literally had money for food or my student loan hadn’t come in yet, and he would share his food with me. And then later after the accident [in which Mr. Reeve was paralyzed], just seeing him beaming and just seeing what he meant to so many people.” Redditor Gamegirlab commented about the 2014 repost of Mr. Williams’ AMA: “After his accident, Reeve required surgery to reattach his skull to his spine, ‘was frightening to contemplate. … I already knew that I had only a fifty-fifty chance of surviving the surgery. … Then, at an especially bleak moment, the door flew open and in hurried a squat fellow with a blue scrub hat and a yellow surgical gown and glasses, speaking in a Russian accent.’ The man announced that he was a proctologist and was going to perform a rectal exam on Reeve. It was Robin Williams, reprising his character from the film Nine Months. Reeve wrote: ‘For the first time since the accident, I laughed. My old friend had helped me know that somehow I was going
to be okay.’’ As young adults studying acting at Juilliard in New York City, Robin Williams and Christopher Reeve promised that they would come to each other’s aid if either of them needed help. Of course, Mr. Williams became a famous comedian and actor, and Mr. Reeve became a famous actor. Mr. Reeve started competing in equestrian events, and he was severely injured in a fall at one of these competitions. Mr. Reeve had good insurance, but even good insurance may run out when an accident is severe, and Mr. Reeve’s accident was severe, putting him in a wheelchair for the rest of his life and forcing him to rely on a breathing tube. Mr. Williams, as he had promised, came to Mr. Reeve’s aid, spending hundreds of thousands of dollars each year for Mr. Reeve’s medical expenses and care. By the way, codskar commented, “My mother has a story of meeting you [Mr. Williams]. She was in a Hard Rock Cafe (57th St, roughly 1985) and found a snail in her salad. She tried to quietly alert the waiter — not wanting to make a scene. Apparently you jumped up from the table next to hers demanding that if she got a slug, you want[ed] one too, loud enough for the other customers to hear.” (4)

“Jason … Could You Please Stop Having Cancer!”

On 23 March 2014, Redditor smores114 posted a photograph of comedian Jimmy Kimmel on Imgur with this caption: “My cousin was diagnosed with cancer a couple weeks ago. His good friend has a hookup who asks a tiny favor [for] my cousin.” The photograph shows Mr. Kimmel holding a sign that says, “Jason … Could You Please Stop Having Cancer!” (5)

A Surprise for Mom and Dad

Timothy DeLaGhetto is a popular YouTube comedy star — he has 2.5 million subscribers. Having so many subscribers, he makes a fair amount of money from his YouTube videos. How much? Enough that in July 2014 he was able
to give his parents $340,000 to pay off their mortgage. His real name is Tim Chantarangsu, and his parents, who own a restaurant, came to the United States from Thailand. He said, “Not a lot of people do what I do, especially as an Asian American guy. My comedy is pretty obscene and I’m pretty blunt with the jokes I make, so I stick out from the norm. I’ve built a pretty strong following of people who enjoy what I do. I try to have a strong message of positivity and spreading joy and love to the world.” Mr. Chantarangsu lives close to his parents in Paramount, California. He said, “I was going to college for my parents, but eventually I got to the point where I was doing all right at both — college and Internet stuff. I realized I needed to pick one if I wanted to excel at something, so I stopped going to school.” What if his mother wants him to return to school? He laughed and said, “I would tell her, ‘Do you want me to go back to school or pay your bills?’” (6)

“You have Always been a Complete and Utter, Utter, UTTER Twat”

On 9 June 2014, British comedian Rik Mayall died at age 56. Redditor fertilestoat shared info about a good deed that Mr. Mayall performed: “My girlfriend’s sister sent a blank card to Rik Mayall, and asked him to sign it and send it back for her Dad’s 60th birthday. He went above and beyond, and made my father-in-law’s day.” Mr. Mayall wrote this note to fertilestoat’s girlfriend’s sister’s father:

“John,

“The whole world knows that you have always been a complete and utter, utter, UTTER twat — but now that you are an OLD complete and utter, utter, UTTER, incontinent, deaf, blind, doddering, dribbling, toothless, brainless, insane old TWAT!

“So I just thought, as we are both dangerous old bastards,
that I’d wish you a very HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!! You sad senile old git

“with love and violence

“Rik Mayall

“XXX” (7)

“Which Celebrity Have You Met, and Were They as Nice/Rude as You Expected?”

On 10 February 2014, whereamitho asked on Reddit, “Which celebrity have you met, and were they as nice/rude as you expected?” As usual, Redditors had some good stories:

1) youllgetoverit wrote, “Threw up on Arnold Schwarzenegger’s foot outside a restaurant. His response was an immediate: ‘It’s ok, kid. I throw up every time I eat here too.’ His wife then proceeded to run inside and grab me water and a bit of bread to settle my stomach. They were both incredibly nice about it all.”

TheMobHasSpoken commented, “Never been a fan, but this is seriously one of the nicest celebrity encounters I’ve ever heard. It’s hard to maintain your composure and come up with a witty (and kind) comeback, after someone has vomited on you.”

2) WampaStompa33 wrote, “My family and I met Tracy Morgan in the food court of some mall in San Francisco a few years ago. He was sitting in the corner with a few friends just hanging out, but when he got up to leave he walked right past our table. As he walked past, my brother (who was 17 and really into football at the time) said hi and Tracy stopped and talked with us for at least 5 minutes, asking my brother about how his football team was doing and what position he played, making jokes and all that. I
didn’t really know what to expect but he was a super nice guy, and very friendly!”

3) CaptainJudaimism wrote, “Robin Williams, very friendly and funny. More so than I expected honestly. I went to a dinner with my father and a couple of his co-workers at a fancy Italian restaurant when I was about 18, and about halfway through the meal a few of the co-workers got drunk and started to scream at the waiter in Italian. In response the waiter, and eventually a few other workers, joined in and were screaming back at the co-workers and then in between all of them came Robin Williams gesticulating wildly and screaming mock Italian at both sides until they calmed the hell down and started to laugh at Robin Williams and his antics instead. When everyone went back to their seats, I walked up to Robin Williams, thanked him for defusing the situation, and did the usual ‘I love your work; it’s amazing to meet you’ spiel and then he began to ask ME questions about my life, how I am, my age, what I wanted to do and was very friendly and caring. When I was walking away back to my dad, he stopped me and said words I try to live by: ‘Kid, take a good look at those suits. Don’t try to end up like them. If you need booze or drugs to enjoy your life to the fullest, then you’re doing it wrong.’”

4) hipsterraccoon wrote, “Aaron Paul and Bryan Cranston are both awesome and amazing people. My brother was sick with brain cancer and in the hospital a lot, my mom had a friend who worked on the set of BB [Breaking Bad] and asked if there was any way one of the actors could call and talk to my bro as he was a huge fan and aspiring actor. Aaron called, and asked to talk to my brother, they chatted, my brother wasn’t feeling super great, but had a good conversation, even though afterwards he remembered all of the questions he originally wanted to ask. Towards the end of the conversation, Aaron said he was surprised that my
brother didn’t ask to be called a bitch. They said goodbye and hung up. Aaron called back a few minutes later to ask for my brother’s twitter, then he gave a huge shout out and then called him a bitch, and he gained a bunch of followers and got a bunch of tweets wishing him better.

“Bryan Cranston called and they talked for a while, mainly about acting and Bryan’s experience as an actor and about my brother’s hopes and dreams as an actor and his own experience. Made my brother’s day.

“A couple weeks after the talk, we received a package in the mail, with the return name as B.C. My bro opened it up and inside was a BB season 5 premiere shirt, some of the stage meth used, an autographed headshot with a kind message on it, and a couple of other cool things. Put my brother in tears, and vlogged about it on his youtube channel about how amazing and kind it was.

“These two men made my brother’s life in the hospital so much better for him.”

5) matman88 wrote, “I once saw Doug Flutie walking into a Dick’s Sporting Goods I said, ‘What’s up, Doug?’ and put my hand up for a high five. He said, ‘Hey, guys,’ gave me a high five and we went our separate ways. He was cool enough not to leave me hanging, so he’s all right in my book.”

6) Mongo1021 wrote, “We adopted my son from foster care when he was nine. When he was five, he was taken from his parents, who were homeless, addicted [to] drugs, and all that goes with that.

“Before we adopted him, he spent years bouncing from one crummy foster home to another.

“When the movie The Blind Side came out, it had a big emotional impact for my son, because in the movie, Oher
was taken from his parents in a manner similar to what happened to my son.

“Two years ago, in November, I wrote to the Ravens, told the story about Robbie, and asked if they could send me something signed and personalized from Oher to my son. I should mention that my son is one of the top distance runners in the state.

“In time for Christmas, Oher’s book came in the mail, signed from Oher to my son.

“The present meant more to him than the iPhone we purchased for him.

“Then, in March, I got a call from Oher’s agent.

“The agent said that Michael was going to be in a nearby town, and Michael would like to meet Robbie. He was wondering if I could possibly bring my son to the signing event so that Michael could meet my son.

“So I took him of course. As soon as we walked in, Michael saw my son and told him to wait in the back until the event was over. After about an hour of singing books, Michael had a long and personal conversation with my son. They talked about how my son can overcome challenges like college sports, how to handle his biological parents, and how to use his past as fuel.

“We’re Ravens fans now. :).” (8)

Be Nice to Girls

In 2014, the Baltimore Ravens suspended running back Ray Rice after video surfaced of him hitting and knocking unconscious his then-fiancée. Many former fans burned their Ray Rice NFL jerseys, but Ravens fans Bryan Bartlett and his wife, Angie, decided to modify their young daughter’s Ray Rice jersey. Brynn, age six, now wears a
jersey on which “RICE” has been modified to “NICE.” The Bartlett parents also added a few words so that the jersey now reads, “BE NICE TO GIRLS.” Mr. Bartlett said, “Before we made the shirts, we had talked to both of our kids … we told them that they know that no matter how mad they get or how frustrated they get, never to hit anybody, not hit a boy, not hit a girl, never hit anybody.” Parenting expert Stacy Kaiser said, “What we're seeing here is something that’s ideal for all parents to do, which is taking a bad situation and turning it into a good, teachable moment.” Mr. Bartlett said that he was “really just thinking about my daughter and what would almost make me feel good about the message that she had on her shirt. It’s very important to me that she has pride in herself and feels empowered.” Brynn said about the jersey, “I like it. I think it looks really cool.”

David “Deacon” Jones’ National League Hall of Fame Ring: Lost, Found, and Returned

In 2012, David “Deacon” Jones lost his heavy gold National Football League Hall of Fame ring. He and his wife, Elizabeth, ransacked their house but they could not find it. In June 2013, he died without ever finding the ring. Guillermo Gallardo, age 55, found the ring while in a J.C. Penney’s shopping for work pants. He knew whose ring it was because “Deacon Jones” was engraved inside the ring. He turned the ring in to the Orange Police Department, who contacted Deacon Jones’ widow and arranged for Mr. Gallardo to give the ring to her. Ms. Jones told him, “I’m very seldom at a loss for words, but I don’t know what to say to thank you for this.” Mr. Gallardo replied, “There’s nothing to say. Just to see the smile on your face is worth it.” The ring had a ring guard on it — apparently to attempt to keep the ring from slipping off the finger of whoever had been wearing it for the last couple of years. Apparently, the ring guard did not work and the ring slipped off when the
wearer was inspecting the same work pants that Mr. Gallardo inspected in the J.C. Penney’s. Ms. Jones said, “Somebody has been wearing it for a couple of years, and God is punishing them — or my husband is.” (10)

Eight-Year-Old Brandon: Totally a Good Samaritan

On 21 March 2014, the Los Angeles Dodgers and Team Australia played a big game at Sydney Cricket Ground. Australian outfielder Luke Hughes threw a foul baseball to a boy in the stands but the throw was a little short, so a security guard picked up the baseball and gave it to eight-year-old Brendan, whose family does not want his surname revealed. Unfortunately, seven-year-old Cooper Manning thought that the baseball had been intended for him, and he was upset — very upset. He threw a wobbly (had a temper tantrum). Brendan solved the crisis by doing the very good deed of giving Cooper the baseball. Brendan’s father, Doug, explained some background information about why the security guard had given the baseball to Brendan:

“We were there as a complete family, there was seven of us.

“It was a great night, we were having fun, and the kids were enjoying it. We knew it was a bit of a spectacle and something unique.

“Initially what happened was [before the mishap with Cooper] there was another foul ball hit and a little girl ran to get it. She was just about to get the ball when a man reached over and took it and the crowd was react[ing], telling him to give it back.”

According to Doug, the man threw the baseball back. It landed in the lap of Doug’s five-year-old son, and Brendan returned it to the little girl.

Doug continued, “I was telling my children that if another
ball comes our way, talk to the security guard and ask for it, which they did.

“When the other ball came, the security guard was going to throw to the other boy [Cooper] but because my son had been talking to the guard and he had helped out the girl, he was inclined to give it to my son.

“My son has a lot of empathy, he just naturally handed the ball to the other kid.

“I thought it was great, I explained to them that if you were that child, wouldn’t you want to get it back?

“It was really rewarding as a parent, we are very proud of Brendan, it was lovely.”

He added, “We had a wonderful night, it was great for baseball and very enjoyable.

Doug also had this to say about Cooper: “The mother was just appreciative and said thank you; the boy was obviously very ecstatic that he had the ball back.

“He was very anxious and excited about getting the ball.

“There’s a life lesson here, do the right thing and you’re better off as a result.”

Cooper’s father, Mark Manning, said about the baseball, “It’s super safe in the bedroom, on top of Cooper’s wardrobe. He had the best night ever, thousands and thousands of kids don’t come away with a baseball every game, so he’s wrapped [totally happy].” (11)

**Chivalry is Not Dead — Not on Ryan’s Watch**

In September 2014, a 12-year-old boy named Ryan got a foul ball at a Boston Red Sox game. A young girl named Reese sitting behind him was sad that she did not get the ball, so Ryan gave it to her. Red Sox NESN (Boston’s
home network) announcer Jerry Remy said, “I think that’s one of the nicest things I’ve seen at the ballpark all year.” Ryan said, “I’ve seen people do it before, and I thought it is a nice thing and it is good to make people happy.” NESN reporter Gary Striewski gave Ryan two baseballs that came from Jerry and NESN play-by-play announcer Don Orsillo. He also gave Ryan a Red Sox goodie bag that contained several items, including a bracelet that Ryan gave to Reese. (12)

Lost, Found, and Returned: A 2013 Red Sox World Series Championship Ring

On 24 July 2014, restaurant owner and New York Yankees fan Luigi Militello found a 2013 Red Sox World Series championship ring on a restroom sink in his Luke’s Bar and Grill in Manhattan. The ring was set in 14-carat white gold, with diamonds and sapphires and rubies — and a Boston Strong logo. Mr. Militello said, “I was like, geez, it’s big. Who would leave this here? I’m a big Yankee fan. What are the chances of this happening?” New York businessman Drew Weber, who owns the Lowell Spinners, a Red Sox Class A minor-league team in Massachusetts, had eaten at the restaurant earlier and left the ring behind by accident. Mr. Weber said that when he discovered that the ring was missing, “I went looking around my apartment and started having palpitations. Sweat was pouring off my forehead. I’m looking at my finger and it’s [the ring’s] not there.” He called Luke’s, and Mr. Militello said that yes, he had found the ring. There was some good-natured teasing back and forth about the Red Sox-Yankees rivalry, and the two men met the next day so that Mr. Weber could get his ring back. Mr. Weber and the Red Sox invited Mr. Militello to attend a game at Fenway Park on September 28 — that game is scheduled to be the final regular-season game for retiring Yankees star Derek Jeter. Mr. Weber also made a donation to a charity of Mr. Militello’s choice. Mr. Militello said,
“Going for his send-off, that’s pretty great.” Mr. Weber said, “The ring and Drew Weber have learned their lesson. That ring is going on no more road trips.” (13)

**Dayton Dragons’ Heater: Expert in Communication**

On 24 May 2013, Hunter Samworth, a seven-year-old deaf boy, attended a game featuring the Dragons, a baseball team in Dayton, Ohio. Hunter especially likes the Dragons’ mascots, Heater and Gem. It turns out that Heater is an expert in communication. Heater and Hunter were able to exchange names and talk about the Dragons in American Sign Language. Cheri Samworth, Hunter’s mother, said, “We were outside getting ready to go in and there was Heater and Gem so Hunter ran up. And so next thing you know, I’m telling Hunter, say, ‘It’s nice to meet you.’” Hunter’s father, Matt Samworth, videotaped the meeting. Cheri Samworth added, “You can see on the video, [Hunter’s] smile is like, he gets me, he speaks my language, he understands me. Just a completely different experience for Hunter.” Matt Samworth said, “The look on his face was just priceless.” Cheri Samworth said, “We always say it’s like going to France, and not speaking French. That’s what Hunter goes through every day. You know there’s a lot of people that do sign … we try. But for someone to come to him in that kind of venue and be able to sign to him is just unbelievable. It just makes his experience totally different.” (14)

“I Added $20 to It So You Know the World is a Great Place. Do Me a Favor and When You Get the Chance, Do Something Nice for Someone Else”

On 3 April 2014, Cristhian Reyes, a Miami Marlins fan who attends Miami Senior High School, lost his wallet at a Marlins-Rockies professional baseball game in Miami, Florida. Fortunately, a Good Samaritan found the wallet, and left it at the high school’s front desk with an extra $20
and this note:

“Cristhian:

“I found this at the game last night and wanted to make sure you got it back.

“I added $20 to it so you know the world is a great place. Do me a favor and when you get the chance, do something nice for someone else.

“Hope you enjoyed the game last night.

“Go, Marlins!!”

Miami Senior High School registrar Barbara Piedra said, “This nice gentleman walked in, and I said, ‘May I help you?’ And he said, ‘Somebody lost this wallet. One of your students. I think it’s one of your students from this school, lost this wallet at the game, and I just want to make sure he gets it back.’”

Cristhian Reyes said, “I just want to thank him for giving me back my wallet. Whenever I can, I’ll return that favor that they asked for.” (15)

**Cristiano Ronaldo: Paying the Medical Bills of Children with Cancer**

Real Madrid soccer superstar Cristiano Ronaldo is a Good Samaritan. Erik Ortiz Cruz, a 10-month-old boy with the brain disorder cortical dysplasia, needed a €60,000 ($83,000US) operation. Little Erik’s family asked Mr. Ronaldo to donate a shirt and pair of boots that would be sold to raise money for the operation. As requested, Mr. Ronaldo donated the items; he also agreed to pay the full cost of the operation. He has used his money to help other ill children on the Iberian Peninsula. For example, in 2009, Mr. Ronaldo and his agent, Jorge Mendes, paid for cancer treatment for a nine-year-old boy named Nuhazet. (16)
“I Wanted Him to Have Dignity as He Crossed the Finish Line”

On 11 February 2014, in the finals of the men’s cross country skiing sprint at the Winter Olympics in Sochi, Russia, Russia’s Anton Gafarov crashed twice and broke his left ski, but with the good deed of Canadian coach Justin Wadsworth, who gave him a replacement ski, managed to finish the race. Mr. Wadsworth said, “It was like watching an animal stuck in a trap. You can’t just sit there and do nothing about it.” He added, “I wanted him to have dignity as he crossed the finish line.” Mr. Gafarov received a huge amount of applause from the Russians as he crossed the finish line, and Mr. Wadsworth, who is originally from California but married a Canadian and lives in Canada, made Canadians — and Americans — proud.

Good Sportsmanship at Sochi

At the 2014 Winter Olympic Games in Sochi, Russia, Swiss cross-country skier Dario Cologna finished first and won a gold medal. Hampered by broken ribs from a training accident and finishing 87th and in last place was Peru’s Roberto Carcelen. First to greet Mr. Carcelen was Dachhiri Sherpa of Nepal, who finished next to last. Mr. Cologna demonstrated good sportsmanship by waiting 28 minutes for the last-place competitor to cross the finish line so he could shake his hand. Mr. Cologna shook hands with both Mr. Carcelan and Mr. Sherpa. Mr. Carcelan, who received a standing ovation from the crowd, is the first-ever Winter Olympian from Peru.

Good Guy Google

On 7 February 2014 in Sochi, Russia, the opening ceremony of the Winter Olympics was held. Russia is a country much of whose February 2014 political leadership
disliked gays and lesbians. Google stood up for gay rights by using the colors of the rainbow (a symbol for support of gay and lesbian rights) on <www.google.com>. Of course, it has since been changed. It also included this quotation from the Olympic Charter: “The practice of sport is a human right. Every individual must have the possibility of practicing sport, without discrimination of any kind and in the Olympic spirit, which requires mutual understanding with a spirit of friendship, solidarity and fair play.”

Redditor visvis celebrated this fact with a Good Guy Greg meme titled “Good guy Google”: “ONE OF THE LARGEST COMPANIES IN THE WORLD / NOT AFRAID TO SPEAK OUT FOR GAY RIGHTS ON FRONT PAGE.” (19)

**Good Guy Charmin**

On 9 February 2014, lousyg posted on Imgur a Good Guy Greg meme with this caption: “Good Guy Charmin.” The meme stated, “GOOD GUY CHARMIN / BUYS 60 SECOND COMMERCIAL SLOT WITH COUNTDOWN TIMER TO GIVE YOU A RESTROOM BREAK WHILE WATCHING THE OLYMPICS.” This confused some Redditors in the United Kingdom who watch sporting events with no commercial interruptions, so lousyg explained, “Commercial lengths vary anywhere from 15-60 seconds. The number of commercials in a break, especially during sporting events, can also vary greatly as they depend on the timing of the event. There may be some breaks where you see only 2 commercials and then others where you see as many as 8 or 9. Because of this, you never truly know how long until the commercial break ends and the event resumes.

“Charmin purchasing a 60-second time slot and putting a countdown on the screen is neat. This is guaranteed time that you know you can get up and do something else for a
minute without missing any of the events. Of course, this doesn’t really matter if you have a DVR.” (20)

“Happiness Can be Found Even in the Darkest Times if One Only Remembers to Turn on the Light”

On 9 July 2014, the parents and siblings of 15-year-old Cassidy Stay were murdered in Houston, Texas. At their memorial, Cassidy made a speech in which she mentioned a Harry Potter novel: “In *The Prisoner of Azkaban*, Dumbledore says, ‘Happiness can be found even in the darkest times if one only remembers to turn on the light.’” She added, “I know that my mom, dad, Bryan, Emily, Becca, and Zach are in a much better place and that I’ll be able to see them again one day. Stay Strong.” Her parents’ names are Katie and Stephen Stay. Ms. Rowling, author of the Harry Potter series of books, learned about the speech, and she wrote in purple ink a letter from “Dumbledore” and sent it to Cassidy, along with an acceptance letter to Hogwarts, Harry Potter’s school. She also sent Cassidy a list of school supplies, a wand, and a signed book. Cassidy survived the shooting that killed her parents and siblings by playing dead after a bullet grazed her head. She then called the police to alert them that the murderer was traveling to see her maternal grandparents. Roger Lyon, her maternal grandfather, said, “We are in awe of her bravery and courage in calling 911, an act that is likely to have saved all of our lives. She is our hero.” (21)

George R.R. Martin and His Friends at Prizeo: A $10,000 Donation

In 2014, George R.R. Martin, author of *A Game of Thrones* and other novels in the fantasy book (and TV) series *A Song of Ice and Fire*, has raised over $450,000 for the Wild Spirit Wolf Sanctuary by doing such things as auctioning off the promise to have the donor’s name used in his next *Song of Ice and Fire* novel — *The Wind of Winter* — and
of having the character die a grisly death, something that Mr. Martin is noted for writing about. A 13-year-old named Jack in the United Kingdom wanted to be in Mr. Martin’s next book and so wrote him a letter and even enclosed £153 ($260US) as a donation for the wolf sanctuary. Jack, who is a fan of the TV series A Game of Thrones, but who understandably cannot watch parts of the episodes (chances are, young Jack would also not be allowed to read about the grisly death of any character named after him), received a personal reply from Mr. Martin:

“Dear Jack,

“Thank you so much for your heartfelt, touching note.

“I’ve heard that you donated all your £153 pocket money savings to my Prizeo fundraiser on behalf of the Wild Spirit Wolf Sanctuary. I cannot tell you how much that moved me. It pleases me no end to know that my novels, and the TV series based on them, have inspired readers as young as yourself to rally to the support of these majestic and too often stigmatized animals.

“Alas, I cannot promise you a grisly death in THE WIND OF WINTER. Those spots have already been filled by some very generous donors, and there’s a limit to how many people even I can kill.

“However, inspired by your example, my friends at Prizeo and I would love to follow your lead with a $10,000 in your name to the UK Wolf Conservation Trust. That’s a wonderful organization that I’ve heard much about, and they are lucky to count people like you as supporters.

“I wish you the best of luck in your future career as a wolf conservationist, and hope that you inspire many others to follow your lead.

“Yours,
“GRRM” (22)

“Congratulations on Surviving a Wedding”

On 31 August 2014, an Imgurian posted a photograph with this caption: “(Spoilers ASOS) Just received the best wedding present ever ....” The photograph showed the title page of George R.R. Martin’s *A Storm of Swords: Book Three of A Song of Ice and Fire*. The book was a wedding present, and Mr. Martin had written this on the title page:

“To Morgan & [illegible name, possibly James]

“Congratulations on surviving a wedding.”

Then he signed his name.

In *A Storm of Swords* occurs the Red Wedding, in which several important characters are killed. (23)

“Does the Sleaze Wash Off with a Regular Shower, or Do You Have to Use Something Special like Babies’ Teeth?”

The use of the First Amendment can be a good deed; so can the use of satire. Basically, we need criticism — it helps keep people and organizations honest. A July 2014 article titled “5 Social Networking Promotions That Backfired Spectacularly” on the online website (<cracked.com>) gave some good examples. One involved the New York City police. Authors Chris Rio and Russ Pontius pointed out, “The police aren’t bad folks. Sure, there’s the errant power-hungry [*]ssh[*]le, but for the most part cops are solid community servants, and we should recognize their service.” But, of course, the police need to be watched and, when necessary, criticized. In early 2014, the NYPD launched a #myNYPD Twitter campaign, in which they asked people to submit photographs of themselves with
NYPD officers. At first, they got the friendly photographs they had sought, but quickly they began receiving another kind of photograph. Many showed police interacting with protesters — the interactions may have included police brutality. One photograph showed an NYPD officer holding a man down on the ground by placing his knee on the man’s neck. Twitterer Cocky McSwagsalot wrote this caption for the photograph: “You might not have known this, but the NYPD can help you with that kink in your neck.” Another photograph shows an NYPD officer with a baton in position to strike a masked man. Twitterer Occupy Wall Street wrote this photo caption: “Here the #NYPD engages with its community members, changing hearts and minds one baton at a time.” Another photograph shows three NYPD officers restraining a woman. One police officer has both hands on her right shoulder/chest area. The Twitterer wrote this photo caption: “Need a mammogram? #myNYPD has you covered! Forget Obamacare!” Another use of social media to criticize an organization occurred when JP Morgan set up an opportunity to ask its Vice President Jimmy Lee questions in November 2013. Cracked authors Chris Rio and Russ Pontius pointed out that we should “keep in mind that at the time of the Q&A, $JPM (or JPMoney, as the kids these days steadfastly refuse to call them) was right in the middle of their financial, legal, and moral ‘troubles.’ To be more specific, J.P. Morgan was under investigation by the Justice Department for eight shades of shadiness — including bribery in Asia and a relationship with Bernie Madoff — not to mention the fact that they were poised for a $13 billion settlement with Uncle Sam over mortgage securities fraud that may or may not have booted us into the deep end of the recession pool without so much as a pity floaty.” Critics of JPMorgan were happy to send in their questions. Alexis Goldstein asked, “Do all employees get noise-canceling headphones to mute the sounds of poverty your
foreclosures cause, or do only execs get those?” Ed Sanders asked, “Does the sleaze wash off with a regular shower, or do you have to use something special like babies’ tears?”

(24)

“I Mean Starting Right Now, Do Art and Do It for the Rest of Your Lives”

In 2006, Ms. Lockwood, an English teacher at Xavier High School in New York City, gave her students a persuasive writing assignment: Write your favorite author and ask the author to visit the school. Five students chose to write Kurt Vonnegut, who was the only author to reply. Because of age and health issues (he died a few months later), he was unable to visit the school, but he did send the following thoughtful letter:

“November 5, 2006

“Dear Xavier High School, and Ms. Lockwood, and Messrs Perin, McFeely, Batten, Maurer and Congiusta:

“I thank you for your friendly letters. You sure know how to cheer up a really old geezer (84) in his sunset years. I don’t make public appearances any more because I now resemble nothing so much as an iguana.

“What I had to say to you, moreover, would not take long, to wit: Practice any art, music, singing, dancing, acting, drawing, painting, sculpting, poetry, fiction, essays, reportage, no matter how well or badly, not to get money and fame, but to experience becoming, to find out what's inside you, to make your soul grow.

“Seriously! I mean starting right now, do art and do it for the rest of your lives. Draw a funny or nice picture of Ms. Lockwood, and give it to her. Dance home after school, and sing in the shower and on and on. Make a face in your mashed potatoes. Pretend you’re Count Dracula.
“Here’s an assignment for tonight, and I hope Ms. Lockwood will flunk you if you don’t do it: Write a six line poem, about anything, but rhymed. No fair tennis without a net. Make it as good as you possibly can. But don’t tell anybody what you’re doing. Don’t show it or recite it to anybody, not even your girlfriend or parents or whatever, or Ms. Lockwood. OK?

“Tear it up into teeny-weeny pieces, and discard them into widely separated trash recepticals [sic]. You will find that you have already been gloriously rewarded for your poem. You have experienced becoming, learned a lot more about what’s inside you, and you have made your soul grow.

“God bless you all!

“Kurt Vonnegut” (25)

**Anyone Can Paint**

On 15 February 2014, Redditor FrijoleSledge posted on Imgur an image of TV painter Bob Ross with this caption: “Everybody knows Bob Ross was a Good Guy, but this old episode was on another level.” The text of the meme stated, “SOMEONE SAYS, ‘I’M COLORBLIND AND CAN’T PAINT.’ / DOES BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE LANDSCAPE ON HIS SHOW TO PROVE THAT ‘ANYONE CAN PAINT.’” On Reddit, wrigleyirish commented, “When I was in college, I had this crappy old black and white TV (I know, right?) and I used to watch this show religiously. When it got to the end, I would go knocking on neighbors’ doors to get a glimpse of the final, fully colorized painting. Always a trip. Always amazing.” (26)

**Rei-doll and Ryoko-demon: Kind Cosplayers**

Two of the best cosplayers in the world are Rei-doll and Ryoko-demon of Russia, co-founders of R&R ArtGroup.
One kind thing that they do is to allow repostings of their photographs — provided that their photographs are not used for commercial purposes or photo-manipulations and provided that the reposter provides links and credits for the photographs. Their Deviantart pages include this information:

“© Any using of the photography for commercial purposes and photo-manipulations are strictly prohibited. Reposting is allowed, provided credits and links.

“© Использование фотографии в коммерческих целях и любые фотоманипуляции запрещены. Перепост разрешён при условии указания авторства и ссылок.”

So check out their amazing cosplays:
http://ryoko-demon.deviantart.com
http://rei-doll.deviantart.com

By their way, their favorite photographer is Kifir of Russia:
http://kifir.deviantart.com

Major kudos to these people for allowing repostings and for setting clear rules. (Kudos also go to people who make it clear that they do not want their photos reposted.) (27)

“Let’s Get This Lady Her Goods Back”

In July 2014, the Tempe, Arizona, band The Black Moods toured throughout Texas. While getting gasoline in Tyler, Texas, they found a woman’s wallet on top of a gas pump. The woman had been travelling from Seattle, Washington, to Austin, Texas, and her wallet was filled with cash and credit cards. Lead singer Josh Kennedy said, “It was like a challenge for us, like ‘let’s get this lady her goods back,’ you know.” By using Facebook, they located her and were
able to give her wallet to her father in Austin, Texas. Her father said, “You guys, you have no idea how deeply I appreciate this.” He added, “That is so awesome, I literally before I contacted you guys spent the last two hours on the phone with her just crying hysterically. I told her to stop, we’ll figure it out.” Mr. Kennedy said, “Money’s tight, but we’re firm believers in karma, so the last thing we need when we’re out on the road is bad vibes coming our way.” (28)

“I Think She’s Pretty, Even Though She’s Older than My Mom and Dad. And Gosh, My Dad is Like 30”

In 1998, Cher released the song “Believe,” which became a monster hit and won her a Grammy. An 11-year-old fan named Eric, who suffered from a life-threatening brain tumor for which he was receiving radiation treatments, wanted to meet her. The Make-a-Wish Foundation arranged a visit, and Cher went to Tampa, Florida. She wore gem-studded jeans and spikey high heels and gave Eric a couple of hugs. Eric said, “I like her music. I think it’s good, and well, I think she’s pretty, even though she’s older than my mom and dad. And gosh, my dad is like 30.” Cher is feisty — and she was feisty even in the fourth grade. One day was “Sharing Day,” during which all the students were supposed to tell what they had done over the summer. Cher thought that was stupid, so she said, “I’m going home” — then she walked out of school and went home. (29)

The Piano Man is a Good Samaritan

On 23 June 2014, Billy Joel noticed that a 65-year-old woman had fallen in a crosswalk in East Hampton Village, New York. He got off his motorcycle and assisted the emergency responders helping the woman — he carried the woman’s belongings to the side of the road. He then stayed for a while with the woman and talked to her. (30)
Elvis and Good Deeds

When Elvis Presley got his first royalty check from Sun Records — for $400 — he immediately bought his mother a new dress and new shoes. More money came in, and he bought a four-room house — Elvis grew up in a two-room shack — and furniture. The shack was called a shotgun house because a person could shoot a shotgun through the front door and the pellets would go out the back door without hitting anything. Elvis also bought his mother the car she had always dreamed of having: a pink Cadillac. Of course, he ended up making millions of dollars, and at least once he gave a new car away to a stranger. At a car dealership, he saw a woman named Minnie Pearson looking at cars. Elvis asked her, “Do you like that car?” She replied, “Shoot, yeah, but there ain’t no way” that she could afford it. Elvis said, “Yeah, there is. ’Cause I just bought it for you.” He treated his only child, daughter Lisa Marie, well. Once, he flew her from Los Angeles, California, to Denver, Colorado, so she could see snow falling. Early in Elvis’ life, someone did a good deed for him. Elvis wore his hair long, and he declined to cut his hair so he could play on his high school football team in Memphis, Tennessee, although he had talent. Humes High School football coach Rube Boyce, Jr., said, “I told him he’s to have his hair cut by a certain time and he just never came back.” Some of Elvis’ fellow students threatened to cut his hair, and they trapped him in a bathroom. Fortunately, football center Bobby “Red” West, a tough guy who became one of Elvis’ friends, put a stop to the bullying. When Elvis was younger — age 11 — and still living in Mississippi, his mother bought him a guitar. Some bullies once cut his guitar strings, but fortunately, some other kids pooled their money together so they could buy him new strings. (31)

Good Guy Metal Fans
Kirstie Southcott, a 22-year-old shop worker from Hastings, East Sussex, England, and her friend Paige Bennett, a 20-year-old receptionist, both like metal music. In 2014, Ms. Southcott said, “If you’re a girl and you like metal, it’s frowned upon. People expect me to be into Justin Bieber and One Direction and, when I say I go to metal gigs, they think I’m strange. People think rock is more for the boys, and that girls should be into pop and dance, but my generation shouldn’t be pigeonholed. I shouldn’t have to like pop just because I’m a girl.” Both Ms. Southcott and Ms. Bennett say that they feel safe at metal concerts. Ms. Southcott said, “If I go to a gig, I know I’ll get looked after.” She has experience. At a Korn concert, the 5’1” woman accidentally got thrown into a mosh pit. She remembers “a lot of burly blokes hitting each other, and there was me.” Fortunately, she was quickly rescued: “A couple of boys I met that night grabbed me and threw me out of the way, and made sure I didn’t get trampled on or hurt. You might think metal fans look scary but they’re the most caring and loving people you’ll ever come across. Male, female, gay, straight — it doesn’t faze us.” Ms. Bennett once got caught in what is called a “wall of death” — audience members divide into two groups and then rush at each other — and she said that she was quickly rescued by male fans who pulled her to a safe place: “Boys treat girls with a lot of respect. I’ve gone to deathcore gigs — really, really heavy — and there were all these big, hefty blokes with long hair, and I didn’t feel in any way uncomfortable.” Ms. Bennett said that she has felt a lot more threatened during dance nights, and she notes that the dance culture is allied with the drug culture, in contrast to metal. She said, “There’s no drug culture around metal at all.” (Of course, in any large group of people, whether fans of metal or enthusiasts of classical music, some people will be evil, but I have read many good things about metal fans.) (32)
Metal Men are Gentlemenly as Sh[*]t

Fans of metal are often good people, although of course as in any large group exceptions exist. Here are two stories of gentlemanly metal men:

1) “I once went to a concert with a friend (I don’t remember the band, she dragged me along) when I was 16. They were starting a wall of death and this guy who was flirting with me decides it would be funny to pull my top down, exposing my breasts, then throw me in the middle of this wall of death right as it’s about to meet. When I stumble in the middle and hit the wall, someone screamed ‘STOP! EXPOSED GIRL!’ and I thought they were all going to oggle at [ogle] me. Instead, one guy quickly helped me cover up, three more helped me to my feet, and another asked who did that. When I pointed out the guy, two of them looked at him, me, each other, then nodded and punched the guy in the face before forcing him into the wall that was about to form again.”

“Metal men are gentlemanly as sh[*]t.”

2) “I went to my first concert a few months ago and there were these really tall men with black vest tops and tattoos and piercings surrounding us screaming loudly when the music started playing, but then we realised this kid in the crowd had lost his mum so they tried to comfort him and when he started crying they asked him his name and he shakily sobbed ‘Eliot’ at which point they lifted him in the air onto their shoulders and shouted at the top of their lungs ‘ELIOT’S MUM, ELIOT IS LOOKING FOR YOU. EXCUSE ME, HAS ANYONE SEEN ELIOT’S MUM!!!’ at which point Eliot started giggling between sobs until he finally found his mum while in the air.” (33)

“Today, I Felt Better Than I Ever Imagined I Thought I Would Feel in a Hospital”
In March 2014, a drunk driver killed two people and injured 22 others in Austin, Texas. Mason Endres, age 18, and her friends had been attending music shows of the South by Southwest (SXSW) music festival when she was hit by the drunk driver’s car. Grace Neill, age 18, a friend of Mason’s, said, “We couldn’t move before it just mowed us down.” She was badly bruised after being knocked to the curb. Mason suffered a broken nose, a broken leg, and a fractured neck. Her father, Dan Endres, was nearby when Mason’s friends called him about the wreck. He said, “I pulled up to the intersection, and it was chaos. I couldn’t find her. There was just too much going on.” She ended up at St. David’s Medical Center. A rod needed to be placed in her leg, and she had an operation to repair a blocked artery in her other leg. Her father said, “It’s been quite a roller coaster. She’s going to be fine. There are some people out there that are not as lucky as us.” Mason, who was in good spirits, was upset about not getting to see a favorite band — Jared & The Mill, an indie folk band from Phoenix, Arizona — perform at SXSW. She became friends with members of the band at the previous year’s SXSW and has used social media to stay in touch with them. In fact, just minutes before being hit by the drunk driver, she had been talking with two members of the band. Mason, a senior at Liberty Hill High School, said, “I consider myself to have a pretty decent ear for music because that is what I want to do with my future, so if they were able to draw me in and keep me, then that’s a big deal.” On 15 March 2014, Jared & The Mill performed a concert for her in her hospital room. Her father said, “She was on monitors when we told her that Jared was coming, and her heart rate jumped way up. We all burst out laughing because that was a good thing to see her smile.” After the private concert, Mason said, “I think the pure excitement of everything has gotten me through today. Today, I felt better than I ever imagined I thought I would feel in a hospital.” (34)
Giving Credit Where Credit is Due

Conductor Leonard Bernstein gave credit where credit was due. At one time, Mr. Bernstein wanted to record all of Gustav Mahler’s nine symphonies with the New York Philharmonic. However, conductor Bruno Walter, who had known and had worked with Mr. Mahler, recorded Mahler’s First Symphony. Mr. Bernstein listened to the recording and then said, “I couldn’t bear to record the work now. It’s his!” One of the very good things that Mr. Bernstein did as music director of the New York Philharmonic was to always conduct at least one American composition at each concert. That helped to give the American music credibility — at one time, people felt that American compositions were inferior to European compositions. By the way, one of the stories told about Mr. Bernstein after he retired from the New York Philharmonic was that while rehearsing an orchestra for a performance that would be filmed in Vienna, he did not notice when the curtain above the orchestra pit caught on fire! Of course, he loved music and tried to educate people in how to appreciate music. He once said, “Only a society prepared by music can ever be a truly cultured society. Music desperately needs a prepared public, joyfully educated ears.” (35)

Ticket to Ride

Transport For London know that many tourists want to see the Abbey Road crossing made famous by the Beatles. Knowing that more than one Abbey Road exists, Transport For London put this sign up at the wrong Abbey Road:

“Day tripper looking for the Beatles pedestrian crossing?

“Unfortunately you are at the wrong Abbey Road. However We can work it out and help you get back to the correct location.
“Take the DLR one stop to West Ham and change to a Jubilee line train to St John’s Wood station.

“Passengers need a ticket to ride.” (36)

$8.3 Million for Ronald McDonald House

Gloria Estefan married Emilio Estefan, leader of the Miami Sound Machine. When their second child, Emily, was born, Emilio fainted in the delivery room, but he recovered quickly enough that he was able to cut the baby’s umbilical cord. Their first child, a son named Nayib, got in trouble after telephoning a fellow student’s parents, imitating the school principal, and telling the student’s mother that her son was going to be expelled. As a result, Nayib was asked to leave the school: Miami, Florida’s Gulliver Prep School. As an additional punishment, Emilio made Nayib work on the construction crew that was working on their house. For five weeks, Nayib rose at 5 a.m. and spent most of the day working in the hot Florida sun. By the way, after an accident in which a truck hit her tour bus and Gloria’s back was broken — she recovered — the Estefans sued and were awarded $8.3 million, which they donated to the Ronald McDonald House in Scranton, Pennsylvania, where Emilio and Nayib had stayed after the accident. (37)

Make-a-Wish: ThatKevinSmith and Flinsha

On 12 February 2014, wesie22 asked, “Redditors who have won a contest to ‘hang out’ with a celebrity or band for a day, how did it go? Was it better or worse than you expected?” Good question. Flinsha wrote this response:

“Absolute best experience of my life. I ended up running over Bruce Willis.

“If you ever get a Make-a-Wish, ask to meet Kevin Smith. I was a bald, ch[e]mo-ey fuckin’ mess, my dad contacted Make-a-Wish, they came out and asked me what I wanted,
I said him, and within a week our tickets were bought for us and our trip was planned. (Usually takes weeks/months for celebrities to get back to Make-a-Wish.)

“Kevin had us whisked out to New York to meet him on the set of Cop Out (then called A Couple of Dicks). He met me with the biggest bear hug of my life. [The movie appeared in theaters in 2010.] He was the nicest, sweetest most genuine celebrity I could ever imagine. I spent the entire day on set. Met Tracy Morgan, Bruce Willis, man-handled all the equipment they would let me touch, and in the middle of it all, Kevin says, ‘Hey, you wanna be in a movie?’

“Yeah I wanna be in a movie.’

“Okay, I’m gonna have you run over Bruce Willis.’

“Thanks, Kevin Smith.’

“So if you watch Cop Out, I’m the student driver that runs over Bruce under the El-Train. At the end of it all, he [Kevin Smith] invited us back to his penthouse overlooking the Statue of Liberty and let us see the rough cut of Cop Out. I spent all day and night with him. My life has been miserable in comparison ever since.”

By the way, ThatKevinSmith responded, “CODY! How are you, sir? Still cancer free? A-f**king-men. With all the sturm und drang surrounding the release of COP OUT (including the Too Fat to Fly incident), wonderful moments like this were lost for me. So thanks for the pleasant reminder that it wasn’t all a sh*t-show back then. The P.S. I can add to the story is that I was planning to play the part of Guy Who Runs Over Bruce Willis on camera as a sort of nod to the reverse role I was playing off camera: Guy Who Bruce Willis Runs Over. But when you came to visit, I realized the issues I had were tame and lame compared to what you’d gone through. So I thank you for
giving me a healthy dose of perspective when I needed it most, in the midst of a very disconcerting few months of my life. But better than that? Putting you behind the wheel felt like a little ‘F[*]ck You’ to cancer. Not a big one (I didn’t give you a cameo in THE MATRIX; it was, after all, COP OUT), but enough of a rage against the grave to let death know neither of us intend to go out quietly when the time comes. You showing up when you did made a bad situation better, man. So thank YOU, sir.”

Flinsha replied, “I’m glad my uni-ball could be used for the greater good. Definitely cancer-free, but I sure as hell never thought of our happenstance from your side before. If our meeting was mutually beneficial, that means the world to me. At least I could do something for you, after everything you did for me. 5 years later and you’re still making me feel like a princess. This f[**]king guy.

“So, everyone, I guess the moral of the story is go ahead and get testicular cancer. You get to hang out with the coolest, nicest guy in the world and your junk looks more uniform too.” (38)

**Rocket Raccoon Comes to Bill Mantlo**

Co-created by Bill Mantlo and Keith Giffen in 1976, Rocket Raccoon is a character in the 2014 summer movie *Guardians of the Galaxy*. Unfortunately, in 1992 a car seriously injured Mr. Mantlo while he was roller-blading. Because Mr. Mantle, who was irreparably brain-damaged and is in a wheelchair, could not go to a theater to see the movie, Marvel attorney David Althoff and vice president David Bogart brought the movie to Mr. Mantlo’s long-term care facility. Michael Mantlo, Bill’s brother, runs a group Facebook page for Bill, on which he posted this:

“*****WHAT AN INCREDIBLE DAY FOR BILL MANTLO*****! Marvel hooked Bill up with a PRIVATE
VIEWING of ‘Guardians Of The Galaxy’, and my wife Liz and my beloved cousin Jean assisted Bill throughout, enabling him to sit back, relax and relish in the AWESOMENESS of what is going to be, in my humble opinion, Marvel’s GREATEST AND MOST SUCCESSFUL FILM EVER! Bill thoroughly enjoyed it, giving it his HIGHEST COMPLIMENT (the BIG ‘THUMB’S UP!’), and when the credits rolled, his face was locked into the HUGEST SMILE I HAVE EVER SEEN HIM WEAR (along with one or two tears of joy)! This was the GREATEST DAY OF THE LAST 22 YEARS for me, our family, and most importantly, BILL MANTLO!”

Of course, Mr. Mantlo’s name appeared in the movie’s credits: “Rocket Raccoon created by BILL MANTLO and KEITH GIFFEN.” (39)

**Good Girl Lindsay Lohan**

On 6 August 2014, Redditor ortegasb asked, “Which celebrity were you saddest to learn was/is a terrible person?” Chadthewhad wrote, “This is actually the complete opposite, but Lindsay Lohan was really nice to me and my brother one time. The movie *Freaky Friday* was being filmed right across the street from my house, and my brother and I befriended the actor that played her little brother in the movie. We were waiting for him on a curb to be done filming so we could hang out and play on my Ps2 but as we continued waiting, it began raining really hard. My brother and I didn’t care and stayed. After a while, we heard a woman’s voice that was yelling ‘Boys! Boys!’ towards our direction and turns out it was Lindsay Lohan. She said she felt bad for us sitting in the rain and brought me and my brother hot chocolate. She then sat down next to us and talked about how long she was filming and how she really enjoyed working on the movie. […] she was actually
really sweet and down to earth when we talked.” (40)

“I Passed a Hat Around, and I Ended Up Getting About $600, Something Like That. Here’s Some More. Here’s a Thousand Dollars, So You Have a Total of a Thousand Dollars”

On 2 March 2014, the 86th Academy Award (Oscar) ceremonies took place on live TV. Ellen Degeneris was the host, and she ordered a Big Mama’s & Papa’s pizza, which was delivered by Edgar Martirosyan, who had expected to deliver the pizza backstage — not on international TV. He said that Ms. Degeneris “said, ‘Just follow me,’ and I’m going and I’m on a stage. I was in shock.” The following day, Mr. Martirosyan appeared on Ms. Degeneris’ daytime talk show, and she gave him his tip: $1,000. On The Ellen DeGeneres Show, he said that he was excited to see Julia Roberts in the Oscars audience: “She was like my woman in dreams. I always watched her movies … it was something crazy — crazy to me to deliver.” When giving him his tip, Ms. Degeneris said, “I passed a hat around, and I ended up getting about $600, something like that. Here’s some more. Here’s a thousand dollars, so you have a total of a thousand dollars.” (41)

**Sir Patrick Stewart and the ALS Ice Bucket Challenge**

In the summer of 2014, the ALS Ice Bucket Challenge became popular as a way of raising money for and awareness of the neurodegenerative disease amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, which is also known as Lou Gehrig’s disease. In this challenge, celebrities dump a bucket of ice water on their heads and then often challenge three other celebrities to accept the ALS Ice Bucket Challenge. Sir Patrick Stewart, best known for his roles in Shakespeare, Star Trek: The Next Generation, and the X-Men movies, accepted the challenge but modified it to a more dignified version. His video, in which he does not speak, shows him
writing a check to the charitable organization ALS Association and then taking ice from an ice bucket, putting it in a glass, pouring liquor into the glass, and then drinking the liquor. Sir Patrick is 74 years old, and this is a healthy version of the Ice Bucket Challenge. (42)

Dawn Garrigus Gets a Hug from Sir Patrick Stewart, aka Captain Jean-Luc Picard of Star Trek: The Next Generation

The Make-A-Wish Foundation request of Dawn Garrigus, an 11-year-old Star Trek fan from Statesboro, Georgia, was to attend DragonCon, an annual sci-fi and fantasy convention in Atlanta, Georgia. Dawn lives with mitochondria disease, which Andrea Romano, a writer for Mashable, describes as “a progressive illness that causes loss of muscle coordination, weakness and pain, seizures, vision and/or hearing loss, gastrointestinal issues, learning disabilities and organ failure.” On 1 September 2014, she attended DragonCon, as did Sir Patrick Stewart, aka Captain Jean-Luc Picard of Star Trek: The Next Generation. The two met, and Sir Patrick gave Dawn a hug. In an email to Mashable, Dawn wrote, “I was shy at first not sure what to say or talk about but he kept talking to me. I felt like I was on the enterprise talking to the Capt ….

It makes me happy even when I am sick so I just wave and call ‘Hello, Sir Patrick.’” Dawn’s mother, Kristy Garrigus, said that she thought Dawn’s meeting with Sir Patrick had positive results: “She does not feel as isolated and to be blunt, it was the happiest we had seen her in quite some time.… Her brief visit with Sir Patrick has alleviated that feeling [of isolation] which we cannot begin to express gratitude for.” (43)

“Don’t Bother Sending a Tech, I’ll Be Dead by Then”

In July 2014, Redditor guitarsdontdance published this post titled “Don’t bother sending a tech, I’ll be dead by then”: 
“So my story starts on what was a normal day taking calls on the front line for a large cable company. The job pays well and for the most part the people I deal with are fairly nice to talk to.

“Quite often we’ll get calls from seniors (especially in the morning) who have premise equipment issues such as ‘snow on screen’ or ‘no signal’ on their TV sets connected to our digital equipment.

“Now my heart does go out to some of these folks because up until recently (past few years) we would supply straight analog cable to many homes (coax direct from wall to TV with scrolling guide). However, most cities we service nowadays require our digital equipment to receive channels, and this has caused a lot of frustration with older people who don’t know how to operate said equipment (i.e. always having your TV set on ‘video’ or ‘hdmi’ to get picture). So, often we get customers who are repeat offenders with long ticket histories of these types of issues.

“So anyway, I get a call from an older gentleman who’s quite bitter and mean right off the bat (doesn’t like that I asked for his address / telephone number to verify the account, hates that he has to speak with a machine before reaching an agent, etc.). I have some experience handling these types of customers; however, this call was going to be a little different.

“I spent over 45 minutes with this guy (we’ll call him Mr. Smith) trying to get his TV set connected to the digital box properly so he could receive a picture. No luck. He was getting clearly frustrated by the whole ordeal and started blaming me for not being able to do my job properly, how I was useless, etc.

“Whatever.

“Like I said, I’ve dealt with this before so I tried my best
not to take it personally, but eventually I had to ask him if we could book a service tech to the home (a courtesy call) to get his TV working correctly. Unfortunately, our booking calendar was showing an appointment 3 days out. That’s when he dropped this on me:

“‘Don’t bother sending a goddamn technician, because I’ll be dead by then. I’m 94 and TV is the only thing I have left; are you really going to make me wait for a tech?’

“I instantly felt bad. I mean, I’ve heard every complaint in the book as to why people don’t want to wait for a tech but this one kind of got to me. I’m in my mid-20’s so honestly I can’t even imagine how it must feel to utter those words.

“So I spoke with my supervisor, who said they’d see if we could get someone out earlier … but we couldn’t promise anything. So I let Mr. Smith know and he was predictably not very happy with my answer.

“At that point it almost sounded like he started to cry and went into how he has no family left, and no friends who come visit (this was after I asked if there was anyone in his building who might be able to help). Man, I felt terrible, so I took it upon myself to ask Mr. Smith if I could pay a visit (he lived in a small city over from where I was, not very far to drive).

“He was a little shocked I was willing to do this, but sounded thankful I was willing to come out and help him personally.

So I head over, get to the residence and meet him — within 30 seconds I had the cable running again (simple input change) and even brought him a simplified remote for his set top box to avoid this problem in the future.

“That’s when he started crying. He goes into how he hasn’t actually spoken or really interacted with anyone for years.
He gave me a hug and told me how thankful he was that I came out and helped him, and told me how sorry he was for being so mean earlier on. I said it was no problem and I was happy to help, and that was it — I left.

“Three weeks later, my supervisor comes to my desk and asks me if I could come speak with her for a bit about an account for ‘Mr. Smith’. Turns out, he sent the cable company a letter outlining how thankful he was for helping him with his issue and how it really ‘made an old man happy again for once in a very long time’. The letter was framed and put on our front entrance to retail.

“I guess the moral of this story is no matter how nasty someone is to you over the phone, sometimes they’re not always a terrible person and [are] just going through a lot. I still think about Mr. Smith occasionally when I get those nasty customers and it makes me feel a little better.

“Anyway, thanks for reading. [I] just thought I’d share how this one call changed my outlook on life :)” (44)

“If [Mark Ruffalo] Ever Finds My Wallet, I Expect Him to Return the Favor”

In July 2014, actor Mark Ruffalo, who played the character Bruce Banner / the Hulk in the movie The Avengers, was in Chicago, Illinois, where he lost his wallet in a taxi. Fortunately, a Good Samaritan named Ross McHale found it and tweeted him on July 18: “I have your wallet. Found it in a cab in chicago on Friday. Let me know the best way to get it back to you. Thanks.” Mr. Ruffalo responded, “Thank you! Wow! Another point for the decency in people.” He also tweeted, “You are a hero!” The two then exchanged information so that Mr. Ruffalo could get his wallet back. Mr. McHale said, “If [Mark Ruffalo] ever finds my wallet, I expect him to return the favor.” (45)

Rupert Grint the Ice-Cream-and-Lollipop Man
One of the favorite vehicles of Rupert Grint, who played Ron Weasley in the Harry Potter movies, is a 1974 Mr Whippy Bedford van — that is, a Mr. Whippy ice-cream truck. In March 2012, Mr. Grint said, “I was the first of the Potter actors to learn to drive. I passed my test at the second time of trying. On the set, there’d always be a lot of talk about cars among the cast, although Daniel Radcliffe never joined in. He’s never been into cars at all. My first ambition was to become an ice-cream man, which is why I bought the Bedford van. Not long after I first got it, I pulled into a pub to do a U-turn and there were eight kids with their pocket money out, hoping to buy a 99 [an ice cream cone with soft-serve ice cream and a Flake candy bar inserted into the ice cream] or whatever. But I had nothing to give them. I’ve learnt my lesson since then. I keep my van well stocked. It’s got a proper machine that dispenses Mr. Whippy ice cream and I buy my lollies wholesale — 50 for a tenner — so I never run short. I’m not allowed to sell my merchandise. I’d need a licence for that. I tend to avoid July and August, but the rest of the year I’ll drive around the local villages and if I see some kids looking like they’re in need of ice creams, I’ll pull over and dish them out for free. They’ll say, ‘Ain’t you Ron Weasley? And I’ll say, ‘It’s strange, I get asked that a lot.’ The van often comes in useful. I drove it up to the set on the last day of filming on Harry Potter. The cast and crew were having a barbecue, and I supplied the lollies and ice creams.” (46)

**Can’t Stand Monty Python**

On 24 February 2014, Redditor r0baj0b created a Good Girl Gina meme with this heading: “It really is the little things that make me appreciate her.” The text of the meme stated, “CAN’T STAND MONTY PYTHON / BUYS ME TICKETS FOR SPAMALOT FOR CHRISTMAS AND SWAPS NIGHTS OFF TO COME WITH ME.” On Reddit, kalilyyn commented, “Girl here. Wasn’t a fan of the
movies before seeing it on Broadway. F[**]king loved it. I have never laughed so much in my life. If she has a general good sense of humor, she will enjoy it.” (47)

154 Sick Days

Carol Clark teaches the sixth grade at Jaime Escalante Elementary School in Cudahy, a city located in southeastern Los Angeles County, California. For the 2013-2014 school year, she missed all but two months of work because of breast cancer. She said, “I started out with the cancer, and then the chemotherapy, and then things got really good and I thought, ‘OK, I beat it, I’m good.’ And then things went downhill again.” She used up all her vacation days and 120 sick days for doctor appointments, chemotherapy, and surgeries. But for the 2014-2015 school year, she was too ill to work and she had used up all her sick days. She said, “I lost pay, I lost my medical benefits, I lost all that stuff.” Her husband, Dave Clark, who also teaches at Jaime Escalante Elementary School, posted a pledge sheet in the teachers’ lounge, asking teachers to pledge to give some of their sick days to her, something that is allowed through the Catastrophic Illness Donation program. He said, “When I got the pledge forms back, it’s people I’ve never seen giving us five days, 10 days. We don’t even know these people.” He added, “We get paid for 180 days in the school year. So she got 154, so almost a whole year.” She said, “Some of the people that donated money, I didn’t even know. They were friends of friends of mine.” Teacher Raquel Prado said, “Just to give a day is just wonderful. And then for them to even say, ‘I’m going to give more to Carol,’ it just shows the heart of people and the generosity.” Teacher Justine Gurrola said, “Carol has given a lot of love to a lot of people. She doesn’t realize it, but she has.” Carol said about the generosity shown to her, “It’s indescribable.” Her husband said, “I don’t know what to say. Thanks. It’s tough.” (48)
Linus Torvalds is My Hero

Zachary DuPont is a 6th grader whose school organized a letter-writing project — students wrote a letter and mailed it to their heroes. As you would expect, the students wrote to celebrities. Zachary’s particular celebrity was Linus Torvalds, the man behind the Linux open source operating system. Mr. Torvalds received the letter and invited Zachary to be his guest at the 2014 LinuxCon and to meet him there in person. During their meeting, Mr. Torvalds, the father of Linux, signed Zachary’s copy of Linux Bible and also gave him a signed copy of his own book: Just for Fun: The Story of an Accidental Revolutionary. (49)

What’s In for Prom? A Burlap Dress

In December 2013, Courtney Barich, an 18-year-old at Holy Cross Regional High School in Surrey, British Columbia, Canada, found a prom dress she liked — the price tag was $700. She decided not to buy the dress. She said, “We were driving in the car and I felt kind of selfish for how much it cost. My mom said, ‘You would look good in anything, even a garbage bag or a potato sack.’ And the idea kind of grew from there.” Courtney ended up using the prom — and her dress — as a fundraiser for a charity. She said, “I thought my dress should help people who are in need. I decided I don’t need to wear a fancy prom dress.” She set up a website [http://www.courtnyburlapgrad.ca] and promised to wear a burlap dress as her dress to the prom if people would donate money to a charity: the Saint Martin de Porres Orphanage in Manila, Philippines. She said, “I will give up the glitz and glam of a beautiful grad dress and I will wear a Burlap dress to grad [grade 12 prom] instead, if I can get $10,000 in much needed donations to help this orphanage.” In fact, she wore a burlap dress to her prom. Actually, it looked good — designer Suman Faulkner of Lata Design designed the
burlap gown for her. Ms. Faulkner said, “For a teenager, the prom is almost like a first wedding. So for her to want to do this, it just touched my heart.” The dress she designed is a white fitted one-strap burlap gown decorated with small pink and yellow embroidered flowers. Ms. Faulkner said, “Actually, I am very allergic to burlap. So I would work for a little then walk away, then work a little more. It took me longer than it normally would.” Courtney said, “I loved it. It was better than I thought it was going to turn out.” Her mother said, “It’s been a really good learning experience.” In March 2014, Courtney and her fellow students visited the orphanage and built houses. Courtney said, “It was definitely an eye-opener to see all the poverty, from the houses they live in to what they eat. All the kids were walking around with no shoes. It was very sad. I came back grateful.” (50)

Chapter 2: Stories 51-100

“Somebody has Made a Huge Mess Again in This Gymnasium. Oh, No! What to Do?”

At the end of the 2013-2014 school year, the student body of Anderson County High School in Lawrenceburg, Kentucky, had a surprise gift of appreciation for custodian Ricky Spaulding. Principal Chris Glass announced over the microphone, “Somebody has made a huge mess again in this gymnasium. Oh, no! What to do?” Mr. Spaulding’s job is to clean up messes, so he came to clean up the mess, but he found no mess. Instead, students gave him $1,900 to see Jacob, his son, for the first time in a year and to see his granddaughter — two-month-old Harper Elaine — for the first time ever. Mr. Spaulding said, “I was shocked. And the bad thing about it is, my wife was in on this as well.” Jacob, who serves in the U.S. Navy, is stationed in Italy. Mr. Spaulding said, “I was just absolutely speechless. When I think of the generosity of the students and the staff
“I Think that’s the Most Important Part of the Story, is that He Helped Me, So I Just Want to Help Everyone Else”

Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, philanthropist Benjamin Olewine III helped Melissa Manier quite a lot after she waited on him at the Peachtree Restaurant and Lounge in Susquehanna Township, where she was working to pay her way through college. In an interview with WHTM’s Dave Marcheskie, they described what happened:

“Manier: ‘I was working at the front desk.’

‘Olewine: ‘I asked her about how she was paying for books…’

‘Manier: ‘I said, I have student loans, but [I am] gonna have to pay them back.’

‘Olewine: ‘I said, “Oh, well, just give me the bill and I’ll take care of them for you.”’

‘Manier: ‘At first, I didn’t exactly understand what he meant.’

‘Olewine: ‘She let me know how [paying for college] was a struggle.’

‘Manier: ‘I was thinking, I do have a bill sitting on my desk right now. So, I was like … well, I’ll bring it in for you if that’s what he’s asking for.’”

She brought him the bill, and he paid it for her. Mr.
Olewine did not stop there; he paid off all of her upstanding debt and continued to pay her tuition and book bills. Ms. Manier said, “While I was in school, after he’d started paying for me, my dad passed away. I just keep thinking of him right now. He’d be so shocked and just so happy for me.” Ms. Mainer earned her nursing degree through Harrisburg Area Community College and got a job as a nurse at PinnacleHealth’s General Osteopathic Hospital in — pay attention — the Benjamin Olewine III wing, which is named after him because he has donated so much money to the spine, bone, and joint institutes. She said, “I’m so happy I got the job here, because it’s a perfect fit.” In 2014, Ms. Mainer was 25 years old, and thanks to Mr. Olewine, free of debt. She is currently taking online courses, and he is still helping her. She said, “Anytime I get a bill that he helps me with, I still feel strange asking him because he really doesn’t know me. It’s just crazy.” She added that she wants to pay it forward: “I think that’s the most important part of the story, is that he helped me, so I just want to help everyone else.” (52)

“Teachers of Reddit, who was Your Favorite Student and Why?”

On 18 April 2014, Redditor likeprettycolors asked, “Teachers of Reddit, who was your favorite student and why?” Here are some answers:

1) Theodore_boosevelt wrote, “Currently working part-time at a pre-school. In the 3/4 classroom, we have a diverse array of abilities and disabilities. One little girl, let’s call her Olivia, has Down Syndrome, but is still incredibly bright. She’s made tremendous progress this year (speaking, stacking blocks on top of each other, putting puzzles together, eating with her fork at lunch, and learning to use the potty are some major improvements we’ve seen since August!), but is still pretty far behind the
other kids. Plus, [Sophie’s] being at [a] lower verbal level discourages the other children from talking to her. They’re not discriminatory, they’re just kids who are a little uncomfortable with a girl who doesn’t talk and is still in diapers. They’ll play with her if a teacher says ‘Let’s all play together now!’ or she walks over while they’re playing, but they won’t ask her to play. She normally plays by herself during freetime.

“But then there’s Kevin. Man, I love Kevin. Kevin is the sweetest little kid. He loves to read, eats all his food at lunch, is always polite … anyway, Kevin actively seeks out to play with his friend Olivia. If he knows a story (some kids can’t read yet but have a few books memorized), he’ll sit down and ‘read’ to her. Outside, about half of our tricycles are two-person tricycles, so one person sits and pedals while the other just sits on the back. Like a tandem bike, but the person in the back doesn’t even have to pretend to pedal. Olivia can’t pedal a tricycle yet, but Kevin will help her get on the back of one, then pedal around the blacktop with her on the back. Her face lights up; you can tell she LOVES getting the wind in her hair and being able to be on a bike. And Kevin helps her do that.

“He also helps out a lot around the classroom with clean-up. He’s just a helper. I’m so excited to find out how his future goes. He has a great big heart, and I love being able to see that growing and developing.”

2) sweetLovinMama wrote, “When my freshmen found out I was leaving for another school, they hid Post-It notes that had their names and ‘We love you, Mrs. —’ in all my books, folders, etc. I still miss those kids more than anything.”

3) TheFork101 wrote, “I’m a summer camp counselor, and one week I had a little girl in my unit who was homesick, incurably so, and it took me hours to console her enough to
sleep (the first night ended up being an all-nighter).

“But throughout the week I learned that she was homesick because her parents had sent her to camp so she wouldn’t have to worry too much about her sick, dying mother. She couldn’t not think about her sick, dying mother. Her mother was so sick with cancer that she could barely walk, and stayed in a wheelchair or lay down for the entire day, and had to be helped through everything.

“Halfway through my week with her, her family sent her a LARGE package filled with dog stuff. Magazines, stuffed animals, stickers, all that sort of stuff. She went hog wild! That night she showed me all that she had gotten (because yes, she was homesick) and told me about her aspiration to become a veterinarian and help dogs no matter what, even if the owners couldn’t pay.

“She eventually headed off to bed, all on her own, but left the package with me in case I wanted another look. I was packing all the stuff back in neatly when I saw a note at the bottom. It was from her mother and as far as I could tell, it hadn’t been touched or seen.

“It explained her mother’s never-ending love for her little girl, and how PROUD she was to have a daughter just like her. She reminded her daughter to keep fighting and to keep going and to never give up.

“There was a post script, it said, ‘If you like this package, wait for the surprise I have for you on Friday!’ (last day of camp).

“I showed her daughter the note the next morning, Thursday morning, and we speculated for the entire day on what the surprise could be. Thursday night she cried because she was excited to be home but she was also going to miss camp, and it was difficult for me to not tear up.
“It turns out we were nowhere close to the surprise, because on Friday afternoon, I saw a man and a woman coming down toward the kids. The woman was in a wheelchair, holding a medium-sized box, and was smiling from ear to ear. As my camper ran toward them, laughing and sobbing, her mother stood up, handed the box to the man, and held out her arms for her daughter to run into.

“The scene was obviously emotional, I did end up crying a bit, and then her mother handed my camper the box. Inside was a puppy, an honest-to-goodness puppy, and was the whole reason she was sent to camp that week, so she could be surprised (as [the] mom told me later).

“This girl is my all-time favorite camper because of her love for her family and her mother and her love for helping people. Such a gentle soul with such a difficult burden placed upon her.

“Her mother passed away this December from breast cancer. May she rest in peace.”

Just for fun, here is one other answer:

MisterScraps wrote, “First day of school I asked my ninth graders if they knew what plagiarism was. A girl named Sophie raised her hand, and with total dead pan said, ‘Plagiarism is when you get in trouble for something you didn’t even do.’ Sophie, you are my new favorite. Other students, try to be as awesome as Sophie.” (53)

Good Teachers

On 17 March 2014, Redditor filmgasm91 published on Imgur a Good Girl Gina meme with this caption: “For all the scumbag teacher memes there are still great teachers. My first grade teacher actually did this and 20 years later it still amazes me.” The text of the meme stated, “1ST GRADE STUDENT WITH ABSENT PARENTS
FRACTURES HIS SKULL / STAYS WITH STUDENT AT THE HOSPITAL FOR SEVERAL DAYS SO HE’S NOT ALONE.” On Reddit, filmgasm91 offered more details. For example, both parents worked: “It happened at an after school program because they both worked. And they went to the hospital right after they were notified but left pretty quickly afterwards and just told him they would visit when they could and they would call the doctors to stay in touch. My teacher went to check on him right after it happened and saw his parents leave and was disgusted by it so she ended up staying the entire time.” This is how the kid fractured his skull: “It’s not exactly cool but it was during an after school program in the school gym and the floor leading out of the bathroom was wet and he ran across it and just landed smack on the back of his head and fractured his skull. Not long after that the school put ‘Lego’ type plastic tiles over the gym floor, probably to avoid a law suit.” Filmgasm91 also stated that the teacher called in sick and the school provided a substitute teacher for the class.

Other Redditors wrote about good experiences with teachers:

1) RamsesThePigeon wrote, “This reminds me of my kindergarten teacher, Mrs. F. “

“Now, to call her my kindergarten teacher is actually a bit inaccurate. In fact, I had her for no less than four years: Two years of preschool, and two years of kindergarten. Throughout that entire time, she was like a second mother to me.

“For example, I came down with chicken pox on Halloween one year, and since I couldn’t go trick-or-treating, Mrs. F took it upon herself to bring me a big bag of candy. What’s more is she did it in character, claiming that she was ‘the neighborhood witch’ and that one of the
many treats that she’d brought just might make me feel better.

“She was also one of a few adults who would call me ‘SuperMax,’ which I’d insisted was my name since I was a toddler. (I used to wear my Superman pajamas beneath my school uniform, and Mrs. F let me get away with it.) That one may not seem like such a big deal, but to me, it meant the world. It made me feel like she, unlike so many other people, actually listened to me and cared about what I wanted.

“I actually got in touch with Mrs. F on the day of my high school graduation, just to thank her for her part in my education and express my appreciation. She still remembered everything about me, and we spent the better part of an hour reminiscing about my childhood.

“There are certainly scumbag teachers in the world, but then there are also folks like Mrs. F … and I think they more than make up for the bad ones.”

2) Abzug wrote, “My fifth grade teacher (also Mrs. F, oddly enough) was just turning the lights out in her classroom when one of her students came back to school crying.

“He still had his backpack and looked like he had been crying for awhile (kid was in primary school K-6). When Mrs. F asked what was wrong, the kid said his parents were not home.

“She took him to the principal’s office and stayed with him while they tried calling his house. They got a message stating the phone number had been disconnected.

“The police were sent to his house and found it empty. His parents moved out while he was in school and abandoned him completely. The poor boy literally walked back to an
empty house. Not knowing where to go, he came back to school.

“This was in the 70’s, and the teacher convinced the authorities that he could stay with her and her husband until they had this figured out.

“I don’t know if they ever tracked down the parents. But this amazing teacher adopted the boy and raised him as her own son.

“The boy was in my sister’s class and he was the nicest kid you could ever meet. The teacher was absolutely gold. Every kid that she had in class she treated like her own.

“I was a very lucky student to have her.”

3) Venetia MacGyver wrote, “When I was a teenager, my family went broke more than broke. Actually got kicked out at 16 because they could no longer afford to keep a roof over my head. From 14 until I finally managed to start finding people who would give me odd jobs, I lived on free condiments and the occasional dollar’s worth of Ramen or Taco Bell. I told almost no one. It was humiliating. It was stupid of me, looking back on it, but I just wanted some dignity in not needing to beg. Also didn’t sign up for free lunch programs for dignity reasons (my mother wouldn’t have signed them, anyway).

“It was rough, and I was starving. Occasionally I’d get to eat dinner at friends’ houses, and their parents would marvel at the skinny girl asking for seconds. That was about it, nutrition-wise, for years.

“Just before one Thanksgiving, just before I became totally homeless, my AP English teacher asked me to stay after class. She said she had noticed how sallow I looked, withdrawn I acted (more than usual). I skirted the questions, so she asked about my Thanksgiving plans.
“I broke down. Couldn’t lie about going hungry for it.

“She first let me cry on her shoulder, then she told me she’d make it right. I begged her not to tell DCF [Department of Children and Families] (she did anyway, but that is another story) [it’s mandatory for teachers to do that], and she told me to be sure I was there tomorrow.

“The next day, after class, she pulled me aside again and handed me a basket. It was FULL of food. Turkey, chicken, potatoes, pie … Home cooked.

“She cooked me a full Thanksgiving dinner, with enough that lasted me a week.

“After we got back from break, she made a habit out of giving me sandwiches and fruit. I had a hard time accepting the charity, but looking back on it, I don’t know if I would’ve lived (at least, not very well) if she hadn’t.

“It was one of the most inspiring and beautiful things anyone has ever done for me. Ever since, I vowed to keep paying it forward, in any way I could.

“Best teacher ever. (She was d[*]mn fine at actually teaching, too.)” (54)

Good Girl Gina Teacher

On 7 March 2014, Redditor created a Good Girl Gina about a former teacher. The meme was captioned “15 year old me sounds bratty but I’m still glad I got it :)),” and the text of the meme (lightly edited) stated, “TEACHER MAKES US WRITE A LETTER TO OUR FUTURE SELVES IN HIGH SCHOOL / ACTUALLY MAILED THEM 5 YEARS LATER.” Redditor 22446688 commented, “We did the same thing freshman year. I put $20 in my letter. Two years until I get that letter back.” (55)

$30 for a $10 Field Trip
On 13 April 2014, Redditor Pinky_Swear posted a Good Girl Gina meme with this heading: “Every kid in my class got to go on field trips. Growing up dirt poor made my mom the ultimate GGGina.” This is the text of the meme: “SCHOOL TRIP COSTS $10 / MOM GIVES ME $30 AND SAYS THE TEACHER WILL KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST.” On Reddit, Pinky_Swear wrote, “She was also one of the kids whose parents didn’t believe in charity, so she couldn’t eat the free public school lunch. Her mom sent her to school with a thin slice of liver between two pieces of white bread. She was laughing when she described how much she wanted to snatch the food on fried chicken day, but I just wanted to f\[**]king cry.” Pinky_Swear added, “She is one of those rare people that used a sh\[*\]tty childhood as a reason to be a better person, and parent, rather than as an excuse for being weak.” Redditor iamprasad88 commented, “Your mom sounds like my grandma. She was born during the British Raj India and grew up in the time when the English had stolen all the wealth, leaving behind a hungry and poor nation. She used to cook [for], provide for, and adopt children. She taught herself English without going to school. When she passed away, around 600 people turned up to see her funeral rites, we didn’t know more than 50 of those people. We don’t even know how they found out or how they knew her, but they all said that she had helped them in some way earlier.”

“So Hopefully One of These Days I’ll See You All — Maybe Up in Space”

In early 2014, Lucas Whiteley, a four-year-old boy in the United Kingdom, sent some questions, including one about how many stars exist, to the National Aeronautics and Space Administration (NASA) for help with his science homework. NASA engineer Ted Garbeff sent back a 10-minute personalized video that was shown in an assembly
at Lucas’ school. The video also gave a virtual tour of the Ames Research Center in Mountain View, California. Lucas’ questions were sent on a video that he made with the help of his father, James, age 37. James Whiteley, an app designer, said, “When I was a kid, I wrote to NASA and got a brochure, so I thought we might be lucky if we sent a video of Lucas asking questions. What we got back three weeks later was amazing. Obviously Ted has thought about his audience and gone to a lot of trouble just for them. When I sat down to watch it with Lucas, he had a big smile on his face. Ted is a fantastic bloke to go out of his way for someone he doesn’t know on the other side of the world.” In his video, Lucas asked, “How many stars are there?” Mr. Garbeff replied that scientists estimate that 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stars exist. In the video, Mr. Garbeff said, “It’s really a lot of fun being an engineer — you get to play with great toys all day and most importantly you get to learn about the world. It wasn’t easy, though, getting here, I had to work really hard. So remember to work hard in school and listen to your teacher.’ At the end of Mr. Garbeff’s video, he said to Lucas and his classmates, “So hopefully one of these days I’ll see you all — maybe up in space.” (57)

**Keith Garvin: School-Lunch Hero**

In January 2014, dozens of children at Uintah Elementary School in Salt Lake City, Utah, had their full lunches taken away from them because their parents had not paid their school-lunch bill. The children were given milk and fruit instead of the full lunches, which were thrown away. In February 2014, Kenny Thompson learned about the reduced lunches that some Utah schoolchildren were receiving: “I’m like, ‘Wow. I know that’s probably a situation at my school, and the school my son goes to, and the other schools I mentor at.’ So I came in and inquired about it.” He learned that Houston, Texas’ Valley Oaks
Elementary School students who had negative balances on their lunch accounts were not receiving a full lunch; instead, they were being given cold cheese sandwiches. Mr. Thompson used $465 of his own money to pay off the delinquent accounts of over 60 schoolchildren. He said, “These are elementary school kids. They don’t need to be worried about finances. They need to be worried about what grade they got in spelling.” Some schoolchildren stay out of the lunch line altogether because they are embarrassed about having delinquent accounts, but being hungry negatively affects academic performance. (If you want to raise students’ test scores, feed them before the test. If you want to really raise students’ test scores, feed them everyday.) Mr. Thompson said, “When I left the building knowing that they were getting fed, they didn’t have that stress, [that was] the best money I ever spent.” (58)

“What Memory from Your Childhood Makes You Think ‘Wow, We were Poor’?”

On 25 July 2014, Redditor Luizeef asked, “What memory from your childhood makes you think ‘Wow, we were poor’?” The answers included memories of loving, caring parents and other good-deed doers:

1) Hsoup wrote, “Barbecue sauce sandwiches. The ‘wow’ moment — when I offered a friend one and he laughed. When he saw I wasn’t joking, I was invited over for dinner pretty often after that. He’s good people. Still a good friend almost 30 years later.”

Phreakzor commented, “I lived in the projects in Compton [California]. When I was around 9, my neighbor Dominic who was the same age as me, and just as poor, gave me a syrup sandwich one day when I told him that mom ‘forgot’ to buy me bread for toast. She didn’t forget; she couldn’t afford it. I ate that d[*]mn sandwich like it was Subway.”
2) ferk00 wrote, “Hot dogs and macaroni every night. Having ‘camp outs’ at the fireplace because we couldn’t afford the electric bill. Church people leaving boxes of food on our porch. My mom is the strongest person I’ve met. Raising a young child as a widow and making the poverty seem fun or invisible. No words for how much I admire that woman.”

TheFennex commented, “Ooohh, food box day was the best day! Real meat, and we had to eat it fast because it was already or almost expired! Mmmmmmmmm … I never questioned where it came from.”

3) RollingInTheYeast wrote, “The three months we spent playing board games together, keeping all of our perishables in a cooler, cooking everything on the grill outside, and going to bed early. I never really thought about why we weren’t watching TV or anything like that until I went to take a shower with nothing but cold water. I just thought we were playing camping. We had candles everywhere for the night, so I thought my parents were really good at setting the scene for it. After about a month, our neighbors let us run a giant extension cord from their patio outlet to our house to power our fridge. Keith, if you’re a Redditor and remember your dorky poor neighbor Jessica back on 48th Street, thank you and your family times a billion. I’ll never forget the kindness you guys treated us with. You’re all pretty amazing people. <3 Also I’m sorry for ditching you that one day to hang out with that little dipsh[*]t, Lenny, because he had a pool. It was hot as balls and I was 8.”

4) devlylooper wrote, “[I] remember we were dirt-poor (we still kind of are, except all my siblings and I now work). I remember my mother once taking us to Burger King and just watching us play. She didn’t buy anything for herself. Never has. This isn’t the worst, but to me it now makes me
sad remembering my mother in a beige trench coat, watching us play. Both my parents are incredibly humble; it makes me want to cry how people can be so selfless. And yes, ramen soup and food stamps.”

Stormclaw11 asked, “Why do moms always spoil their kids so hard they feel guilty :’(”

OvercaffeinateMe explained, “You kinda can’t not do that. For the most part, when you have kids, everything you do for them becomes the reflection of who you are as a person. A poor mother would think, ‘I should be able to provide my children with a pleasure as simple as a Happy Meal. But I can’t afford meals for all of us. So I’ll get my children Happy Meals.’ And done. Very little more thought goes into it. We don’t want to limit the normal experiences of childhood for them. So we do what we can to give them even the bare minimum of that. It probably never even occurred to OP’s [OP = Original Poster] mom that she was depriving herself in order to provide something nice for her children. You think, ‘This will make them happy,’ and then the thought train stops there.”

5) ShoutyCrackers wrote, “I grew up with just my mom. We were poor, on food stamps and welfare, but she made me realize just how good we had it. She’d volunteer us at soup kitchens, make me work at Meals on Wheels, and once she spent some of our meager savings on food for a friend of mine whose dad had bailed and his mom was trying to support four kids by herself. We loaded up the shopping cart, and took the food to his house. It was seven pm, and his mom was trying to put the kids to bed because she had nothing to feed them. When she saw all the food, she cried. As we left, my mom said, ‘See? No matter how bad you have it, others have it worse.’”

6) AnatAndr wrote, “I once asked my Mum why all our shopping was Tesco Value — she said it’s because the blue
matched the kitchen. God bless parents.”

By the way, on the whole, the Bible is rather positive about feeding the hungry:

**Matthew 25:35**

“For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, I was a stranger and you welcomed me, […]”

**Isaiah 58:10**

“If you pour yourself out for the hungry and satisfy the desire of the afflicted, then shall your light rise in the darkness and your gloom be as the noonday.”

**Proverbs 28:27**

“Whoever gives to the poor will not want, but he who hides his eyes will get many a curse.”

**James 2:14-18**

“What good is it, my brothers, if someone says he has faith but does not have works? Can that faith save him? If a brother or sister is poorly clothed and lacking in daily food, and one of you says to them, ‘Go in peace, be warmed and filled,’ without giving them the things needed for the body, what good is that? So also faith by itself, if it does not have works, is dead. But someone will say, ‘You have faith and I have works.’ Show me your faith apart from your works, and I will show you my faith by my works.”

**Luke 3:11**

“And he answered them, ‘Whoever has two tunics is to share with him who has none, and whoever has food is to do likewise.’” (59)

**Connor: You are Loved, and You are Safe, and You are**
Supported

A 13-year-old boy named Connor came out as gay to his parents, and his mother wrote him this touching letter:

“Dear Connor,

“I am writing you this letter so you have something tangible, something to hold onto if you should ever need it, to always remind you that we love you. I am pretty proud that we have the kind of relationship in which you felt comfortable coming out to me at 13 years old. I am hoping that we have created an environment in our house in which you know you are loved, you are safe, and that we will support you and fight for you. Dad and I love you very much. You are growing into such an amazing young man. You are pure potential. We can’t wait to see where it takes you!

“Love, Mom”

Check out <http://www.anotetomykid.org> for more love and acceptance. (60)

“Parents of Gay Children, Did You Know Your Child was Gay Before They Came Out?”

On 9 June 2014, Redditor js404 asked, “Parents of gay children, did you know your child was gay before they came out?” Here are some (lightly edited) replies:

1) Fire_Bucket wrote, “My cousin is a lesbian; when she sat her mum and step-dad down to ‘tell them something,’ my uncle in all of his tact and brilliance said, ‘You’re either going to say you’re pregnant or gay, and I’m 99% sure you’re not pregnant.’

“No malice in it at all, and when she confirmed she was about to come out she got a big hug from both of them and [they] told [her] how proud they were of her for having the
courage to tell them, etc."

2) ruinr wrote, “Brother of lesbian. I’ve known since she was probably 10-11. She was always tomboy-ish, but when my highly acclaimed collection of Jenny McCarthy Playboys came up missing and then [were] later found under her mattress, I knew. Didn’t care either. I f[**]king love my sister.”

3) -JustShy- wrote, “A few years ago, my sister told me she’d been dating a girl for a year. My friend says, ‘So she’s dated a girl for longer than you have?’”

Redditor Booostedd commented, “Tell your friend to make a Reddit account so we can upvote him.”

4) Iusedtobeonimgur wrote, “When my friend came out, he said, ‘Mom, I think I’m gay.’ His mom replied, ‘You’re the only one who’s not absolutely sure you are.’”

5) thebestworstredditor wrote, “When I was about 16, I decided to come out to my family as bisexual so I sauntered into the kitchen like I always do, only this time I felt a small stammer to my steps. I stood in the kitchen and said, ‘So, uh, I’m bisexual.’ This prompted my Mother to stop doing dishes, my brother to pause his video game, and my Dad to look up from the kitchen table, then they all look at each other, exchanging multiple looks, until my Dad breaks the silence with, ‘That makes SO much sense.’ They are incredibly supportive of everything I do. :)

eneka commented, “Heh, a friend of mine was telling me how when he came out to his parents they didn’t say a single word. His dad stuck out his hand and looked at my friend’s mom. She hastily took out a $50 to hand to him since she lost the bet.” (61)

**Exes Getting Along**
On 21 February 2014, Redditor NemesisDragon posted a Good Girl Gina meme with this caption: “Ladies and Gentlemen, My Ex.” The text of the meme stated, “WE JUST DID NOT WORK OUT AS A COUPLE / STILL A GREAT AND WONDERFUL MOTHER TO MY SON.” Redditor skraptastic commented, “My mom and dad divorced when I was 8. They remained friends. My mom is remarried, and has been for over 20 years now.

“My dad fell on hard times recently, and my mom and stepdad invited him to stay with them until he gets back on his feet.

“He moves in on March 1st, and hopes to be out by May; that is when his settlement for a work-related accident should be complete.”

beingTOOnosy commented, “This obviously differs from business to business, but I’ve never heard anything but nightmares from folks waiting on that settlement. I can think of 2 couples offhand who have been purposefully avoiding full-time job for years because they don’t want to jeopardize the settlement. It’s heart breaking for me to watch it happen.

“All that [is] to say, I hope your mother and her husband are aware that it might not all go according to plan. I hope your father doesn’t endure the runaround around from whoever is supposed to pay up. And lastly I’m proud that your parents share that kind of relationship.”

Skraptastic replied, “My mom and stepdad know he could be with them for a while.

“My mom and dad’s parents were friends when my parents were kids, so they grew up together. Got married young and realized it wasn’t going to work. So they split on good terms. My dad has always been around and knows my stepdad well and they call each other friends.
“Don’t think it is going to be that big a deal.

“Just a side note, my dad was a truck driver and was in an accident (wasn’t at fault) and was injured pretty severely, back, leg, broken collarbones, etc. He has been on workers comp for years while going through surgeries, evaluations, etc.

“My grandfather recently passed away and my dad and his siblings sold the family home, where my dad was living (nothing malicious or shady, siblings agreed to sell). He chose to live with my mom over his sisters or brother till his money got sorted out.”

Another Redditor (some Redditor names are censorable) commented, “I was about to make a post just like this … I’m in the same situation. Sometimes relationships just don’t work out. My ex and I love each other, we just aren’t in love with each other. Now, we are still close, and we FaceTime daily so I can see my son (they live in a different state) and we have not had to involve the courts. I pay for all expenses that have to do with our son, so there is no need for court-mandated child support. On top of that, I am visiting for spring break and she is having me stay at her apartment. Life is so much easier when you are open with people. Just be civil.”

SirRealist commented, “Almost exactly the same situation here. We live in the same city and are still really great friends. We still take them out together for time with us both, to the movies, etc. She is in a serious relationship now, and I’m single but have had girlfriends since. We look out for each other and say literally the exact same thing you do. We love each other, we just aren’t in love. I truly wish more people understood that you can evolve a relationship if it doesn’t work out. Good luck with you and yours, man!”
MissAwesome89 commented, “My boyfriend and his ex wife are the same way. It’s kinda weird seeing them being so friendly since my ex-husband hates my guts, but it’s also nice. He has full custody of their two boys, but they’ll occasionally take them to lunch together. Her husband and my bf seem to be pretty cool, too. It’s actually very strange, but in a good way. I hope one day my ex and I can be the same way.” (62)

“What Lie(s) were You Told as a Child that You’re Grateful For?”

On 27 July 2014, Redditor Will Kaede asked, “What lie(s) were you told as a child that you’re grateful for?” Here are some replies (lightly edited):

1) rukarioz wrote, “When I was younger, my family and I went to Movie World in Queensland, Australia. I am a huge fan of Scooby Doo and this was just after the first movie was just released, so they had a new ride for it and all sorts of Scooby Doo-related stuff.

“Partway through the day, I got to meet the performers going around as Shaggy and Scooby greeting people, signing things and doing small shows and events around the park. They asked me who I was and how old I was and a few other simple questions. I got my photo taken with them and from memory I got something signed.

“We went on to the other attractions at the park and had a grand ol’ time, etc. On the way out, though, we hear a distinct voice call out my name. Turns out Shaggy recognized us leaving and as there was a lull in the crowds he comes over with the whole mystery gang to wish me farewell and hoped I had a good time.


“But it gets better; a week after the holiday a package
arrived from Queensland addressed to me … from Shaggy and Scooby Doo. Inside was a whole bunch of merchandise and a note ‘to a fan’. I was gobsmacked, but I was a smart kid. I immediately began asking questions of how he got our address or my last name for that matter. My parents’ answer was that they took the effort to get our details from the ticket booth, which I bought at the time.

“Fast forward eight years and I’m an adult and I’m casually discussing with my brother the time I went to Movie World (he didn’t come with us) and my mum overheard. I said to my brother, ‘I still don’t understand how he got our address; while awesome, it does seem a bit creepy.’ My mum looks over with a cheesy grin [and says], ‘We sent you that package; we bought a bunch of stuff from the shops and boxed it up with a note dad wrote.’”

Banamana27 commented, “I was in Disneyland on my fourth birthday. I got a wake-up call from Mickey Mouse himself to wish me a happy birthday. It is one of the most awesome memories of my childhood.

“A year or two ago, my mom and I were talking about that trip. She casually mentioned that when she went down to grab breakfast, she called me from the hotel lobby pretending to be Mickey. I was astonished. She thought I knew it was her.”

2) thelittlesignal wrote, “My mom told me the car wouldn’t run unless everyone was buckled up. Like she would pop the car into neutral and glide to the side of the road if we took them off while she was driving. I can’t be in a car without having mine on and I’m a stickler about other people, too.”

3) Garthim wrote, “When I was tested for allergies, my mother told me one of the positives was tobacco, and that if I smoked it could kill me instantly.”
“Never puffed a cigarette in my life.”

Squishlurk commented, “I had a roommate who said she was allergic to tobacco. Hmm …”

4) xxgabilfulxx wrote, “After [we saw] The Borrowers, my mom came up with this pretty elaborate borrower family who lived in our house. She would write me little notes from them and leave them places, make little tables on my dresser with crumbs on it. The notes would ask me to leave things out for them like food and she would take it before I woke up. She made my childhood so fun and full of creativity and imagination.”

5) Windchill wrote, “When my dad was deployed to Iraq, I was in fifth grade and believed almost everything my parents told me. At some point my parents made sure to bring up that he was being deployed to a northern part of the country that was far from where most of the bad guys were.

“I really like to think that was the case now, but I know now that they got into some crazy sh[*]t like everyone else and he could have lost his life more times than I know of. He’s got some insane stories from guys in his group. I likely won’t know even half of it and I’d rather keep it that way for now.” (63)

Good Guy Valentine’s Day Father

On 15 February 2014, Redditor Blondiesboyfriend posted a Good Guy Greg meme on Livememe.com with this caption: “My father, ladies and gentlemen.” The text of the meme stated, “KNOWS I’M BROKE ON VALENTINE’S DAY / SLIPS $100 DOLLARS IN MY WALLET WHEN I WAS ASLEEP SO I CAN TAKE GIRLFRIEND OUT TO DINNER.” Redditor woodlandmetal commented, “Dude, your dad is awesome! Props and tip of the hat!”
A Good Deed for Ramadan

On a Ramadan evening in 2014, as Rasheed Pericheri, a 36-year-old Indian, was going to a mosque to pray, he found a small blue purse containing credit cards, money, and important United Arab Emirates and Italian documents lying on a pavement in Abu Dhabi, capital city of the UAE. He used the driving license he found in the purse to find the purse’s true owner and return her purse, which contained 25,000 dirhams ($6,800 in US dollars) to her. The owner of the purse, an Italian woman named Elvira, said, “I was carrying Dh 25,000 to buy three tickets for me and my two sons to fly to Italy. My husband, an engineer in Abu Dhabi, had a heart attack and we had to repatriate him to Italy. He has still not recovered and is in a coma. I am so grateful to Rasheed, who took the pain to track me down and hand over the purse.” Mr. Pericheri said, “When I called her to inform her that I had found the purse, with the money, she began crying. She said a big thank you and gave me some money also as a gesture of gratitude.” (65)

“My Name is Diane, and I Think I Have Something that Belongs to You”

In December 2013, an African-American woman named Diane found over $1,000 in a CVS parking lot in Kansas City, Missouri. She contacted Fox4 in an attempt to find the money’s rightful owner. The money was in an envelope and had been run over by several cars. After the story aired on TV, many people contacted her, but only one had the correct information about the money and the envelope it was found in. That man was Gene, who is 85 years old. He said that he is disabled and unable to shop for Christmas presents and therefore intended to give the money to relatives as Christmas presents. She went to Gene’s house and said, “My name is Diane, and I think I have something that belongs to you.” Gene gave Diane a reward. (66)
“That’s an Angel. That’s All that is. She Wouldn’t Take a Penny I Offered Her”

In December 2011, Glenn Porter of Yazoo County, Mississippi, went Christmas shopping at Toys “R” Us and lost a roll of money in the parking lot, something he discovered after driving his wife to a mall. Mr. Porter, a 66-year-old retired Mississippi Chemical employee, said, “I was going to give her some money out of my pocket, and didn’t have but one roll of money. So I went back over there myself and looked around.” Fortunately, Sharon Morgan, a 49-year-old dog-grooming business owner, of Hazlehurst, found the money. She said, “I just reached and picked it up. [I] did not know that it was real money or anything. I just put it in my pocket and went in the store.” After leaving the store, she saw Mr. Porter. She said, “He says, ‘I lost some money. I just want to look under your car,’ and I said, ‘Let me back up,’ and I didn’t know that it was his. He told me the amount, but I was scared.” At that time, she had not counted the money, and she did not want to count it while anyone was watching. She counted the money later, discovered that it matched the amount that Mr. Porter had stated, and then she called her daughter, who called Toys “R” Us. Mr. Porter later called the store. He said about Ms. Morgan, “I called her, and she had it. That’s an angel. That’s all that is. She wouldn’t take a penny I offered her.” Ms. Morgan said, “God just worked his miracle.” She added, “It’s with the rightful owner, and that relieves me. I am so thankful.” Mr. Porter said, “That just shows you there are good people. I was just blessed with a good one.” (67)

“Happy Holidays from Beyoncé”

On 20 December 2013, singer Beyoncé Knowles, age 32, visited a Walmart in Tewksbury, Massachusetts, where she gave everyone a $50 Walmart gift card. Beyoncé gave
away 750 cards — that’s $37,500 worth of gift cards! Each gift card was enclosed in an envelope marked “Happy Holidays from Beyoncé.” At Walmart, she purchased a copy of her own latest release, *Beyoncé*, and some toys for her 23-month-old daughter: Blue Ivy. Beyoncé is married to Jay-Z. Walmart spokeswoman Sarah McKinney said, “It was amazing, quite a scene. Everybody was so excited when she came in, and it’s so great what she did for our customers right before Christmas.” She added, “We were all surprised that she stopped by, but it was great. We’re really glad she dropped in before her concert in Boston. It was a treat.” Phoebe Chase, a customer who received a gift card, took a photograph of Beyoncé in Walmart and posted it on Twitter. Ms. Chase wrote this caption for the photograph: “So I decided to stop at a Walmart in suburban Massachusetts. Who knew I’d run into Beyoncé?” At Walmart, Beyoncé held a little girl and said to her, “Hi, beautiful.”

“Impressive, impressive, impressive, impressive!”

In the summer of 2014, Jasmine Jafferali was busy with her cell phone as she walked west along Van Buren Street in the West Loop of Chicago, Illinois, going to a workout when a man — who she thought looked deranged — accosted her. Ms. Jafferali said, “He had his hand raised up really high. I thought he was going to hit me.” Fortunately, a Good Samaritan came out of a parking lot and shouted at the man. Ms. Jafferali said, “He goes, ‘Hey, you leave that girl alone! What are you going to do with that girl?’” She moved away from the two men. A little later, the Good Samaritan shouted to her: “He said, ‘Hey, young lady, young lady, you’re good. You’re all fine. I got him. You’re fine.’” She called the Good Samaritan “my hero, my angel. Definitely, somebody was watching over me, protecting me.” She said that she plans to put away her cell phone while she is walking alone on the street: “We need to look
up more and be aware of our surroundings, not keep looking down when we’re walking.” (69)

**Gardai Heroes**

On 24 May 2014, a disturbance was reported at a housing estate in Clondalkin, west Dublin, Ireland. Gardai (Irish police officers) arrived and were told that a man was threatening to rape a woman. A security source told the *Irish Mirror*, “The guards arrived at the house and they knew there was already a protection order in place. The man was behind the door and was wrestling the woman to the ground screaming that he was going to rape her. It was only after one of them kicked at the door that he ran to the kitchen and the woman opened the door. It’s when they got to him that he started biting. He bit the guard a good few times before they were able to restrain him.” (70)

**Woman Saved from Possible Rape**

In November 2013, a woman inside a Harborview Medical Center restroom in Seattle, Washington, was attacked by a sex offender and felon who had been convicted of rape, assault, and failure to register as a sex offender. He entered the restroom, blocked the exit, and attacked the woman, forcing her into a bathroom stall and choking her. She screamed for help, and a friend who was in the men’s restroom ran into the women’s restroom and started hitting the attacker. More people arrived, and eventually the attacker was arrested. The woman stated that she had at first thought that her attacker wanted to steal her purse, but when he showed no interest in her purse and instead forced her into a bathroom stall, she believed that he was going to rape her. According to Komonews.com, the woman was treated at Harborview Medical Center for “deep, bleeding scratches to her neck, an injury to the back of her head, and light-headedness from being choked.” (71)
Good Guy (and Hero) Aaron Lewis, Staind Frontman

On 31 May 2014, Staind frontman Aaron Lewis stood up for an underaged girl crowdsurfer who was being groped by men at Rockfest KC 2014 in Kansas City, Missouri. He stopped midsong and said, “All right, listen up, you f[**]king [*]ssholes. That f[**]king girl right there is like 15 f[**]king years old, and you f[**]king pieces of sh[*]t are molesting her while she is on the f[**]king crowd. Your f[**]king mothers should be ashamed of themselves, you pieces of sh[*]t. You should all be beaten down by everyone around you for being f[**]king pieces of sh[*]t. If I f[**]king see that sh[*]t again, I swear to god I will point you out in the crowd and have everyone around you beat your f[**]king [*]ss.” The f-word and similar words are words of power and should be used only in the right context — this is the right context. By the way, Mr. Lewis is the father of three daughters. (72)

“Has a Random Guy Ever Pretended to Know You Because He Wanted to Get a Creepy Dude to Stop Harassing You?”

On 30 May 2014, Redditor ImaPlayaAskYourMOm asked, “Has a random guy ever pretended to know you because he wanted to get a creepy dude to stop harassing you?” Here are some replies (lightly edited):

1) frau-freindschamen wrote, “Yes. I never even found out his name, but good GOD was I thankful. I was staring desperately at every person who walked by, and he was the one who finally stopped. He came up, said ‘Hey, I lost you!’ (we were in a bookstore). He said hey to the creepy dude, said something about going to Starbucks, and led me off. I thanked him when we were off in another section and he was like ‘no problem’ and wandered off.

“He was like my bad haircut guardian angel.”
2) jumpforcheese wrote, “I frequent a cafe in town, it’s a pretty trendy place, and the people who work there are super friendly.

“One day I was sitting in a corner studying with a cup of coffee, and this guy was constantly pestering me. I obviously wasn’t interested, and he kept asking me the most mundane questions. I was trying really hard to get work done (headphones in, head down in books, etc.).

“Then one of the guys who works brought me out a drink. He said that my boyfriend had made a new recipe and I could try it. This was implying that I had a bf who worked in the back at the cafe. The annoying guy immediately left. AND I got a free, super awesome smoothie.

“It was awesome! The guy who did this was half my age, and I DID have a bf elsewhere, so there was nothing romantic about this exchange. But sheesh do I tip well when I go there these days.”

3) nightcirrus wrote, “I was rescued from a drunk old creeper on a cruise ship by an officer who simply placed himself between me and the creeper and just starting talking to me like he has known me forever. It was a godsend because this guy was borderline rapey. I was really thankful and talked to the officer throughout the rest of the cruise [ten days].”

4) wegotbatzz wrote, “Yes! Outside a club in Glasgow waiting for my friends to collect from the cloakroom. A really creepy guy started edging closer and closer to me and even though I tried to casually stroll away to another spot where I could wait, he kept appearing at my side and trying to engage conversation with really terrible, aggressively sexual chat-up lines. Out of nowhere a young Canadian guy greeted me with a ‘Hey! Come on, we’re ready to go!’ put his arm round me, and led me away back towards the door
of the club and waited with me ’til my friends came out. I was very confused at first when he led me away, but it was very sweet of him, and all the while we chatted I could see Creepy McCreeperson glaring at him from afar.”

5) thestarshine (a female) wrote, “No, but a female friend pretended to be a possessive girlfriend when this creepy drunk guy got way too close to me at a party once. He backed the f[**]k off.”

6) unamessahmahvehrrr (a female) wrote, “I’ve found that you don’t even have to go as far as being ‘the girlfriend’. Just outnumbering a creeper can do the trick because they like to go after solo targets.

“Note: I’m 6’3”, like to wear heels (so more like 6’5”), and was taught well the art of ‘staring a f[**]ker down until he runs’ by my Biker Dad. YMMV [You may have a different experience or different results. It worked for me. Your mileage may vary].” (73)

“Should I Help if I See a Woman Being Harassed?”

On 18 June 2014, Redditor ImOnaBusNYC asked, “Should I help if I see a woman being harassed?” This is his full query:

“I was on a bus yesterday, and there was a man who wouldn’t leave a woman alone. It slowly progressed from his loud conversation with his buddy obliquely referencing her, to calling her the ‘prettiest girl on the bus’ to offering to buy her stuff at a nearby department store. He also moved physically closer to her in a way that seemed like it was invading her personal space.

“She didn’t tell him to stop, and even occasionally smiled at his antics. But when she declined his offer to buy stuff at the department store for the third time, I decided to say something. I’m not sure that was the right decision. He got
pretty aggro [aggressive] after that and some other people on the bus jumped in and there was a big argument.

“Am I supposed to intervene here? If I say something and he gets physical, it’s pretty much on me that I brought on more trouble than just ignoring him might have. On the other hand, a lot of those articles about #yesallwomen told me not to stand by while this kind of stuff happens.”

Here are some replies:

1) littlestray (self-identified as a woman) wrote, “Short answer: maybe

“Long answer: you may potentially escalate the situation and/or endanger yourself and the woman if you aren’t careful. Conflict resolution is a delicate art. Use your judgment.

“The more discreet your intervention is, the better. Simply turning and talking to the woman as though she’s someone you know may be enough to ward off harassers.”

2) theodore_boozevelt wrote, “A guy did this to me once. It was a lifesaver. He turned to me and said ‘Elizabeth??? I haven’t seen you in forever! Did your brother graduate yet?’

“My name isn’t Elizabeth, and I don’t have a brother. But my new ‘friend’ moved closer to me and we began a conversation about how my brother is going to graduate in May, but he might not pass his required biology class because he smokes too much weed. Creepy guy was deterred. I got off the bus and thanked my new friend, offered to buy him coffee but he had to run.”

3) vintagesheets wrote, “I am a girl and I rescued another girl once this same way. I asked the guy next to her if I could sit next to her because I knew her (I didn’t really). He
moved and I sat next to the girl and made small talk. She thanked me. This was all on a bus as well.”

4) buttuglyhottie wrote, “It would be really cool of you if you did, if you see a woman who you definitely think cannot handle the current situation she’s in, but it may take a bit of weighing up the situation.

“A lot of the time, women can handle situations like this themselves. If they can, it’s probably better to not get involved. But yeah … if you notice that they can’t, doing something would be great.

“You don’t always have to say something to the harasser either. I have a pretty cool story from when I was around 15 years old about this:

“I was walking home from a friend’s house once and this guy who saw me walking was bothering me. Just following me and saying crap (‘Where you going?’ ‘Where did you come from?’ ‘Hey, nice night, right?’). I started to feel quite intimidated … the guy wasn’t touching me or anything, but it was dark at night along the street and [he was] following me … yeah. I just felt nervous and he would not let up. He followed me for quite a while.

“We passed a pub, and a group of guys were having a cigarette and a drink or whatever outside the front door. Walked a little further past them, the guy was still following me closely and saying stuff.

“Then, one of the guys I just passed walked very quickly up to me, ignored the guy, and said to me, ‘Excuse me, do you have the time?’ I said yes, and told him. He struck up a light conversation, still ignoring the harassing guy, who just stood there watching (waiting for him to leave?).

“Eventually the ‘what’s the time?’ guy said to me, ‘Hey, my girlfriend was looking for shoes just like yours! She’s
in the pub, do you want to come in there and tell her where you got them?’ I jumped on the chance and said yes, and went in with him to the crowded pub (complete bullsh*t excuse, the shoes I was wearing were ratty old trainers that I still wear. Hahaha! God, those things have lasted an age).

“When I got in there, he asked me if I was okay and that it looked like I was uncomfortable when I walked past, which is why he thought to take a chance and come see if I was okay. His girlfriend wasn’t even there that night. Then one of his friends and the friend’s girlfriend who were there asked where I lived, and then offered to walk me home.

“I really, really, really f**king appreciated the actions of ‘What’s-the-time?’ guy. Like, massively. HUGEly.

“Of course I could have just ran into the pub on my own without this guy coming to ‘help’ me, just to get into a crowd and away from the following-guy … but the thing is, sometimes in situations like that you just do not think straight if you’re nervous/scared. You don’t really know what to do for the best.

“Of course I was young then so probably more in need of ‘help’, but if a guy helped me in that way even at age 25 I’d still appreciate it. I wouldn’t need ‘escorting home’ anymore, but the initial help of ‘What’s-the-time?’ guy in a similar situation these days would still be appreciated. I’m the type who would still get nervous and not be able to think straight in those situations, even though I’m older.

“So … yeah. If you do see a situation you want to help with, you don’t necessarily have to do it by confronting the harasser. You can just give an uncomfortable person who is being harassed a ‘way out’ … or intervene in a way that doesn’t even involve interacting with the harasser. To me, that would be the most important thing.”

5) 2Weird2Live2Rare2Die wrote, “I think a lot of these
answers delineate an important distinction: who has the agency? If you swoop in and take over, substituting your presence for the harasser’s, it might not be taken well by either party. She may feel like you’re just another predator vying for the kill, and he may feel … well, the same.

“The suggestions of giving her a way out are phenomenal partly because they’re non-confrontational, but also because they leave the agency in her hands. Instead of effectively saying ‘you will now engage with me’ to her, you’re saying, ‘Here’s a way to disengage from him if you want it’. For the harasser’s part she’s being given a clear and acceptable way of saying ‘I am not interested’ that’s ironically more clear (to him) than the actual words ‘I am not interested’, all without being an overt and potentially offensive (to him) rejection.

“In short, don’t be a white knight coming to slay this dragon for her; just be an ally offering her an option she can choose or not choose to employ in order to remove herself from the situation.” (74)

“Can Men Help Without White-Knighting?”

On 30 May 2014 Redditor Tinned_Tuna asked, “Can men help without white-knighting?” Here are some replies (lightly edited):

1) swordofthejedi wrote, “White knight is a f[**]king internet myth and if you see any person being bullied, marginalized, harassed, or in any other way abused online and you would like to speak up, don’t let some petty name calling get in the way of that. F[**]k, I’ve been called white knight so many times you wouldn’t even believe it, and I’m a f[**]king girl.”

2) gonnaloseweight wrote, “Personally, I wouldn’t want someone to come over and pretend to be my friend/boyfriend because I don’t really know you and you
might be just as dodgy as the next guy. Coming over and saying ‘Hey, is this person bothering you?’ or just straight up telling them to stop pestering me would definitely be appreciated, though. One time I was walking through a dodgy bit of town and a group of young guys was walking behind me. They asked me if I had any cigarettes and I replied that I didn’t, but then they started talking about me and one of the guys started asking if I had a boyfriend. Before I could even say anything, his friend turned to him and was like ‘Dude, not cool, don’t ask her that’ and I so appreciated that!”

3) aldreaorcinae wrote, “It depends on how far you are willing to go and the exact situation. A lot of times, a simple ‘Hey, not cool, bro!’ will stop a guy harassing a woman, but only if they think you are ‘with’ that woman (e.g. she has been ‘claimed’ by you) and some drunk [*]ssholes will always try to escalate. I’ve had men say ‘Oh, that’s your boyfriend? Then let’s see you kiss him right now’.

“I haven’t personally had this happen, but if I was being harassed by a guy, and someone else came up and said ‘Hey, SARAH! I haven’t seen you since high school! How the hell have you been? Let’s go catch up,’ That would be PERFECT because it would give me the opportunity to blow off the harasser and move somewhere where I was in more control of my space. It doesn’t matter that my name is not Sarah or that I moved from the town where I attended high school. It’s just a good way to ‘rescue’ someone from an awkward situation. Then immediately follow up with ‘I hope what I did was okay — that guy seemed to be making you uncomfortable,’ and then ask her if she needs any more help (walking her to her car, wait with her for a ride/cab, whatever). Now, this is a tactic that women sometimes employ to help out their fellow girl; your mileage may vary if you’re a large, strong looking man. Some women may
take it as an ‘out of the frying pan into the fire’ sort of situation. So tread carefully.

“But that shock and fear and the strong desire to just get the [**]k out of there is what some people need help with if they are cornered by a creeper. Just giving them a reason to not be there any more, even if it’s a fake one, is immensely helpful.”

4) illegal_seagull wrote, “My 2 cents, though, is that in situations where I have felt unsafe and a stranger has stepped in to protect me, I felt very thankful to that stranger when they expected absolutely nothing in return for helping me out.

“For example, I was on the train once with a more-crazy-than-usual crazy guy. He was very aggressive. When it was time to get off the train, I went over and waited in front of the doors and the crazy guy leapt to his feet towards the doors, presumably to get off the train and follow me somewhere. Suddenly I felt someone standing very close behind me, right as the doors were about to open. I quickly (and frightenedly) looked over my shoulder to find a Latino guy standing closer behind me than a stranger should. He said calmly, ‘Don’t worry, I’m right behind you.’ He exited the train with me and made sure I got down the steps without the crazy guy anywhere near me and then just walked off into the night with me barely able to shout a thank you behind him.

“He didn’t expect anything from his help — he just saw someone who was nervous about a crazy person, and made sure that she got to safety. That’s exactly how you should do it.” (75)

**Standing Up to Street Harassers, Part 1**

Standing up to street harassment is a good deed, and <stopstreetharassment.org> has published (and linked to) a
number of stories about women doing just that. Here are a few stories:

1) In 2011, Brittney, a 15-year-old schoolgirl, wrote about dealing with harassment on Church Street in New City. As she was walking to get on a train, a man who looked 43 years old told her, “You got great legs, baby.” She replied, “Excuse me. You probably have a daughter older than me.” He said, “Sorry, you just look so sexy in that schoolgirl outfit I couldn’t help it and you do have great legs.” She replied, “Sexual harassment is a crime. Leave me alone or I will report you.” He left — quickly. Brittney wrote, “I count that as a win for me because I hear things like that all the time, and I finally stood up for myself and said something. I shouldn’t have to feel dirty because of some [*

2) In 2010, JT of Turin, Italy, wrote that she gets “street harassed A LOT.” When she was on a crowded bus, a man asked if he could ask her a question. Thinking that the man wanted directions, she replied that he could. He then asked, “Can I have a pair of your panties?” JT’s response was excellent: “I raised my voice and replied so the whole bus could hear me, ‘EXCUSE ME, DID YOU JUST ASK ME FOR A PAIR OF MY PANTIES? HOW DARE YOU!’ and everyone stared at him and he leaped out the door of the bus and ran away. That felt more good than embarrassing.”

3) In June 2011, Kate Spencer, a New York City comedian and writer, was on the R train when a troll stroked her thigh as she walked past him. She wrote in her Tumblr blog, “Without thinking I turned around and hit him as hard as I possibly could. I didn’t even stop walking, nor did I say anything. I did turn around to look at him as I hit him, and his face was one of shock but not of surprise. He knew why I had hit him; he just couldn’t believe he hadn’t gotten
away with it.” She also wrote that she has been harassed so many times since adolescence that she has lost count. (76)

**Standing Up to Street Harassers, Part 2**

Near the end of the 2014 International Anti-Street Harassment Week, Buzzfeed writer Julia Pugachevsky put together an article titled “28 Troubling Stories Of Street Harassment.” Some of the stories involved standing up to the harassers:

1) BuzzFeed employee Alexandra Vucetic remembers dropping her phone on the sidewalk while walking to the subway. She picked it up, and a man shouted at her, “Do it again!” She turned around and saw a 60- or 70-year-old man aiming his iPhone at her butt in preparation of taking a photo. She wrote, “Let’s say the only thing he ended up getting was a picture of my middle finger.”

2) “I was walking in Cairo with two female friends when a group of young men started catcalling us in Arabic. We were all dressed modestly, long sleeves, scarves, long pants or an ankle-length skirt, but they continued nonetheless — they started following us down the street. After a block of this, one of my friends turned around and started yelling at them in Arabic. They looked really shocked that we (or some of us) could understand them and actually turned around and slinked off. I asked my friend what she’d said, and she said she’d asked them how they would feel if someone talked to their mothers or sisters like this and that they should be ashamed of themselves.” — Ellie Hall

3) “Walking back to my apartment in Crown Heights one night with my roommate, I noticed there was a man starting to follow us. My roommate didn’t realize he was behind us, though I could feel the panic building in my body as he came closer and closer. From the side of my eye, I noticed a black car slowly pulling up to us from the side. Seriously,
was this really happening? Double harassed. But just as the man behind us was going to make contact, a man from inside the car rolled down his window and aggressively yelled at the man behind us: ‘Hey, leave these ladies alone! Are you both all right? Sir, please stop.’ The man following us quickly turned and left, and the man in the car kindly drove next to us until we got to our apartment. So, that’s my knight-in-shining-car story.” — Ashley Perez (77)

**Standing Up to Street Harassers, Part 3**

Here are a few stories about resisting street harassment:

1) In 2012, a white woman in Seattle, Washington, was harassed by a black man who shouted, “Hey, baby! Hey, baby!” at her as she walked down a street. When she ignored him, he followed her and shouted, “Hey, what’s wrong with you, you prejudiced? You’re prejudiced, aren’t you….” She turned and said, “Yes, I’m prejudiced.” He looked shocked, and she continued, “I’m prejudiced against men who stand on street corners shouting at women!” The black man thought a moment and replied as he walked away, “I’m going to think about what you just said.”

2) In 2012, HD of Melbourne, Australia, was harassed by a construction worker who looked her up and down and told her that she was hot. Loudly, she replied, “I don’t know who you are. We’re not friends.” And kept on walking. Occasionally, she intervenes when she sees men ogling women on public transport: “I have also been known several times, to intervene when it becomes obvious people are trying to ‘covertly’ ogle using their camera phones on public transport. I will move from wherever I am and position myself very obviously between the perpetrator and the victim. It helps if I carry a big handbag or a broadsheet newspaper — anything big and clunky can be advantageous in this case!”
3) Dawn Foster, who is a Welsh exile who lives in London, England, and writes for the *Guardian*, shouts at street harassers. When a man groped her as she walking to a bus stop, she shouted at him, “HOW DARE YOU GROPE ME, YOU DISGUSTING MAN!” Another man (a non-groping ally) then shouted at the man, “WHAT ARE YOU DOING? HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF IT WAS YOUR SISTER?” She added, “My reflex action is to loudly call them names, and shout about what they’ve done. ‘YOU PIG, HOW DARE YOU GROPE ME!’ shouted in a tube carriage usually leaves the over-entitled perve beetroot red as eyes bore into him. And the look of shock when you answer back often counters the anger and embarrassment you feel at being subjected to this crap yet again. Strolling to the station the other day, I clocked a bloke walking towards me slap the backside of a nearby woman. I shouted ‘WHAT A DICK!’ at him, and he looked terrified. The woman smiled at me and looked a bit less shocked. Hopefully I ruined his night.” (78)

**Show More Skin — Stuffed Potato Skins**

In early 2014, a customer wrote an Urbanspoon review of the Atomic Grill restaurant in Morgantown, West Virginia, that requested waitstaff (presumably female waitstaff) to “show more skin.” Atomic Grill owner Daniel McCawley, who sometimes waits on tables, gave the customer what the customer asked for, which is not necessarily what the customer wanted. On the restaurant Facebook page, Mr. McCawley posted a photograph of the restaurant’s stuffed potato skins. Mr. McCawley said about the Urbanspoon review in an interview with ABC News, “It was brutish. I was upset. I’m a father of a 12-year-old girl, and I’ve got five sisters.” (79)

“I Know Most of Us Can’t Stand Catcalling — But has a Stranger Ever Said Something Hilarious or Nice to
You?”

On 22 February 2014, Redditor poesie asked, “I know most of us can’t stand catcalling — but has a stranger ever said something hilarious or nice to you?” Here are some comments:

1) celestialism wrote, “A cowboy-looking dude once stopped me on the street to compliment my cowboy boots, talk about how more people should wear cowboy boots these days, and give me advice on where to go if I ever need my boots resoled or polished.

“It was nice because there was clearly no sexual intention involved. Dude was just super enthusiastic about cowboy boots and respected my aesthetic choice.”

2) WeirdIdeasCO wrote, “I was walking home when I passed a group of guys. One of them said the usual ‘yo, nice [*]ss’ comment when one of his friends suddenly smacked him and said, ‘Motherf[**]ker, don’t be creepy. This is why you don’t get laid.’ I thanked him, and went on my way. I still see them from time to time, and always smile whenever I see him.”

Poesie commented, “I had one like that as well. His friend was catcalling me, and he said in this reasonable voice, ‘Hey, man, don’t bother her, she just trying to go about her day.’ It was sweet!”

3) nevertruly wrote, “It wasn’t directly to me, but after a standard catcall from one guy (‘Hey, sexy! I’ve got something you’ll like! Damn, that [*]ss is fine!’), the guy next to him looked at him and said, ‘Jesus! What the f[**]k is wrong with you? That chick is f[**]king bad [*]ss — you lucky she doesn’t whoop your [*]ss for that sh[*]t.’ I looked over and gave the good guy a nod as I walked past and he nodded back and just said, ‘Respect.’ That made my whole week. I strode around campus like a bad [*]ss
everywhere I went. LOL”

4) vstar3 wrote, “My current girlfriend and I were walking around downtown on our first date. We passed a homeless man who said, ‘You two are a beautiful couple.’”

5) nick_caves_moustache wrote, “This cute little old black guy once yelled at my boyfriend, ‘Ya did good, sonny!’ and gave him a thumbs up and a wink as we walked by. He couldn’t keep the smile off his face after that.” (80)

“ANY INFORMATION CAN AND WILL BE USED … to send you friendly texts”

On 7 August 2014, Redditor nelldog posted a photograph on Imgur of a United Kingdom iMessage that stated, “Hello Marty, you gave me your number in your intoxicated state last night. I’ve a feeling you won’t remember me. We took you home in our police car. You assured us several times that you weren’t a terrorist and requested we don’t send you back to Ireland. When you drink please stay safe and don’t drink yourself into that state. Hope you’re not too hungover. Stay safe.”

Redditors, as usual, had some interesting comments:

1) DaPome commented, “STOP RESISTING … our friendly free ride home offer.”

2) LongJohnErd commented, “GET ON THE GROUND … and join our break dancing competition.”

3) Elton Juan commented, “KEEP YOUR HANDS WHERE I CAN … give you a high five.”

4) Banjobonnie commented, “YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO … make it home safely.”

5) shaesheep commented, “ANY INFORMATION CAN AND WILL BE USED … to send you friendly texts.”
“Any One of Us Would Have Done It. I Just Happened to be There First”

On 14 August 2014, Fort Myers, Florida, Police Officer Gil Benitez was sent to Bent Creek Loop Road in a lightning storm. Officer Benitez said, “It was raining so hard, I couldn’t even see the stop sign.” There he discovered Michael Arnold, whose electric wheelchair had malfunctioned and would not run. Mr. Arnold was stranded in the storm with an umbrella. He said, “The wind picked up like crazy. I got to the end of the street and everything just stopped on me.” Officer Benitez pushed Mr. Arnold and the wheelchair to Mr. Arnold’s home, which was a block away, and then he helped Mr. Arnold get dry and waited for Mr. Arnold’s family to return home. Mr. Arnold said, “There’s not many nice people in the U.S. but you’ll come across one, or two people, or three people, that are saying I’ve got to help, and that’s what they did.” Officer Benitez said, “Any one of us would have done it. I just happened to be there first.” Mr. Arnold said, “Sir, I am very grateful for your help. I didn’t even catch your name, but I thank you.”

“I’m Glad It Got Done, and They Did a Really Good Job, and I’ve Got My Fence Back”

In January 2013, a suspect who was fleeing from the police knocked down a fence belonging to Dell Mitchell of Savannah, Georgia. In February 2009, someone had burned down her house at the same location. She said, “I had a regular fence [before the fire], so I put this up after I finally moved back home. I understand [the suspect who knocked down the fence] was in prison for a while, so he must have forgotten that this fence was up here, or he thought it was still that regular fence that he could jump over. He tackled
that fence. This whole thing was just lying on the ground. He not only tackled it down, he stomped on some of the boards.” Fortunately for Ms. Mitchell, Savannah-Chatham Police Major Richard Zapal and Sergeant Henry Brown offered to repair the fence themselves. Major Zapal said, “I thought about it and thought about what we could do to make it better. And so I said, ‘If I can go fix it, I will go fix it,’ so Sergeant Brown and I went, and we fixed it.” Major Zapal said that police officers do good deeds. For example, on a cold night in January 2013, patrol officer Jason Pagliaro discovered a woman who had been locked out of a home that she had been housesitting; officer Pagliaro paid a locksmith to unlock a door so the woman could get back inside. Major Zapal said, “You know the suspect is not going to come and fix her fence, and he’s not going to pay for it. So what can be done? Well, we can just fix it. Not only are we saving the city money, we’re saving the taxpayers money because, obviously, that’s where tax money goes. It’s just what you do to help out.” Ms. Mitchell said, “This was a good deed for the police department because they do have a bad rap amongst some folks. But this was one of the good deeds about them. We need their help, and they’ve always been there for me, not just for this, but — they’ve just been there for me.” She added, “I just want to thank Sergeant Brown and [Major] Zapal because they didn’t have to do that themselves. I’m glad it got done, and they did a really good job, and I’ve got my fence back.” (83)

“I Carried Him [on My Shoulders] to the Hospital to Ensure that He Received Prompt Treatment”

On 25 July 2014, a Railway Police Constable — Government Railway Police (GRP) Constable Prashant Tanaji Golem — carried Vinayak Katale, a 24-year-old injured train commuter, on his shoulders to JJ Hospital in Mumbai, India. Mr. Golem had been taking Mr. Katale to
the hospital in a taxi when they encountered a traffic jam. Mr. Golem said, “We had already lost some time, and I was concerned that the victim’s condition might worsen. I carried him to the hospital to ensure that he received prompt treatment.” Vinayak, who had suffered head and leg injuries, was recovering well on July 26. His 65-year-old father, Krushna Katale, said about Mr. Golem and other helpers, “These people saved my son’s life, and I have come here to thank them.” (84)

“When I Walked in with the Food, the Kids Started Tearing into the Cans. They Didn’t Even Warm Up the Soup. Nothing. Everything was Just Going Straight into Their Mouths”

On Sunday, 13 July 2014, Portland, Oregon, Police Officer Carlos Ibarra received a call about a family with seven children who needed help. They had left Portland for Arizona, but things did not work out, and they came back. The family members spoke little English, and the language barrier made it difficult for the Police Dispatcher to communicate with them. Officer Ibarra telephoned shelters — unsuccessfully. He said, “A lot of the places I was calling I wasn’t getting anyone on the phone — just voice mail to call back during the week.” He then called motels and found a Motel 6 that could take in the family for the night. However, the cost was $70, which was not in the police department budget, and so Officer Ibarra paid it out of his own pocket. He said, “I just couldn’t imagine going home to my comfortable bed and air conditioning while those seven kids are sleeping in their van in this hot weather. This would be my way of helping them get some rest and some hope for tomorrow when they could find some more help getting a more permanent place to stay.” The children also needed food. Officer Ibarra said, “The father told me the kids had some bread on the way up — maybe the day before.” Officer Ibarra got a basket of food
from the Portland Police Bureau’s Sunshine Division. He said, “When I walked in with the food, the kids started tearing into the cans. They didn’t even warm up the soup. Nothing. Everything was just going straight into their mouths.” A local church is helping the family find a place to stay. Officer Ibarra, who is age 28 and single, said, “Maybe because I don’t have a wife and kids, I can afford to donate some money, but any officer would jump at the opportunity to help this family.” (85)

“Better than Scooping Their Brains Off the Pavement”

On 8 April 2014, Redditor Vadersboy117 posted on Imgur a Good Guy Greg meme with the caption “Compared to my other traffic stops, this one went really well!” The text of the meme stated, “POLICE OFFICER PULLS A U-TURN TO STOP ME WHILE I WAS RIDING MY BIKE / TO GIVE ME A FREE FLASHING TAIL LIGHT FOR NIGHT RIDING.” As usual, Redditors made some good comments:

1) CTeam19 wrote, “Back when I was a kid, we got a coupon for a free small cone from Dairy Queen if a police office saw you wearing a bike helmet while riding your bike.”

2) MedicGirl commented, “Lol. You had a choice between ice cream or pizza. I always went with Pizza. :) I think they still do it, but I’m not sure. Where I worked as a Paramedic, we’d give out stickers or coupons for Rita’s, Dairy Queen, or Pizza Hut. Sure, we’d see the same kids all the time, but it was better than scooping their brains off the pavement.” (86)

Paul Petruzzi: “Lawyers are Supposed to Help People”

Two very bad lawyers charged Patrick Coulton $275,000 for legal services. A very good lawyer, Paul Petruzzi, as well as some judges, helped Mr. Coulton get justice. Mr.
Petruzzi said, “Guys like them are the reason people hate lawyers. They took everything from him and his family … I took it personally because this is what I do for a living. Lawyers are supposed to help people.” U.S. Magistrate Judge William Turnoff investigated what happened, and he called the conduct of the two lawyers “disgusting, abhorrent” and the “most outrageous” he had seen in his 25 years as a judge. U.S. District Judge Joan Lenard has ordered the two very bad lawyers to pay back the money they took from Mr. Coulton, who as of February 2014 was living in one of the two very bad lawyers’ houses — a house that will be his. Mr. Coulton said, “Even though they threw me under the bus … There’s a certain sense of unease about acquiring a house in this fashion. I almost feel sorry for them.” Mr. Coulton, who pleaded guilty to federal drug and money-laundering charges, had hired the two very bad lawyers to represent him, but they charged high fees while badly representing him. Mr. Coulton spent 5½ years in prison, something that he said had a positive side: “You get time to do a self-evaluation. You get to think about ‘Where did I go wrong and what do I want to change?’” He has a job as a technician. Although Mr. Petruzzi stated that he did not want to be paid for the legal work he performed while helping Mr. Coulton, U.S. District Judge Joan Lenard ordered the two very bad lawyers to pay him $100,000 for his four years of legal work helping Mr. Coulton. (87)

A $10 Parking Ticket

In March 2014, Annie James, a 14-year-old from Baytown, Texas, saw a police patrol car parked illegally in a fire zone at the Bay Oaks apartment complex in Baytown, Texas. She took action and handwrote a $10 parking ticket, payable to the manager of the apartment complex. Annie said, “He was parked on the side of the building and it was a fire lane all the way around.” The driver of the patrol car was police officer Tommy King, who said, “I came to my
car and I saw a piece of paper on my windshield. I took it off and opened it and read it, and I started laughing immediately.” He added, “I thought it was neat that she made that for $10 but not to herself.” Mr. King paid the $10 fine, and he gave Annie a $40 gift card to Toys R Us. He said, “Turns out we’re both from Alabama and end up in Texas. It’s interesting … I made a friend. A lesson would be not to be shy or afraid of law enforcement. We’re here to help.” (88)

“I was Driving Through Your Neighborhood and Everything Looked Good! I Wanted to Drop You a Note to Let You Know All is Well!”

On 4 March 2014, Lieutenant Paul Barbour of the Edmond, Oklahoma, Police Department, did a remarkable good deed. The department’s Facebook page stated, “How cool is this? One of our Lieutenants, Paul Barbour, heard that the children of a family friend were having trouble sleeping at night. They were scared and would worry all night long. He left this note taped to their front door. He definitely didn’t do it thinking it would be posted on FB, but we think it’s too special not to post.”

The scared children are sisters Aubrey, age 11, and Ava, age 9. Their mother’s name is Kaycie.

This is Lieutenant Paul Barbour’s note:

“Hello Ava and Aubrey,

“This is Lt. Paul Barbour from Edmond P.D. I work the night shift and patrol neighborhoods and look for criminal activity. We do this so people can sleep and [sic] night and not worry about their safety.

“I was driving through your neighborhood and everything looked good! I wanted to drop you a note to let you know all is well!”
“Take Care,

“Paul Barbour” (89)

“Small-Town Cop, Big-Time Hero”

On 6 February 2014, Redditor seathdarcrestart published this post titled, “Small town cop, Big time hero”:

“I’m not sure if this belongs here, but I wanted to send a bit of love out to a small-town cop I met this morning. I live in the midwest and we just got slaughtered with an icy snow fall last night. My vehicle was absolutely covered with ice and I did not have a scraper. I did my best to clear a view for the front windshield but only managed to clear about a 1/3 of the ice before running out of time.

“You see, I had to make my dad’s funeral this morning. So here I am, driving my crappy little car with ice caked up and down the sides, slaloming down the slushy streets of my hometown. I saw the officer pull out of a side street as I passed and knew I was in trouble.

“Sure enough, the lights flash and I’m pulled over. He asked me for the license and proof of insurance. [I handed] him both, [and] he explained that I was being pulled over for an obstructed windshield. I told him I understood and waited for him to write me a ticket.

“As I sat there quietly, he looked me over and noticed the obviously new black suit I was wearing. His eyes seemed to know the answer even before he asked, ‘Where are you heading?’ ‘My father’s funeral,’ I answered.

“He handed me back my license and asked me if I had an ice scraper. I told him no. Seems he did not have one either. But that did not stop him from reaching across my windshield and hand scrape the snow and ice from the glass. I got out to try and help, I wasn’t about to sit and
watch as he cleaned up the whole thing.

“He wasn’t having any of that. ‘Don’t,’ he said, ‘you'll get your suit dirty.’

“I sat back in my car and watched a small-town cop give me a big-time gift as he dirtied his hands so I would not have to.

“God bless you.”

Jgohmart87 commented, “As a firefighter, I often work alongside police officers when checking out a patient before he is taken to jail. Believe me when I say this: there are some officers out there that give them all a bad name. All they are waiting for is for the arrestee to ‘try something smart’ so they can unload on him. Some truly are power hungry [*]s*holes.

“That being said, there are really a lot of them that are the complete opposite. They want nothing more than to protect and serve the communities in which they patrol. I’m always so happy to hear a story like this (hence me being subscribed to this sub [r/Good_Cop_Free_Donut]) where an officer goes above and beyond the call of duty and truly are citizen advocates. Thank you for this anecdote and doing your part in supporting the fine police officers out there!

“P.S. I’m so sorry to hear about your loss. I lost my grandfather 6 years ago in March, and I was very close to him, so I’m very empathetic for your circumstance; although, I’m blessed to still have both of my parents alive and well, so I don’t fully understand how you feel. I’m happy to hear that he felt as much empathy for you as I do. God bless, and stay strong. Also, remember, God doesn’t take people from this earth, he accepts them into heaven!”

(90)
Police officer Eithne Cummins said, “You see a lot on this beat, but this one was really unique.” On 7 February 2014, some police officers in San Francisco, California, learned about a homeless family of six — a father and his five children, ranging in age from 12 years to 8 months — when some Salvation Army workers telephoned Southern Station. Lieutenant Teresa Gracie said, “They said they had just served a father and his five children who appeared to have nowhere to go.” Police Officer Cummins and three other officers went to the area and found the family. Officer Cummins said, “Here were these five kids, all dressed well but just down on their luck with all their bags and two strollers.” The family had been staying in a family shelter, but they were locked out when they missed the 8 p.m. door closing. Officer Cummins said, “The eldest daughter, who was 12, seemed to be taking care of the other kids, and the dad was just kind of lost.” It was raining, and the police officers made some telephone calls, but they were unable to get immediate help for the family from city or charity services. However, a Budget Inn was located nearby. The police officers — Cummins, Valerie Durkin, Brian Carew, and Brendan Caraway — pooled their money and got the family a $65 room for the night. They also went to a CVS and bought wet wipes and formula for the baby. The next day, their lieutenant at Southern, Gracie, was able to get the family into longer-term housing. A different article stated that the family consisted of a man, his wife, and five children. The man’s name is Joel Silva, who said, “I was late for the shelter I was staying at. At that point we had no place to stay, you know.” After responding to the telephone call from the Salvation Army, Officer Cummins said, “It was a wellbeing check on this family who’d been wandering the streets in inclement weather. The report
came out that it looked like they needed help.” He added, “They had food, but they were a little low on formula for the baby and wet wipes and what not. They just couldn’t be out. It was way past some of the babies’ bedtime. We just pooled our resources, got them the wet wipes and basic baby needs and went and located a hotel within walking distance.” Officer Caraway said, “We had to do something. Between the four of us, a hotel for a night is not the most expensive thing in the world.” Officer Carew said, “It was a no brainer for us. We wanted to help out, especially with the five kids. We couldn’t leave them like that.” Officer Durkin said, “At the time, it was the right thing to do. We all had warm beds to go home to that night.” Mr. Silva thanked the officers: “They’re definitely going above and beyond to help our family out.” (91)

**Good Guy State Trooper**

On 9 February 2014, Redditor westernorange21 posted on Imgur a Good Guy Greg meme with this caption: “Shout-Out to the Good Guy Cop who pulled over to help us in the middle of an Indiana Interstate. May have saved our lives. Lots of good officers out there.” The meme stated, “POLICE SGT SEES A GROUP OF COLLEGE KIDS WITH A BROKEN DOWN CAR ON THE SIDE OF THE ROAD AT 11 PM AND Pulls Over To Help / DRIVES ALL 5 IN HIS PATROL CAR TO A TRUCK STOP AND STAYS UNTIL THEIR RIDE HOME IS ON THE WAY.” In Reddit, westernorange21 elaborated: “1 in front and 4 in back. There was no cage/seperator in the vehicle so we put 3 in the backseat, and had one kind of lay across. And one comfortably in shotgun. Couldn’t thank this officer enough, temps were well below 0 F with wind chill outside.” And: “We would’ve been stranded on a random interstate for several hours with wind chills whipping to -10 or -15 degrees F.”
As usual, Redditors made some good comments:

1) sudo-rm-minus-r wrote, “That’s a great story. He really took on a lot of risk by stopping to assist you. If any of you had bad intentions, that could have turned very ugly very quickly and he stopped anyway. Unless you are a 5 foot, 85 lb blond in which case any red blooded American would have stopped even if you were waving a pistol.”

2) amaineiac wrote, “My wife called me one day from the side of the road with a flat tire. By the time I got there 15 minutes later, there was a Maine State Trooper just finishing changing the tire. It was pouring rain and he was soaked. I didn’t get his name, but I did note his plate. When I got home, I went to the Maine SP [State Patrol] website and sent an email thanking this Trooper for helping my wife. Later that night, I received an email from the Trooper who changed my wife’s tire. He said that his day pretty much went downhill from when I saw him and when he made it back to the barracks at the end of his shift, he had a note telling him to see his boss. My quick ‘thank you’ email made it to the chief, who then contacted this Trooper’s boss and he ended up with a pat on the back and a positive letter in his file. If you really feel like he was a GGG, you could do the same. Even if you didn’t get his name or plate, they would be able to track this officer down if you provided the time and location.”

3) MissCecilyCardew wrote, “The Indiana state troopers are great. I once blew out a tire on the interstate and having never changed a tire before had to call AAA. Before they even came close to getting there, a trooper pulled over and put my spare on for me so I could get to town and get a real tire for the rest of my drive. I was super thankful, and he didn’t seem all that put out by having to change some idiot 20-something’s tire on the shoulder, either. I got all new tires that weekend.” (92)
On 4 February 2014, Plano, Texas, Police Chief Gregory W. Rushin was driving home from a speaking engagement when he saw three young women who had run out of gas and were walking on the shoulder of State Highway 75. Chief Rushin said, “It was cold out, and there was very heavy traffic and a very narrow shoulder there … so I pulled over and approached them and gave them assistance.” He drove them to a gas station, pumped gas into a gas can, and then drove them to their car. The young women thanked him by writing about the good deed on Twitter and posting a photo of him pumping the gas into a gas can. The Plano Police Department wrote about the good deed on its Facebook page with the heading “CAUGHT IN THE ACT … of leading by example!”: “Last night [4 February 2014] Plano Police Chief Gregory W. Rushin was on his way home from a speaking engagement when he ran across three young ladies who had ran out of gas and were walking along the shoulder of U.S. 75 in the cold. Chief Rushin stopped, drove them to a nearby gas station, put gas in their gas can, and then drove them back to their vehicle. Just another example of our officers (even the Chief of Police) taking time to help others in need.” Chief Rushin said, “In public service, we all try to do what we can to keep the community safe and help and serve our community. We do this everyday. All of our officers do these types of things on a daily basis. Unfortunately, I don’t think people realize this.” The person (one of the three young women) who took the photo of Chief Rushin pumping gas was Gaby Esparza, who wrote on the police department’s Facebook page, “Chief Rushin went out of his way to help us, and honestly it was like God was watching over us, he drove by exactly when we were barely going to start walking to the gas station. … Plano police is very kind
… can’t thank him enough!! He’s truly a genuine person.” Julieta Cardenas wrote on the police Department’s Facebook page, “Thanks for helping me and my 2 friends, Chief! You are so kind! (:" (93)

**Chris Ford: Jordan Clark is “the Best Police Officer I Ever Saw”**

In February 2014, the battery in the motorized wheelchair belonging to Chris Ford, a 60-year-old man with one leg, ran out of power in Richmond, Virginia, after he made a trip for dialysis treatment and some trips to a pharmacy. Mr. Ford said, “I started losing power in my chair, so I said, ‘I hope I make it home.’” He didn’t make it. Some passersby tried to push him, but they were not strong enough to push him and his heavy wheelchair. Mr. Ford said, “People were stopping to try to come and help me, but they couldn’t push the chair.” Fortunately, Jordan Clark, a 25-year-old, former Marine, second-year police officer pushed him. Officer Clark said to Mr. Ford, “Let’s go, man. Strap in. We’re going for a ride.” Mr. Ford said, “I tell you, he was God-sent to me. That’s what he was. He was God-sent to me.” Officer Clark pushed Ford to where he could board a bus, and then Officer Clark followed the bus. Once Mr. Ford got off the bus, Officer Clark pushed him the rest of the way to his home. Mr. Ford said, “He really went out of the realm of what he needed to do.” Officer Clark said, “I think it was nothing out of the ordinary, as far as policing in general, at least in this city. I think everybody has a kind, open heart.” Mr. Ford said, “He was the best police officer I ever saw.” (94)

**A Good Deed for Tourists Who had been a Victim of Crime**

curtrog wrote on Instagram about a good deed that he and a friend named Patricia Ang did (apparently in San Francisco, California) after finding some backpacks that
thieves had taken after breaking into tourists’ cars: “My friend @patriciapmang and I found three backpacks on Saturday, clearly dumped after cars were broken into (thieves only want phones and other electronics). Using travel docs in the bags and @facebook, we were able to find the Belgian tourists, who thanked me with their hometown brew and insisted I contact them if I visit Belgium. The third bag had a passport and visa from China, so I took it to the Chinese consulate and happened to see the person who lost it (crazy, I know). I’m not looking to make a habit of doing things like this, but I can’t express how much joy and satisfaction was felt by both sides of these situations.” (95)

“OMG Car Thief People Can You Just Give Me My Van Back! It Would be Epic, the Miracle I Need Right Now”

In the summer of 2014, someone stole the van of Megan Bratten, mother of five, from the parking lot of a Kmart store near U.S. Highway 24 and Missouri Highway 291 in Harrisonville, Missouri. She said, “An older gentlemen was like, ‘Are you OK?’ and I said, ‘No, I think my car just got stolen.’” She needed that van to use in her business so she could support her children. She said, “I just got angry and then I remembered that [a] phone was in there and I thought ‘Let me text them a message’ and I did.” The first text was angry: “I used some pretty explicit words and I said ‘Hey, you just stole a single mother of five’s work van. You are ruining my life here.’” She kept texting. In her final text, she pleaded with the thief to return her van: “OMG car thief people can you just give me my van back! It would be epic, the miracle I need right now.” The thief responded soon. Ms. Bratten said, “And then he texted me back and gave me step-by-step directions where to find the van and I went there with my mom and my dog, and the van was there.” The thief sent the single mother this text: “I
do feel bad … my kids needed a meal on the table so that’s what their dad did got them food. I know it’s wrong but it’s been so hard since I lost my job.” Ms. Bratten said, “I’m just happy to have my van. I mean who does this, I can’t believe this, it is my life, this is real.” She said that she did not follow up with police: “I can really relate on the human level of the struggle of feeling desperate and making poor choices. I can understand how people act out of fear making poor choices. What matters in the end, he really did the right thing.” In one of her texts, she told the thief that the van was bad — it leaked transmission fluid. The thief topped off the transmission fluid for her. (96)

Josie from San Gabriel, California: Good Samaritan

On 6 August 2014, the San Gabriel Valley Tribune (West Covina, California) published this letter to the editor by Paula Hurwitz of Pasadena:

“I am no longer a young woman, so when I looked in my handbag and couldn’t find my wallet, my first thought was: ‘senior moment.’ First, I retraced my steps and asked at all the places I had visited that day. Frustrated by this fruitless quest, I went home and searched all the logical places where I might have left my wallet. I even looked in some of the most illogical places — inside my freezer and in the clothes hamper. No wallet. It wasn’t until I received a phone call this morning that I realized I had not had a senior moment. I had my wallet stolen by someone with very light fingers! I received a call from a young woman telling me that my wallet had been found. Using my driver license, she was able to get my phone number.

“I was astonished! Someone actually cared enough to try and locate me. She gave me directions to her residence. Even with senior moments, I know I have never been in that neighborhood and could not have personally ‘lost’ my wallet there. I immediately drove to her home, with my
new temporary license safely tucked in my handbag. She gave me a plastic bag which held my very soggy wallet. The pickpocket took the small amount of money — even the loose change — and tossed the wallet in a wet area. The thief actually saved me a lot of time and aggravation by leaving all the cards that are important to me — Medicare and other insurance cards, membership cards, contact names and such. While profusely thanking the young woman, I tried to give her reward money, but she adamantly refused to take it. I think I even pressed money into her hands and she equally pressed it back, refusing any sort of reward.

“It is refreshing to find a good-hearted, honest person, when all too often I read about the ones like the person who helped him or herself to my wallet. This is the only place that I can publicly thank her. Josie from San Gabriel: Thank you, thank you!” (97)

“I Said, ‘This is My Problem. This is My Problem, Because Why You Take This Boy?’”

On 27 February 2014, a man who was raving about being a CIA spy attempted to kidnap a four-year-old boy named Grady O’Brien in Westchester, a neighborhood in Los Angeles, California. Fortunately, the boy was rescued. The raving man had punched the boy’s nanny in the face, then grabbed the boy and yelled that the boy was his. The man tried to run away with the boy. Brendan O’Brien, age six, who was with Grady and the nanny, screamed and ran home to get his father, Tom O’Brien, who said, “He ran home and said, ‘Someone stole Grady.’ All those thoughts were going through my head that I didn’t want to think about, like never seeing my son again.” Jesus Delgado, who was working as a cook at a nearby restaurant named T2 Tacos, ran to the rescue after hearing Brendan’s screams. The nanny pointed out the way that the man had taken
Grady, and Mr. Delgado caught up to them and grabbed Grady out of the man’s hands. Mr. Delgado said, “He told me, ‘It’s not your problem, man. It’s not your problem. Leave me alone with the kid.’ I said, ‘This is my problem. This is my problem, because why you take this boy?’” He detained the man until police arrived and arrested the man. Now Mr. Delgado is a hero. He said, “I can’t work. Everybody says, ‘I want a picture with you!’” Tom O’Brien gave Mr. Delgado a check to help his four-year-old daughter, who has heart problems. A fundraiser was held for Mr. Delgado’s daughter on GoFundMe. As of 3 March 2014, $21,260 had been raised. The goal was $20,000. The GoFundMe page stated, “All Donations paid will go directly to Jesus who works at T2 Taco for his heroic actions.” (98)

“I Figure, You Know, If You Treat People Right, You Can Only Hope that They Treat You Right. It’s as Simple as It Gets in This Complicated World”

In February 2008, Julio Diaz, then age 31, got off the subway one stop early, as usual, so he could eat at his favorite diner. This time, a teenage boy with a knife mugged him. Mr. Diaz said, “He wants my money, so I just gave him my wallet and told him, ‘Here you go.’” The teenager started to walk away, but Mr. Diaz said to him, “Hey, wait a minute. You forgot something. If you’re going to be robbing people for the rest of the night, you might as well take my coat to keep you warm.” The teenager asked him, “Why are you doing this?” Mr. Diaz replied, “If you’re willing to risk your freedom for a few dollars, then I guess you must really need the money. I mean, all I wanted to do was get dinner and if you really want to join me … hey, you’re more than welcome.” In an interview later for NPR’s Morning Edition, Mr. Diaz said, “You know, I just felt maybe he really needs help.” Mr. Diaz and the teenager went into the diner. Mr. Diaz said, “The manager comes by,
the dishwashers come by, the waiters come by to say hi. The kid was like, ‘You know everybody here. Do you own this place?’” Mr. Diaz told the teenager, “No, I just eat here a lot. He says, ‘But you’re even nice to the dishwasher.’” Mr. Diaz replied, “Well, haven’t you been taught you should be nice to everybody?” The teenager said, “Yeah, but I didn’t think people actually behaved that way.” The bill arrived, and Mr. Diaz said, “Look, I guess you’re going to have to pay for this bill ’cause you have my money and I can’t pay for this. So if you give me my wallet back, I’ll gladly treat you.” The teenager returned Mr. Diaz’ wallet. Mr. Diaz said, “I gave him $20 … I figure maybe it’ll help him. I don’t know.” Mr. Diaz asked for the boy’s knife — and the boy gave it to him. Later, Mr. Diaz told his mother what had happened, and she said to him, “You’re the type of kid that if someone asked you for the time, you gave them your watch.” Mr. Diaz said, “I figure, you know, if you treat people right, you can only hope that they treat you right. It’s as simple as it gets in this complicated world.”

Tilden Township Police Chief William J. McEllroy: “We Don’t Give Preferential Treatment When Someone Breaks the Law”

On 8 January 2014, New Jersey State Trooper William A. Carvounis, age 35, who works as a bodyguard for New Jersey governor Chris Christie, allegedly stole $267 in gun supplies and other items from a Cabela’s store near Hamburg, Pennsylvania. Tilden Township Police Chief William J. McEllroy told New Jersey Watchdog, “Carvounis said he was on the governor’s security detail. He said he makes $140,000 a year, and he’s afraid of losing his job.” Fortunately for all who love justice, Police Chief McEllroy said, “We don’t give preferential treatment when someone breaks the law.” According to New Jersey Watchdog sources, Mr. Carvounis wanted the theft charge
dropped as a matter of “professional courtesy.” New Jersey Watchdog obtained an affidavit by Patrolman Dennis Schwoyer, which stated that Mr. Carvounis’ shoplifting was captured on the store’s security cameras. Patrolman Schwoyer wrote in his sworn statement, “During the course of his shopping, [Carvounis] would place items in his shopping basket. While walking around and continuing to shop, he would take various merchandise out of the package and conceal in his pockets […] He would discard the empty packages on shelves throughout the store.” Allegedly, the security video showed Mr. Carvounis tearing off the tag from a Cabela’s hat and wearing it as he attempted to leave the store. Mr. Carvounis was carrying a concealed weapon while he was in the store. According to New Jersey Watchdog, “New Jersey pays Carvounis a base salary of $95,198 a year, plus roughly $16,000 for meals, uniform cleaning and other allowances, according to a state payroll database. That does not include his overtime pay, which is exempt from public disclosure by state regulation.” (100)

Chapter 3: Stories 101-150

“I was Desperate and Upset. I Was So Afraid Josh would have to Scream His [Wedding] Vows to Me”

Ten days before her wedding, Jade Glover’s hearing aids broke, meaning that she would likely not be able to hear her husband recite his wedding vows. She said, “I was desperate and upset. I was so afraid Josh would have to scream his vows to me.” She went to Connect Hearing at the Nightowl complex in Gladstone, Queensland, Australia, to tell them about her problem. She was worried that her hearing aids would not be repaired on time and would cost thousands of dollars to repair. Alan Fort, audiologist at Connect Hearing, overheard Ms. Glover while he was in his office. He said, “I was having a bad week, and I know
Jade was, too. Being able to help her turned both of our weeks around.” Mr. Fort lent her a premium set of hearing aids for her wedding day. Ms. Glover said, “It was such a brilliant moment. Because of Alan, my wedding day was just wonderful.” Mr. Fort then asked hearing aid manufacturer Unitron to help Ms. Glover, and in January 2014 Unitron donated a new pair of state-of-the-art hearing aids to her. The hearing aids are so state of the art that a very happy and thankful Ms. Glover said that she could not afford to buy them. (101)

“I’m Speechless”

On 10 September 2014, Imgurian gingersnap1316 posted a photo of a letter and ten $100 bills. Accompanying the photo was this text:

“This morning I was woken up by someone trying to get me to buzz them into the building… I ignored the first two buzzers hoping they would go away but the third got me up. I buzzed them in (we don’t have a working intercom so I couldn’t ask who they were)… then I stood there waiting looking out the peep hole of the door. An older gentleman gets to my door and knocks… I opened asking if I could help him and all he said was ‘Are you Karen?’ I told him no, that Karen was my mom and he gave a quick smile and handed me an unmarked envelope and walked away. I get inside and open it up. The second I saw the money I sat on the floor. $1,000 from a stranger. I have no clue who the man was and he was gone by the time I got outside. I called my mom and told her to sit down and read her the letter… she started bawling instantly.

“My mom has been battling ovarian cancer for three years now. It has been a very long difficult journey mentally, physically, and financially. However, this helps more than the giver knows. They have taken some of that stress away and also given my mom hope and a reason to smile.
“So, thank you. Thank you with everything in me and also for carrying on such an amazing tradition.”

This is the letter that was in the unmarked envelope with the money:

“Please accept this gift as an act of random kindness…

“A cherished member of our family devoted much of her time and resources to helping people through ‘Random Acts of Kindness’. She gave to others in many ways, and always did so anonymously. One way our family has chosen to honor her memory is to continue in the tradition of helping others in the community with acts of random kindness.

“A ‘Random Act of Kindness’ does not have to involve the giving of money. It can be as simple as sharing your time with someone, lending an ear, or offering a compliment. The most important part is that the act is unsolicited and done so with no expectation of anything in return.

“Although we do not know you personally, other members of our community identified you as a deserving recipient of this gift. Please use this money in any way you see fit, whether to alleviate some financial strain or to provide you the opportunity to do something special for yourself.

“We ask nothing in return, but hope that you are encouraged to consider ways in which you can make a difference for someone else, and motivated to embrace the idea, and to carry on the tradition.”

By the way, Imgurian rokkerboyy commented, “Betcha won’t hesitate to answer the buzzer in the morning next time, will ya?”

Gingersnap1316 replied, “hahaha I will be running to it from now on.” (102)
“Right After I Lost Vision in My Eye….”

On 18 July 2014, Humans of New York, a blog by a photographer named Brandon, published a photograph of a man with one blue blind eye; the man told this story of a good deed: “Right after I lost vision in my eye, I was so bad at walking that I ran into a girl eating ice cream, and knocked her cone out of her hand. She screamed: ‘Are you blind?’ I turned to her and said: ‘I am blind actually, I’m so sorry, I’ll buy you a new cone.’ And she said: ‘Oh my God! I’m so sorry! Don’t worry! It’s no problem at all! I’ll buy another one.’ So we walked into the ice cream store together, and the clerk said: ‘I heard the whole thing. Ice cream is free.’” (103)

“Respect Every Person, Regardless of Their Race, Gender, or Job”

On 16 August 2014, Redditor lemonpis asked, “Reddit, what is the best lesson you learned from the worst job you ever had?” Mrquart wrote, “To respect every person, regardless of their race, gender, or job. A few years ago, I was working in a hospital as a cleaner. Being a cleaner was the worst-paying and least-respected position in the hospital. I was the only white person in a team which [con]sisted of seven black women all in their midforties. Despite the fact that the entire hospital looked down on them, they always remained a positive attitude. They had to live on a minimum wage, worked their ass off (we were expected to clean 10 rooms per hour), and were not respected by other people in the hospital, yet still they were in a good mood and kept thinking positively. One day I had to clean the toilet of a patient who was on antibiotics. What probably happened was that he had a diarrhea attack. The toilet looked like a sh[*]t bomb exploded. There were small drops of poop all over the toilet and even on the wall behind the toilet. During the break I asked the cleaning
ladies if this happened often and they told me they had to
deal with this kind of sh[*]t everyday. It was back then
when I realised how blessed I was with the fact I could go
to the university. During the six months I worked there, I
gained a huge amount of respect for people working at a
low-paying job. They are human after all.” (104)

“Thank You! Thank You! Thank You!”

On 3 August 2014, the Chattanooga (Tennessee) Free
Press published this letter to the editor by Grandma Stuart:

“Recently, I underwent open heart surgery. Before the
surgeon could operate, my blood count had dropped so
drastically I had to have several blood transfusions.

“All the while I was receiving the blood, I was thinking of
the very kind and caring people who had taken time out of
their busy lives to donate blood to save the life of a
stranger. My heart goes out to all of you. And to Blood
Assurance of Chattanooga.

“Thank You! Thank You! Thank You!” (105)

Make-a-Wish: Ride the BART Train to El Cerrito and
Back

On 17 July 2014, the Make-a-Wish Foundation granted an
unusual wish of a child with life-threatening medical
conditions. Austin James, a 13-year-old boy from San
Pablo, California, who has cerebral palsy and uses a
wheelchair, wanted to ride a BART (Bay Area Rapid
Transit) train in San Francisco. Virginia D. Thomas,
Austin’s school aide, said, “This is his joy. When it’s time
for P.E. [physical education] and we go on the basketball
court, he watches the BART trains go by and he counts the
numbers of cars on the trains. He loves trains.” He rode an
out-of-service train to El Cerrito and back in the operator’s
cab, and the train operator allowed him to use the public
address system. Ms. Thomas said, “I could see it in his eyes — he was amazed. He will never forget it. … And I am just so proud. It made me have a teary eye. It was an amazing day and Austin loved it. He will never ever forget this.”

Austin also received a model BART train set and a tour of the maintenance facility. Jen Wilson, marketing director for Make-A-Wish Greater Bay Area, said, “We grant wishes for children who have life-threatening medical conditions … Anyone … that’s verified by their doctor, and who hasn’t been granted a wish before by us or another wish-granting organization, automatically qualifies. So … in the San Francisco Bay Area, we do roughly 350 a year, so almost one per day.” She added, “It’s amazing when you ask a child what their one true wish is.” (106)

“I Wish to be a Princess in a Fairytale”

In 2014, Make-A-Wish® Hawaii granted the wish of six-year-old Addison, who is in remission from acute lymphoid leukemia — and who believes that unicorns live in the rainforest. This was her wish: “I wish to be a Princess in a Fairytale.” Addison received this message: “Dear Princess Addison, you are humbly invited to the Kingdom of Arboretia where magic and revelry await, only for the pure of heart do we open our gates. We can’t reveal your quest just yet, but a journey through an enchanted forest will surely be a part of the test! Let me give you a clue; a song, a flower and a fruit is all that’s needed to bid you adieu. This journey will reveal something you never knew… This is the day your dream will come true!” Addison went from the state of Georgia to the island of Oahu in the state of Hawaii, where she heard the town Squire make this announcement: “Once upon a time, in a land far away in a valley called Waimea, there lived a Queen who used the gifts of the rainforest to make herself beautiful. She used the sap from the trees as hair gel, the color from flower petals as eye shadow and the juice from berries as lip-gloss.
The Queen had stolen from the rainforest too many times and the magical forest nymphs had had enough of it! The animals of the rainforest no longer had sweet sap to drink, and the hummingbirds no longer had flowers to drink from. Even the most mythical creature of all, the Unicorn, has disappeared from the forest. So the nymphs kidnapped the Queen, and held her captive in the rainforest, so she could do no more harm.” Princess Addison had to accomplish three tasks to free the Queen, who would learn that true beauty comes from within. Task One: Find the most beautiful flower in the rainforest. The nymphs of the rainforest would use it to replenish the land’s beauty. Task Two: Find the sweetest fruit in the rainforest. The nymphs of the rainforest would use its seeds to produce more fruit trees. Task Three: Find the long-lost unicorn. The unicorn would make everyone happy again. Addison accomplished the third task by singing “Over the Rainbow”: “Somewhere over the rainbow, way up high. There’s a land that I heard of once in a lullaby. Somewhere over the rainbow, skies are blue, and the dreams that you dare to dream, really do come true.” Addison said about the unicorn, “We found out it liked songs, then I got to sit on the unicorn at the end, and it was happily ever after.” Danielle Bulloch, Addison’s mother, said, “It’s just really touching to see the lengths that everybody has gone through to make her day so memorable. I teared up twice as we were walking through the forest looking for flowers and fruits.” She added, “It’s been grueling watching her go through being sick and going through chemotherapy. Even when she was in the throes of the heaviest doses of chemo, when there were days when she couldn’t even walk because she was so weak and her blood counts were so low, she still had a smile on her face.” Siana Hunt, Make-A-Wish Hawaii president and CEO, said, “A wish helps you put all of that behind, even for just a small moment.”

“I Don’t Know My Angel’s Name, But I Know that God Made Sure She was There to Comfort Me that Day”

On 17 April 2013, *The Journal Times* of Racine, Wisconsin, published this letter to the editor by Sally and Don Reiter of Racine:

“On Thursday [April 11], at about 1 p.m., my husband and I hit a telephone pole at the corner of Taylor and Durand avenues. Needless to say I was shocked when it happened. Our air bags inflated and the seat belts did their job (ouch). I was injured and very confused, and then my Angel appeared.

“Shewas a young woman, who was the kindest, most gentle person. She immediately comforted me. It was raining and she took off her jacket and had me sit on the curb until help arrived. I know this truly made me realize the world is still full of a lot of kind people.

“I don’t know my Angel’s name, but I know that God made sure she was there to comfort me that day. There were also other people who greatly helped us. I would like to thank all of them, and especially the rescue squad people, the police officers and all of the wonderful staff at Wheaton Franciscan Hospital who took care of us.

“Thank you all and God bless you always.” (108)

*Three Good Samaritans — Make That Six Good*
Samaritans

On 6 August 2014, the Sentinel-Tribune (Bowling Green, Ohio) published this letter to the editor by Shirley Woessner of Bowling Green:

“On July 30, my husband took a letter to the mailbox. I wasn’t home at the time.

“He fell into the street and got a 10-stitch gash on the back of his head. He was unresponsive at the time.

“Two kind ladies stopped to help him, called the EMS and stayed there until it arrived.

“Our neighbor, Rick Gale, phoned me and I came home. In all the confusion, questions and excitement, I did not get the whole story until we got home from the hospital.

“I want to take this chance to say ‘thank you’ to those three good Samaritans who helped George when he fell. God bless you!

“Also, thank you to Kathy, Joanne and John for finishing what I had to leave when I rushed home. George is doing better now. Again, thank you and God bless you!” (109)

Burying Your Riches: The Biggest Waste in the World

In 2013, Thane Chiquinho Scarpa, one of the richest men in Brazil, announced that he was planning to bury a million-dollar Bentley. Why? So he could ride around in style in the afterlife. Actually, this was a publicity stunt to draw attention to a worthy cause: organ donation. On the day that he was supposed to bury his Bentley, Mr. Scarpa said, “People condemn me because I wanted to bury a million dollar Bentley; in fact, most people bury something a lot more valuable than my car. They bury hearts, livers, lungs, eyes, kidneys. This is absurd. So many people waiting for a transplant and you will bury your healthy organs that can
save so many lives. This is the biggest waste in the world. My Bentley is worthless in comparison to life-giving organs. There is no wealth more valuable than an organ, because there is nothing more valuable than life. I officially announce I am an organ donor this week. I’m an organ donor, are you? Tell your family.” (110)

“There are Many People Doing Great Things in the World. They are Great, and I Want to be a Great Kid, Too”

On 6 June 2014, Liang Yaoyi, an 11-year-old gifted student from Shenzhen, China, died after having been diagnosed with brain cancer at age nine when he began to feel dizzy and have difficulty walking. Before he died, he told his mother, Li Qun, “There are many people doing great things in the world. They are great, and I want to be a great kid, too.” His way of being great was to donate his organs so that other people could live. A photograph showing doctors bowing to his corpse to honor him went viral; his mother can be seen crying in the background. (111)

“Full-On, ‘Blowing Snot Bubbles, Can’t Breathe Because I’m Choking on Pure, Unfiltered Sadness’ […] Crying”

Matthew Collins is a website designer and former street magician who in July 2014 published, with the help of writer Cezary Jan Strusiewicz, an article titled “5 Hidden Dark Sides of Life as a Street Magician” on <Cracked.com>. At the end of the article, however, he pointed out that magicians can do good, and he told the story of a boy named Jimmy who was terminally ill with leukemia and who wanted to learn to perform some magic tricks. Matthew and Jimmy did magic together until Jimmy died four months later. Mr. Collins recounts, “Later, at his funeral, his father told me that I was the best thing that happened to his son since he was diagnosed. I started
crying. Not a dignified, ‘one tear rolling down my cheek’ cry, either. We’re talking full-on, ‘blowing snot bubbles, can’t breathe because I’m choking on pure, unfiltered sadness’ type of crying. My little buddy was buried in a suit and tie, with the deck of cards I gave him on display in his front pocket.” (112)

“They Took the Wheelchair Apart and Replaced the Broken Parts and Told Me, ‘We’re Going to Make This Chair like New’”

In 1971, when Michael Sulsona of Staten Island, New York, was 20 years old, he lost both legs above the knee in the Vietnam War. On 14 July 2014, he was in Lowe’s Home Improvement Center on Forest Avenue in Mariners Harbor, Staten Island, New York, when his wheelchair broke. Fortunately, three Lowe’s employees — David, Marcus, and Souleyman — fixed his wheelchair. In a letter to the Staten Island Advance, Mr. Sulsona wrote, “The actions of these three employees at Lowe’s showed me there are some who still believe in stepping to the plate.” He added, “They took the wheelchair apart and replaced the broken parts and told me, ‘We’re going to make this chair like new.’ I left 45 minutes after closing hours in my wheelchair that was like new. I kept thanking them and all they could say was, ‘It was our honor.’” Mr. Sulsona wrote that he had been waiting for a new wheelchair from the Veterans Administration for two years; he received one after the good deed of the three Lowe’s employees. A VA spokesperson told BuzzFeed, “We were very sorry to hear about the reported circumstances surrounding Mr. Sulsona’s request for a new wheelchair. We quickly investigated and can report the Veteran’s new custom wheelchair was delivered to him today and it along with his back up will be serviced by the VA as needed. Too many Veterans wait too long to receive their care and benefits, and this has never been acceptable. Providing Veterans like
Mr. Sulsona the quality care and benefits they have earned through their service is our most important mission at the Department of Veterans Affairs.” Mr. Sulsona told the Staten Island Advance, “This whole story is based around three good guys. I think it’s really important that we all be like these people who wanted to help me; things would be so much easier.” (113)

“I Must Emiddit, That is Some Nice Handwritdding”

Some people remember birthdays. On 11 July 2014, Redditor Dafer1993 wrote about a 102-year-old neighbor named Nancy who was admitted into a hospital after she had a stroke. She still remembered Dafer1993’s 21st birthday and had a friend write this note for her:

“Sorry I have had to ask Valerie to write this card but I am in hospital at the moment. I have really enjoyed watch[ing] you grow up to a fine young man.

“Best wishes

“From Nancy”

By the way, this is how Dafer1993 titled his post: “So my 102 year old neighbour was emiddited to hospital with a stroke and she still remembered my 21st.” Some fellow Redditors had fun with the spelling of “admitted.” (They were also impressed by the handwriting of the message on the birthday card.) Hiscapness commented, “cool handwrittding!” FTLnu commented, “I must emiddit, that is some nice handwritdding.” (114)

The Best Medicine: Chocolate-Covered Apple Wedges

In July 2014, Ann of New York City wrote on Huffington Post about an impressive good deed:

“I was walking home a little while ago on the Upper West Side around midnight when I caught my shoe on a sidewalk
crack just as I tried to dart across a street before the traffic light changed. I stumbled and skidded on all fours across the street in front of a taxi and a horse carriage. I had cuts and scrapes all over my hands and knees. I looked everywhere for a bathroom to clean myself up, but everything near Columbus Circle was closed except for the Mandarin Oriental.

“I sheepishly slipped past the limos and people dressed for a night on the town and asked a bellman if there was a bathroom I could use in the lobby to clean up my cuts. I already felt sheepish and clumsy in my wounded state, which was exacerbated when a group of people mocked me in the elevator, assuming I didn’t understand the language they were speaking.

“After cleaning up, I tried to just dart out, but the bellman saw me and proudly presented a small pile of bandages he’d pulled together from several places and helped me bandage my hands. I expressed my thanks and again tried to leave, but he then proudly presented me with a large Styrofoam clamshell full of chocolate-covered apple wedges, saying simply, ‘This is the last thing we give our guests at the restaurant upstairs — and it will make you feel way better than any of those bandages.’ He couldn’t have been more right. Thank You.” (115)

“There are No Words to Describe How Much They Helped Us. They Gave Us a New Home, and Basically an Extended Family”

Many parents and other family members have discovered the value of Ronald McDonald House Charities, which provides low-cost or free housing for families to stay in while their ill children are in a hospital. Laura MacDonald of Nanaimo, British Columbia, Canada, stayed in a Ronald McDonald House while her daughter, Hayley, was being treated in 2011 at the British Columbia Children’s Hospital.
When Hayley was 19 months old, doctors discovered that she was suffering from Wilms tumour, which affected her kidneys. Ms. MacDonald said, “They told us we have 45 minutes before the next ferry left.” Hayley needed and got chemotherapy, surgery, and radiation, followed by more chemotherapy. Ms. MacDonald, who works as a customer service representative for Shaw Nanaimo, said about Ronald McDonald House, “There are no words to describe how much they helped us. They gave us a new home, and basically an extended family.” Hayley entered the hospital on August 30, 2011, and had an operation on October 31, and then she and her family returned to Nanaimo on November 22. In June 2014, a new Ronald McDonald House opened on two acres at the British Columbia Children’s Hospital campus. This Ronald McDonald House is the second largest in Canada. Ms. MacDonald said, “Having something that can accommodate more families is just amazing. The need for it is so huge.” The Ronald McDonald House in British Columbia charges families $12 a night, but the fee is waived in cases of financial hardship. According to an article by Darrell Bellaart in the Nanaimo Daily News, “The $31-million facility got $13.3 million in provincial government funding, with the rest from McDonald’s Canada and related charities, Variety, ITC Construction and the Chan Family Foundation. B.C. McDonald’s restaurants put in more than $5.7 million, of which $1.2 million was through McHappy Day funds and in-restaurant coin boxes.” (116)

“I Can’t Imagine Going Through Life Without Your Eyes”

In May 2014, a two-year-old girl named Pamela Soto, who lives in Hobbs, New Mexico, received an eye operation in Michigan that was necessary for her to keep her sight. The men who donated the $35,000 needed for the operation are Danny Watson and Jimmy Cooper, who own a construction
business in Hobbs. Mr. Watson said, “I just, I can’t imagine going through life without your eyes, you know. We just felt like it was something God needed us to do.” He added, “We try to base this business on God. He has, I guess you’d say, He has blessed us immensely. And we feel like He put us here not just to pipeline, but to help and that’s what we try to do.” Jessica Sanchez, a friend of Pamela’s family, said, “They’re just very, very happy.” She added, “Words can’t even express the way they feel.” The Soto family had previously raised $5,000, which they used for travel expenses. (117)

**Westie Superhero**

This account by a reader about a good deed appeared on 20 May 2014 in Ana Samways’ *Sideswipe* column in *The New Zealand Herald*:

“On Saturday night my partner and I and our two children were visiting a friend in a remote location in Piha when our daughter suddenly developed blurred vision, respiratory problems, leg seizures, and enormous pain. Rather than call an ambulance, we thought it would be more expedient to race to the nearest hospital ourselves, which we were told was Waitakere. After going helter skelter through the windy back roads, with our daughter nearly stopping breathing several times, we finally arrived at a petrol station in Henderson, lost and distraught. The unhelpful petrol station assistant had no idea where the hospital was …. Beside myself by this point, I approached a man about to fill up his car for directions. This big, burly bloke asked no questions and simply said, ‘Follow me’.

“This incredible stranger guided us at lightning speed, way out of his way, I suspect, to the front door of the emergency clinic of Waitakere Hospital. I raced over and gave him an emotional bear-hug on arrival, then he and his partner sped off into the night.
“I want this man to know that they potentially saved our 12-year-old daughter’s life. She was on a drip and breathing machine within minutes of our arrival and after four intensive days in hospital is home safe and sound. We can’t thank you enough.” (118)

The Capital Gazette: Thanking Good Samaritans

The Capital Gazette of Annapolis, Maryland, performs a valuable service by making available space for its readers to thank Good Samaritans. On 20 July 2014, these thank-you notes appeared in the Capital Gazette:

1) Alan Legum of Annapolis wrote this:

“My wife, Emily, was on her bike crossing Bay Ridge Road on the morning of July 4 when she was struck by an auto which ran a red light. I want to thank all of the citizens who stopped to assist, in particular an off-duty firefighter who knew exactly what to do and knew immediately that an ambulance was needed.

“Also, there was someone with medical training who gave her a mini-neuro exam while we waited for assistance. Another citizen stopped and gave his contact information, since he had seen the entire accident.

“The crew of the ambulance from the Forest Drive station was totally competent and efficient. Also, the Annapolis city police officer who investigated the incident was professional throughout and expressed concern over my wife’s condition.

“The nurses and staff and emergency room doctor at Anne Arundel Medical Center took good care of her on arrival at the hospital.

“Fortunately, this story of a bike-auto accident has a happy ending. After X-rays and CT scan it was determined that
there were no internal injuries and no fractures. The diagnosis was bruises, scrapes, abrasions and rib contusion.

“Thanks to everyone. Thanks also to the bike helmet which my wife was wearing, which certainly helped her avoid more serious injury.”

2) Betsy Burch of Annapolis wrote this:

“About two weeks ago, while loading groceries, I fell in the parking lot in front of Graul’s. Since I landed on my back between two parked cars, no one saw me.

“When I yelled for help, two young strangers came to my rescue. One of them picked me up carefully, helped me into my car and drove me home. The other followed us in his pickup truck so he could drive him back.

“Neither of these good Samaritans would accept a reward, so I want to register herewith my thanks and deep appreciation. They certainly renewed my faith in humanity!”

3) Arthur O’Connell of Sarasota, Florida, wrote this:

“Recently I visited the Annapolis area for 10 days while visiting my son and his family. The day after my arrival I realized that I had left two important medications at home.


“He called Marcus, who called my pharmacy, and within an hour I was at the local pharmacy picking up my needed medications.

“Thank you, Marcus. I raise my glass to toast you and all of America’s independent pharmacists.” (119)

“Thank You, God; Thank You, God — I’m Going to Live, I’m Going to Live”
In 2002, Stephanie Headley of Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, was diagnosed with systemic scleroderma, which CBC defines as “an autoimmune disease characterized by the thickening of skin and eventual failure of organs.” Fortunately, a stem cell therapy available in the United States in 2014 has the potential to save her life. Dr. Richard Burt, an immunologist at Northwestern Memorial Hospital in Chicago, Illinois, performs the procedure, which costs $125,000. The procedure is not covered by Canadian health care. In May 2014, her family began to raise money for the procedure and had collected $13,000. On 3 July 2014, a man telephoned her to let her know that he wanted to make a donation. He arrived at her home, wearing ski sunglasses and a hat to hide his features, and handed her an envelope. Ms. Headley said, “Just before he turned around, I said, ‘God bless you,’ and he smiled. A big smile across his face. And he turned around and left.” She also gave him a thank-you note. The envelope contained a bank draft with a lot of zeros. Ms. Headley said, “I’m looking at the decimals, I’m looking at the zeroes, I’m sure I’ve got it wrong. I fell to the ground, I cried, I screamed, I yelled. I just kept saying, ‘Thank you, God; thank you, God — I’m going to live, I’m going to live.’” Bank officials confirmed that the $128,000 Canadian dollars ($119,000 in US dollars) bank draft was authentic. On 15 July 2014, she thanked the anonymous donor on Twitter: “Thank you so much to the man who anonymously donated $128,000 CDN [Canadian] to my Life Saving Stem Cell Transplant. XO.” She was scheduled to start the life-saving treatment on September 22. (120)

**Erica Millard: “Dear New Girl at the Gym”**

“Dear New Girl at the Gym,

“You stand across from me in boot camp or on the treadmill next to me or a few bikes over in spin. I have never seen you before, but here you are. I can tell by the
look on your face you are embarrassed. Embarrassed that
you can’t do a pushup or don’t know how to adjust your
bike or that you walk on the treadmill when the girl on the
other side of you runs for a full hour at the speed of a
cheetah. You look around and wonder what on earth you
are doing here. You glance at me and I smile, but you look
away pretending you didn’t see, because that would mean I
noticed you. Maybe you are discouraged. Maybe you tell
yourself this was a huge mistake and you’re going to ask
for your money back. Maybe you wonder if I’m judging
you.

“I am not.

“I want you to know how proud I am of you. You see, even
though it might not seem like it, none of us are judging you.
Why? Because so many of us were just like you. We know
what it is like. We know how hard it is, especially in the
beginning. Really we do. Maybe you woke up one day
weighing forty pounds more than you did five years ago. I
have been there. Maybe you stepped on the scale at the
doctor’s office, had the nurse cluck her tongue, and then
had the doctor say something like, “Now let’s talk about
your weight.” I have been there. Maybe you recently had a
baby, and you wonder if there will ever be a time when you
don’t have to tuck your stomach into your pants. I have
been there. Maybe you get half way through the warm
up in a group fitness class and wonder if you are this out of
breath now, is a full hour going to kill you? I have been
there. Maybe money and time are tight and the idea of
spending $30-$70 a month and an hour a day on yourself
feels awfully selfish. I have been there. So many of us
have.

“You see us running or biking or lifting weights, and may
feel discouraged or that we are judging you. Please, please,
PLEASE know that we are not, because so many of us have
been in your same shoes. You see us for what we are now, but many of us started out just like you, on a journey to find our best selves.

“Please come back. I know it is hard, but it will get better, I promise.

“And then you will wake up one day and wonder when you became that person. You know that person who can jog a few miles or do a whole spin class or even do boot camp without being sore the next day. And you will be the one, standing across the room, smiling at the new girl hoping she knows how lovely and wonderful and brave she is. Hoping she knows she is worth all the work. Because you are. You are so worth it. You deserve to be your healthiest self.

“Now there might come a time and a place where someone will judge you, even someone at the gym. Maybe they make rude comments or give you that look. Maybe they have never known what it feels like to struggle with their weight. Maybe they have low self-esteem. Maybe they have never eaten an entire pan of brownies by themselves (I have) or an entire bag of Halloween candy before a single trick or treater came to their door (I have). Maybe they forgot what it was like to be the new girl. Please, don’t waste your time on them. You are on a journey to be your best self, and they don’t belong on your journey. Find people and a place where you can begin where you are.

“Come back. You are so worth it.”

Note by Erica Millard, Young Adult Fiction Author:

“Dear New Girl at the Gym has been a popular post, and I don’t mind having it shared as long as my website is linked back on online articles and my name and website [http://ericamillard.com/?p=1566] is referenced when printed.” (121)
“Doctors/Nurses of Reddit, What are Your Most Gratifying Moments?”

On 8 April 2014, Redditor wildlikechildren365 asked, “Doctors/Nurses of Reddit, we’ve heard your horror stories. How about your most gratifying moments?” Here are some replies:

1) bella_morte wrote, “I’m an EMT (not sure if it counts), but I once went on a multi-vehicle collision with an injured child. He was unconscious when we arrived on scene, and for the majority of the ambulance ride. We were sweating bullets trying to keep his O2 [oxygen] stats up until we got into the hospital. Right before we arrived at the bay doors, I leaned over him to secure him to the gurney, and he opened his eyes. He looked straight into my face and said, ‘Are you an angel?’

“He ended up being okay, and I’ll never forget the innocence and intrigue in that question. As we were leaving the ER, he waved to me and called for me, saying, ‘Bye, angel! Bye, angel!’ It was adorable. I cried. Working on an ambulance can be intense — especially calls involving children — and emotions are usually held until after everything is over. I’ll never forget that little boy’s sweetness.”

Herpinator1992 commented, “Not sure if it counts?

“That little card you got there? The one that says HEALTHCARE PROVIDER?

“You guys count. Trust me. Lotta people would be dead if it wasn’t for people like you.”

2) never_robot wrote, “I am a nurse on a labor/delivery/postpartum/special care nursery unit. My very favorite part of my job is when I’m the nurse who goes to deliveries to be in charge of the baby (making sure
he or she transitions okay to being outside the uterus). I get to see the faces of new moms and dads the instant that they meet their new baby. It’s awesome.

“I have also had a woman stop me in the middle of Target to thank me for taking care of her premature baby. We both ended up crying in the canned vegetable aisle.”

3) SkepticalWalnut wrote, “When I was 12 I had a major operation on my leg. I was in the hospital for 8 days. Both my parents worked and couldn’t be there the whole time so I was alone a lot. One nurse in particular would come in almost everyday at 11am to watch The Price is Right with me. She brought her lunch and gave me a Coke. 12-year-old me thought that was kind of weird, but enjoyed the company. Grown-up me realizes that spending your lunch with a lonely 12-year-old kid alone in a hospital is something she didn’t really need to do and makes many of these folks very special.

“PS — One day she guessed the exact price of one of the showcases in the Showcase Showdown. It was awesome.”

Laidymondegreen commented, “I had a similar experience when I was in the hospital with spinal meningitis. I was so sick for about a week that I did nothing but sleep and listen to a Spice Girls cassette on a Walkman my dad bought me. I barely ate anything and was just miserable.

“One day I started to feel better, and I told one of the nurses who came in to see me that I was hungry. She asked what I wanted to eat, and I said cookies. Looking back now, I would have expected her to try and get me to eat something healthier, but the woman went down the street to a bakery to get me cookies because there weren’t any in the hospital kitchen. I wish I knew her name so I could try to thank her. She really didn’t have to do that for me.”

4) LittleDolly wrote, “Gynae nurse. I deal with a lot of
misery, looking after women going through miscarriages and terminations. I also have to put up with a lot of attitude and questioning about ‘how could I possibly be involved with such things’, which gets pretty disheartening when no one wants to take ‘because I love my job’ as an answer.

“But a couple of months ago I was looking after a really lovely girl in her early twenties who was having a termination. It’s not part of my job to ask them anything about their situation or do any of the pre-counselling, I just care for them day of. I spent a fair amount of my day with this girl, helping with her pain and explaining what to expect as best I could, just doing my job. At the end of the day when I went through her discharge paperwork with her and said goodbye she turned to me and said, ‘Thank you, I thought today would be the worst day of my life and you made it ok.’

“I almost cried right there, it was the sweetest thing a patient has ever said to me because it represents everything I want to be as a nurse. Thinking about her honestly gets me through the rough days and I wish I could have let her know that it [is] the greatest possible praise to give a nurse.” (122)

**Patient Returns Paramedic’s Lost Wallet**

On 18 December 2013, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, resident Tommie Lou Levi collapsed in her home and could not get up. She said, “I had been in that house six days without water or food.” Eventually, neighbors heard her scream and called an ambulance. Paramedic Mike Cain and others got her out of her home and into a hospital. In doing so, Mr. Cain lost his wallet inside her home. He said, “Right before the holidays, you know, I mean it put a big strain on me and my wife and ‘Oh no, how are we going to do this?’” Ms. Levi spent time in the hospital and a month in rehabilitation, so it was weeks before she returned to her
home and found his wallet, which she returned to him. When he visited Ms. Levy, she said, “Thank you all for helping me.” Mr. Cain replied, “No problem, that’s what we do.” She told a reporter, “To thank somebody that helped me so much, it really made me feel good to see him again.” Some of the items in Mr. Cain’s wallet were irreplaceable, including gifts from a WWII veteran (a challenge coin) and from a friend with whom he served in Desert Storm (an EMSA badge). (123)

“HI MOM GOD BLESS U”

On 3 February 2014, Sharon Hart, age 48, of Bolingbrook, Illinois, was hospitalized for acute leukemia at Chicago’s Rush University Medical Center. Her 14-year-old son, William “Will” Hart, and her husband, Tim Hart, and her brother wrote a message for her on a parking garage rooftop. The message — “HI MOM GOD BLESS U” — was visible from her hospital window. Inside the ‘O’ in “Mom” was a smiley face. Sharon Hart’s daughter, Hannah, age 18, said, “It was just meant to make my mom and others feel good.” She was at work when the others made the message in the snow. Many people — staff and patients — at the hospital saw the message. Deb Song, a spokesperson for the hospital, said, “It brought so many smiles to our doctors and nurses — and patients as well.” She added, “The gesture was so simple, but so creative and nice.” A photograph of the message went viral on Twitter, Instagram, and Facebook. Hannah Hart said, “We’re going crazy. We could never imagine that something my brother did for my mom would grow to be this huge.” Sharon Hart said, “My son has never done anything like this before. He is a very caring child and very loving. … He acted on instinct and from what was in his heart. I’m glad so many people got to see the message and that it touched so many. It shows how big God is.” William Hart said, “I wanted to send her the message because I thought it would brighten
her spirits and help her get through this. I would love for her to be happy. This has been rough. I’ve been praying a lot and trying to not think about what’s going on so I can do good in school. I keep my hopes up and pray every night that my mommy gets well.” (124)

**A Nurse’s Night Off is Never a Night Off**

On 21 February 2014, Redditor beautifulsouth00 wrote this post titled “a nurse’s night off is never a night off” on the r/randomactsofkindness subReddit: “I just went to a 3 ring circus with an encore!!! I’m a home health nurse, former ER nurse. I just RAN to the ER (OK, ran to the car and drove in a hurry) to meet my patient, after her daughter called me saying, ‘I think my mom is having a stroke, what do I do?’ okay, first of all — you call 911, not Tracy. Second of all — she TOTALLY was having a stroke. When I got there, I shared her medical information with the doctor, told him her allergies, etc., made sure her family was settled, then I left them in the good hands of the ER staff. So I’m driving home and maybe 100 yards in front of me — BAM! big car crash, sportscar gets t-boned while running the red light I was stopped at!!! I pull over, get out, running, yelling ‘I’m a nurse, are you ok?’ and sit down on the street in a puddle of gas to wait for the ambulance with this chick while she has her nervous breakdown. (She was fine, just really scared.) I am not getting paid for EITHER of these things — it’s just what I do, cuz I can’t not do it. I did go and treat myself to some ice cream. Salted caramel for those who are interested. Lol.” (125)

**Thanks for Help of Good Samaritan in Saginaw, Michigan**

On 6 February 2014, Mlive.com published this letter to the editor by Michael Doran of Saginaw, Michigan:

“A few weeks ago I was walking down Court, and as I was
crossing Oakley I did not notice the ice on the street that was covered with new snow.

“The next thing I knew I was flat on my back after falling & hitting the back of my head full force on the ice. I managed to get to my hands and knees and felt my head. It was bleeding profusely.

“I got up and went into Katy’s Kards and sat down. One of the employees, Christine, ran to get towels to stop the bleeding and called an ambulance for me.

“I was seen in ER [the Emergency Room] and had to stay the night as I suffered a concussion.

“It seems to me we always hear of negative things, never positive. Well, today I want to thank Christine and the whole gang at Katy’s Kards for helping me out; they are a great bunch!” (126)

“TL;DR: Got Sick, Kroger Saved My Life”

On 13 July 2014, Redditor tinroof-rusted posted on Imgur a Good Girl Gina meme with this text: “DOESN’T HAVE A PRESCRIPTION THAT I NEED IN STOCK / CALLS 10 DIFFERENT PHARMACIES UNTIL SHE FINDS ONE THAT DOES AND TRANSFERS THE SCRIPT AND KEEPS ME UPDATED THE WHOLE TIME.” CrazyIvan07 commented, “Hope you put in a good word for them!” tinroof-rusted replied, “I absolutely did.” Guess_My_Name_ wrote, “When I was 13, I came down with a very bad case of pneumonia and I was prescribed some medicine that was in short supply for some reason. Well, we sent the script to the Kroger that we usually went to, but they didn’t have it. I’ll never forget what they did at that pharmacy. They then called every pharmacy in the area to find it. Meanwhile, my fever was spiking and things were getting desperate for me. I could not even open my mouth to talk without throwing up or at least doubling over
in pain. Unfortunately, one after the other the pharmacies all were unable to get any of the medicine. And then at 11:00pm right as we were getting ready to head to the ER as I was dehydrated and my fever had spiked to a dangerous level, the Kroger called and said they found the only pharmacy within 30 minutes that had the medicine and specifically told the pharmacy to stay open for us. They saved my life. We later found out that the lady who had been helping us had stayed 4 hours after her shift was over just to help find us the medicine. Can’t thank them enough for basically saving my life. Needless to say we still go there for our meds. TL;DR: got sick, Kroger saved my life.” (127)

The Middle-Aged Woman Who was Making Blood-Curdling Screams Says Thank You

Ana Samways’ almost daily and always entertaining column titled Sideswipe in The New Zealand Herald often contains accounts of good deeds, including this one: “The middle-aged woman making blood-curdling screams in Cornwall Park, Auckland on Saturday February 15 [2014] would like to thank all the people who stopped to help. ‘I had dislocated my shoulder in the paddock thanks to the dog pulling my arm out of its socket and behind my back. I would particularly like to thank the kind and gentle Asian couple who called and directed the ambulance and took care of my dogs, and also, the park staff who took over care of the dogs until later in the day.’” (128)

Mummy’s Little Two-Year-Old Hero

In February 2014, in Barrow upon Soar, Leicestershire, England, 27-year-old Dana Henry collapsed in her home. Fortunately, her two-year-old son, Riley Ward, knew how to call England’s emergency number (999) and told the operator, “Mummy’s asleep.” Paramedics went to their house, and took Ms. Henry to a hospital for emergency
surgery because of a large blood clot and dangerous bleed on an ovary. His mother, who lives with her partner Rob Ward, called young Riley “mummy’s little hero.” Ms. Henry said, “Rob was just as surprised as I was when we realized Riley had dialed 999. We had drilled it into both of our children since they were old enough to understand numbers. It made me really proud that Riley knew what to do; we knew he remembered 999 but were so shocked that he was able to put it into action. They know that if mummy and daddy are poorly and they can’t wake us up they should dial 999.” Ms. Henry added, “All I remember is the room getting smaller and smaller and then I opened my eyes when I heard a police officer trying to kick my door down. When I gained consciousness, I could see that Riley was [sitting] on his toy box looking out of the window at the flashing blue lights. I managed to get up and open the door but then collapsed again. My head was blurred, but I knew I didn’t have to worry about Riley because I could hear him laughing in the kitchen with the police officer and an ambulance assistant.” Paul Staples, the first paramedic to arrive at the house, said, “When control radio come through and tell you a child has dialed 999, you are immediately concerned for both the child and the patient. When I got to Dana’s house, Riley was [standing] at the door with a big smile; I think he was excited that he had a police officer and a paramedic in his house. He was really interested in all of my equipment and kept coming back to check on his mummy. His family must be so proud of his actions; he is a really brave little boy.” Riley received the gift of a paramedic teddy bear. (129)

**Brianna Vance: 10-Year-Old Hero**

In June 2014 along Big Valley Road in Pecks Mill in Logan County, West Virginia, Gregory Vance and two friends were sitting on his porch when the strong winds of a storm toppled a large tree that fell on the three men,
trapping them. Mr. Vance’s girlfriend, Brenda, who was inside the house with Mr. Vance’s two children, said, “I had barely enough time to turn around, and I heard something go kabam!” She added, “I said, Greg, Greg, where are you, honey? I got no response.” Fortunately, Mr. Vance’s 10-year-old daughter, Brianna, recorded a cell phone video in which she pleaded for help and then she went online and posted the video to Facebook. She said in the video, “The lightning crashed and hit a tree by our porch, and my dad’s almost dead. He needs an ambulance, please. Please call one for us if you have [a] signal. We live in a yellow house, a trailer. Please. We need an ambulance. Please. Please.” Someone saw the video and contacted 911; soon afterward, Henlawson Fire Department firefighters arrived and freed the three men. Firefighters took the three men to Logan Regional Hospital. Mr. Vance had a broken collarbone and five broken ribs; his friends were treated and quickly released. Brianna said about the video, “I was scared. I needed help. My dad needed help. So I had to post that.” Henlawson Fire Department Lieutenant Tim Granger said, “This is the real hero, that little girl.” (130)

“We Opened the Airway and Started Basic Life Support for Him”

On a Sunday in January 2014, Carlos Ruiz, age 57, suffered heart failure and fell off the treadmill he was on at the Anytime Fitness gym in Wake Forest, North Carolina. Fortunately, Merrie Gough, a registered nurse, walked into the gym. She was accompanied by her daughters: Danielle, a dental school student, and Elizabeth, a nursing student. Mr. Ruiz said, “I give thanks to my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, for putting this family in that position to be able to save me. Because if not, I really shouldn’t and wouldn’t have been here today.” Merrie Gough said, “He was unresponsive, wasn’t breathing, and had no pulse. We opened the airway and started basic life support for him.”
One of her daughters called 911, and Mr. Ruiz was taken to a local hospital. The gym’s manager, Anna Yeager, said, “He was lucky that the three individuals walked in when they did.” She added, “He was very lucky. He very easily could have been there and no one would have seen him.”

Members have a key that gives them access to the gym 24 hours a day. Mr. Ruiz said, “Today, I have an opportunity, a second chance, to move on with my life and make a difference. I am very lucky to be alive.” (131)

“I’m Sorry About Opening Your Car, But It was Going to be Towed, So I Moved It to Save You $200+”

On 26 August 2014, Redditor ciacciojon created a post on Imgur with this caption: “I drive a Miata. Left the car parked with the top down. Come out to find the car moved 20 feet away.” In the post was a photograph of a note that stated, “I’m sorry about opening your car, but it was going to be towed, so I moved it to save you $200+. They tow really fast. Make sure to lock your car too. The quick release looks nice.”

Redditors, as usual, made some interesting comments:

1) Shaw-Deez commented, “Once in high school, I stayed in on a Friday night because I had to work early on Saturday. I was trying to show my parents I was responsible. Then while I was sleeping, 5 or 6 of my friends came over, picked up my Ford Tempo and turned it sideways in my driveway. My parents saw it the next morning, and came in my room and screamed at me. They thought I drove home drunk. I was confused as f[**]k. ‘How could I even park like that, Mom?’ , I remember saying. ‘It doesn’t make any sense. There’s no tire marks in the lawn. This is ridiculous.’ Needless to say they didn't believe me, and it remained a mystery to me. I didn’t find out my friends moved it until two years later.”
2) Jorfredo commented, “Miata owners usually leave their cars unlocked. Why? Because it’s cheaper to have someone vandalize your car with doors open than to have to buy new soft top because they cut it to get into the car to vandalize it. Might as well leave it open and don’t keep anything of importance in it. What car thief is gonna think, ‘Shiet! This thin piece of cloth/rubber is keeping from getting into the car, better leave it alone’? Stealing the actual car, well that is pretty uncommon. Unless the car is loaded with aftermarket parts, there is no reason to steal it.”

3) El_Dubious_Mung commented, “It’s a Miata. All he had to do was put it in neutral, stick his foot out the door, and push it Flintstones style. They're incredibly light. No hotwiring necessary.” (132)

Three-Year-Old Keith Williams and Pastor Jack Greene: Life-Savers

On 12 July 2014, Bob King, age 68, found himself locked in his car outside the Vestal Baptist Church in Knoxville, Tennessee. Mr. King said, “We’ve been having trouble with the door on this car since we bought it.” Mr. King was unable to open the door because of weakness from cancer treatments and two strokes. The weather was hot: 91 degrees F. Fortunately, three-year-old Keith Williams walked by, and Mr. King was able to get his attention by tapping on a car window. Mr. King said, “I hollered at him and he just looked at me kind of funny and I said, ‘Get help, get help.’” Keith ran to Pastor Jack Greene, who said, “I was talking to someone and little Keith came behind me and kept saying, ‘Locked, locked, locked.’” Keith also kept pulling at Pastor Greene’s hand and saying, “Hot, hot, hot.” Pastor Greene said, “I told the gentleman [I was speaking to], ‘Excuse me for a minute’ and I followed him [Keith] out. When I saw Bob in the car, I said to myself, ‘Oh, my Lord.’” Mr. King was in bad shape. Pastor Greene said,
“His whole body was raining sweat. His face was red like a pickled beet. I asked him three times: ‘Are you OK, Bob?’” Pastor Greene took Mr. King inside the church, which had air conditioning, and soon Mr. King was fine. Keith’s mother, Jessie Williams, said, “I am very impressed and I’m proud that he would know what to do.” Pastor Greene said, “He [Keith] said, ‘I saved life’ after I brought Bob inside. He is such a good kid. He is an inspiration and blessing to us.” (133)

“Thank You High Way Lady for Saving My But!”

On 3 August 2014, Redditor Dan-Morris posted on r/happy this account of a good deed that he titled “Thank you high way lady for saving my but!”:

“The other day I was driving home from Pennsylvania to Massachusetts after attending a conference. On my way home, I asked Google Maps to avoid tolls because I didn’t have any cash. While messing around with my phone at a rest stop, I somehow turned this request off.

“So I’m driving on a highway in New York and I come up on a toll. No biggie. I’ve had this happen to me in Massachusetts before, so I think I know the drill; copy my license plate number, and send me a bill in the mail. But nope! As I’m at the toll booth, I inform the booth worker I have no cash. She asks for my driver’s license so I can be identified. I go to my wallet and … what? It’s not there. I quickly feel around my car and can’t find it. I tell the worker this, so she asks for my registration so they can still ID me and send me a bill.

“Oh, I have that! I go to my glove box and … nope. The handle is stuck. I’m trying to open it, banging on it and jigging the handle, but it’s really stuck. So now the worker asks me to pull over to some little station off the side to the road, after I’ve been holding up morning traffic for 5
minutes.

“I oblige, not knowing what’s going to happen to me. I pull over to the station, and wait for 10 seconds until another worker approaches my car and informs me that the woman behind me paid my toll. Relief!

“So thank you, anonymous lady. I don’t know what compelled you to help me; was it my out-of-state license plate? Or my politically charged bumper stickers? Or are you just that nice to everyone?

“So thanks again. I’ll definitely pay it forward.

“Edit: *butt. Doh!” (134)

“An Experience of God in Human Flesh”

A classic good deed is changing a flat tire. On 26 March 2014, The Cape Breton Post (Cape Breton Island, Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada) published this letter to the editor by Sister Catherine MacFarlane of Eskasoni, Nova Scotia, Canada:

“On March 22, I had an experience of God while driving to Membertou to say the blessing before Cape Breton University’s international students banquet.

“Upon hearing a strange noise in the car, I lowered a back window and knew something was wrong. I pulled the car into the Heather Mobile Homes entrance in Howie Centre.

“When I stopped the car, a small truck pulled up beside me. The driver of the truck had his two hands pressed together to indicate that I had a flat tire.

“Believing everything was in order to go to Membertou, I had left my cellphone home. Not a good idea.

“I told the man who I was and what my mission was. I was a bit frazzled to say the least. I asked the gentleman if he
was heading toward Sydney and if he could take me to Kenny’s Pizza in Sydney River where I was to meet a friend who was also going to the banquet.

“He asked me what time I had to be there and I told him 6 p.m. It was already 5:30 p.m. The man looked at his watch and told me he could change the tire in less than 15 minutes. That was more than good news to me.

“He proceeded to phone someone. I imagine he called his wife to say he would be home 15 minutes late because he was changing a tire.

“When he finished, I asked him for his name and address. He said: ‘You don’t need my address because you do not have to do anything for me. My mother taught me well. It is not the first time I changed a tire and I don’t believe it will be the last.’

“This gentleman was an experience of God in human flesh: a man who drives a truck and who took the time to help someone in need.

“I know this man’s name, although I do not think he would want me to have it published. But he knows who he is, God knows and I know.

“I write this with gratitude to him, and I will pray for him along with all the other Good Samaritans who come our way.” (135)

“Matt Changed My Tire Lickety Split”

On 20 May 2014, the Tillamook Headlight-Herald (Tillamook, Oregon) published this letter to the editor by Patty Jacob of Bay City, Oregon: “I live part time in Bay City, and frequently travel on the Wilson River Highway. This past Saturday [17 May 2014], I was heading east bound at milepost 29, when I had a catastrophic rear
passenger-side flat tire. I had no cell service, and am not adept at using my jack and spare (which will change). I started to either walk or thumb my way back to Tillamook, when a very nice family stopped to assist. Matt changed my tire lickety split, and his wife Sylvia and Maya played a helpful and supporting role. I just wanted to thank them!”

Bryson Rowley Possibly Saved Multiple Kids’ Lives

On 31 May 2014, a 14-year-old stole a car and drove it recklessly, endangering the lives of children as the teenaged boy drove recklessly through Founders Park as he fled police in Syracuse, Utah. Bryson Rowley stopped the teen by blocking the teen’s vehicle with his Dodge Ram pickup truck. His wife, Brandy, said, “I was videoing my husband doing some tricks and all of a sudden a car came speeding into the parking lot at the skate park. He was kind of backed into a corner by two cops, evaded around him, took off, disappeared for about five minutes, then we hear him coming down Antelope Drive again.” The teen drove through the park. She said, “All of a sudden he came towards them, driving through the field. [He] drove through the field, barely missing multiple kids.” Mr. Rowley said, “The kids had to jump out of the way, and jump over the curb.” He added, “I could just hear the sirens, and the sound of the car coming back toward the park and getting closer. […] You could hear the turbo of the car getting closer. You could hear him coming back that way. So I was going to block the road that was the only entrance back into the park. By the time I got my truck there, he was making the corner to come in. So we impacted. I stopped him.” The 14-year-old had also stolen a .45-caliber semi-automatic handgun. Mr. Rowley was surprised to learn that the driver was only 14, but he said, “Would that have changed what I done? No. Fourteen or not, he put all those kids in danger. I would do it again.” He added, “I didn’t want him to get
Mark Olsen and Brad Wenneberg: Highway Heroes

On 9 June 2013, Mark Olsen of Clinton, Utah, and Brad Wenneberg of Smithfield, Utah, both of whom are professional truck drivers for L.W. Miller Transportation, Inc., of Logan, Utah, helped an elderly couple whose motor home had caught on fire on I-15, approximately two miles from the border of Nevada and Arizona. Mr. Olsen first spotted the burning RV, which was pulled over on the side of the interstate. Mr. Olsen radioed Mr. Wenneberg, who was driving a truck behind him, and the two men stopped and attempted to use their fire extinguishers to put out the fire. Unfortunately, the fire kept on burning after the fire extinguishers had been exhausted. The two men then moved a pickup truck that the RV was towing away from the fire. Because the flames were growing so hot and the RV’s tires were exploding, they decided to stop vehicles
and keep them from passing the burning RV. An impatient motorist attempted to drive past the burning RV, but they stopped the motorist just before a propane tank exploded in a giant fireball that went across the interstate and set the median on fire. Afterward, the elderly couple sent an email to L.W. Miller Transportation in which they called Mr. Olsen and Mr. Wenneberg “true American heroes.” Mr. Olsen said, “That’s my nature [to help]. It was pretty scary, but whether driving a truck or driving a car, I will stop and help someone if they need it. We did what we could for [the couple] … at least we managed to save their pickup. That’s something.” Mr. Wenneberg said, “We pushed [the pickup] uphill in 100-degree heat with flames all around us, burning us. And when the propane tank blew, it shot the biggest flame I’ve ever seen come out of an RV. It went clear across the median and caught it on fire. The whole vehicle burned to the ground. I felt so bad for [the couple].”

In September 2014, the Truckload Carriers Association (TCA) named Mr. Olsen and Mr. Wenneberg Highway Angels. The L.W. Miller Transportation representative who nominated Olsen and Wenneberg as Highway Angels said, “We are very impressed with the consideration and quick thinking by our two professional drivers. Under pressure and extreme heat, they were able to think quickly and salvage a pickup that would have otherwise been lost in the fire. They also most likely saved the couple from harm and possibly [saved] other passing motorists.” (138)

“I Don’t Think I Could Take a Crowbar and Fold the Door Like He Did”

On 29 June 2014, Bob Renning, age 52, of Woodbury, Minnesota, noticed an SUV on fire on I-35W. Trapped inside the smoke-filled 2006 Chevy Trailblazer was Michael Johannes, age 51, of Minneapolis, Minnesota, who was unable to get out — the door would not open. Mr. Renning said, “He was kicking and beating the window
trying to break it open from the inside. I knew I didn’t have a lot of time.” Mr. Renning used brute force to bend the passenger-side door until the glass shattered. He used his fingertips to grab the top of the doorframe, braced his foot against the door, and then pulled hard. Mr. Johannes said, “It was just chaos. I just dove toward the light [coming in] through the window. I’m a pretty big guy and [Mr. Renning] just pulled me out.” Minnesota State Patrol trooper Zachary Hill said in a statement that Mr. Renning “did an extraordinary deed, bending a locked car door in half … to extricate a trapped person. I feel this man deserves any and all commendation for his extraordinary life-saving measure that kept another from burning alive.” Mr. Johannes said, “Thirty seconds later and I would have been done.” Mr. Hill said about Mr. Renning’s action, “I don’t think I could take a crowbar and fold the door like he did.” How was Mr. Renning able to do this? He said, “I’m sure it was pure adrenaline.” Mr. Johannes said, “We’re going to take our time in selecting our next vehicle.”

“What’s the Nicest Thing a Stranger (Who You Never Met Again) has Done for You?”

On 25 June 2014, Redditor becauseisaidiwould asked, “What’s the nicest thing a stranger (who you never met again) has done for you?” As usual, Redditors had some good replies:

1) “When I was 12, I was on my way back home from school. I was riding my bicycle, and at this crossing, a car in a traffic jam made space to let me through. While crossing the road, I got hit by this driver, trying to overtake the whole lane, so he wouldn’t have to wait out the traffic jam. The car hit me, scooped me up, [and] launched me into the air, which resulted in a broken kneecap, a broken nose, and a broken rib for me.

“The [guilty] driver fled the scene, the driver who let me
pass took care of me till the Amber Lamps [apparently a reference to an AC Transit Bus fight featuring Epic Beard Man, who pronounced “ambulance” as “amber lamps”—see Wikipedia entry for ‘AC Transit Bus fight’] arrived, and made sure I stayed awake.

“Now that’s not where it ends. The guy who took care of me was so mad about the driver fleeing the scene, that he actually put some advertisements in a few national newspapers, describing the car, and where the car might have possibly been damaged. After 3 days, the guy turned himself in, claiming that the advertisement led people to figure out what he did and threaten him.

“So a random stranger spent quite some money on getting an advertisement out so the guy who ran me over could be found. I never heard of that stranger after[ward], but I’m pretty sure the driver wouldn’t have turned himself in if it weren’t for the ads.”

2) Quouar wrote, “A guy named Jason sat with me after I got hit by a car. He waited when no one else did, made sure I didn’t die by the side of the road, and got help. I owe that guy my life.”

3) Series_of_Accidents commented, “I have told this story before, but I had a similar experience. I was 17 and a woman took a left turn into my car. I had only had the car for a few months, I was incredibly shaken up, a third of my car was destroyed, but luckily no one was injured.

“A witness sat with me. He wanted to make sure the police knew I wasn’t at fault. He acted as liaison to police for me, I was so damn shaken. It didn’t end there. He sat with me for over an hour while I waited for my dad to pick me up. We talked, he really calmed me down. He told me his wife was expecting a baby soon. That was 11 years ago, and I just like to think that there’s this amazing 10- or 11-year-
old out there with the best damn dad. I never got his name, but I’ll never forget his kindness.”

4) Enkydoo commented, “I was driving to school a few years ago, and had to drive across this bridge. There was construction just on the other side, and the storm drains had been closed. It rained heavily the previous night, and two of the four lanes had flooded, including the one I was in. It was still dark out, so I couldn’t see the puddle until too late. I lost control and rear ended the car in front of me, totaling both cars.

“The cop and the woman were both incredibly nice and helpful. The cop took one look at the road conditions (having almost crashed [in]to the same puddle himself), and did not charge me with reckless driving. The woman had her husband come and drop me off to school, and repeatedly told me that I was not at fault, which was exactly what I needed to hear (I was pretty shaken). It was the best I could have hoped for in that situation.”

5) Daskolos2 commented, “I was in a really bad three-car accident a few years ago where a drunk driver ran a red light and hit another lady and me (the other lady died). This couple who had been leaving the mosque across the street heard the accident happen and came running to help. It was cold out and I was just sitting on the side of the road shivering and terrified.

“The lady wrapped me up in her coat and put her arms around me and just sat there with me, thanking God over and over that I was OK, until the paramedics got to me. It was one of the worst nights of my life, but she made it a lot better.

“Edit: This happened in the southern US. Mosques do tend to be rather controversial around here, which is one of the reasons I try to share this story whenever I get the chance,
because that lady embodied loving thy neighbor as well as anyone I’ve ever known.” (140)

Rescuer Rough but Ready

Ana Samways sometimes includes accounts of good deeds in her always entertaining and almost daily column Sideswipe for the New Zealand Herald. Here is one account sent in by a reader: “Don’t judge a book by its cover, says Richard Thompson: ‘Our 17-year-old caregiver learned a lot when she broke down on Auckland’s North-western Motorway yesterday [22 June 2014]. With smoke coming from the car, she removed our 3- and 7-year-olds plus our dog and sheltered them at the side of the lane. Flash cars slowed so their owners could abuse her. It was the rough-looking guy with tattoos who crossed the motorway to ensure they were okay and call the police with the last $1 on his mobile to help. Our sincere thanks to the real Samaritan.’”

The same column included a clipping from the 17 May 1925 New Zealand Herald. The article had these headings: “BEDSIDE ADMIRER. BURGLAR FALLS IN LOVE. REFRAINS FROM ROBBING BEAUTY.” This is the short article:

“The young and beautiful wide of a wealthy tradesman at Lugano, Switzerland, found at her bedside on awaking the following note, written in Italian:

“Signorina. Last night I visited your flat [apartment] when you were asleep. As I had not the honor of a personal invitation I entered by the window. Frankly in order to rob you. You will notice that I collected your jewels and valuables which I intended to take away.

“I saw you, however. You were sleeping peacefully. I fell in love with you, and I sat for 10 minutes by the bedside devouring your beauty. I became ashamed and therefore I
restore to you your jewels. Your humble admirer.”” (141)

“We Saw the School Bus, and It was Smoking Real Bad, and We Knew We had to Get Those Kids Out of the Bus”

On 30 April 2014, sisters Bettye Windom and Beth Insley noticed that something was wrong with a Claiborne County school bus on Highway 28 in Copiah County, Mississippi. On the bus were 22 children, the bus driver, and three chaperones. Ms. Windom, age 24, said, “We saw the school bus, and it was smoking real bad, and we knew we had to get those kids out of the bus.” She said that Beth “started flagging them down. It took us probably a mile to get them to pull over. We were running on the side of the bus and we had the flashers on. We were honking and screaming. My sister was out of the vehicle, out the window, screaming at him. We finally got in front of them and slammed on [the] brakes to get them to get out of the bus.” She added, “It took three minutes after we got everyone out for the bus to burn down.” Everyone made it off the bus, which was later declared unsalvageable. Ms. Windom said, “I don’t think I’m a hero. I’m just happy that everybody was OK.” (142)

“He Don’t Really Owe Me Nothin’. I’m Just Being a Good Samaritan, That’s All”

On a morning in June 2014, Jonathan Dececco was riding to work on a Niagara Frontier Transportation Authority (NFTA) bus on Delaware Avenue in Buffalo, New York, when a car crashed into a bridge abutment and then caught on fire. The driver was still inside. “I got off the bus to try to help him, and I noticed his doors wouldn’t open. So the next thing that came to my head was to turn off the fire. So I ran on the bus and grabbed the fire extinguisher, and I started spraying it all over the car,” Mr. Dececco said. “I was trying to tell him not to move, because he started moving and I didn’t know if his neck was messed up or
not.” Making the emergency even more dangerous was leaking gasoline. “I’m scared as hell that the whole car would’ve blew up,” Mr. Dececco said. Buffalo police and firefighters arrived quickly, and firefighters extricated the seriously injured driver, a young man, from the car. Later, Mr. Dececco’s friends started to leave messages on his Facebook account, and he realized that he was acquainted with the young man whose life he helped save. He knows the young man’s brother and is acquainted with the young man’s whole family. Mr. Dececco said, “It’s just crazy. It’s like God put me at that spot, at the right time. I’ve talked to his sister and his brother. Right now, he’s like calling me a guardian angel, like I saved his brother’s life. And he’s talking about, he owes me. He don’t really owe me nothin’. I’m just being a Good Samaritan, that’s all.” Normally, Mr. Dececco would have ridden an earlier bus, but he was too late to catch it. He said, “I’m just proud to be there when I was, to save him. It’s a good thing. It’s a good feeling. I just pray, if someone [had] seen me in that predicament, they’d do the same thing. Out of the kindness of my heart, I see someone in trouble, I’m going to help them.” He added about the young driver, “I just hope everything’s okay with him. I hope he comes out walking, and fine.” (143)

“Ma’am, Your House is on Fire”

On 20 June 2014, truck driver James Yadlosky of Binghamton, New York, noticed a fire around 2 a.m. on a road in Cayuga County, New York. He said, “I see a very small flame, about six inches in diameter and a foot high. My first thought was that someone was having a bonfire.” He kept his eye on the fire because it did not seem right that there would be a bonfire so early in the morning. Soon, he drove near a farmhouse. He said, “When I got right up to the house, that’s when I decided to stop.” The windows in the house were blown out, and he knew that “this is an emergency and I have to get these people awake.” He
knocked three times, and a woman appeared, whom he told, “Ma’am, your house is on fire.” She did not believe him at first, but checked the rear of the house and confirmed that yes, the house was on fire. Mr. Yadlosky said, “The whole back of the building is on fire at this point.” The woman told him that she was the caretaker for a disabled woman and that she would need help getting her out of the burning house. They got the disabled woman out of bed and into a wheelchair, and then the caretaker asked Mr. Yadlosky to get her cellphone. He said, “So I went into the dining room, got the phone, but at that point the fire had burned through the window frame in the kitchen so I went back into the bedroom and said we’d have to hurry, it’s coming fast.” Because the wheelchair ramp was covered in flames, they had to carry the wheelchair down the steps of the front porch. Mr. Yadlosky said, “I really wasn’t panicking. There was always a sense of urgency and hurry, but not panic because the flames hadn’t gotten to us.” He did hear the flames: “It was a very low rumble. I could hear the smoke alarm going off, but it was muted, it seemed like it was in the distance, but I don’t think it was. … [The fire] sounded like a camp fire if you recorded it and sped it up, the crackles came way more frequently so they were blending together creating one low rumble, but it wasn’t loud at all.” The three people went to the road and soon emergency workers arrived. Mr. Yadlosky said, “When you’re in it, you’re pretty much reacting. You see and assess and move as fast as you can and hope you’re not forgetting anything.”

(144)

“It’s Hard to Describe the Feeling You Get When You Know You’ve Made a Real Difference. In a Weird Way, It’s Just Good to Know You were Needed in that Moment”

On 22 July 2014, a young boy was being swept out to sea by a rip current at Crooklets beach in Bude, North
Cornwall, England. He cried for help, and an RNLI (Royal National Lifeboat Institution) lifeguard named Joby Wolfenden-Brown paddled out on a rescue board and rescued him. Mr. Wolfenden-Brown had a camera mounted on his safety helmet, and the RNLI uploaded video of the rescue on YouTube. Mr. Wolfenden-Brown said, “We have a strong rip on Crooklets, and we saw the kid drifting that way. But then he got caught in the current and we realized he was in distress so I jumped on the board and went out to get him.” He added, “It’s hard to describe the feeling you get when you know you’ve made a real difference. In a weird way, it’s just good to know you were needed in that moment.” (145)

**Australian People Power to the Rescue**

In August 2014, a man slipped and became trapped between the platform and a train carriage, aka train car, at the Sterling station in Perth, Australia. Fortunately, passengers and train staff were able to free the man by tilting the train carriage. Transperth spokesman David Hynes said, “He stood in the doorway and as he was sort of taking up his position there, one leg slipped outside the door, slipped outside the gap, and he was stuck. We alerted the driver, made sure the train didn’t move. Then our staff who were there at the time got the passengers, and there were lots of them, off the train, and organized them to sort of rock, tilt the train backwards away from the platform so they were able to get him out and rescue him.” According to Mr. Hynes, the train was not moving when the man slipped. Mr. Hynes said, “Everyone sort of pitched in. It was people power that saved someone from possibly quite serious injury.” (146)

“Have You Ever Saved Anyone’s Life? What Happened?”

On 10 February 2014, coffee_straw_tight asked on Reddit,
“Have you ever saved anyone’s life? What happened?”

Here are some replies:

1) Clurrrrrr wrote, “I was working as a waitress at a hookah bar at the time and didn’t get off work until 2am most nights. I was in college housing, so it was normal to see tons of drunk idiots walking around on the weekends. As I pulled into my parking lot, I noticed a guy lying between the curb and a parked car. I pulled into a spot and ran over to the guy to check on him. He was slurring his words and was clearly VERY intoxicated. I helped him up and asked where he lived and he couldn’t tell me. I sat with him on the curb then grabbed his phone and called the last number on his call log. Fail … just a random broad he met a few hours earlier. The second number was his sister who then called his parents who then called me. They thankfully lived in town and showed up 5 minutes later to take him to the hospital. The mother jumped out of the car and said, “What is your name?” I told her and then she hugged me and said I was her son’s guardian angel. I smiled and they left and I figured that was the end of that. The next morning I got a call from his mother who said her son was fine but had severe alcohol poisoning. She said that they moved to the town to get in-state tuition for their son because they were very poor but that he was on a scholarship that would have been taken away if he had been found by the police and that he could have easily died if he was never found. She thanked me a million times. She drove to my work a week later and gave me a 5 dollar giftcard to Starbucks where she worked. The guy I saved messaged me on Facebook a year later and thanked me for what I did and that he stopped drinking after that night. He said he was MORTIFIED which is why it took him so long to reach out to me.”

2) RileySays wrote, “When I was a young teenager, my
best friend and I were camping at the beach and we decided to play in the ocean even though the adults told us not to go in the water without supervision. We noticed after a while that we were getting pulled away from the beach and we started to swim back in. It was such an effort, but I eventually made it to shore only to turn around and see my friend far out in the water still. I was exhausted, but I swam back out to her. She was a really skinny kid, and I knew she wasn’t going to be able to make it back alone. I grabbed her hand and held on as tight as I could and just kept telling her to kick. We were scared to death and crying, but we made it back to shore. We lay on the beach for half an hour holding each other and crying our eyes out. It was probably the most scared I have ever been.”

Pics-or-didnt-happen commented, “FYI to anyone stuck in a rip current: […] Even if you’re getting pulled out farther, swim on an angle towards shore. Most rip currents are highly localized.”

3) RunsLikeAGirl wrote, “I was out running through a neighborhood and all of a sudden, I see a little toddler gleefully riding his little ride-on toy down his driveway. There was a little bit of a slope to the driveway, so he was going pretty fast. I saw that he was about to ride right out into the street, into the direct path of an incoming car.

“Superhero speed kicked in, and I sprinted and grabbed his ride-on and stopped him just as he was about to be squished. There is no way that oncoming car would have been able to stop in time.

“It was really just a case of me being in the right place at the right time.”

4) krdunning wrote, “My boyfriend and I were backpacking in Laos and we saved a young Danish girl from drowning in a river.
“The popular thing to do in Vang Vieng is to rent an inner tube and float down the river, doing a sort of ‘river pub crawl’ and stopping at a few bars along the way. It’s a lot of fun, as long as you don’t drink too much or have any of the ridiculously strong plastic buckets filled with rum.

“We were floating down the river when we saw this girl floating there alone slumping in the tube and completely unconscious. She was so drunk she […] couldn’t even speak. She was in danger of sinking right down through the tube and under the water.

“We pulled her up out of the water and floated her down the river until we found her friends — who totally didn’t care and hadn’t even noticed she was missing. Nice friends, eh? We didn’t let them out of our sight until she was conscious and we saw her walk away safe and sound on dry land.” (147)

“It was Just a Lucky Day to be the Register Girl”

The use of the First Amendment can be a good deed. On 10 July 2014, President Barack Obama visited Franklin Barbecue in Austin, Texas, where Daniel Rugg Webb, a comedian, artist, musician, and part-time Franklin Barbecue employee took time to lobby the President for gay rights. As President Obama approached the till, Mr. Webb, age 32, said, “Equal rights for gay people!” President Obama asked, “Are you gay?” Mr. Webb replied, “Only when I have sex.” The President laughed and said, “Bump me,” and the two men shared a fist bump. Mr. Webb said later, “That’s my favorite part because it was cool to get a joke in. In all the photos [all over the internet], I look like a dead fish, but it was cool. I do stand-up, so it was nice to have some interaction based on, hopefully, something funny. If Rick Perry [the governor of Texas] would’ve walked in, I would have lost my job. I would’ve taken that old queen to town.” Mr. Webb also said, “It was
just a lucky day to be the register girl.” In addition, President Obama interacted with Amy Rattananinad, former Longhorn and Occupy UT organizer, who gave him a note that stated, “Stop Deportations.” Mr. Webb said, “They had kind of a real conversation, direct. You don’t just get face time with world leaders. I was impressed that he had a serious conversation with somebody in the middle of what would be a photo op.” (148)

**Direnkahkaha: Resist, Laugh**

In July 2014, Turkey’s Deputy Prime Minister Bulent Arinc attacked “moral corruption” in a speech and stated how a moral woman should act: The moral woman “will not laugh in public. She will not be inviting in her attitudes and will protect her chasteness.” Turkish and other women did not see what was morally corrupting about laughing in public, and they started posting photos of themselves doing just that on Twitter, using hashtags such as #direnkahkaha, which can be translated as “resist, laugh.” Ekmeleddin Ihsanoglu, the main rival of Prime Minister Recep Tayyip Erdogan in the August 2014 election, feels differently from the Prime Minister. He said, “We need to hear the happy laughter of women.” (149)

**Belal: Rescuer of Fawn**

In early 2014, a boy named Belal rescued a fawn that was in danger of drowning following rain and floods in Noakhali, Bangladesh. Belal held the fawn in one hand above his head as he walked in the floodwaters to shore — sometimes Belal’s head was under water. Wildlife photographer Hasibul Wahab took some amazing photos of the rescue. Mr. Wahab said, “He was such a brave boy — the river was so full of water and it was high tide so we thought he might drown. My friend was even ready to jump into the river to save the boy. But he made it, and when he returned, we thanked the boy. There were only five to
seven people [who] observe[d] this situation, but it was a phenomenal sight.” (150)

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Pod of 70 Beached Dolphins Rescued

On 9 September 2014, three fishermen from Kerry, Ireland, and Kevin Flannery, who is the director of Dingle Oceanworld Aquarium, spent hours saving as many as 70 beached dolphins in West Kerry. Mr. Flannery said, “We removed the calves first. There [were] about 15 of them, I’ve never seen so many in a pod before. My figuring was that the calves that were fully ashore had gotten stuck there while chasing mackerel. Their screeching attracted the older dolphins, who were caught in shallow water, who in turn got stuck as well. Using the fishermen’s boats, we transported the younger dolphins out to sea, and then encouraged and herded the older ones out of the harbour.” He said that such a beaching is “highly unusual.” He also stated that the three fishermen deserve “enormous praise,” pointing out that each fisherman had given up a day’s work in order to rescue the dolphins. (151)

Many Thanks to Puppy-Catcher

On 27 February 2014, Lynn Ellis of Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Canada, sent this letter to the editor to the local newspaper, The Guardian:

“Editor: I would like to publicly thank a kind gentleman who captured my puppy.

“My pup jumped over the fence and got loose on Gordon Drive. He darted across the street, ran back again and this gentleman managed to stop just in the nick of time.

“He parked his car, came down the street to where we were, slogged through the deep snow behind some houses
and enticed Micah to come to him. He grabbed Micah, much to Micah’s dismay, and brought him to me.

“I am so thankful for his help. He didn’t have to do it and it warms my heart that he took the time to do it, even dressed in his Sunday best. I don’t know who he was but thank you from the bottom of my heart.” (152)

**Carver, Massachusetts, Police Officer David Harriman: Pet Dog Rescue**

On 7 June 2014, a 59-year-old woman drove her 2004 Toyota Tacoma pickup truck into a body of water in South Meadow village in Massachusetts. She and one of the two dogs with her got out, but one dog was trapped in the completely submerged vehicle. Fortunately, Carver, Massachusetts, police officer David Harriman went into the murky water and rescued the crying woman’s dog. Officer Harriman said, “He wasn’t moving at all when I first got to him, and then when I got him to the surface, he came to. He’d been under the water for quite some time.” He added that a pet dog is “kind of like a family member to most people, and you gotta get it out, if you can. I have an eight-month-old English bulldog named Jax right now …. I’d do anything I could for him.” (153)

**“Redditors Whose Lives were Saved by an Animal, What Happened?”**

On 27 August 2014, Redditor gerryhanes asked, “Redditors whose lives were saved by an animal, what happened?” Here are some replies:

1) SonOfPlinkett wrote, “This happened to a family friend; I’ll call her Jill. When Jill was around 10, she was walking her dog alone in the neighborhood. Some man came up to her and said ‘I’ve lost my puppies. Can you help me find my puppies?’ Immediately [the] dog became visibly anxious, making a low growl at the man and baring his
teeth. Now this dog is the most friendly golden retriever you can imagine and loves strangers, so Jill knew right away this guy was not to be trusted. Jill told the man, ‘Sure, just let me take my dog home first.’ She started walking away then started getting more scared the more he was following her, so she just broke out and a run and got the hell out of there. When she got home, she immediately told her parents and they called the cops. Later the cops caught the guy and found out he had in fact kidnapped and murdered children before.”

2) square-saltine wrote, “When I was around 5 years old, my brother and I were sent to my Aunt’s place for the evening. The parents were going out for date night and my Aunt was to watch us overnight. The only issue was that pets weren’t allowed in her apartment and we had a Cocker Spaniel to worry about. My Aunt agreed that we would just sneak her in at night, since my dog was very well behaved. It was abnormally hot that evening and no AC unit, so we all slept in her bedroom with the window open. Around 2 am we woke to my dog freaking out; we look to the window and see a very large man halfway through. My aunt started screaming at him and he ran off. Can’t say my life was saved, but nothing good could have come from that encounter.”

3) avoidingmykids wrote, “My dog took a copperhead bite on the snout. If she wasn’t walking in front, it probably would have been my kid that took the strike. Copperhead venom is not nearly as bad for dogs as it is for people.”

4) applenerd wrote, “Was walking towards a highly venomous snake that was coiled up and hissing at me when I was a toddler. My Doberman ran in front of me and headbutted me so I’d stay down while she barked for my mom, who came and picked me up a few seconds later.”

5) Choquillawas wrote, “I was 4. A dog had seen me and
went for me. I was helpless, about to get my throat ripped out … when suddenly my own dog stepped in and attacked the other dog, tearing at him. My dog was hurt, but that gave me enough time to get my older brother, who hit the attack dog with a branch, and drove away the other dog. Needless to say, Ollie always got a part of my steak whenever we had it during dinner for the rest of his life.”

6) omagsha wrote, “I have two dogs and a cat. I had a pretty dark period in my life where depression almost consumed me, and all three would take turns staying by my side. They are my lifesavers.” (154)

**Mickey Mouse Magic**

On 23 March 2014, “Anonymous” wrote an article with Robert Evans titled “6 Things Nobody Tells You About Working at Disney World” that was published on the *Cracked* website. One thing that the article mentions that we probably already knew about is the level of dedication that Disney employees have — and their propensity to do good deeds. For example, Anonymous wrote about a little girl who face-planted while getting off a ride because she was in such a hurry to get to a parade at which Mickey Mouse would participate. Immediately, four Disney World employees (aka cast members), including Anonymous, went to the bloodied little girl and got her a wheelchair and took her to the first-aid station. She cried, but not because she was bleeding — she cried because she was missing the parade. Anonymous went to the place where the Disney characters hung out and got personally autographed pictures of every character. Then Anonymous gave them to the little girl and said, “I told Mickey you had to miss the parade and he was so upset that he and his friends all signed these pictures for you.” The little girl stopped crying and started smiling. Anonymous also once helped a little girl who was in a wheelchair to the front of the line for
Mickey’s magic show. Anonymous got a Mickey Mouse plushie, and while the father of the little girl was holding her so she could get a better view of the magic show, Anonymous put the plushie in the little girl’s wheelchair so that it was waiting for her. The little girl saw the Mickey Mouse plushie and then said to her father, “See! I told you he was magic!” (155)

Disney Kindness

Disney characters are some of the most-loved fictional characters in the world. Some people even do such things as inviting some of these characters to events such as weddings. The Walt Disney Company is kind enough to respond to these invitations. Corinne, who has a Tumblr Blog titled Disney Trivia, is a Disney fanatic. She has a friend named Brie who wrote Belle, star of Beauty and the Beast. Disney sent her an autographed postcard that featured several Disney princesses. (156)

Costco: Best Store Ever

On 4 March 2014, Redditor natethegrate1990 posted on Imgur a Good Guy Greg meme with the caption “Costco is literally the best store ever.” The text of the meme stated, “SEES THE ITEM WENT ON SALE A MONTH AFTER I BOUGHT IT / REFUNDS ME 300 DOLLARS IN CASH TO MAKE UP THE DIFFERENCE.” On Reddit, natethegrate1990 explained, “To those who were wondering [this is] the story: the product was wood flooring I had already installed — I went to return the unused boxes of laminate and the clerk urged me to go to the original store and request a refund for the difference. I had never heard of this type of customer service before, so I thought it worthy of a GGG. Lots of you have informed me that this is pretty standard procedure. That’s why I love you all!”
cactuscool commented, “Got my wife’s engagement ring there. My wife’s mom passed away due to cancer but before she did, my wife and her looked at rings at Costco. They both liked a ring and my wife (then girlfriend) sent a photo to me by mistake in a text saying she loves it. I kept the photo and a year later went to Costco. The ring was gone. Heartbroken, I asked the manager there if he could track it down by a photo with a barely visible tag. After a month of searching, he found there were only two left. He had one overnighted (free) to my location. It was the exact same type and cut. I’ll never not be a Costco member.”

Cyclopath commented, “I bought tires there three or so years ago. This winter I got a flat and took it in to get it patched up. Turns out the tire was ruined. It was under warranty, but they didn’t carry the same model anymore. And you can’t throw new, different-model tires in with the other three tires on an all-wheel-drive vehicle. So, they replaced all four tires with different, better tires for the $35 difference in price in the one old tire that needed to be replaced and the new tire. Four new tires for $35. And they didn’t have my size on hand, so they rush ordered them for the next day at no additional charge.” (157)

“US Postal Service Scores Big”

Here’s a July 2014 shout-out to the United States Postal Service from poliwrangler of the Daily Kos website: “So I had a package I needed to get to someone located about 150 miles away. Happened to be near a Fedex dropoff and stopped in. $45 for overnight, $26 for second day. Hmm, ouch. Still I remembered their old slogan of ‘when it absolutely, positively…’ and I have nothing against Fedex. But I wanted to price shop a bit so stopped by the Post Office on my way home and they could send it Priority for under $6. Would get there second day. Okay, that works, it was 3:30pm at that point. Next day I get a call mid-morning
from the recipient of my package that it had arrived already. Nice! Overnight morning delivery for six bucks. Honestly, I think they should charge a bit more, but that's excellent customer service in any case. Here’s a shout-out to the USPS and its union employees! Full disclosure — yes, my mother-in-law is a retired postmaster (but she was vacationing in Germany at the time).” (158)

**Good Guy Google**

In 2014, a little girl named Katie wanted her father to get a day off from work to celebrate his birthday, so she wrote this letter in crayon to Google, her father’s employer:

“Dear google worker,

“Can you please make sure when daddy goes to work, He gets one day off. Like he can get get a day off on wednesday. Because daddy only gets a day off on saturday.

“From, Katie

“P.S. It is Daddy’s BIRTHDAY

“P.P.S. It is summer, you know.”

Google spokesperson Daniel Shiplakoff wrote back this letter, which was dated 17 June 2014:

“Dear Katie,

“Thank you for your thoughtful note and request.

“Your father has been hard at work designing many beautiful and delightful things for Google and millions of people across the globe.

“On the occasion of his Birthday, and recognizing the importance of taking some Wednesdays off during the summer, we are giving him the whole first week of July as
vacation time.

“Enjoy!”

In an article written for TheBlaze.com, reporter Oliver Darcy wrote, “A Google spokesperson confirmed to TheBlaze Thursday [19 June 2014] that the letter was authentic.” (159)

**Good Guy Boss**

On 24 June 2014, Redditor -dudeomfGSTfux- posted on Imgur a Good Guy Boss meme that stated, “FIRES AN EXECUTIVE’S SON AFTER [SON IS CAUGHT] MAKING FUN OF A CO-WORKER’S SPEECH IMPEDIMENT / DOESN’T CARE THAT HE PUT HIS PROMOTION ON THE LINE.” As usual, Redditors had some good comments:

1) Elvie79 wrote, “Heh, I did the same when I was team leader at my summer job. One of the executives had a son working in my department, and he was always back late from lunch break, not working, chatting up girls, or being generally obnoxious towards his male colleagues ‘because he was the boss’s kid’.

   “After a b[*]tt-load of informal and three formal warnings I fired him, with consent of my manager. The kid called up his dad, complained, and his dad came to me to tell me I did the right thing :-P”

2) Scurvy-Jones wrote, “My dad isn’t an executive, but he works in the corporate office for a retail company and has been with them for nearly 40 years, so everyone knows him and respects him.

   “When I turned 16, he got me a job in one of the stores and made sure to tell all of my managers to treat me like I was a ‘Corporate baby’ (what they called the kids of corporate
employees working in the stores). And by that he meant hold me to a higher standard than anyone else because I should know better and what I do reflects [not just on] myself but also my dad.

“Lucky for my dad, I was a wonderful employee. I always worked hard because everyone knew who I was and everyone knew who my dad was. I never wanted to make him look bad. Every manager said I was the best employee they had. I know my dad loved it when my managers would tell him stuff like that :)

Scurvy-Jones added that “sometimes being humble is bullshit[*]. Be proud of yourself and your accomplishments.

“I saw how proud my dad was when he heard good things about me from my bosses and it makes me very happy to make him proud.” (160)

Good Business VSP

On 12 April 2014, dollinsdv posted a Good Girl Gina meme on Imgur with this heading: “I see a lot of posts hating on bad teachers, but my girlfriend is definitely one of the good ones.” The text of the meme stated, “STUDENT CAN’T AFFORD TO FIX BROKEN GLASSES / FINDS AN OPTOMETRIST THAT WILL GIVE HER NEW ONES FOR FREE.” On Reddit, optical_mommy wrote, “VSP, a large provider of routine vision coverage, commonly gives out vouchers for free exams and specs to schools to use as they see fit. The school nurse need only contact them regarding their ‘Sight for Students’ plan. My office does several of these a year.” Redditor InsaneImmortal commented, “Came here to say exactly the same thing. It’s called Sight for Students. You get a free eye exam and a pair of polycarbonate lenses and new frames. All the information the doctor would ask [for] is first name, last name, address, dob [date of birth], and a
social security number of either the child or guardian, lastly
the gift certificate number. They also have a Red Cross
plan for the people affected by natural disasters.” (161)

“Cashier Woman Saves Me from Embarrassment”

On 9 September 2014, Redditor paynehouse posted on
Imgur a Good Girl Gina meme with this heading: “Cashier
woman saves me from embarrassment.” The text of the
meme stated, “CHECKED OUT A PERSONAL ITEM AT
WALGREENS / WOMAN AT COUNTER
IMMEDIATELY THREW WHAT I WAS BUYING INTO
A BAG SO AS TO CONCEAL MY PURCHASE FROM
OTHER CUSTOMERS.” At least one Redditor was
curious about the personal item, and paynehouse stated that
it was Lotrimin Antifungal Cream, which is advertised as
curing “most jock itch.” Redditor Poxyfox commented,
“Personally as a cashier I also do this with anything that
could be considered even remotely embarrassing. Just
seems like common courtesy to me.” Unfortunately, not all
cashiers are so kind: Redditor cat-bot commented, “Ah, and
I had the pleasure of a cashier who claimed she didn’t
know how to remove the anti-theft tag from my Plan B and
flamboyantly ask[ed] for help from her coworker friend in
the next lane and laugh[ed].” (162)

Surprise Gift

On 28 February 2014, a Redditor (name now deleted)
posted on Imgur a photograph of a card and a necklace. The
Redditor wrote this note:

“A year ago, I bought my beautiful wife a necklace from
Simple Diversions on Etsy. It was a wire bird’s nest. Since
her nickname is Bird, I thought it was appropriate. She
loved it, which was awesome but not the point of this story.
Today, I received a package in the mail from Simple
Diversions. I was confused, since I didn’t remember
ordering anything. I opened it to find a card and a small box [with a gift necklace enclosed]. I was touched by the gesture of kindness. She didn’t have to do that, but she chose to send it. Made my week, and Julie’s week as well. A simple act of kindness can get a lot of mileage and takes very little effort. Thank you, Christa. It meant a lot to both of us. Check out her stuff, everyone. She’s what we call ‘good people.’”

The card stated, “Hi, Tim,

“Feb. 26th marks the day of my first sale on Etsy. You were my very first customer. I remember you said your wife’s name is Bird. I hope she loved the bird nest necklace. I made this necklace as a ‘Thank you.’ I wasn’t sure about the length so there’s an extender attached.

“I hope this isn’t too forward. I’ve never forgotten how kind you were and I’m so grateful.

“Best regards,

“Christa.” (163)

**Good Guy Business Owners**

On 10 February 2014, Redditor KodyBurnbs posted a Good Guy Greg meme on Imgur with this caption: “GGG restaurant owner. I honestly expected just a handshake and my final check in the mail.” The meme included this text: “SEES YOU’VE BEEN WORKING HARD AT HIS RESTAURANT FOR THE PAST 5 YEARS / GIVES YOU AN ENVELOPE WITH 1,500 DOLLARS ON YOUR LAST DAY.” Other Redditors had similar heart-warming stories:

1) spigotlips wrote, “I’ve had a slightly similar situation. I work landscaping. My boss usually gives an end-of-the-year bonus to his employees (2 of us) when the landscaping
season is over. He usually gives them $80. Which is actually pretty decent considering most jobs at that level don’t give a bonus. Well, this past year he gave me a $500 bonus. I worked 7 days a week for 2 months because he needed the work and a few clients weren’t paying him. He told me I deserved the money because I was one of the reasons he made it through the season, and I also lost about $3,000 that year because my car’s transmission blew. It literally made my year. I got to buy my family, my girlfriend, and my girlfriend’s family nice Christmas presents I never thought I could’ve afforded. I’ve gotta thank him for that.”

2) krrc wrote, “It doesn’t even have to be much to have it make your day. When I was working an after-school job doing grunt mechanic work at an aggregate hauling company (6 in office + 14 truck drivers, 2 mechanics and then me) he gave me a $50 restaurant gift card. It made my day just because he gave us all something no matter if we only worked 8 hours a week after school. I still stop by and say hi to him when I’m in the area 5 years later.”

3) sorryaboutmyopinion wrote, “I worked at a restaurant with a great owner. He had a girl that was there from the beginning, and when she left after eight years, he gave her $8,000. He gave great Christmas bonuses to his long-time employees for the first 10 years. When I finally moved on, there was none of that, but he was still a good guy, and I’ve never had to pay for anything when I eat or drink there in the last 5 years.” (164)

“You’re Probably Just Dumb. We’re Sending You a Free 5th Expansion to Make Up for How Dumb You Are”

On 11 September 2014, Redditor mcmeekin91 posted on Imgur screenshots of two emails. The post was captioned, “I Ordered Cards Against Humanity’s 5th Expansion or at
least I thought.”

This is his email:

“Hey guys,

“And girls don’t want to be sexist in the 21st century. Anyways I bought the cards against humanity 5th expansion and I ended up getting the 1st expansion. I deleted my old emails so I don’t know if this was an error on my end or yours but I’m going to go the route of blaming all my problems on a stranger over the internet. In all seriousness you guys make one hell of a game and all the little secrets and hidden gems in your products are the reason why I buy all the expansions from you guys. Keep up the good work (besides the dude in charge of shipping me this … you should fire him) and let me know what I should do from here.

“Thanks

“Robbie”

This is the reply email from Cards Against Humanity:

“Hey Robbie,

“You definitely just ordered the first expansion instead of the fifth. It’s fine. You’re probably just dumb. We’re sending you a free 5th expansion to make up for how dumb you are.

“Cheers,

“Claire and the CAH team.”

Someone else posted this series of emails on Imgur:

Dave Linger to Cards Against Humanity: “I totally ordered Expansion 5 today as soon as I got the email from your guys, but now I see that Amazon has it in stock with Prime
shipping for $10. Could you cancel my order so I can order it from Amazon and thereby get it faster and cheaper? Thanks!”

Cards Against Humanity to Dave Linger: “Hey, Dave. We went and cancelled your order, [*]ssh[*]le. Cheers! Karlee.”

Dave Linger to Cards Against Humanity: “Dipsh[*]ts, I received my cancelled order in the mail today. You definitely refunded me, so I’m not worried that I got charged, but what am I supposed to do with this other Fifth Expansion? Do you want it back? I already have one!”

Cards Against Humanity to Dave Linger: “Hey, Dave. Give it to a crappy friend or something. Cheers! Karlee.”

By the way, Redditor Coolgrnmen wrote, “When they did the 12 days of Xmas or whatever, I told them I wanted to send my buddy in Afghanistan (Bagram) a set. They asked for his address and did it themselves. No charge.”

And Redditor iiTzSTeVO wrote this:

“CAH had a booth at a convention I attended. They were making custom cards. Anything you want! I waited in the line, ordered my card, came back a couple hours later as instructed. Wasn’t ready. I came back the next day of the convention. Still wasn’t ready.

“The gal looks at me and says, ‘Oh… I’m sorry. You’ll have to come back later today or tomorrow. You can have this one, though,’ and hands me a card. ‘Oh cool!’ I think to myself.

“The card simply read: ‘Go f[**]k yourself.’”

Redditor gz1400 commented, “This really makes me hope they never actually printed custom cards but kept demanding people come back later to set them up for this
delivery.”

Lots of people enjoy being insulted by the employees of Cards Against Humanity. (165)

**Good Guy Amazon: Amazon Prime Trial**

On 9 February 2014, Redditor Teaaaa posted a Good Guy Greg meme titled “GGG Amazon.” The meme stated, “FORGET TO CANCEL AMAZON PRIME TRIAL / REFUNDS £50 MEMBERSHIP FEE EVEN THOUGH YOU AGREED TO THE TERMS AND CONDITIONS.” Redditor didntevenwarmupdho also had a good experience with Amazon: “Same thing happened to me! They returned it so quickly with no questions asked! Wonderful business practice.” (166)

**Appreciative Retail Customers**

On 16 February 2014, Redditor gracekirk posted on Imgur an Advice Animal meme titled “GG Retail Customer.” The text of the meme stated, “Asks to see my manager to tell her what a great job I’m doing / Manager is in a meeting, but she [GG Retail Customer] waits 15 minutes in the store so she can tell her in person.”

As usual, Redditors had good comments:

1) culby wrote, “A few years ago, we had a phenomenal experience with a guy working at a Lowe’s. We weren’t even buying anything: we were just late to the kid’s workshop thing, but this guy went out of his way to get all of the material for us.

“I thought about grabbing a manager, but knowing the retail world, that’s a crapshoot. He could be cool, or he could take credit himself, or he could even get pissy with the guy for wasting time. So, instead, I called corporate to file the compliment.”
“When we were back in there a couple of weeks later, that guy stopped me and thanked me for making that call. I guess it was a really big deal.”

2) gorntobewild, wrote, “I do the same thing. If I can speak to a manager right then and compliment the employee, great. I will do so. But if someone offers truly exemplary service, I will also make the time to write a letter or e-mail to upper management.”

3) seeasea wrote, “I recently had great service on a phone call with GEICO. I asked to speak to her supervisor to praise her. A couple weeks later I got a letter in the mail from GEICO thanking me for my praise and specifically mentioning that my comments were passed on to the employee (said her name) and placed on her record.

“I thought that was thoughtful of them.” (167)

Faith in Humanity, Restored

While working in a bar in Alberta, Canada, a female employee was in a bad mood because of this: “I am in a horrible mood because I have discovered during the previous night’s shift that someone had stolen my wallet from my purse in our back hallway while I was working. Along with all my ID and bank cards, I lost $140 in tips from the night before. I needed that money to pay bills.” Fortunately, a couple of awesome customers came into the bar. The employee wrote, “I serve a young customer and his girlfriend. They are friendly, funny, complimentary about my service, and just make me smile.” Because the customers had cheered her up, the employee said, “You know, I’m having a really bad weekend, so for putting a smile on my face today, I only charged you for the teen brunch instead of the full-priced brunch.” The customers found out that her wallet had been stolen, and the male customer paid the bill with a credit card and tipped her
$100 on a $48 tab. His girlfriend asked him, “Really?” Her boyfriend explained, “She’s having a bad day.” His girlfriend replied, “Yeah. Fair enough.” The employee said, “I began to cry, and each of them hugged me before they left. I smiled for the rest of the day. Faith in humanity: restored.” (168)

A $1,000 Tip on a $114 Check

In July 2014, Michael Shafts, a server at The Ginger Man restaurant in Albany, New York, received a $1,000 tip on a $114 check. The tip came from a man celebrating his 47th birthday. On the credit card slip, that man wrote in the $1,000 tip and added this note: “Pay it forward. My birthday present to me!” Mr. Shafts said, “He brought a very good 47-year-old bottle of wine with him, and I handled it well, but I always try to give excellent service and to be a little different. I look young, so maybe people don’t expect it, but I always try to give the best service to all of my customers.” Ginger Man manager Julie Byron said, “Honestly, I was stunned.” Mr. Shafts continued to wait tables after giving the tip. Ms. Bryon said, “I saw him waiting on other tables — it was like 7 p.m. And I said, ‘Michael, I can’t believe you’re not walking out the door.’ And he was like, ‘Julie, I would never do that to you!’ He played it cool and continued to give great service to the rest of his tables. Then he went home and was texting me at 11 p.m., saying, ‘I can’t believe it!’ He’s a very hardworking young man. It couldn’t have happened to a nicer person!” Mr. Shafts said, “I shared the tip with the other workers in the front and the back of the house. I know where he [the tipper] works, and I plan to go visit him and thank him personally.” (169)

“Why Not?”

In July 2014, a mystery Good Samaritan, who was in his late 20s or early 30s, got permission from a manager of the
Grocery Outlet in Concord, California, to buy people’s groceries for them. When someone’s groceries were about to be rung up, he would ask the customer if he could pay for the groceries. He spent approximately $600 on other people’s groceries. Manager Jamie Flores said, “We had people hugging him. People were asking him if he won the lottery, if he had a good job, but he didn’t really want to give out any information.” She added, “At one point I asked him, ‘Why are you doing this?’ He just said, ‘Why not?’” She was impressed by the man’s altruism: “All you hear about is car accidents and shootings on the news. It’s just nice to know that there are good people out there in the community.” (170)

**Scumbag Stacy Runs into Good Guy Barista**

On 27 March 2014, Redditor project_seven created a Good Guy Greg meme with the title “Scumbag Stacy turns into good guy barista.” I think, however, that project_seven meant to write, “Scumbag Stacy runs into good guy barista.” The text of the meme stated, “WATCHES LADY CUT IN FRONT OF YOU. POLITELY TAKES HER ORDER FOR AT LEAST TEN ITEMS. / TAKES MY ORDER AND SERVES ME FIRST BEFORE PUTTING HER ORDER THROUGH.” Redditor disruptz commented, “Honestly, I use to work as a barista and also did this. As much as I would like to tell the person to take a hike, I would stay polite and always apologize to the next person, and ensure they received their order first.” (171)

**“Have You Ever [Eaten] at a Restaurant and Have Been Unable to Pay the Bill Afterwards? What Happened?”**

On 17 February 2014, BreakingGoode asked on AskReddit, “Have you ever [eaten] at a restaurant and have been unable to pay the bill afterwards? What happened?” A little later, he wrote, “I’m reading all your replies — keep them
coming! For the most part, restaurant owners in general are pretty awesome people. Faith in humanity restored!” Here are some of Reddit’s answers to BreakingGoode’s question:

1) mingy wrote, “Maybe 30 years ago, I was on a business trip to Appeldoorn, Holland. My company advanced me travelers checks (did I mention this was 30 years ago) in Canadian dollars with instructions to convert them at the bank the Monday after I arrived. No problem — I had credit cards and every restaurant accepts credit cards, right?

“Anyhow I checked into my hotel and walked around looking for a restaurant. I found one and had a wonderful (and expensive) meal. Time comes to pay and I pull out my credit cards.

“Turns out, 30 years ago, few restaurants in Holland accepted credit cards. Panic ensues so the owner is talking to me, trying to find out how this had happened. I had no currency whatsoever, just the travelers checks.

“So, I pulled out the travelers checks and I say, ‘I am so sorry — I only have these travelers checks, and they are in Canadian dollars.’

“Immediately, the tension left the room: the owner smiled and said, ‘You are Canadian?’ and I said ‘Yes’. He said, ‘No problem: do you know the conversion rate from Canadian dollars to guilders?’ I said, ‘I think it is about $0.62 Canadian is one guilder.’ He said, ‘No problem. We will take care of it.’ I handed him a check, he took my word for the conversion rate, and gave me change in guilders. He was going to change [cash] the check at the bank on Monday. No problem. Everybody wished me a pleasant stay, etc., and I left, completely baffled.

“When I visited my company on Monday, I relayed this story and asked my hosts what the h[∗]ll had happened.
They looked at me like I was a complete idiot.

“They said: ‘Canada liberated Appeldoorn and most of The Netherlands. We remember.’

“I love telling that story.”

Pikis commented on this story, “As an Australian, going to France/Belgium is always like this, especially further over east in France. I kind of feel awkward since I wasn’t on the front or anything (heck, my grandparents weren’t even alive), but they still treat me like I personally saved them from a German in the trenches. I did an ANZAC [Australian New Zealand Army Corps] tour with the school choir a while ago, and visited a school which had N’oubliez jamais les australiens [Never forget the Australians] written across the front. It was really very moving to realise what war does to a town’s or a village’s culture.”

And theycallmeasloth commented, “I went to the Australian war memorial service on Anzac Day in Villers a couple of years ago. The French were amazing, bought me a few beers. The town has kangaroos in the courtyard, one of the main streets is ‘Rue Melbourne’ and the school is ‘Victoria school.’ Love that the French hate the Brits and love us Aussies :)

2) nixonrichard wrote, “This actually JUST happened to me. My only bank card was cancelled (f**king Target and their fly-by-night banking security) and I didn’t have the new card my bank sent me in my wallet. I explained it to them, offered to leave something as collateral, and they just said, ‘No, just please come back to pay.’ I got the new card from my home and came right back and gave the waiter a 50% tip.”

3) Faelar wrote, “We usually just let them go and about 95% of the time they have come back to pay. Honestly, the food cost isn’t worth the trouble of calling the authorities.
We just write it off as food waste … just like when I drop a tray of brisket or fajita meat. I wasted several hundred dollars worth of meat once by dropping it [while] transferring it from chaffing dishes.

“No, we don’t ever ask them to work off their bill. Way too many liability issues. Especially in the kitchen where floors are slippery, it’s hot, knives are out. It’s not a place you want someone who doesn’t understand a kitchen environment.”

4) whatsayaknow wrote, “A guy I was really into said he wanted to ‘treat me to dinner’. I agreed. I ordered the cheapest things on the menu, and he ordered the priciest drinks and entrée. I’m a broke college student and had like $10 left to my name at the time. We got the bill, he tried to run his card, it got declined. He kept arguing with the waitress saying that there was ‘hundreds of dollars’ on his card, and he demanded that she run it again. I followed her to the computer and said that I’d give her all my cash and I’d leave my phone number and would get the rest of the money and tip to her the next time she was scheduled to work. I’m a waitress myself and felt horrible, and I apologized profusely and she was understanding about it and two days later I came back, paid the rest of the bill, and gave her a huge tip. The guy kept trying to give her sh[*]t and got real nasty with her at one point, and that was the moment I realized I’d never talk to him again.” (172)

**Stormy, With a 100 Percent Chance of Pizza**

On 7 July 2014, a Frontier Airlines flight to Denver, Colorado, from Washington D.C., was diverted by bad weather to Cheyenne Regional Airport in southern Wyoming. The flight eventually made its way to Denver, but arrived hours late after spending approximately two and a half hours on the ground in Wyoming. While on the ground, the pilot, Captain Gerhard Bradner, got hungry for
pizza, so he ordered pizza for himself — and for all the passengers. He paid for the 30 or more pizzas with his own money. Passenger Logan Torres said, “The captain took his own initiative. [He said,] ‘Ladies and gentleman, Frontier Airlines is known for being one of the cheapest [least expensive] airlines in the U.S., but your captain is not cheap. I just ordered pizza for the entire plane.’” She said that the pilot “realized we had all gone without real substance for hours longer than planned.” Captain Bradner said, “If the need arises, you need to take care of your family; you need to take care of your passengers. They are my responsibility the moment they step on the aircraft until they get off the aircraft.” Frontier Airlines spokesperson Tyri Squyres said, “We have some great pilots who work here. This is not the first time that one of our pilots has gone above and beyond to care for our passengers. Headquartered in Denver, we take pride in our Rocky Mountain hospitality.” (173)

Danger! Coffee and Food!

On 15 July 2014, Redditor point5pastlightspeed posted a Good Guy Greg meme with this heading: “Saw this [at] a restaurant last night. The server spilled a cup of hot coffee down a customer’s back. She was in tears and apologizing profusely until he said this.” The text of the meme stated, “PLEASE DON’T BE UPSET. IT’S LIKE LIVING ON A GOLF COURSE, NO ONE WANTS A GOLF BALL THROUGH THEIR BEDROOM WINDOW / BUT THESE THINGS HAPPEN SOMETIMES.” Other Redditors contributed encounters with Good Guy Gregs during their own coffee- and food-related mishaps:

1) Glassman59 wrote, “On a small passenger plane, [a] stewardess [was] giving a passenger a cup of coffee when [we] hit a bit of bumpy air. Coffee all over the guy. She was so embarrassed and kept apologizing as she tried to
clean him up. After she got done, she asked [if] there was anything she could get him. Still pretty bumpy traveling when he says that yeah he would still like a cup of coffee. I lost it and start[ed] laughing. The stewardess didn’t react except [with] a smile but told him they were suspending all drink service for the current period.”

2) Ranchosgirl wrote, “I was a waitress in high school and one time spilled an entire plate of spaghetti on a guy wearing white pants. The cooks had put it on a flat plate and it was supposed to be in one of those bowls with the really huge rims around the edge, but the order was already late so I just took it. When I was putting the food down for the other person at the table, my hand tipped a tiny bit and all the spaghetti slipped off. I was in tears, I felt horrible. The man was SO nice. He kept insisting it was just an accident and that he was fine. He even left me a nice tip.”

3) Ballersock wrote, “Had a server at an Asian cafe I frequent spill 2 large Sapporos and $100 worth of sushi all over this couple and they just chuckled and even convinced the owner not to fire him on the spot (he got demoted to frontstaff, untipped). They also refused to have their meal comped or have any money for their obviously ruined clothes. There [are] good people out there, make sure you pay more attention to the good than the bad :)

4) hoorayitsjules wrote, “A few months ago a server spilt and broke a glass of water on my shoulder/upper arm while I was wearing a short-sleeve shirt. Somehow he didn’t cut me at all, which was impressive. He wouldn’t stop apologizing and I told him it was no big deal. He paid for my meal and added soup onto my meal as well. I wanted to pay, but he wouldn’t let me. GGG server.” (174)

**A Bad Combination: Broke and Hungry**

My Uncle Reuben, who was born in the late 1920s, spent a
few years on a Georgia chain gang while he was in his teens. After he was released, he spent time as a homeless wanderer. Of course, he was broke and hungry a lot of the time, and he begged. Once, when he was broke and hungry, he went to a cafeteria and asked to speak to the manager. He explained to the manager that he was broke and hungry, and the manager told him to sit down. The manager then loaded a plate with food and gave it to him. Uncle Reuben acquired skills in working with sheet metal, got a good job, and raised a family. He has given money to homeless people who say that they are hungry, and he has taught his children to do the same thing. He is aware that not all homeless people will spend the money on food, but he does not let that bother him. Being too careful about giving away money to homeless people can mean that some hungry people stay hungry. (175)

**Free Lunch: Beef Filet, Sesame-Seed-Encrusted Tuna, and Berries with Creme Fraiche**

On 25 June 2014, Chinese recycling magnate and multi-millionaire Chen Guangbiao, age 46, whose net worth is estimated at $400 million to $750 million, bought lunch for approximately 200 homeless New Yorkers. The menu at the ritzy Boathouse restaurant in Central Park consisted of beef filet, sesame-seed-encrusted tuna, and berries with creme fraiche. His guests came from the New York City Rescue Mission, whose executive director, Craig Mayes, said, “Our thought was if someone wants to treat them to an amazing event — something they would never experience on their own, maybe even a kernel of hope that life could be different again, we’re in for that reason. That’s our motive.” Mr. Guangbiao also made a donation to the homeless shelter and passed out $100 bills to some people near the shelter. (Some people were suspicious and turned down the money.) Through a translator, he said, “The important thing to me is not the money I’m donating, but to
have people take notice of the plight of poor people. This, for me, is a journey of gratitude, not a journey of charity.”’ (176)

**Homeless Hero Thought He Could Help, So He Did**

On 6 March 2014, creynol9, blogger of *That’s So Denver*, wrote about a story that her sister had told her. At a corner of Colorado Boulevard, which has four lanes on each side of the median, in Denver, Colorado, an approximately 35-year-old homeless man asks for spare change. One day, a woman had a seizure and passed out while driving her car on Colorado Boulevard. Her car started drifting across three lanes of traffic and headed for the median. The homeless man took action, running to the car and knocking on the window. Unfortunately, the driver could not respond. The homeless man then ran across the median and motioned for cars, which were traveling about 35 mph, to stop. He and several other people, including Carly’s sister, were able to stop the car after it crossed the median and went across another four lanes of traffic — and before it hit an office building. Carly’s sister wrote, “Here is a man who most likely spends every day getting ignored by people who are trying not to make eye contact with him so that they don’t feel bad not giving him money. Yet he didn’t even hesitate to risk his life to save this lady and at least 20 others who would have crashed into her. He didn’t expect anything from her and he was back on his corner the next day holding up his sign like nothing had happened. I rolled down my window the next day to praise him and all he had to say was that he thought he could help, so he did.” (177)

“We’re Not Heroes. It was the Only Right Thing to Do. When You See a Helpless Kid like That, You are Supposed to Do the Right Thing, and Just Call the Cops Right Away”

On 6 September 2014, six-year-old Sergio Zepeda, who has
autism, wandered off from his home in San Jose, California. His mother, Augustina Quinteros, and her boyfriend, Bony Sanchez, searched for him for about an hour and then called police. Fortunately, the boy wandered into a camp of homeless people, one of whom, 32-year-old Jose Salmeron, took care of him. Mr. Salmeron said that he heard a noise, then he added, “I popped out of my tent and I saw a naked person. At first I thought it was an alien, like ET.” He said that he grabbed a flashlight: “I shined my flashlight at him and when I looked closer [I saw] it was a little boy.” He then yelled to his fellow campmates, “Come out, there is a naked boy out here.” Another homeless person called 911 and let the dispatcher know that a boy had been found. Police quickly arrived. Paramedics checked the boy and then took him to a hospital as a precaution. His mother and her boyfriend were reunited with him at the hospital. His mother said that he had been wearing jeans and a T-shirt when he wandered away but that most likely he had stripped them off and left them somewhere. Mr. Salmeron said about young Sergio, “I grabbed a blanket for him and gave him a doughnut, a muffin, and some water,” adding, “He wouldn’t say anything, but I asked him if he wanted ‘agua,’ in Spanish, and he said ‘agua.’ He was really thirsty.” Mr. Salmeron does not think that he and his friends did anything special: “We’re not heroes. It was the only right thing to do. When you see a helpless kid like that, you are supposed to do the right thing, and just call the cops right away. Thank God he didn’t get hit by a train, or fall into the water.” The homeless camp is located near some train tracks. San Jose police officer and spokesman Albert Morales said, “It’s a happy ending. We’re tremendously fortunate that he was safely found. Here’s a six-year-old out in the elements, and he trekked a pretty good distance. We’re all just very happy that it ended the way it did.” (178)
“That Didn’t Come from Me. That Came from God”

In July 2014, Jenedith Fontanez, a 23-year-old mother of three, was a homeless mother who did not know where she and her baby would sleep. Her other children were living with their father. Fortunately, a stranger named Cherish Doutrich gave her a lift. Cherish picked up her husband, Andrew, and together they bought food for Ms. Fontanez and her seven-month-old infant, Isaac David. They also slipped $500 into her diaper bag. The $500 was enough to pay the deposit and first-month’s rent on a one-bedroom apartment in East Lampeter Township, Pennsylvania. An article in a local newspaper alerted the general public to Ms. Fontanez’ needs, and people made donations of furniture and clothing to her and her baby. She said, “I’ve been overwhelmed by the number of people who have contacted me to offer food, baby-sitting services, furniture, clothes for the kids — all kinds of things. This is really helping me get back on my feet.” She added, “There are a lot of people out there that just need someone to take that first chance on them. I’ll be fine. Now it’s time to help other people out there.” Ms. Fontanez needed that lift in July. She said, “I was just so tired. I didn’t know where I was going to sleep that night. I kept saying sorry to my son: ‘I’m sorry, I’m sorry.’ Never ever in my life did I expect to be in this situation. I fell so far.” When Ms. Fontanez discovered the $500 that the Doutriches had slipped into her diaper bag, she tried to return the money to Cherish. Ms. Fontanez said, “She was like, ‘That didn’t come from me. That came from God. We really want you to get your own place.’” She added, “That a complete stranger would do this for someone — I’ll never forget it. This is huge.” Ms. Doutrich had seen Ms. Fontanez walking beside the road and noticed that she was crying. She turned her car around and went back. She said, “I felt uneasy. I never do that sort of thing — you never know these days — but I
went back. She looked helpless. I didn’t feel right; it would be selfish of me not to at least stop and ask her if she was OK.” Ms. Doutrich stopped and talked to Ms. Fontanez: “She said, ‘I’m OK.’ I said, ‘You don’t look OK.’ I told her to get in my car.” Ms. Fontanez got in and told Ms. Doutrich her story. She said, “I honestly just vented. Everything I was holding in for so long just came out.” She had lost her apartment because she could not pay the rent. She had left her purse and WIC [Special Supplemental Nutrition Program for Women, Infants and Children] food vouchers in a rental car that she owed money on and so could not get her possessions back. She had just started a job as a nurse’s aide at a local hospital, but she had already spent the money from her first paycheck on food and overdue bills. Ms. Fontanez said, “She asked me if I had eaten anything that day. I told her, ‘No, I have not.’” Ms. Doutrich then got her husband. Ms. Fontanez said, “They asked me what they could do. I said, ‘Honestly, I just need to get my WIC check so I can get formula for my baby.’ I was on my last bottle.” They got formula for her baby and did so much more than that. Ms. Fontanez said, “I have so much to thank her for. She’s my angel, my miracle.” (179)

**“Redditors Who Have been Homeless, What’s the Nicest Thing a Stranger Did to Help You?”**

On 13 September 2014, Redditor snl315 asked, “Redditors who have been homeless, what’s the nicest thing a stranger did to help you?” Here are some replies:

1) JuliaCthulia wrote, “A kind lady took me to the Cheesecake Factory, bought me all the food I could eat, and drove me to the train station where she bought me a ticket to San Jose so I could stay with my grandmother.”

2) Thatcolourblinddude wrote, “When I first came home from a deployment, I didn’t have a place to stay due to a screw-up in some paperwork. Well, an older gent at a 7-11
listened to my story and let me crash on his couch for a few days, complete with food. He refused all payment and was the most gracious host ever.”

3) pyropup55 wrote, “Treated me like a person. The shelter I was at, every night dinner was provided by volunteers. There was one church group that would come in. Serve dinner on real plates, real silverware. It was like having dinner with an extended family. They would also collect prayer requests and requests for any small items, like batteries or socks, and then bring them the following time. I now volunteer at the shelter and have been doing that for almost 4 years now.”

4) Kaysie wrote, “I was living in an extended stay for a period of time. I had a decent full-time job, but my husband was very ill and an extended stay was cheaper than rent + bills in our area. The security desk at my job called me over a few weeks before Christmas and handed me a Christmas card. Inside there was $100 signed by ‘Clarence’. Security wouldn’t tell me who left it. We were able to stock up some food and give my 1-year-old some Christmas gifts. We were planning on skipping Christmas altogether. It took me a good two weeks to figure out ‘Clarence’ was a reference to It’s a Wonderful Life.”

5) me_elmo wrote, “When I was a little kid, we were poor, and my father [...] became schizophrenic [and] tried to kill my mother, so my mom had to flee with me and my sister. She called the cops, but they weren’t much help (told her to get a restraining order). We literally had nowhere to go. Finally this one woman my mom sort of knew took us in and let us stay in her basement for two weeks until my dad was finally arrested, diagnosed, and committed. Then we were able to return home, change the locks, get a restraining order, etc. But for those two weeks, that woman’s kindness was so nice as my mom had no access to
money, bank accounts, etc.”

6) scaireejack wrote this:

“When I was homeless during my teenage years, I thought, ‘What the hell, if I’m going to be homeless I might as well be homeless everywhere’ and started hitchhiking. There are 3 specific instances that gave me hope for humanity.

“One night I got a ride from a man who ended up trying to rape me. I forced the car over and got out, but he followed me up the side of the highway as I tried desperately to get another car’s attention. A man in a pick-up truck saw me and gave me a ride. This guy was the nicest man I have ever met. He offered me cigarettes and a place to stay for the night. In order to make me feel more comfortable, he first drove to the nearest police station and slowly drove to his place from there pointing out all the street names. He was divorced and didn’t have his son that night so I got his son’s room. He gave me a clean towel and let me use his shower, and introduced me to his GIANT f[**]king wolves that he had. When I woke up in the morning, there was already a cigarette waiting for me. That morning he drove me to a coffee shop on a major highway [and] gave me money for breakfast and a pack of smokes. I don’t know if he realizes he was my hero that night.

“While I was on the road, I often left my belongings at information centers. I would just ask them to keep them behind the counter and [I would] come back for them before they closed; that way if I wanted to explore the city I didn’t have to carry everything with me. In Charlottetown I went to go get my belongings and the young gentleman who had been working the desk began to ask questions, as they often do. He wanted to know why I was hitchhiking, where I planned to stay, how I made money, etc. After a little bit of talking, he offered to drive me to another city (Summerside, I think) as that is where he was going. When
we got there, I just asked for him to drop me off at a forest or park nearby so I could sleep for the night. He drove all the way to the edge of a forest and then turned the car right around. He told me he just couldn’t drop a young woman off to sleep in the woods alone. He drove me to a motel and paid for the night.

“When I first got to PEI, I was in Borden for a little while. Usually I just played my guitar to get money for food, but I just seemed to be invisible to everyone that day. So, instead, I went into one of the restaurants and asked to speak with the manager. I asked him if he had any work that needed to be done, like cleaning bathrooms, sweeping, [cleaning] dishes, etc. that I could do in exchange for a meal. He stared at me for a moment, then handed me a menu and told me to sit down and order anything I wanted, no charge. He even kept sending me food while I was looking at the menu.

“I actually have a lot of pleasant experiences, as well as some terrible ones. Most of the pleasant ones were while I was on the road. I would love to be able to thank the people whom I met along the way who helped me out, they are wonderful people, and I think about all of them quite often and wonder if they remember me.” (180)

“NOT HOMELESS. I HAVE A JOB. Just Saying HELLO”

With so many homeless people carrying cardboard signs asking for help, it was nice to see go viral a photograph of someone waving and carrying a cardboard sign that says, “NOT HOMELESS. I HAVE A JOB. Just Saying HELLO.” (181)

“ARE YOU KIND?”

In a YouTube video posted on 19 February 2014, a man who calls himself Yogi dressed as a homeless person and
carried a cardboard sign that asked, “ARE YOU KIND?” Whenever someone wanted to give him money, he did not accept it; instead, he said that he was not homeless, thanked the person for being kind, and gave the kind person $5. In his comment for the video, he wrote, “Giving back is amazing, especially when they deserve it. These kind people could have kept their eyes forward, ignored me… Unlike like the hundreds that passed by, these few were giving. I rewarded them for that ….” In the video, he told one driver, “I want to thank you for being a thoughtful person. You didn’t have to roll your window down, you didn’t have to give me money, but you chose to do so.”

(182)

“Ma’am, I Think This Belongs to You”

On 26 February 2014, flatlinerevival posted this account of a good deed on Reddit: “Tonight my daughter and I were eating at our downtown McDonald’s. Because of its close proximity to the Rescue Mission and the Greyhound bus station, it has become a hangout for the homeless. As we were leaving, I noticed a mother with her two children entering McDonald’s from the direction of the bus station. She was dragging a heavy piece of luggage, and the kids were wearing fully loaded backpacks. I instantly thought about buying dinner for them, but I was running late to my daughter’s dance class and already halfway out of the parking lot.

“After dropping my daughter off to her class, I could not stop thinking about that mother and her kids. I drove around until I found them huddled together in the dark outside of the bus station. I started to get nervous. I wanted to help her out in some way, but I did not want to offend her or make her uncomfortable. After all, at this point I was sort of stalking them.

“I made a u-turn and pulled up to the bus station. I got out
of my car with a $20 bill in my hand, and I said the first thing that came to my mind.

“Me: I think this belongs to you.

“Mother: Excuse me?

“Me: Weren’t you just eating at McDonald’s?

“Mother: Yes.

“Me: You left this on your table.

“Mother: Are you sure?

“Me: Yes. Travel safe.

“The End.” (183)

The Opposite of “Troll” is “Emily”

Simon, a stay-at-home father in the United Kingdom, writes a blog titled Man vs. Pink. One post was about his daughter and her love of Princess Leia of Star Wars fame — his daughter wanted more Princess Leia toys to play with. A woman named Emily in the United States read Simon’s blog and offered to give Simon’s daughter her own Princess Leia and feminine Star Wars toys from her high-school days. She said, “I know how it was growing up a girl in a Star Wars world, so I’ll gladly share what I have.” She sent them a package that contained these items: “three boxed 12-inch Queen Amidala dolls, a boxed 12-inch Princess Leia doll, and a Queen Amidala towel.” She also sent this note:

“Simon,

“I hope your daughter enjoys these dolls. I’m happy to share my love of Star Wars with your daughter and your family. Hopefully these will help fill the gap until some new official merchandise surfaces.”
“I only have one Leia doll, but Amidala/Padmé was marketed a fair bit, with her many dresses and hairstyles. Like many overzealous fans, I snapped up what I could, but already being in high school, I never played with them — just had them on a shelf in my Star Wars covered room until another interest came along and they got put into storage for 10 or so years. Now they can leave their boxes for some proper playtime.

“Enjoy! And may the force be with you, always!

“Sincerely,

“Emily”

Emily did not want any money for the toys, but Simon did reimburse her for the shipping costs.

Simon said, “I feel immensely lucky that someone as caring as Emily read the blog and reached out to myself and my daughter. Now she has these dolls, she has another way to engage with Star Wars, and most importantly with female characters as that is what she is seeking out at the moment. She already — at two — defines people as either male or female, so is drawn [to] people like her — girls — in stories.” (184)

**Briggsybears: Good Girl Legend**

On 29 August 2014, Redditor (and Australian) themajesticbeard posted a Good Guy Greg meme (that perhaps should have been a Good Girl Gina meme) that stated, “HEARS ABOUT AN IMGURIAN BEING SCAMMED ON EBAY / BUYS THE DOLL AND SENDS IT AROUND THE EWORLD AS IF IT’S NO BIG DEAL.”

Themajesticbeard added this note:

“I recently put up a little post about what could I do about
an eBay employee not sending a Doll that my daughter purchased with her pocket money. It was past the 45 days eBay help so I was kind of stuck.

“The post didn’t go down well, with some people calling me a bad father for the price of the rare (in Australia) doll and others claiming I was telling tall tales.

“At that point I started to think Imgur may not be the fun supportive place that I once thought. You seemed to warm to my many sarcastic comments but a cry for help wasn't wanted. I have deleted it now.

“All that aside one Imgurian sent me a private message offering to send the doll from England as they had them in stock over there. I asked how much and she replied, ‘It’s a gift.’

“To be honest I thought this might have been someone pulling my leg, but after several texts she convinced me that she was a genuine Good Guy (Girl) Greg.

“Briggsybear was the legend that went above and beyond to make a kid smile. She deserves some upvotes. (I’ve thrown quite a few her way already.)”

By the way, it’s an Elsa Frozen doll. (185)

**Little Dresses for Africa**

Lillian Weber, a 99-year-old woman who lives in Iowa, makes a dress each day for the Christian nonprofit organization Little Dresses for Africa, which distributes the dresses to African orphanages, churches, and schools. As of August 2014, she had made over 840 dresses. She starts on a dress in the morning, takes a break, and then finishes the dress in the afternoon. She said, “It is just what I like to do.” Ms. Weber’s daughter, Linda, said, “She personalizes them all. It’s not like good enough that she makes the
dresses, she has to put something on the front to make it look special, to give it her touch.” Lillian hopes to finish 1,000 dresses — and more. She said, “When I get to that thousand[th dress], if I’m able to, I won’t quit. I’ll go at it again.” The Little Dresses for Africa website states, “Little Dresses for Africa is a non-profit 501c3, Christian organization, which provides relief to the children of Africa. **Simple dresses are made out of pillow cases, and distributed through the orphanages, churches and schools in Africa to plant in the hearts of little girls that they are worthy!”** It adds, “**WHY PILLOWCASES?** The pillowcase pattern has been around since the pioneer days and is easy enough for even a novice seamstress. Pillowcases are available in so many colors and patterns. They already have the hem and sides in them and are often sitting unused on shelves in closets all across the country. With just a little help they can be turned into bright little sundresses, perfectly suited for the African climate. Pillowcase dresses are only a suggestion. Any simple pattern is great to use.” (186)

**Feeling Like a Boss**

On 14 March 2014, Redditor montielove posted a Good Guy Greg meme with this caption: “My mom took a Greyhound from Detroit to Utah to get away from my abusive, [sh*tty](https://www.reddit.com/r/IAmA/comments/56w5r8/im_a_22_year_old_feminist_woman_i/){:target="blank"} dad. She had 3 little girls, an infant (me), and next to no money. And then this happened while stopped at McDonald’s along the way…..” The text of the meme stated, “SEES MY MOM CUTTING A CHEESEBURGER INTO 3 PIECES FOR MY SISTERS / BRINGS TO THEIR TABLE 3 HAPPY MEALS, A BIG MAC AND FRIES, AND A 50 DOLLAR BILL. MY MOM IMMEDIATELY BURSTS INTO TEARS.”

Other Redditors had some good comments:

1) wisertime07 wrote, “My sister ran into an amazing
person like this once — too good not to share. She was newly separated, with a 2-year-old and in school full-time, so didn’t have much money. She had a tire that kept losing air pressure and went to a service station to see what was wrong. The service tech told her that wires were showing on all 4 tires and they all needed to be replaced. They told her that they had used tires for $40/piece and that she absolutely had to put a used tire on the leaking tire [i.e., had to replace the leaking tire with a used tire], at the least — but the others were desperately needing to be replaced, too. She said she told them she only had $50 to her name, so she would go ahead and get the one tire, but that was it, and she’d have to come back later for some more used tires. They went to work on her car and she said about 45 minutes later, told her it was ready. She went to pay and they told her this old man in the corner that had been sitting there the whole time had quietly paid her bill — and had bought her an entire set of brand-new tires. By the time they told her, he was already gone and she never got to find out who he was. At the time, I was living several hundred miles away — she called all of us crying, telling us the story. I’m a grown man who I think has maybe only cried a few times in my life, but I teared up on the phone just listening to her story.

“Edit: had no idea this would blow up like it did, but to answer some questions — yes, it’s true. I would have helped her out had she asked. I have another sister that’s very successful and I’m sure she would have helped also, but she didn’t ask either of us. We grew up poor and our mom isn’t really anything to write home about, so we learned pretty early on that if we needed anything, we weren’t getting it from her. I think it made us all pretty self-reliant and driven, but at the same time it’s made us ashamed to ask for help, and we’ve just assumed we’re probably SOL [Sh*t Out of Luck] if we’ve needed
anything. And lastly, there was a man — it wasn’t the shop owner or anything like that (I don’t think — never really questioned it before). She said she remembered the man in there, but she didn’t realize she was speaking loud enough to be heard and never saw him do anything, nor even leave. We grew up in a very small town (where this happened at), so she mentioned it often, hoping she’d recognize him somewhere and get a chance to thank him, which I don’t think ever happened.”

2) thriftstoretalent wrote, “My family was very poor while me and my 3 siblings were growing up, but like most poor kids, I didn’t realize it. My parents didn’t talk about money in front of us. My mom told me this story recently: they were living less than paycheck to paycheck, having to borrow money from friends almost every week. Just enough to keep us fed and the electricity on. One day, mom opened the pantry to find a single can of Popeye’s Spinach. She said that we made her cry because we wouldn’t even let her heat it up. We ate it out of the can with forks.

“The next day was Sunday. We went to church without eating breakfast. Dad had a plan for lunch, which worked out. He called his mom who usually had large meals cooked on Sundays and we ate there. For supper mom called her mom and we went over to her house and had some dirty rice. They had no idea what to do for the rest of the week until payday.

“When we got back home, dad noticed that the door was unlocked. He told us to wait outside, because someone had broken in. A few minutes later, he came out crying hysterically. He couldn’t even talk. When we went inside, we saw the countertops completely covered in grocery bags, and the cabinets were stuffed to overflowing. I’ll always remember that, and hope to do something like that one day.”
3) princess_bitchface wrote, “You know, it’s situations like that that make me realize that 1.5 hours of work for me, is the same amount of money that a person’s life would be amplified so much by being generous.

“I was at a grocery store once and this little old lady had a few things and I was buying kitty litter for my cat, and I noticed the lady in front of me had the same kind. She couldn’t afford all the purchases [and] in the end she decided to tell the cashier to remove the potatoes and some meat, her stew will be fine without it. But she looked genuinely distressed. Without thinking I just told the cashier to keep the food there and charge me twice for the litter, and give one to the woman. I swear, she was so shocked she just stopped dead in her tracks and started crying.

“I wasn’t wealthy, and yes the $8 bucks for the litter would mean I’d have to budget a little, but I knew that sacrificing a few Tim Horton’s coffees this week was better than me knowing this woman would be eating cabbage and carrot stew without potatoes or meat.”

4) some_left_coaster wrote, “I had a somewhat similar experience in McDonald’s that made me ashamed and caused me to seriously re-evaluate my priorities. A few years back I was called to jury duty in a not-so-affluent part of town. After waiting around all morning they gave us a break for lunch, and I headed for the McDonald’s down the block. As I waited at the counter after placing my order, this tiny old black lady rolled up in a motorized wheelchair. It was a chilly day, and she was bundled up in layers of clothing. You could hardly see her face under this bulky knit cap.

“‘It’s my birthday,’ she told the cashier. ‘And so I’m going to eat something delicious. I’ll take a cheeseburger, small fries, and a small Coke.’
“I stared at her, shocked. I was thinking how sad that was. For her, it wasn’t junk food, it was a special treat. Since she arrived by wheelchair, she probably lived in one of the crappy residence hotels, mostly single rooms, in the area.

“While I was thinking all of this, this youngish guy, who looked like he lived on the street and had also been waiting for his order, stepped up to the cashier and handed her some money. ‘I’m buying,’ he said, and turned to the old lady. ‘Have a wonderful birthday, Ma’am’.

“He collected his food and left. I collected mine and followed him. Outside, I tapped him on the shoulder, and said, ‘You’re a good man.’ He looked at me in shock, and I shook his hand. ‘Seriously, you did a good thing in there.’ He seemed kind of stunned, but thanked me.

“I went home that night and told my wife the story. This guy, who looked like he had almost nothing, stepped up when it hadn’t even occurred to me. I confessed how ashamed I felt. My wife gently said, ‘Then you’ll know what to do next time.’

“And ever since, when I see someone who needs help, I try to give it.”

5) preciousjewel128 wrote, “When my dad died, my siblings and I made lists of who was to contact who. I was to call dad’s boss. Boss was in shock. But the words he said I’ll never forget:

“‘Send me the bill for the funeral. I owe it to your dad for his decades of service.’

“I just collapsed crying. We were so worried about the expense. We didn’t go all out, but it did allow us to give dad a nice funeral.”

6) KennedyTeeth wrote, “Several years ago I was checking
out at Walmart; I was buying a car emergency kit. The cashier picked it up and said to herself, ‘I need one of these for my car.’ She looked 16-17 and probably drove a beater. I said nothing and walked out. I walked back in and went to her register with a second kit and said, ‘I need one more.’ After she rang it up, I handed it to her with the receipt. I can still see the surprise and joy on her face. Walked out feeling like a boss.” (187)

**From the Lord**

On 11 March 2014, Redditor mellimall posted a photograph of two $100 bills and a Post It Note that stated, “From the Lord.” This is the caption of the photograph: “Someone knows we are struggling. Brought me to tears. The return address is our address so we don’t know who it was!” (188)

“I Met Your Youngest Boy (Spiderman) at the Sushi Bar. He was Very Polite. You Don’t See that Much”

On 11 February 2014, Redditor scarecrow180 posted on Imgur a photograph of a note that his parents had received while paying for their meals after eating at a Chinese restaurant. This is the caption for the photograph: “I’m not sure what my younger brother did, but he needs to keep it up. (At a Chinese restaurant).” The note stated, “I met your youngest boy (Spiderman) at the sushi bar. He was very polite. You don’t see that much. You should be proud. I hope you don’t mind. I paid for your kids’ meals. Thanks! 3 paid.” On Reddit, scarecrow180 wrote, “We’re homeschooled and so have been raised to think for ourselves, while being respectful.” scarecrow180 elaborated on a couple of things on Reddit: 1) The youngest brother was wearing a Spiderman hoodie, and 2) When the parents were paying, they received the note saying that the meals of the three kids had already been paid for. (189)
“I Almost Peed! The Most Money I’d Ever Found in a Couch was like 50 Cents. Honestly, I’d be Ecstatic to Find Just $5 in a Couch”

SUNY [State University of New York] at New Paltz student Reese Werkhoven and roommates Cally Guasti and Lara Russo bought a couch from Salvation Army for $20. Ms. Russo said, “We almost didn’t pick that couch. It’s pretty ugly and smells, but it was the only couch that fit the right dimensions for our living room.” In March 2014, while trying out the couch for the first time Mr. Werkhoven discovered hidden in it a plastic envelope with $700. He said, “I almost peed! The most money I’d ever found in a couch was like 50 cents. Honestly, I’d be ecstatic to find just $5 in a couch.” He and his two friends then searched the couch thoroughly and found more plastic envelops filled with money — approximately $40,000 in all. Cally Guasti said, “Just when we thought we pulled out the last envelope, we’d find another $1,000 a few minutes later.” Ms. Russo also discovered the name of a woman written on one of the envelopes. Ms. Russo said, “We had a lot of moral discussions about the money. We all agreed that we had to bring the money back to whoever it belonged to … it’s their money — we didn’t earn it. However, there were a lot of gray areas we had to consider.” They asked their parents for advice. Ms. Russo said, “My mom said that I have a good moral compass, and if I don’t think that someone is a good person, or deserving of the money, then I’m not obligated to give it to them. This really threw me off. Where do you draw the line? It’s all very subjective.” Mr. Werkhoven telephoned the woman, who immediately said, “Oh, I left a lot of money in that couch!” The trio then drove to the woman’s home in Hudson Valley, where they met her and her daughter. The woman explained how the couch had ended up in the Salvation Army. Before her husband died of heart problems, he gave her money each
week to save. She hid it in the couch. After he died, she continued to save money and hide it in the couch. After she had a heart operation of her own, she went into rehab. While she was at the rehab facility, her daughter sold the couch, which eventually ended up at the Salvation Army. She gave $1,000 to the three Good Samaritans as a reward. Cally Guasti said, “When we handed the money back to the woman, she told us that she felt like her husband was present in the room with us.” Mr. Werkhoven said about the woman and her daughter, “I could just tell right away that these were nice people.” (190)

Lisel Silver: Good Samaritan

On 5 July 2014, Christopher Jones donated to a Goodwill in the Willow Glen neighborhood area of San Jose, California, some of his father’s clothing, including a suit in which $7,500 in cash had been left in a coat pocket. Fortunately, a Goodwill sorter found and returned the money to his father, retired U.S. Navy Chief Petty Officer Albert Jones. John Carr from Goodwill said, “The sorter, Lisel Silver, went through the coat on the 5th of July and discovered that it had an envelope containing 75 $100 bills.” Also in the coat pocket were two Bank of America receipts, but they lacked a name; Bank of America employees were able to identity the account holder. Before his clothing was donated, Albert Jones said that he had some extra cash somewhere in his house. Christopher Jones said, “Sure he was happy that he got the money back, but I think he was also happier of the fact that his memory wasn’t as faulty as he thought it was and that perhaps others thought it was.” The Joneses donated $1,500 to Goodwill. (191)

Lauren Rossi: Good Samaritan

On 28 July 2014, Lauren Rossi found $1,000 lying on the ground at the SunTrust branch in Wilmington Island,
Georgia. She immediately took it and a deposit slip that was with the money and gave it to a bank teller. Kay Ford, market president of SunTrust, said that the person who had lost the money returned to the bank and was reunited with the lost cash. Ms. Ford said, “Believe it or not, this happens quite frequently. We are blessed with good and honest people in our community.” Ms. Rossi says that she will continue to be honest: “Definitely if I were to find a wallet, I would contact that person.” (192)

“What Type of Man Do I Want My Grandkids to Think I Am?”

On 27 May 2014, Joe Cornell, a 52-year-old who volunteers at the Salvation Army in Fresno, California, and who is in their rehabilitation program, proved that he is an honest man. He said, “I was watering my plants and my trees when an armored car stopped at the corner. A car pulled up saying that the Brinks driver dropped something, but the armored car kept going.” Mr. Cornell found an orange bag in the street; inside was money, a lot of money — $125,000. Mr. Cornell said, “I thought, ‘What type of man do I want my grandkids to think I am?’ I want them to think I’m a just man that does the right thing and I did the right thing.” He added, “I got on my radio and called my boss: ‘Hey, I found a bag of money.’ I think they thought I was kidding.” His boss told him to take the money to a nearby Salvation Army office. Mr. Cornell said, “I went down there carrying the bag like I was Santa Claus. It was heavy.” Police contacted Brinks. Brinks spokesman Ed Cunningham said, “Mr. Cornell did the right thing. For that, we are grateful.” According to Mr. Cunningham, Brinks intends to give Mr. Cornell a $5,000 reward — and to donate $5,000 to the Salvation Army. (193)

Lost, Found, and Returned: $13,000

On 10 July 2014, a 28-year-old man from Spryfield, Nova
Scotia, Canada, was reunited with $13,000 that he had lost while driving to buy a new tractor. He retraced his route but did not find the money, so he telephoned Halifax Regional Police. While he was talking to the police, they received another call: A Good Samaritan had found the money and turned it in to the Spryfield police office. According to Halifax Regional Police, since January citizens had found and turned in lost valuables such as gift, credit, and debit cards, passports, and cash 38 times. (194)

“I Feel Very Richly Blessed, and It Has Nothing to Do with My Bank Account”

On 30 March 2014, fourth-grade teacher Sherry Whitesides was driving with Alan, her 12-year-old son, when a bank bag fell from an SUV in front of her. She stopped her car, and she and her son started picking up $100 bills: 114 of them — $11,400 in all. The two snapped a photograph of themselves with the money, and then Ms. Whitesides drove to a local police station in Clover, North Carolina, and gave the officers there the money. Ms. Whitesides said, “I didn’t even think for a minute about keeping it. I knew if it were mine, I would want somebody to return it.” A Wells Fargo receipt and a driver’s license in the bank bag allowed the police officers to track down the man who owned the money. Ms. Whitesides said, “My whole purpose in doing this was to show my son the money was not ours. When you find stuff like this, the right thing to do is give it back.” She added, “I’m rich in the Lord, and I just know that he has blessed me far more than that little $11,000 could ever bless me. And I never thought about keeping the money. My concern was for whoever lost it.” Police Chief Randy Grice said, “You still wonder is this really happening — is this true, is it make believe? [The money is] non-traceable and probably [the owner] would have never figured out where it went to.” Ms. Whitesides, a 20-year veteran teacher at Cotton Belt Elementary School in York, said, “I
feel very richly blessed, and it has nothing to do with my bank account.” (195)

**A Good Deed by Circus Circus**

On 1 February 2014, this letter to the editor of the *Desert Sun* (Palm Springs and the Coachella Valley of Southern California) by Frank Vega of Cathedral City, California, appeared online:

“This happened to me in Sin City [Las Vegas, Nevada] — it was truly gratifying. After three days of eating, entertainment, and just having fun, we packed up to return home to the desert. That was when I realized my wallet was missing. I returned home without it, but in a few days I received a package from Circus Circus with my wallet. It still had my cash, credit cards, and driver’s license. Housekeeping had found it under the bed.

“I was so happy. I sent them a thank-you note along with a thank-you gift. Thank you to whoever you were who found and turned in my wallet. I guess the hotel’s policy is not to reveal who do the good deeds.” (196)

**“We Couldn’t Believe It — There was Close to $40,000 — Which is Now Safely in the Bank”**

In April 2014, Anna, who lives in Calgary, Canada, called JustJunk to clear the junk and appliances out of a home she was selling. They did a good job for her, including uncovering some things that were not junk. Anna wrote this:

“Because of the efforts of the JustJunk team, I was able to clear out the house, garage and yard, in order to put the house on the market. They were very professional and I like the fact that they would sort all of the items for recycling and donation. That is what originally drew me to the company.
“While they were first clearing out the basement — and pulling out the shelving, out poured 5 tins of money from underneath the boards. The money was from 1988 and I believe had been forgotten about a long time ago. I was upstairs and they called me right away — it was quite a find! We couldn’t believe it — there was close to $40,000 — which is now safely in the bank.

“My aunt and uncle had lived there since 1966. My uncle passed away in 2007 and my aunt passed away in 2012. They had come from a time in Europe where you would need to leave your home in the middle of the night with only the clothes on your back and the little valuables that you had. Trusting banks or governments just didn’t happen. When they came to Canada — my uncle was a laborer and my aunt had cleaned offices — they would [have] certainly saved their hard earned cash! I very much appreciated Ollie and Peter’s honesty and hard work. I also appreciated Mike’s help with unhooking the appliances safely.” (197)

“In This Day and Age, $50 is a Lot of Money. It’s a Tank of Gas. We Had to Take It Back to Her”

In February 2014, Josh Kerns, a sanitation worker in Medina County, Ohio, saw an unopened card addressed to Lucy Hamer while at work, and he “thought it looked important,” so he held on to it. After work, he opened the card and found $50 inside. The card was a birthday card from Ms. Hamer’s sister-in-law; Ms. Hamer had thrown it away without realizing it. It had come in a box of presents for her son, and she had not realized that it was there. Mr. Kerns said, “In this day and age, $50 is a lot of money. It’s a tank of gas. We had to take it back to her.” Mr. Kerns and his supervisor returned the card and money to Ms. Hamer, who said, “She [her sister-in-law] would have been wondering why I didn’t thank her for the card, and I might have been wondering why she didn’t send one. It could
$2,800: Lost, Found, and Returned

In December 2013, Erica Clark of Dilworth, Minnesota, found $2,800 in $100 bills outside of McDonald’s in Moorhead, Minnesota. She turned in the money and a bank slip to the police in Moorhead, and they found its rightful owner. Ms. Clark said, “I’ve always been the kind of person who’s honest, and I knew if I was in that situation I’d be freaking out, and it was the right thing to do. I knew I’d be very thankful if someone did that for me.” The man whose money it was expressed gratitude for the return of the money. Ms. Clark is a first-year elementary education major at Minnesota State University in Moorhead. In February 2014, she won its Ethical Citizen Award. Many people have sent her letters, including people who have used her good deed to teach their children ethics. (199)

“My Parents Worked for 30 Years with Their Own Business from the Bottom Up and I Know What That’s Like to See Someone Finally Get Their Little Piece of Paradise”

In February 2014, Paul Hendry lost $6,500 — all in $100 bills — a little before he was scheduled to buy a Honda Goldwing 50th Anniversary model motorcycle. He said, “Saved for a long time because we were beginning a long trip.” At the motorcycle shop he discovered that his money was missing. He said, “I had my leather jacket on and I’m going, ‘I don’t have it.’ My wife said, ‘You’re kidding me.’ I said, ‘No, Carol.’ I’m shaking, I’m real nervous.” Fortunately, he had lost the money where an honest waitress named Diana Lee worked: The Ugly Mug in Cape May, New Jersey. Mr. Hendry said, “So I called up and Diana Lee answered the phone.” Ms. Lee grabbed a flashlight and looked under the booths. Some people were sitting in them. She said, “I told them, ‘Can you please lift
your feet up?’ They were kind of laughing at me.” She found the money and returned it to Mr. Hendry. She said, “Everybody was like astounded like how much is this.” Mr. Hendry then bought the motorcycle. Ms. Lee would not accept a reward. She said, “My parents worked for 30 years with their own business from the bottom up and I know what that’s like to see someone finally get their little piece of paradise.” (200)

Chapter 5: Stories 201-250

Good People Live in and Around Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

Here is some evidence that good people live in and around Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, in the form of letters to the editor that the Winnipeg Free Press of Manitoba, Canada, published online on 18 February 2014:

1) “The kindness of strangers a treat.” Susan McLaren wrote, “My husband and I are in our 80s. He has lung problems, so he generally stays in the car while I go into the store. I am small (and getting smaller) so a large bag of groceries, though not heavy, can be awkward.

“The other evening a lovely young woman saw me carrying the bag and picking my way carefully through the uneven snow. She immediately came over and carried the bag to the car for me.

“Her kindness not only was a great help but warmed my heart and made my day.

“I would like to thank her again and all the other kind folks who have helped me in some way or have shown consideration.

“While there are not too many upsides to getting old, the kindness of strangers is one of them.”
2) “Hoping for chance to pay it forward.” Lana Schu wrote, “I had just finished some Christmas shopping, and I was in a hurry, loading the trunk in the St. Vital Walmart parking lot, then pushing the shopping cart to the side before driving off.

“I then realized I didn’t have my purse. I quickly turned the car around in a panic, parked and began to search, checking all the carts frantically. I also checked with customer service, but no luck.

“After an hour I gave up and drove home. When I arrived my husband said a lady came by and dropped off my purse. She found it in a cart.

“My husband didn’t get her name. But whoever you are, thank you.

“You are definitely an angel.

“Someday I hope to do the same for someone else.”

3) “And there was the wallet.” Kendra Flett wrote, “I was late for work and was on my way to catch the bus by my house on Rupertsland Avenue.

“In my hurry, I dropped my wallet, but I had no idea I had done so until late in the evening when I went to go pay for my dinner with friends.

“I reached into my purse and there was no wallet to be found. I was devastated.

“This is the first time this has occurred in my life, and I had a horrible sense of dread — my ID, credit cards, even a flash drive with my wedding photos was in my wallet and now it was all gone.

“I decided to end my fun night out early and head home. I got home, sat on my couch and sobbed. Well, sobbed is an
understatement.
“A few moments later, I checked the mail as I had been out all day. I reached into my mailbox and pulled out my wallet!

“Everything was there, ID, credit cards, even my flash drive. I sobbed again, hugging my wallet and dancing around my house.

“I hope whoever left my wallet in my mailbox reads this. If they do, please know this:

“Thank you ever so much. Words cannot express how much I appreciate this.”

4) “One week, two kindnesses.” Darryl Hogg wrote, “I put air in my tire at the Red River Co-op gas station on Osborne Street. I did not realize my cellphone slipped off my belt in the process.

“Later when I could not find it, I dialed my number and the answer told me it was at the Co-op. Thank you to the Co-op customer who took the phone into the cashier.

“Later that week, my car died at Jubilee Avenue and Cockburn Street. Thank you to the driver who stopped and helped my wife and me push the car off the busy street. We still had to clear the bus stop area and a male pedestrian and a woman in an SUV stopped and helped us move it further out of the way.

“The lady provided pen and paper for a note on the windshield that a tow was coming.

“To these wonderful people, I hope you enjoyed a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.” (201)

Michael Heggens: 19-Year-Old Good Samaritan

On 1 March 2014, Michael Heggens, age 19, found a wallet
with $14,000 in it in the parking lot of the Walmart in Winnsboro, Louisiana. He looked in the wallet and found the name of the owner, Paula White, and returned the wallet and money to her. She said that the money was from her family’s tax returns. Mr. Heggens said, “That was a test from God. We have to go through a test in order to have a testimony and so I returned that because it was a test I passed and I know there is greater reward for me in heaven.” (202)

“You Have ‘Paid It Ahead,’ and I am Deeply Indebted to You for Your Honesty, Integrity, and Kindness”

On 10 March 2014, The Athens News of Athens, Ohio, published this letter to the editor by Joan Mickelson:

“To the young man in the yellow biker’s outfit riding on the bike path Friday afternoon: You have renewed my faith in people looking out for each other here in Athens. I dropped my wallet while riding my bike on the bike path near the Community Center but didn’t realize it until my ride ended nearly an hour later. I frantically retraced my travels, to no avail, worried about what I had to do to cancel what I’d lost.

“Meanwhile, you not only found my wallet, but took the time to drive to the west side of Athens and deliver it and its contents to my house before I had even returned from searching for it.

“You have ‘paid it ahead,’ and I am deeply indebted to you for your honesty, integrity, and kindness. You didn’t leave your name so I can only tell you thank you from the bottom of my heart via local media. You are my hero!” (203)

“A Shout-Out to the Lady Who Found My Wallet and Phone and Returned Them. Whoever You Are, I’m Forever Grateful”
In August 2014, Pao Lor, a columnist for *The Post-Crescent* (Appleton, Wisconsin) who lives in Kimberly, Wisconsin, put his wallet and phone on top of the trunk of one of his family’s cars. Unfortunately, his son drove away in that car. Mr. Lor asked his daughter to text his son to check for the phone and wallet; unfortunately, they were no longer on the trunk. After telling his daughter to text his son to look for the phone and wallet, Mr. Lor got on his bicycle and looked for the lost items, but could not find them and so returned to his home. Fortunately, a police officer stopped at his home and asked, “Are you Pao?” Receiving the answer yes, the police officer said, “I think I have something that belongs to you.” He then gave Mr. Lor his phone and wallet, explaining, “A neighbor saw them scattered in the street while she was walking. She tried to see who they belonged to but couldn’t find anything with any address. She tried dialing a person on the phone but they couldn’t understand each other. So, she decided to call us.” Actually, the wallet contained a driver license, but it was in a hidden compartment. Of course, Mr. Lor thanked the police officer. Later, Mr. Lor received a phone call from a cousin in Green Bay, who said to him in the Southeastern Asia language Hmong, “Are you OK? Some crazy lady was calling me, using your cell phone.” Mr. Lor replied, “Yeah, I’m OK. But it wasn’t some crazy lady. She actually found my lost phone and wallet and was trying to call you.” In *The Post-Crescent*, Mr. Lor wrote, “This column is a shout-out to the lady who found my wallet and phone and returned them. Whoever you are, I’m forever grateful. This is a story I’ll tell our children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren about life and, most important, about moral responsibilities and values.” (204)

**A High Level of Honesty**

In September 2014, a woman from Alfredo Street, Woodbrook, found a wallet while she was walking in the
vicinity of the Queen’s Park Oval, Port of Spain, Trinidad. An honest woman, she looked in the wallet, found a large amount of money, and immediately took the wallet and its contents to the Woodbrook Police Station. Inspector Billy, Sergeant Lucas, and Corporal Mason found over $5,000 in the wallet and a large amount of United States currency. The wallet also contained documents that allowed them to find the wallet’s rightful owner, a man, who praised the police officers and the woman who had found his wallet, stating “that it was not customary for persons finding such valuables to display that level of honesty.” (205)

Thanks for Finding and Returning Lost Wallet

On 18 February 2014, Seacoastonline.com published this letter to the editor by Alice Rose of Hampton, New Hampshire: “I just moved to the seacoast two months ago although I had formerly lived in Derry [New Hampshire] for the last twenty years. Last week before the snowstorm, I went to Market Basket in Seabrook [New Hampshire] for a few things. After I was home for an hour or so, I received a call from the Hampton police telling me they had my wallet. I did not even know I had lost my wallet!!! I was even more shocked to learn that all the money and cards that were in my wallet were still there! Even the police seemed impressed. They did not have the name of the person who turned it in. This event really reinforced my faith that there still are very honest people out there even in these hard economic times. I just wanted to share my story since I can’t thank the individual in person. Thank you from the bottom of my heart!” (206)

“Thank You, Harbor Freight Tools Store #58”

Over the Labor Day weekend in 2014, Dick Rice lost his wallet while flying in the Hearts A’Fire hot air balloon event in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Of course, he thought that he would never see it again. He was wrong. His wallet
landed on the roof of Harbor Freight Tools, and an employee mailed the wallet back to Mr. Rice, along with this note: “Dear Sir, while doing maintenance on our AC we found your wallet on our roof. I do hope the address on your ID is current. We must say in our store we have never found a wallet on our roof before and can only assume you were here for the hot air balloon event. Your friends, Harbor Freight Tools Store #58.” Mr. Rice said his wallet was returned with all its contents intact: credit cards, $80 in cash, airman certificate, driver’s license, and insurance IDs. Mr. Rice wrote on Facebook, “I am so impressed I thought everybody should know about these terrific folks at Harbor Freight. They didn’t have to do that, but they did. In this era of entitlement and world turmoil, these folks took the time and spent a couple bucks to make someone else’s life better. Thank you, Harbor Freight Store #58.” (207)

“I Just Knew that Turning the Money in was the Right Thing to Do. It’s the Only Thing to Do”

On 26 July 2014, Karon Krejdl, age 71, of Eagle, Nebraska, was in Bellevue, Nebraska, to shop. Unfortunately, after leaving the Aldi store at 2112 Cornhusker Road, she discovered that her wallet — which contained $1,300 — was missing. She said, “I didn’t expect to ever see that money ever again. I must have dropped it when I was boxing up my groceries.” Fortunately, a Good Samaritan and 40-year-old Bellevue resident named Jim Post found the wallet. It contained lots of money but no identification, so he turned it in to Bellevue Police Headquarters. Mr. Post said, “I wouldn’t have been able to sleep very good if I hadn’t turned it in. I was thinking someone lost a lot of money and they are probably very nervous right now.” Ms. Krejdl contacted the Bellevue Police Department and was happy to find that the police already had her wallet and money. She said, “I just really appreciate what this man did. At least I know that there’s a few honest people left in
the world.” Mr. Post said, “I just knew that turning the money in was the right thing to do. It’s the only thing to do.” (208)

“I was Worried about All of the Things I Would have to Do to Protect Myself from Whoever Might Find My Wallet”

In early 2014, Dennis “Moe” Petty and his wife, Kathy, were vacationing in Florida when Kathy found a wallet at Crabby Joes restaurant in Daytona Beach. Joanne Zimmermann had lost the wallet there and was worried about the negative consequences that could follow if the wrong person found it. She said, “I was worried about all of the things I would have to do to protect myself from whoever might find my wallet.” She need not have worried. The Pettys, who are from Carmel, Indiana, returned the wallet, which contained $100, to her. Moe said, “We found a wallet and made a new friend. I am glad we were able to find the owner and return it to her instead of what you normally hear about. Even though we were only in Daytona for the day, there was no question we would make an effort to find the owner of the wallet.” Ms. Zimmerman, a 45-year resident of Florida, said, “They were so nice, and I was so happy to get my wallet back. I wanted to say thank you [by contacting the newspaper Current in Carmel] since they would not accept a reward.” (209)

A Good Samaritan

On 12 March 2014, this letter to the editor by Steve Nardi of West Berlin, New Jersey, appeared in the Courier-Post (South New Jersey):

“I had the good fortune one day of a stranger helping me without even having any pleasure of meeting him.

“When I was walking to my vehicle after work, I discovered my keys were missing. My best friend Jack
gave me a quick ride to my house to retrieve a spare key in case I may have locked it in my vehicle. Needless to say, it wasn’t there. In a last effort, I approached the courtesy desk at my West Berlin Shop-Rite and was quickly relieved to be informed that a gentleman had found them somewhere in the parking lot.

“I’m very grateful and was willing to give him a little something for his time. I appreciate being spared the aggravation or worse.

“For all the endless stream of negative news publicized on a daily basis, I realize that decent citizens get overlooked too often for their honest deeds.

“Thanks again to whoever is responsible for returning my keys.” (210)

“Unbelievable! He Found Us! It’s About Seven Minutes Before I Ask Her to Marry Me”

On 4 February 2014, Steve Buice prepared to propose to Josefina Karpecki. He was at the Mira Mesa Home Depot in San Diego, California, to have a friend outfit him with a microphone to capture the proposal — “Operation Please Say Yes” — when he put his jacket, which contained his wallet and the diamond engagement ring, on the trunk of a nearby car. Unfortunately, the driver of the car drove away. Fortunately, the driver returned about 20 minutes later with the jacket, wallet, and engagement ring. He told Mr. Buice, “I have your wallet and your diamond ring.” Mr. Buice’s friend recorded the return of the items. On tape, Mr. Buice said, “Unbelievable! He found us! It’s about seven minutes before I ask her to marry me.” The Good Samaritan declined a reward; all of Mr. Buice’s cash was in his wallet. By the way, Ms. Karpecki said yes to Mr. Buice’s proposal of marriage. (211)

“What a Great Country We Live in. God Bless
America”

On Valentine’s Day 2014, Navneet Guleria, age 52, who is from Pennington, New Jersey, lost a four-carat diamond ring — a 25th wedding anniversary gift from her husband — while passing through security at Newark Airport in New Jersey. She did not miss the ring until after she and her husband had boarded their plane to London and it was too late to go back to the airport. She said, “Every time I go through the checkpoint, I take my jewelry off. I dropped it and never noticed. So when I got on the plane, I looked for my ring and it wasn’t there. I just panicked and started shouting at my husband to do something, go and talk to someone.” She added, “I was devastated, but when we got to London, my husband got on the phone and called the TSA [Transportation Security Administration] and filed a claim.” A week later, back home in New Jersey, Navneet called the TSA to inquire about her ring. She said, “They said, ‘We may have it and we will call you back in 15 minutes. She rang back and asked, ‘What does the band look like?’ I said it was a thick band and she said, ‘Okay, we have it.’” Navneet added, “I was amazed by the honesty. It’s unheard of.” Fortunately, an unidentified woman had found the ring and turned it in to TSA Officer Meredith Grillos. Navneet, who was born in New Delhi, India, said, “I didn’t think anybody would do this … I was so happy.” She added, “What a great country we live in. God bless America.” (212)

Good Guy with Jumper Cables

On 11 February 2014, Redditor duckbombz posted a Good Guy Greg meme titled “I doubt this GGG will see this, but hopefully one of his three daughters might. Thank you again, Sir!” about having trouble getting his truck started at a Walgreen’s in Virginia Beach, Virginia. A man with three daughters came over and offered him a jump. Duckbombz
wrote this account of their conversation:

“He walked over and offered, but I said: ‘Oh, thank you sir, I appreciate it, but really you don’t have to. I’m going to try to clean off the terminals and see if that fixes it. If not, I’ll just call my brother, because he has my jumper cables.’

“To which he replied: ‘Oh, it’s no problem at all. But now that you mention it, I think my jumper cables are at home.’

“Me: ‘Haha, That’s fine. Don’t worry about it. I’m all right. I appreciate the offer, though.’

“Him: ‘You sure? I was just up here getting some things for my wife. I don’t live that far away.’

“Me: ‘Oh, no. Really man, I’ll be fine! [heh] Get your stuff to your wife before she gets mad at ya.’

“(Mutual LOL)

“Him: ‘Ok, man. Good luck! Have a good night!’

“Me: ‘Thanks again! You, too.’”

The Good Guy Greg did not forget about duckbombx, who wrote about the GGG: “LEAVES & GOES HOME. COME BACK AT 11:00PM WITH JUMPER CABLES TO SEE IF I STILL NEED A HAND, AND HELPS ME START MY TRUCK.” (213)

Good Guy Canadian Neighbour

On 5 February 2014, Imgurian thekummer used the Good Guy Greg meme to thank a Canadian neighbour for helping him get his car started with jumper cables. The post title stated, “Good Guy Canadian Neighbour.” The text of the meme stated, “OFFERS TO BOOST MY TRUCK BUT NEITHER OF US HAVE JUMPER CABLES / GOES AND BUYS CABLES, COMES BACK AND BOOSTS ME: ‘I NEEDED SOME ANYWAYS.’” Some Redditors
were confused about the word “BOOST,” but it simply means “JUMP.” (214)

**Good Guy Bicyclist**

On 8 February 2014, Redditor MawsBaws posted a Good Guy Greg meme on Imgur with this caption: “Good guy bicyclist saves me from a long walk.” The meme stated, “NOTICES THAT YOU’RE PUSHING YOUR BIKE AND HAVE A FLAT / STOPS, GIVES YOU A SPARE TUBE AND HELPS YOU GET BACK ON THE ROAD. REFUSES ANY CASH.” On Reddit, Nihilistnobody commented, “With mountain biking, the common practice is if someone gives you a tube on the trail you then pass it along by leaving a new tube on a prominent stump or easily seen feature. I usually carry only one tube but have seen a friend pop two in two minutes. I also keep a five dollar bill in my bag, so if I do need help from someone I can force it upon them.” And rayned0wn commented about a car flat, “One day I saw an old lady broken down at a gas station, and her spare was flat for some reason. I gave her my spare tire and helped her change it because it was wintertime, and old + cold = bad. Afterwards she tried to give me $200. #1 My tire was only worth about $80, #2 I didn’t expect to get paid. I noticed the rest of her tires looked iffy, so I told her to keep the money and told her she should replace the tires because they were bald. I hope she did, she was a nice lady.” (215)

**“Thank You, Ben And Kcy. You will Not be Forgotten!”**

On 5 June 2014, Imgurian ElectracutedElectrician wrote on Imgur (lightly edited) about an impressive good deed:

“Meet Ben and Kcy. We met out in the middle of nowhere.

“To really understand how righteous these two are, I need to describe the events leading up to meeting them.
“I was sent (on very short notice) by my boss out of town to finish a job. He lied to me and told me the proper tools and material would be waiting for me. He also didn’t let me use the company truck; he made me drive my own 120+ miles.

“On the way back home, my car overheated and spilled coolant everywhere. I had to get off the freeway as fast as I could, and stopped on an overpass.

“CHP (California Highway Patrol) stopped to see what was happening, but instead of offering help, they decided to put me through a field sobriety test. They seemed upset that I passed.

“They did help by pushing my car to the closest gas station.

“The job-trip took 24 hours in total; we will not be paid overtime.

“I spent two hours at the gas station asking for help, but it was late and those who stopped for gas were reluctant to help, until a young man walks over to me and asks if I need help.

“This is how I came to meet Ben and Kcy.

“He tried to diagnose my car on the spot; he even went as far as driving home for his tools.

“It wasn’t a wrench, he connected it to my car’s computer. Not your average mechanic.

“He couldn’t fix it on the spot, so he offered us a place to crash over night…, then Kcy offered to tow it for me. I felt soo overwhelmed by their kindness. We talked about firearms, civil rights, and hunting as we waited for the flatbed truck.

“A complete stranger helping another. As I type this, my
eyes are welling up with tears. If not for YOU TWO, I would still be stranded there.

“I would normally be on my boss’ desk yelling at him as he cowards under it, but I’m not mad at all.

“I met two of our best citizens, and they extended their help and friendship. I can’t let this act go unnoticed, so I opened an Imgur account to share this.

“Thank you, Ben and Kcy. You will not be forgotten!”

(216)

“You Can’t Take It with You”

On 29 June 2014, Katie Kanefke wanted to buy four boxes of diapers, but the Walmart in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, would not match a competitor’s price. She was ready to put three boxes of diapers back on the shelves, but stranger Carol Flynn, age 73, used her credit card to pay $120 for all four boxes. Ms. Flynn said, “Diapers are for babies and babies are on my heart. We’re always concerned about moms and healthy babies.” She added, “You can’t take it with you. I just think we should do things like that. That’s kind of my thinking.” Ms. Kanefke, a stay-at-home mother who is married to Jimmy Kanefke, with whom she had their four-month-old son, Marcus, said, “I couldn’t believe it. I was shocked. I kept saying ‘thank you’ and ‘God bless you.’ Then I walked out in the parking lot and started crying. It just hit me. It was an awesome statement of what God’s love does. If you ever needed a sign or act that shows God cares for his people and provides for them, this is it.” Shopper Jason Yoshino, who filmed the good deed and uploaded it on Facebook, said, “Me and my wife were stunned. You hear about those things, but you don’t see them in real life. Everybody has a camera phone, and they’re recording everything. [Still,] you don’t see something like that every day in life. It definitely touched a
chord with me. I always try to inspire others, and I’m a huge advocate of uplifting and changing the world. I’ll never forget it, to be honest with you.” (217)

“Have You Ever Met a Stranger that You Only Saw Once But Still Think Of?”

On 28 May 2014, EDS-1275 asked on Reddit, “Have you ever met a stranger that you only saw once but still think of?” Here are some replies (lightly edited):

1) nosaJ4297 wrote: “I was in an airport and my flight was delayed for ten hours due to mechanical problems. Around hour six, I got hungry, so I walked to the food court. After walking around looking for some decent food, I decided to go to the Cinnabon. So I’m waiting in line, and the guy in front of me asks for a cinnamon bun. The cashier tells him they’re out of single cinnamon buns. He can either buy a two-pack or five mini-buns. He thinks for a moment, then turns to me. ‘If I buy the two-pack, will you take the extra?’ he asks. I accept his offer, and I try to give him some money for mine, which he declines. We decide to sit together while we eat them, and as we’re eating, I ask why he wouldn’t let me pay him. He tells me, ‘I’m flying out for my mother’s funeral. She always tried to make the best of a bad situation, so I wanted to honor her good nature.’ I’ve never seen or spoken to that man since then, and he’s probably long forgotten about me. But every time I smell a cinnamon bun, I think of him. TL;DR random guy in an airport bought me a cinnamon bun.”

2) crocodilejim wrote, “There was a nice guy at a Walmart who looked like a badass biker. He helped me find my parents when I got lost.”

3) Openminded_skeptic commented, “A street clown in the French Quarter proposed to me when I was 15 years old. No one has proposed to me since, so I think about him with
regret every so often…”

4) [Namecensored] wrote, “I once saw a homeless old man fall down right in the middle of the street, smack onto the blacktop. It was a wide city street, 3 lanes each way, and he was basically rolling on his back and flailing, unable to stand or right himself.

“Waving my arms over my head like a madman so cars would see me, I ran out into the road. ‘Can I help you up, sir?’ I asked him, but he was so scared and stressed, he couldn’t really answer. He kind of moaned and whimpered in panic, which I took to be approval, so I crouched down, told him to hug his arms around my neck, I hugged my arms around him under his arms, and we stood up together.

“At this point, cars had stopped around us, and were honking their horns, and I was torn between heartbreak and rage with the callousness, but with his arm over my shoulder, I walked him to the side of the road and sat him down on a bus stop bench, and asked if there was anyone I could call for him, or if he wanted me to call for an ambulance.

“He immediately burst out crying. Loud, wet sobs of pure anguish. I just sat with him, and when he could talk, he said, ‘I can’t believe you stopped. I can’t believe you helped me. I was sure nobody would help me. I was sure I was dead out there. I just can’t believe you would stop for me.’

“I told him I only did what anybody would do, and asked him again if there was anybody I could call, or anything I could do for him. ‘No, there’s nobody to call anymore,’ he said, with a sad little laugh. ‘You just keep being a good person. That’s all you can do.’

“We shook hands, and I walked away, then I got home and cried my f[**]king eyes out, without really understanding
why.”

5) eDgAR wrote, “When I was a kid we didn’t have a lot of money, so we often shopped at [a] thrift store. What I loved about that was that you could get 10 books for a dollar, so I would plant myself in front of the book section and make piles of which ones I wanted to get and then decided after I’d gone through them all.

“One day an older lady saw me sitting with my piles and asked if I liked to read. I told her I did and showed her a few of the books I found that I liked. She smiled and then pulled a dollar out of her purse, handed it to me and said, ‘Promise me that you’ll keep reading.’ I was so happy and immediately stood up and said that I would. She smiled and walked away and I went back to my piles able to pick out an extra 10 books to take home.

“This was probably about 20 years or so ago, but I still think of her whenever I buy a new book.”

6) FuzzyManPeach wrote, “I remember when I had gotten my first job, working as a cashier at Walmart.

“It was my first day and I’d received pretty substandard training, and I was really nervous with it being my first day, at my first job ever. I was ringing a man up, and I couldn’t remember the PLU code for something, and I couldn’t find it on the paper fast enough for his liking. He threw his pastries at me, and called me a stupid c[*]nt and tried to walk off.

“I was sort of … choking back tears a bit, I was really upset that I’d already messed up. An old lady behind him in line was watching this all go down, she FREAKED THE F[**]K OUT on him, she must have been 70 or so. I’ve never heard anyone swear like that before. Then she turned to me, and said something like ‘It’s okay, sweetheart, I'm doing this because I know you can’t’, and proceeded to
chew him out some more.

“I think of her often. I was so grateful.”

7) thrillho97 wrote, “At one point I had a lot of body image issues […] and the skirt and top I was wearing one day made me feel/look like a sausage and I was pretty grumpy. Some little girl was trying to catch quick glances at me, probably for wearing all black, I thought. Later on a woman comes up to me and she says, ‘My daughter has something she’d like to say to you,’ and this kid is like ‘I think you dress really cool!’ and it brightened up my day and I didn’t act like a cranky bitch the rest of the day.” (218)

“Nice Guy Driver Helped a Pedestrian in a Wheelchair”

On 12 July 2014, Redditor comickat posted this story in the Random Acts of Kindness subReddit: “Yesterday night, I was sitting at the intersection that blocks the entrance to my neighborhood, waiting to turn left. In the crosswalk intersecting my car’s intended turn lane, an older gentleman in a wheelchair was slowly making his way across the street. Behind him was a red car, also waiting for the pedestrian to finish crossing so he could make his own left turn. The old man was clearly having a difficult time. The ‘walk’ signal had already replaced the blinking ‘don’t walk’ signal, and he wasn’t even close to being halfway across the street. Suddenly, the red car turned its hazard lights on, and the young driver jumped out and made his way towards the pedestrian. At this point, the light had already changed, and I was afraid the driver was going to get mad at the poor old gentleman for holding him up. I didn’t hear the brief exchange that followed, but instead of getting upset, the driver pushed the pedestrian’s wheelchair the rest of the way across the street. He then returned to his car to catch the light. I just want this random guy’s kindness and chivalry to be acknowledged.” (219)
No Good Deed Goes Unrewarded

On 19 June 2014, the Savannah Morning News (Georgia) published a blog entry by Lydia Ramsey titled “No Good Deed Goes Unrewarded.” In it, Ms. Ramsey wrote about going to Sam’s Club with a friend and allowing a young man who had only a few items to go ahead of her in the checkout line. As the young man was checking out, he asked her, “Do you like cupcakes?” Of course she did. He then invited her and her friend to stop at his cupcake store, Smallcakes, for two free cupcakes. He said, “You did something nice for me, so I want to do something nice for you.” Ms. Ramsey wrote, “A number of good things happened here: I saved him from spending unnecessary time in a checkout line. He rewarded me with a Chocolate Bourbon cupcake (my pick from his tempting array). He gained two new customers and then some because we are now going to tell everyone we know about this nice young man and his brand-new store in beautiful downtown Sandfly (that’s right, Sandfly), Georgia.” She added, “I can’t speak to the cupcake yet since I am saving that for my dessert, but I am quite sure that it, too, will get rave reviews. So you see, no good deed goes unrewarded — at least in my book. In addition, no effort in good manners and customer service will ever go unnoticed. Off to devour my cupcake!” (220)

“Maybe a Cupcake will Help?”

On 28 March 2014, Andrew Shaffer, age 25, delivered a Papa’s John pizza to a couple in Portland, Oregon, and received $23 for the $22.67 tab. He said, “It was just a regular delivery and I didn’t get tipped, so whatever.” But the next day, he went into work and his boss asked him if he remembered that delivery. Mr. Shaffer said, “He gave me their address and I was like, ‘Yes,’ because I remembered they didn’t tip me.” The couple had stopped
by and left something for him. He said, “He [Schaffer’s boss] handed me a card and it said, ‘A Thank You Note’ across the front. And I opened it up and it totally made my day. I had never gotten anything like that from a customer in six years of delivering.” The card cover featured a stamp of a cupcake and this message: “Maybe a cupcake will help?” Inside were a $20 bill and this note: “Okay, well maybe I don’t really have a cupcake for you — But how about that tip last night? We would like to apologize for our impaired math skills and thank you for the work you do. We appreciate it immensely! — Tom and Jenn.” Mr. Schaffer said, “The quality of the handmade card, that was something I really appreciate. It was really creative.” He added, “It takes a little work to do something like that.”

By the way, here are some comments following this article:

1) Hubby wrote, “My wife told me she used to work tables at a local pizzeria while in high school and would hustle and make sure ‘her’ customers had their order promptly and their drinks refreshed when needed. The way she tells it, some of the other girls got jealous that she received good tips and they didn’t and that some customers would request seating in the area she took care of. One day she walks into work and the owner tells her that tips would be ‘shared’ by everyone. She told her boss to have a nice day and walked out.”

2) Marcus A wrote, “Back in the 90’s, I was working at a Tucson [Arizona] Pizza Hut putting myself through college, when a couple came in for dinner. When the man ordered, he showed me a coupon for a large pizza he had cut out of his local paper. Unfortunately, it was a coupon for a different Pizza Hut and we did not honor them at my store. When I pointed this out to him, he got visibly upset and I had the feeling he had just enough money to pay for dinner, but he needed to use the coupon. (Keep in mind,
college town, money is always tight.) I decided to give the man a break and accepted the coupon. Through the course of the evening, I found out this was his first date with the young lady and he really wanted everything to go right for him. Approximately two weeks later, I came in to work and noticed my manager, the district manager, and another corporate suit sitting in the dining area. They immediately called me over. They asked me if I remembered the incident with the man who had the wrong coupon. I thought they were going to fire me for accepting a coupon we didn’t honor. Instead, they handed me a letter. It was from this gentleman. He had sent a letter to the corporate headquarters thanking me for my professionalism and for not embarrassing him on his date. It made me feel really good that this guy went out of his way to thank me. But what happened next absolutely floored me. The district manager reached into his pocket, handed me a $50 bill and thanked me for ‘going above and beyond’, so to speak. Had that warm and fuzzy feeling for a long time after that.”

3) Scooter wrote, “About 20 years ago I was a server in our local #$$%$ Barrel. In the summer, I would often see the same customers — once on their way to/from Florida and once on the way back/to. One particular family specifically asked for me and even waited to be sat in my section. I had waited on them a couple weeks prior. They called me by name, and we talked about their vacation to the Smoky mountains. I gave them the same service I tried to give everyone. When they left, there was no tip on the table but I never thought anything of it as many of our tips were on credit cards that we get at the end of our shift. A week or so later, when I came in to work I was told I had mail taped to the office door. I had NO idea who would be sending me anything at work, so was quite puzzled. I was handed the envelope by my manager and proceeded to open it. Inside was the nicest note from the family I had waited on. She
explained that she was very sorry for not tipping, but she thought her father had put it on the credit card and her father thought she and her husband had left a cash tip! So, she found out that no tip had been left and mailed me a $20 check! My manager took a copy of the envelope, the note, and the check and sent it to main office. They had never heard of anything like that happening. It really made my day!” (221)

“Matt, Who Works at Township Coffee on the Corner of Tyndall and San Juan, Did Something Wonderful”

On 5 August 2014, the *Saanich News* (Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada) published this letter to the editor by Richard Weatherill of Saanich:

“I would just like to report that on July 1 of this year, some thoughtless and inconsiderate rowdies celebrated Canada Day by smashing quite a few glass bottles on the walking path that connects the 1700-block of San Juan to the 1800-block by the soccer fields.

“The next day, a young fellow by the name of Matt, who works at Township Coffee on the corner of Tyndall and San Juan, did something wonderful. When his shift was finished and he was leaving work, he saw the mess and voluntarily went back to his place of employment to get a broom and pail to clean it up.

“I would like to emphasize that the pathway is used by many children, and walkers of all sorts, and the broken glass constituted a definite hazard.

“Matt did not have to do what he did. He could have simply reported it (or ignored it), and it most likely would have been cleaned up by the municipality, at some point. In the meantime, any number of injuries could have resulted.

“I would like to recognize the generous act on Matt’s part
and thank him for what he did.” (222)

**Good Guy Swiss Bus Driver**

On 22 March 2014, Redditor LurkertoThrowaway posted on Imgur a Good Guy Greg meme with this caption: “This Swiss Bus Driver restored my faith in humanity.” The text of the meme stated, “NOTICES THAT YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS ARE LOST ON THE LAST BUS STOP IN THE SWISS ALPS / DRIVES THE BUS TO THE DEPOT AND TAKES YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS IN HIS PERSONAL CAR TO YOUR HOTEL 20 MINUTES AWAY IN FRANCE AT 1AM IN THE MORNING.” On Reddit, LurkertoThrowaway explained what happened:

“Ok. Story Time. Currently, I am on Spring Break with my friends, a group of three guys. We planned on vacationing in Geneva just to get a break and were advised by the hotel to take a bus into Switzerland near the Alps. We rode for an hour and apparently it was the last bus of the night. We tried to call for a taxi service to take us to our hotel, but every service was either down or would not pick us up from our location. The bus driver saw that we were the last ones on the bus.

“We had our suitcases and backpacks with us. The last stop on the bus was a pretty quiet town. It was incredibly dark with no streetlights. The last business we saw was five stops prior to the last stop. We went up to the bus driver, who does not speak English well, and asked if he knew a taxi service. He told us to get off the bus and wait.

“Five minutes later, he pulls around with his hatchback and tells us to get in the car. We tell him our hotel is in France and he tells us that he knows exactly where the hotel is. So he drives us 11km in the opposite direction of his house to take us to a hotel in France at 1am. Because of him, we didn’t freeze a sub 0 degree temperatures and we were able
to [get to] the hotel within 20 minutes. We tried to pay him, but he wouldn’t take our money. We ‘accidentally’ left a 50 CHF [50 Swiss Francs = $47 USAmerican] note in his back seat.

“Additionally GG hotel, because even though the receptionist left and front door was closed, they left a note with our names on the window and provided us with instructions on how to enter the room.

“TL;DR; People in Switzerland are really nice people. He was an amazing guy who made sure that we got to our hotel.”

Redditor coolhandmarie commented, “In my home city, I only had 2.40 cash for a 2.50 fare this week and when I realized [it], the driver told me, ‘Today’s ride is on me if you tell me a joke.’ They deal with so much stress from the public every day, it seems that coping with the job long-term must select for great people.” (223)

A Good Deed in Brasov, Romania

On 24 April 2014, anothergxg posted on YouTube a video of him helping a man in Brasov, Romania, who had missed his bus. anothergxg was on a scooter — a 2002 Honda Silverwing, 600cc — so the man hopped on and anothergxg chased after the bus, finally catching up to it so that the man could board it. The text on the YouTube video stated, “So I was driving around and I saw a man trying to catch a bus which [he had] obviously missed. I stopped and asked him if he wanted a lift to the next bus stop so he could catch the bus. The rest can be seen in the clip. There’s not much to the conversation: I ask the man if he wants to go with me, then he explains that the next bus would arrive in about 1 hour, then there is some cursing for the driver and finally he thanks me very much for the help I gave him. This is filmed in Brasov, Romania, with Drift HD Ghost
and the ‘motorcycle’ is actually a scooter: 2002 Honda Silverwing, 600cc.” (224)

“What Random Acts of Kindness, or Pay-It-Forward Actions, Have You Done Yourself or Witnessed Lately?”

On 30 May 2014, Redditor visualoptimism asked, “What random acts of kindness, or pay-it-forward actions, have you done yourself or witnessed lately?” Here are some replies (lightly edited):

1) strikeuhpose wrote, “Last Christmas [2013] my brother found a jar on his porch full of cash, gift cards, change, and a note. The note explained how this person would save their extra cash and change all year and put it in a jar to give to someone at Christmas time. It was the sweetest thing ever, and my brother really needed the money because of things that had come up right before Christmas. He has two small boys and was worried about being able to give them an awesome Christmas and that jar fixed everything! It makes me cry again just thinking about it! He’s been saving his extra cash/change and is going to do the same thing to another family during Christmas time this year!

2) MadtownMaven wrote, “Two weekends ago I heard my neighbor’s (well, the neighbor of the house across the street from mine) dog get hit by a car. I ran to help, but the guy was carrying the dog running to his house to take it to the vet. That afternoon I left a vase with flowers from my garden, a rawhide chew, and a card hoping their pup a speedy recovery on their doorstep. I’d never met them before, [but] I know I’d feel horrible if my dog got hit and hurt. A few days later they dropped off a thankyou card and their dog is recovering nicely. They are a deaf couple so it was kind of hard to communicate, but now we wave whenever we’re out walking our pups.
“Whenever I take the tollway to Illinois, if it’s a car behind me at the toll, I’ll pay theirs as well. I generally only do this at the toll around Rockford, not the Chicago ones because they are every mile it seems.

“About three weeks ago, there was a 20k race that goes past about a block from my house. I didn’t know anyone in the race and it’s not a huge one, but I went and set up my lawn chair and cheered for the people running for an hour or two. I stayed and cheered on until I couldn’t see anymore walkers heading my way. A lot of the people thanked me, ’cause it’s not typical to have crowd support at smaller races, but I could see a lot of them picking up their pace and smiling. When they were at about 17k of a 20k race, I count that as a win.”

3) justsomemammal wrote, “A few months ago some lady in a white SUV paid for my Starbucks at the drive through. It was such a small thing, but I bet I’ll never forget it.

“When I lived in the bay area and had a little extra cash, I occasionally paid for the bridge toll for the person behind me.

“And it seems like it counts less to do random acts of kindness for people you know as opposed to strangers, but a couple times a year I’ll see something a friend would like and send them a surprise gift. A few weeks ago I sent a robot-shaped tea infuser to a friend who’s a tea enthusiast and who I have a running joke about robots with. A few months ago I sent a dress to a friend who found the perfect dress to wear to a wedding but they didn’t have it in her size — I managed to snag the right size and sent it to her as a surprise.” (225)

“Congratulations! You’re an Inspiration!”

In June 2014, Diana Benavidez left her red wallet on a shopping cart in the parking lot of the Southmost HEB
grocery store in Brownsville, Texas. She said, “It was terrible.” The wallet contained “my baby’s pictures, ID’s and everything.” She and her husband, Jose Torres, returned to the store, where they discovered that an honest employee named Ivan Garza had found and turned in the wallet. Diana and Jose nominated Ivan for a Pay it 4Ward prize, which he received. Ricardo Filizola of the GEF Financial Agency told Ivan, “What you did was exemplary. We know HEB has a policy where you can’t receive any gifts or gratuities from customers, so Action 4 News and GEF Financial would like to take your actions and turn your kindness into cash. Here’s $400.” He handed over the money and then added, “Congratulations! You’re an inspiration!” Ivan said, “I didn’t imagine this. I was just working and doing the policy. That’s why they hired me. I’m not going to get a wallet from a stranger.” Ivan is 21 years old and had worked at HEB for four months. He said that he works to help support his parents “with food and bills. I help them out and a little more money wouldn’t hurt.” (226)

“What was the Nicest Thing You Did Today?”

In July 2014, Redditor readbtheline asked, “What was the nicest thing you did today?” Here are some replies:

1) gorampardos wrote, “I dyed my gf’s [gf = girlfriend] hair for her and I sang ‘Beauty School Dropout’ only three times.”

2) juhesihcaaa wrote, “Called my biological mother. She’s dying in another country and our relationship isn’t the best. “I found out that she ‘lit up’ when I called.

“Edit: by ‘lit up’ I mean she brightened up. Not that she was smoking or anything … Her cousin was there when I called and he told her sister (my aunt) that the call made her so happy. She has an aggressive brain tumor and two
months left. My aunt is going to see her but I can’t afford it.”

3) DimiDrake wrote, “Tipped a waiter 30%. He was working his [*/]ss off serving my wife and me, and three other tables. At two of those tables were customers from hell. I wanted to get up and punch out all of them. Pushy, demanding (ridiculous things — like special food not on the menu). This was a very nice restaurant. I wrote him a quick note, too, telling him how much we appreciated him. On the way out, I told the general manager what a great job he did.”

Hoten commented, “As a server, I want to say that complimenting him to the GM is probably one of the best things you could have done for him. Good thinking there, dude.”

Icankilluwithmybrain commented, “Waitress here, people like you are amazing. I don’t expect a 30% tip from every table, but the sheer ability to recognize your surroundings and realize what else I’m dealing with is great. We need more people like you.”

ImFatWannaParty commented, “I tipped a guy $80 on a $120 bill.

“As busy as the place was, he always made sure drinks were full and checked up on us every 15 minutes to see how we were doing.

“What put me over the top [and made me generous] was my first drink. I was having a sh[*]t day. I fired the final drink of it down my throat like you see people in bars in movies do. A few minutes later another drink gets brought to me and he goes, ‘On the house, I’ve had days like that, too.’” (227)

Making It Right — Right Away
On 26 April 2013, a blogger named Stecky wrote a comment about an article detailing what happened when someone lost a wallet with $1,400 in it. The police recovered the wallet — and found the man who had taken the $1,400 and spent it. Taking money that you find that is not yours is theft. Stecky wrote about an incident that had happened during the previous week: “I dropped a light bulb [package] in a store and hung it back up and purchased another. I couldn’t believe that I even thought about that. I prayed hard and knew that to remove the black spot on my soul I had to make it right right [away]. I went right back to the store and purchased the package I had dropped. Took it home … it was fine, but I was bothered that I took that little step in the wrong direction. I am examining my heart very carefully. Thanks for the inspiration. I hope you get the money back. I hope that man can turn his path.” (228)

“What is One Act of Kindness You were Shown that You will Never Forget?”

On 7 March 2014, Redditor perfectlysound asked, “What is one act of kindness you were shown that you will never forget?” Here are some replies:

1) SoCal_Sapper wrote, “When I was 20 years old, I lived with a roommate who was away visiting her parents for Thanksgiving. Well, I didn’t have any food on Thanksgiving and I wasn’t close with my mother at the time, so I started walking to the convenience store to pick up some crappy food and a pack of smokes when my ex-girlfriend pulled up next to me. Now the breakup between us was pretty bad and left a bad taste in both of our mouths. That being said, she asked what I was doing walking in the snow on Thanksgiving. I told her where I was going, and she insisted that I join her and her mother for Thanksgiving. I was absolutely floored, but I politely declined and kept walking. She started driving beside me
and wouldn’t take no for an answer. So I spent Thanksgiving with her and her mother, and it was like we were old friends who never dated, just plain old friends.”

2) androgenous_potato wrote, “I was coming home from a friend’s birthday party from downtown and was waiting to take the bus home (public transportation). My bus ran only every hour after 11pm, so I was stuck waiting as I had just missed my bus. This man came and sat beside me at the bus stop and kept trying to touch my hair and my clothes and saying super inappropriate things to me. I got up from my seat and went to stand out near the road hoping there would be people or traffic, but there was nobody. I was really starting to get scared this guy was going to try and drag me off somewhere.

“There then out of nowhere this bus driver stopped, the bus said ‘Out of Service’, but he saw the man bothering me and stopped his bus, opened the door, and offered to let me on. The creepy man tried to follow, but the driver shut the doors in his face. The driver then gave me a ride as close to my house as the bus was able to drive me free of charge. I am fairly sure this man was heading back to the bus depot having finished his shift and went out of his way to help me. I tell people this man saved my life — usually they say I’m being dramatic, but I have NO idea what the creep would have done to me.”

3) jri105515 wrote, “Okay, here’s an embarrassing story and thank god this guy came along and helped. So when I was 16, my car got hit by somebody so while it was in getting repaired I had to drive a cheap stick-shift that my dad bought from a friend. It was my first time driving a stick-shift and because my dad is a really busy guy, and my stepmom wouldn’t help, I used YouTube and learned to drive stick myself. For two days I drove it to school and home without a problem, and then I got cocky so I decided
to try to drive into town. Anyway, I drove to RadioShack to run an errand and got it done without a problem. Buttttt, on the way home, something very bad happened. On a 5-lane one-way road up a hill, I got stopped by a red light. I didn’t know this would be a problem until it turned green, and I realized I didn’t know how to get into first gear on an incline. So I stalled it repeatedly, signaled for cars to go around me, and tried to figure out how the f**k to get my car to go. This went on for multiple lights on this busy one-way, and I got quite a few confused, angry people honking and giving me the finger and such, all while I was starting to freak the f**k out. I was panicking really bad, stalling it repeatedly, and didn’t [know] how to get it to go on this hill without rolling backwards into a car or stalling again. But thankfully some random guy came over from a restaurant right by the road and asked if I needed help. I was on the verge of tears because I was panicking so bad, and I said yes, please, thank god. I hopped into the passenger seat and let a random adult man give me a ride up the street and give me a mini lesson on how to get into gear on an incline.

“TL;DR Got stuck on a busy road, let a random guy give me a ride.

“Edit: And yes I know he could have raped me or something, but I was so glad to have help that I took the chance.

“Edit 2: I am a GUY. I was only 16 at the time, though, so I didn’t have experience driving a clutch. And guys can still be raped, too, so don’t let my other edit confuse you.”

4) OHTITYBISCUITS wrote, “One of my back teeth broke and the most intense toothache came out of it that lasted for weeks. I was a teenager and could not afford to get my tooth fixed, so I dealt with the pain as much as I could.
“I worked at a NY Style Deli that was ran by a ruthless Italian woman who worked from dawn till dust. She was very mean and would yell at me often for little things, so I tried my best to not let my toothache get in the way of my work.

“One day the pain was so out of control that I couldn’t focus on anything else. I was crying, I felt weak. It was the first time she treated me like a human and went to the liquor store and bought me little bottles of whiskey to swash around my mouth to get me through my shift. It was really busy there because the food was so good.

“Anywho, when the rush was over, she went to the dentist office nearby in the plaza and convinced him to do a payment plan with me because I was so broke. He took me in straight after she asked him to and extracted my bad tooth then patched up the one next to it because it was close to causing an infection to my healthy tooth.

“When I asked how much do I owe him, he told me it was free. I cried. I never felt so blessed in my life. I didn’t feel any pain anymore. I’ll never forget the kindness that was shown to me on that day.”

Downtherabbithole commented, “Whoa. When I was 22 I cooked in a restaurant for a ruthless old Italian man. Screamed at me 24/7 about how I couldn’t cook and threw multiple plates I made across the kitchen in a rage. My wisdom teeth kept getting infected; the pain was unbearable. I was broke and estranged from my family; there was no way I could afford the extractions. One day, he found me crying in the back of the kitchen and asked me what the hell was wrong with me. I explained the situation and he sent me home. The next day he told me to get in the car — we were going to buy groceries. He took me to his oral surgeon and had paid for my consultation and surgery and allowed me to pay him on a payment plan. Amazing
act of kindness. And the similarity of our stories is crazy!!”

4) mersh13 wrote, “Our car has a flat tire on a road to nowhere in Montana. Suddenly a bunch of cars start coming down this road but from the opposite direction. The first car is a hearse. Next car is kinda a limo type thing.

“The car stops next to us and asks if we need help. We do. We need a jack.

“The car unloads with like six people in it, including a really old lady. In the next 10 minutes, we learn that this lady’s husband just died and they are all [on] the way to the gravesite. The other people in the car are her children. They say their father always stopped for people in need and taught them how to look out for one another. The old lady is laughing and crying as she tells us stories of her husband. I try to change the tire myself but am shoved out of the way by one of the sons who wants to do it.

“Then they call the closest tire shop and get us a tire. Apparently his brother-in-law or someone owns the tire shop and he called and told them to give us a free tire. It was amazing.

“So a funeral procession on the way to bury their husband/father/friend stops, gets us a jack, and changes our tire for us. All while they were traveling the opposite direction as us.

“I’ll never forget that. I really wish I still lived in Montana; the people there are amazing.”

5) dagnytagart wrote, “It happened in Istanbul. I’d sprained my ankle, not watching where I was walking, and sat down on the curb of a tiny, nondescript, silent street, crying. An old woman came out of a nearby shabby doorway and tried talking to me, but I couldn’t understand her. She gets me up and walks me to the doorway, but there are steps and I
can’t manage. She shouts up the stairs and a boy and girl appear. They somehow armchair me up three flights of worn stairs. The building is old and not very nice. I’m worried a bit, but in so much pain, I just give in to it. They bring me into a very plain, simple apartment but carry me on through an archway and I gasp. It’s the most beautiful wraparound terrace I’ve ever seen. They carefully place me on a gorgeous daybed, and the pain was forgotten. An explosion of flowers and plants and carpets frame an almost too-good-to-be-true view. The Bosphorus is shining all around, to the right is the Topkapi Palace, to the left is the Blue Mosque and the Hagia Sophia. The old woman, the grandmother of the kids, brings tea and food, and I stayed for several hours, teaching the kids English and just gazing and gazing around me. If there’s a heaven, it must be just like that.” (229)

“No Thanks are Needed; Just Pass It On”

In April 2014, “Dear Abby” published a letter by “Living the Golden Rule,” a woman who wrote about doing a good deed for a woman with two small children and two full carts of groceries who had locked her car keys in her car. “Living the Golden Rule” drove the woman and her children to the woman’s home and then drove them back to the woman’s car. The woman asked, “How can I ever thank you?” “Living the Golden Rule” replied, “No thanks are needed; just pass it on.” Two weeks later, “Living the Golden Rule” met the woman at a party, and the woman told everyone about the good deed that “Living the Golden Rule” had done. The woman also said that she had recently performed a good deed, and she had told the good-deed recipient, “No thanks are needed; just pass it on.” “Living the Golden Rule” wrote, “Small kindnesses bring big rewards. If anyone has been the recipient of an act of kindness, remember to pass it on.” Dear Abby replied, “I am a firm believer in passing it on and have long shared
that philosophy with friends.” (230)

**Thank You, Kind Stranger(s)**

Small good deeds are still good deeds, and common courtesy is still courtesy. On 13 February 2014, Redditor The Treelo posted a Good Guy Greg meme with this caption: “Thank you, kind stranger.” The text of the meme stated, “SEES YOU HAVE ONLY ONE ITEM BEHIND HIM / LETS YOU CHECK OUT BEFORE HIM BECAUSE HIS CART IS FULL.” Redditor TimeTravelingGoat wrote about a similar but more impressive good deed: “A kind old couple were already checking out with 2 carts full of items and they offered to buy my pistachios so I can go on my way. (Was 11pm and we were the last customers in the store.) They didn’t even take my money for them.” (231)

“What are Random Acts of Kindness You have Done or Received?”

On 1 July 2014, Redditor LittleVietnameseMan asked, “What are random acts of kindness you have done or received?” Here are some (lightly edited) replies:

1) Here_comes_the_kong wrote, “Just before NYE [New Year’s Eve] 2013 I was in Canada visiting family. I was staying in a hotel by myself in Vancouver until we were to all meet up just after NYE.

“It was about 6:30 and I was getting hungry so I decided to take a wander about to see what there was around. A few blocks from my hotel was a big corner convenience store like almost a supermarket.

“Now I’m not a big fan of cash, I tend to use [credit or debit] card wherever possible as I find coins and notes annoying. So I’d no cash on me.
“Right near the entrance of the store was a homeless guy sitting on a piece of cardboard looking pretty worse for the wear. Only had a sh*tty old blanket and it was quite cold out. As I passed him he asked if I had any change and I replied, ‘Sorry, I’ve got no change.’

“Normally I just ignore homeless, but for some reason after I’d passed him and reached the sliding doors of the store, I stopped and went back to him. I said, ‘I haven’t got any cash, just card. Is there anything you’d like from inside the store?’

“He said thanks but not to worry. I assumed he wanted money for smokes or liquor or something. I went inside the store, got what I wanted for myself but then thought ‘f**k it’ so I got an extra large fruit salad with a fork, a massive bottle of water, and a warm beef sandwich to give to the homeless guy.

“As I left the store, sure enough he was still there asking people for change, most of whom just ignored him.

“I went up to him and said, ‘Here, I got you a few things,’ and I put next to him what I’d purchased. His eyes lit up like a kid on Christmas and he shook my hand and thanked me over and over. I assured him he was welcome and it was no big deal as I walked away.

“I kinda regret not sitting with him, introducing myself and eating my meal with him, too. People like this often have great stories and they get very little proper human interaction.

“And besides, who knows? Maybe that will be me later in life? A few mistakes or wrong turns and anyone can end up in that situation.”

2) BlackCaaaat wrote, “When I was 18, my cousin and I went to a nightclub way out in the ’burbs. We had a huge
bust-up, and she left me stranded with no money and a flat mobile. A guy I had seen around for awhile found me crying at the curb, and he offered [me] his couch to stay on, and money for the bus in the morning. So we cabbed it back to his house, and his mum was lovely. In the morning, once he sobered up, he decided to drive me home to my place rather than leave me at the bus stop. A fifty-minute drive. He didn’t once try to hit on me, he was just there like a good guy would be. No, I didn’t get his number. I should have, though. Silly me.”

3) mcnallyformayor wrote, “I was in a diner with my wife and son and a few friends. At some point during the meal I notice a guy from across the room staring at us. This is Texas, and the friends we were with are gay, so I thought maybe the guy was offended and couldn’t stop himself from staring (it happens). This guy walks up to the table as he’s ready to leave, with a piece of paper in his hand. He hands it to me, and without looking at it I said, ‘I don’t want that,’ thinking it was a religious tract or something hateful he’d written down. He puts it down on the table anyway, and says, ‘For you.’ It was this amazing sketch of all of us, just beautiful. I ran after him and thanked him, and have had it on my bulletin board for years to remind me not to be a dick and assume the worst. Thank you, random/kind artist.”

4) djtall23 wrote, “Everyone always gives Jehovah’s Witnesses loads of sh[*]t, but I was walking home one day in monsoon weather, and these two dudes ran across the road to me to give me their umbrella. They told me they were walking only another 5 minutes and I looked like I needed it more. Little things like that.” (232)

A Good Deed in the Twin Lakes Area of Arkansas

On 3 January 2014, this letter by Joel Jiles to the editor of The Baxter Bulletin (Mountain View, Arkansas) appeared
online: “Another local resident does a good deed. A young woman from church needed a cheap, reliable vehicle, but when she stopped to look at the one parked off of 62 West, someone else already was looking at it. The gentleman stated that he was interested in buying the car to resell, but if she needed it, he would defer and let her have first shot at it. Just another example of the good-hearted folks here in the Twin Lakes Area. Thank you, sir.” (233)

“Law Enforcers of Reddit, Have You Ever Come Across a Crime So Stupid or Ridiculous that You Just Let It Slip?”

On 1 March 2014, Redditor marcuschookt asked, “Law enforcers of Reddit, have you ever come across a crime so stupid or ridiculous that you just let it slip?” Here are some replies:

1) PineappleSituation wrote, “My best friend in HS [high school] and I were both night owls. One night at around 3 a.m. we decided to go up to the 24-hour gas station for sunflower seeds. We got about halfway there when two cops stopped us for being out after curfew. We were both 17 and didn’t even know our town HAD a curfew. They asked where my friend lived and we told them. Turned out one of the cops was a church friend of her dad.

“The cops decided to be nice and take us to the gas station and bought us our Icees and sunflower seeds but wouldn’t let us out of the car because it was still past curfew. They did, however, let us out at the end of her street and sit there for a moment with the lights on (no siren obviously) so we could jump out of the car and race to her house pretending we were running from the cops.”

2) Do_I_Matter wrote, “My ex-fiancé was a cop for a redneck town where the people didn’t have much money. He was called to the grocery store where a little girl about
nine years old was being detained in the manager’s office for stealing a box of tampons. He said she had tears and snot everywhere and her pants had obvious bloodstains all over the front. My ex then bought the box she was trying to steal along with three more boxes, some food, and milk. He then drove her home to a trailer that was falling apart. It wasn’t so much the crime that was ridiculous but more the manager’s reaction. I guess when my ex came in the manager was just screaming at this terrified nine-year-old.”

Theladyking commented, “He did the right thing … that poor little girl was having a bad enough day, probably got her first period by surprise, and then to have to deal with it alone and steal supplies … god.”

chalupacabrariley commented, “I think the part where she has to deal with it alone is what makes me sad. I’m so glad I had supportive parents, when I finally had to tell them, and they were able to provide ample amounts of support, Midol, and advice on how to feel more comfortable, how to use tampons, etc. … I would hate to be alone in that situation because it’s scary enough, painful enough, and uncomfortable enough that you really need that extra bit of support.”

RangerSchool commented, “Walmart won’t tell you this outright. If you are in need of food for your child or supplies like this, you can request a manager and they can issue vouchers for essentials. Every couple of months, I have to refuse to arrest mothers trying to feed their children. Walmart LP explains this to them each time.”

Lookakitty commented, “Helping people is something Walmart managers do more than people think, but this isn’t some policy they just don’t share. The simple truth is managers are people, so they react as people. But keep in mind, they also see some of the worst people America has to offer, so they can get a little jaded. Shoplifters always
have a sob story, and it’s almost always a lie.”

3) amedeus wrote, “I’ve never told this story to anyone, but when I was working at KFC years ago, it was in a somewhat crap neighborhood. We had our fair share of homeless guys and drunks coming in, and sometimes causing trouble. This one guy was really skinny, but usually upbeat. I still remember him coming in one day, smiling wide and buying a meal, telling me he finally managed to get a job.

“Well, one night maybe a month after that, he comes back in for the first time since. He looks at me really seriously and asks for food, anything I can give him. Now like I said, we had plenty of homeless people around there. I’d been asked for free food countless times, and my co-workers and I occasionally obliged simply because it was the easiest way to get them out of our hair for a week or two. Lately, though, the manager had really started cracking down on this sort of thing. So I told him truthfully that I couldn’t, because I was likely to get fired for it. He looks me square in the eye, more serious than I have ever seen anyone begging for food in that store look, and he says, ‘Come on, man. It’s for my kids.’

“I had never seen his kids before, so I didn’t know if he was telling the truth. But I can’t argue with a look like that. I gave him a couple pieces — all that I felt I could reasonably get away with. He thanked me and left.

“The part that really gets me, though, the real reason I remember this story so vividly, is the other guy in the store. This really quiet guy who came in once in awhile was there when this happened, eating his meal. He finishes his meal, throws his trash away, and walks up to the counter. And I think I must have looked a little defeated, because he tells me, ‘That was a really nice thing you did for him. You’re a good person.’ And then leaves.
“That hit me hard. It’s not often people are that real with you to tell you a good thing about you. I still sometimes feel like I’m letting him down personally when I do something sh[*]tty.

“As a bit of an epilogue, I saw the guy who I gave the food again a couple weeks later, as I drove past him. He was walking down the sidewalk, with two kids and a woman who I can only assume to be his wife or girlfriend.” (234)

**Good Guy Interview Questions**

On 18 February 2014, Redditor ForWhomTheBoneBones posted a Good Guy Greg meme on Imgur with this caption: “GG /u/radioactdave, I’ll be buying you gold with my first paycheck.” The meme stated, “BEEN UNEMPLOYED FOR 8 MONTHS AND JUST GOT A JOB / /U/RADIOACTDAVE COMPILES ALL THE BEST QUESTIONS FOR A JOB INTERVIEW THAT HELPED ME GET THE POSITION.” In January 2014, DoctorStrange37 had posted on AskReddit this question: “Employers of Reddit: During an interview, when you ask ‘Have you any questions?’, what are the questions we should be asking? [Serious].” /U/RADIOACTDAVE come up with this list of questions:

“If I were to start in this position right away, what is the single biggest contribution I could make in the first few weeks?

“Do you like working for this company?

“How long have you worked for this company?

“How big would my team be?

“What is the average age of my team?

“How long has the team been together?”
“How much time, on average, would you say the team spends in meetings per week?

“What would a person in my position’s average day look like?

“What is the turnover rate here?

“Do employees generally get along well?

“Do they socialize with each other after work sometimes?

“If you had to pick, would you say the company leaned more Google, or more IBM when it came to working environment?

“How often would I be asked to work more than 40 hours per week, or work on weekends?

“Is there any reason you think I might have difficulty doing this job at the level the company wants?

“I’d like the opportunity to address any hesitations you have about my ability to do the job. Are there any you’d like to share at this time?

“Why is this position available?

“What are some of you and your colleagues’ hobbies outside of work?

“What are some of the ‘less desirable’ characteristics of this position?

“How did you start working here?

“And finally,

“What was it about my application that interested you enough to invite me to interview?”

“Cobbled together from various threads on
employment/hiring that I’ve been reading through recently.” (235)

Honest Mistakes

On 13 February 2014, Redditor ckfighter2 posted a Matrix Morpheus meme with this caption: “When the person behind me spilled her drink on me, my cousin didn’t understand why I didn’t go off on her.” The text of the meme stated, “WHAT IF I TOLD YOU / HONEST MISTAKES HAPPEN AND GETTING ANGRY OVER IT WON’T CHANGE ANYTHING.”

On Reddit, N3G4T1V3_CR33P commented, “I had some guy trip behind me and spill a whole beer down my back while watching the cricket at the Basin Reserve in Wgtn. He apologised profusely, I responded with ‘No Worries.’ 5 Mins later, the guy came back from the bar with a beer for me!”

Also on Reddit, G8kpr commented, “Years ago I was in a movie theatre, just before the movie was about to start, a couple walks down the aisle and picks a row. The man started to head back to get some drinks and snacks at the confession stand, the lady makes her [way] down the row, excusing herself as she passes people.

“Then oops, she knocks a guy’s drink from one of those cup holders all over him. She apologizes and then calls to her boyfriend, ‘Get one more Pepsi!’

“‘Ok,’ he calls back, she proceeds to her seat, passing another gentleman, and she promptly spills his Pepsi all over him. She quickly yells, ‘Make that two extra Pepsis’ and then starts apologizing profusely. No one yelled at anyone…” (236)

“Cashier at My Local Pizza Place Gave Me a Little Hope”
On 23 February 2014, Redditor odnalyd posted on Imgur a Good Girl Gina meme titled “Cashier at my local pizza place gave me a little hope.” The meme stated that a little kid gave her 25 pennies for a quarter to play a game, and the female employee reached into her tip jar and gave him eight quarters so he could play more games. Some redditors stated that the tips in the tip jar probably belonged to all of the employees; other redditors stated that it is easy to tell the other employees that she had taken $2 out of the tip jar and to remember that when dividing up the tips in the tip jar. Redditor featherback commented, “It’s so sad. I’m almost 40 and have only recently realized that these are the kinds of women to court. Not the flashy pretty girls!” (237)

“How Did a Non-Sexual, Random Encounter with a Complete Stranger, Completely Change Your Life?”

On 1 March 2014, Redditor Maebyimannoyong asked, “How did a non-sexual random encounter with a complete stranger, completely change your life?” Here are some replies:

1) gabew101 wrote, “Six years ago my wife and I had just had our first child. He was born through emergency c-section because he wasn’t responding to labor. He went straight to the neonatal intensive care unit [NICU] due to rapid breathing problems. My wife and I were allowed to see him only at certain times of the day after we had spent 20 minutes scrubbing up. We were allowed to feed him but not hold him. After three days of staying at the hospital, we were extremely tired, frustrated, scared, and unsure of what would happen next. The doctor gave my wife an Rx, and I volunteered to head out and pick it up. I hadn’t showered in a couple days, and I imagine I looked somewhat like a zombie. I walked into the nearest drug store and gave the clerk at the pharmacy the paperwork. He was a 20-
something guy working the night shift. He must have noticed I was a little down, and he asked how things were going. I told him that we had just had our first son but that there were complications and that he was in the NICU. He asked my son’s name and I told him. He repeated the name back to me and said thoughtfully, ‘That’s a strong name, sounds like a Heisman Trophy winner … I’m sure he’s gonna be just fine.’ He smiled and I teared up. He handed me the medicine and told me to make sure I got some rest, and I thanked him and went back to the hospital to stay with my wife. Two days later on Christmas Day we went home as a family with a healthy baby. It may have not changed my life, but I will never forget the kind words he spoke … it gave me a glimmer of hope in the middle of a hard circumstance. Never underestimate the power of a kind word to a stranger.”

2) birdslug commented, “The man in front of me in line at an ATM [Automatic Teller Machine] goes ‘WOAH!’ He turns around to me with a smile and holds up several hundred dollars cash and says ‘bank error in my favor!’ Then he started walking into the bank, and I said, ‘Wait, you’re not gonna keep it?’ and he said, ‘You are who you are in the darkness.’ I stopped lying after that.”

MrPur3D asked, “Can you explain that line? Not my native language.”

Poopshoes answered, “It’s saying the sort of person you are is determined by how you act when no one can see. He might have gotten away with the extra money, but since he was an honest person, he chose to return it anyway.”

3) OT2424 wrote, “There is an elderly couple who live in my apartment complex; sometimes I see them walking around together. The husband clearly has no concept of what is going on; he cannot talk or do anything for himself anymore. The wife spends all of her time walking around
with him telling him stories about their life and making sure he is warm on the really cold days. It made me realize the kind of love I want to have, and what is really important in a life partner.”

4) Mmmm wrote, “I work as a manager at a restaurant. Unfortunately, a good number of our guests feel like they should be waited on hand and foot, especially when it comes to families. Nine times out of ten, they will be the ones who complain about their food taking forever minutes after they have ordered, complain about something so minuscule that it is more inconvenient to fix than it is to ignore, or ask something so ridiculous from me that it might as well be comical.

“Quite a while ago I was so close to my breaking point; in those past few weeks I felt like almost every customer I spoke to was rude and nothing was going well at work. We were understaffed yet again and everybody needed help. I was ready to find a new job, but decided that I would finish my shift before I decided to quit, so I went to go help a server take some orders. Right away on the first table I approached, I immediately noticed that it was a husband and wife who had three children with them. All I could picture was me, approaching this table, and having what might as well have been two demons and their little hell spawns ask me for food in the most rude way possible and then proceed to eat what little bit of dignity I had left for the day. Well, while I was introducing myself, one of their younger daughters started holding my hand for no reason. I had no idea why she grabbed my hand, or what I should have done about it, so I just kind of let it happen. Her mom told her to stop but didn’t explain anything to me.

“As strange as it was, it was a nice gesture, and as little as it may have seemed it made me feel better. I finished taking their order without saying much and went to go help some
other guests but the more time that passed the less upset I felt about work and the more I thought about this little girl. I could not figure out for the life of me why she held my hand and what she was trying to say to me. I brought out their food about 15 minutes later and asked if they needed anything else. They all thanked me, and said they were all set. The little girl did not say a single word to me but she did try to hold my hand again. I didn’t know if she could talk or not, but I did not want to ask. Her mom must have read my mind because she looked at me, apologized, and began to explain that her daughter had autism and didn’t understand how to communicate very well. I told her it was no problem and it didn’t bother me at all, but I had to ask what she was trying to tell me by holding my hand. Her mom smiled and said she saw that you were upset and decided to hold your hand because she always feels better when someone holds her hand. I swear I almost cried. I said thank you to both her and the little girl and spent the rest of the day with the biggest grin on my face.

“That one girl showed exactly how one small gesture can change someone’s day by flipping mine around without even saying anything to me. She doesn’t know but she stopped me from quitting my job just by being one of the nicest people I’ve ever met and it is because of that little girl that I spend everyday appreciating the small things I see people do for each other.” (238)

“What is the Greatest Thing You have Ever Done for Someone Without Them Knowing You were the One Who Did It?”

On 6 June 2014, Redditor mmm_aahh asked, “What is the greatest thing you have ever done for someone without them knowing you were the one who did it?” Here are some replies:

1) kolop1 wrote, “When my friend broke up with his
girlfriend and she took mostly everything, I bought him a 40-inch HDTV because I knew he could not afford a TV at that time.

“I knew he would never take it if he knew I purchased it for him. So, I told him my uncle was giving away his old TV because he had purchased a new one.

“I then took the TV out of the box before I drove it up to him. He took it and was very happy to have a TV. To this day when he comes down to visit and sees my uncle, he thanks him for the TV.

“He has no idea I purchased it for him, because I wanted to help out my best friend.”

2) nothingbuttfumbles33 wrote, “This is a long story so please bear with me. Last year [2013] during hockey season I attended a game with a friend as I had done many times previously, and will do so many more times in the future. While waiting near the restroom exit for my lady friend, I spot a younger couple with a son who looked to be about 6, maybe 7. Poor little guy looked like he had been fighting a tough battle with cancer, but you could tell he was excited to be in the arena. The parents looked tired and worn down from fighting the battle against cancer with their young son and I could overhear them talking about not being able to get much as far as food or snacks during the game, let alone a jersey or anything for their son. It really hit me hard and stuck in my head as we got food, beers, etc., and went down to our very nice seats about 8 rows from the ice. While sitting, waiting, and chatting, I noticed this family somehow from across the arena making the walk all the way up to the top of the arena, and I mean the very top seats. To me that was just unacceptable — they had done all they could to bring their son to his first hockey game. They needed a better experience — hell, he needed to have the time of his life. So I texted a buddy of mine who
worked for the team, and he met up with me out on the concourse. (It was still about 35min before game time.) I told him the situation briefly and he said, ‘I’ll do my best.’ So not knowing what would happen I went back to my seat hoping for a good turnout for them. I kept my eye on them and a bit later I see my buddy and some other staff members walking up to them holding jerseys, hats, pucks, etc. — it made me happy definitely. But it only got better from there. They escorted the family down to some amazing prime seats very close to the ice and had them on camera as #1 fans of the night. Made me happy to see, but what happened later was even better. Not only did all that happen, but my buddy had somehow arranged in a short amount of time to have the little boy go into the locker room after the game and meet all the guys and hang out with them which was a big hit for him and them; they also gave them tickets to the next game a few nights later along with a ton of team gear for the little boy. And come to find out they had been informed that he was cancer free earlier that day. Little dude’s name was Sean. Sean, I hope you’re doing good still and get to enjoy many more hockey games in the future!”

3) qaboutp wrote, “When I was a little kid, I had a neighbor who was an older (and probably a bit nutty) gentleman who used to walk his dog at the park I went to. He lived alone and I never really saw him with anyone else.

“One day, he came to the park without the dog and when I asked where he was, the guy started crying and said the dog died. This really tripped me out; I’d never seen an adult cry before and I had only the vaguest concept of death. But he kept tearing up and said something about how his only friend had died right before his birthday.

“Now friends and birthdays were two concepts I understood the meaning of very well and no one should
have to be without a friend on their birthday. So I saved up my allowance for a week and bought him a cupcake and a card and a candle (which I left on the side and didn’t light, which seems like a weird thing to do now but back then, playing with fire was a no-no) and I put it in front of his door for him to find. It still makes me smile remembering it."

4) DuffBuff wrote, “Well, it’s not just a one-time thing, but every time I see a little kid selling lemonade outside his/her house I feel the need to stop and get a cup of it and give him/her five or ten bucks if I have it on me even if the cup is only fifty cents. I just remember doing it as a little kid and it used to make my day when someone would give me five bucks, so I figure if I can make a little kid’s day, why not?”

beef_burrito commented, “I just saw my first lemonade stand after biking to my parents’ place (about an hour) on a hot day. I did the same. For one I was thirsty as hell, but I also want to reward them for working, teaching them that if they put in effort they get payback. I also don’t give money to homeless people, mostly because I don’t have much, but if someone’s paying music or doing something that shows they’re working for it I’ll toss in a couple of dollars.”

5) violetwarp wrote, “A girl in my class was anorexic, depressed, and suicidal. I think she felt so lonely and helpless.

“I cut up a piece of paper into small strips and wrote something motivational on each one. Not something soppy and sickly (cough Tumblr quotes) but short simple statements like ‘You can do it’ and ‘Keep fighting.’ Every day, I’d slip one into her bag when she wasn’t looking, or slide one through the crack in her locker door.

“She must have been confused at first, but it worked.
Occasionally, I’d see her open her bag or locker and a small piece of paper would fall out. I’d see her read it and a smile would just spread across her face. I knew that I couldn’t fix her, but making her smile meant a lot to me.

“One day, it was just her and me waiting outside a classroom for a teacher. There was an awkward silence between us. Suddenly, she reached into her bag and pulled out a small strip of paper. Written on it was ‘Life is beautiful.’ She said. ‘Someone keeps putting these in my bag and locker.’

“‘Oh?’ I said, trying not to appear obvious.

“‘Yes,’ she said. Her eyes filled with tears. ‘It’s the best thing that someone’s ever done for me. I’ve been feeling suicidal lately, but I don’t anymore.’

“All I could do was look at her and nod. A lump was in my throat and I felt kinda teary. Something as small as telling her she was loved and worth something had made a big difference to her life.

“I never told her it was me.” (239)

**Kind Strangers**

On 3 April 2014, Redditor Sourke asked, “Is there a person, a stranger, whom you met once in your life and never met since and are likely to never meet again that you occasionally think of? If so, why?” Here are some answers:

1) thebearlady wrote, “Around Christmas last year [2013], I had taken my cat to the vet to get neutered. That morning, my boyfriend left 100 dollars on the coffee table so I could pay for him. Well, when I woke up, the 100 dollars was gone. The door was still locked, and I couldn’t find it. I’m positive it was my skeevy bitch of a neighbor, who probably popped my door open with a credit card because
there were a couple of things missing from my house as well. […]

“Anyways, I went to the vet’s office hoping they would let me make payments or mail me a bill. That was the last of our money. They wouldn’t let me take him home without paying, and I went into a panic because if you don’t pay for your animal, after a certain amount of time they drop them at the shelter. I started crying. I wasn’t making a scene; I just didn’t know what to do and the tears just started.

“This woman who looked very well off came up behind me and asked the person at the desk, ‘How much does she owe?’ They told her 90 something. Before I could even say anything, she handed them her debit card and looked at me and said, ‘Honey, take your cat home. Don’t worry about it. Merry Christmas and God bless you.’

“I hugged her and thanked her, and asked for her name so I could pay her back, but she refused. When I turned to take my cat from the vet, she was gone. I was so dumbfounded by her kindness that I cried the whole way home. I hope she’s doing well and that what she did for me came back to her tenfold.”

2) emberspark wrote, “I was walking home from class at my university when I passed by this girl. Absolutely beautiful — petite, red hair, adorable little skirt outfit. We made eye contact and she gave me one of the most genuine smiles I’ve ever seen from a stranger. Not one of those half-[*]ssed ‘slightly upturned mouth’ smiles you normally give someone when you’re just walking past, but a genuine bright smile. I think about it a lot. I have depression and so mostly my days are just blurs of grey and exhaustion and ugh. But that smile is one of the most positive interactions I’ve ever had with a stranger.”

3) MagicalKillaCow wrote, “On the day of my grandma’s
funeral, I was in a car just behind the car with my grandma in [it]. Everyone seemed to just go about their day apart from one man who took off his backpack and held his head down in respect. Man, I wish I knew who he was.”

Slippp commented, “Reminds me of when my buddy passed away; we had a convoy roll out to the church for the funeral, and when I was driving by, I looked out to see three boys all with their hats off standing by watching the line of cars.”

thunderpriest commented, “On our way to my grandma’s funeral, our car broke down and with the clock ticking we desperately called the Dutch AAA. It usually takes a little while for them to show up, but they raced to our help and were at the scene in 15 minutes or so. The mechanic made it very clear to us that he was going to make sure we made it to that funeral, even if he had to drive us there himself. He got us on the road in another 15 minutes and we made it on time.” (240)

“You Did an Amazing Thing Paying for That Table’s Breakfast”

On 12 March 2014, Kirsten Kinzle ate breakfast at Mimi’s Café in Victorville, California. She and her party were loud, and she worried that the noise was bothering an elderly couple eating nearby, so she paid their $30 bill. Ms. Kinzle said, “You just see people sometimes that just look like a great couple and they really loved each other.” Afterward, server Stephanie Miller wrote her this note: “I just wanted to tell you that you did an amazing thing paying for that table’s breakfast. They are in town because that man just lost his brother. So you lifted their spirits, even if just for a moment. Have a great day!” Ms. Miller, who had learned from the elderly woman that the elderly man’s brother had died, said, “I knew there was no way to tell the table what had happened without breaking down
myself. So I put it in a note.” Ms. Kinzle said, “I instantly started crying. I just hope it made them for just a moment happy with that amount of sadness.” (241)

“Triona Left Us Listening to Her Idol [and] Surrounded by All the People Who Loved Her”

Dublin, Ireland’s Triona Priestley, a 15-year-old fan of singer-songwriter Ed Sheeran, was in intensive care the last two weeks of her life. On 1 April 2014, she died of cystic fibrosis. Her dying wish was to hear him sing “Little Bird,” a song from his 2010 album *Loose Change*. After Ed’s manager heard about the request, Ed telephoned her and sang her the song. As he sang it, she drifted off to sleep and then died. Colm Priestley, Triona’s brother, said, “What they gave us and her was a beautiful last moment together. Triona slipped into a sleep as Ed was singing to her and passed away shortly afterwards. So Ed Sheeran sang her to sleep.” Friend Lucy Hanlon wrote on Facebook, “Ed’s manager Stuart Camp emailed me and today Ed rang Triona and personally sang ‘Little Bird’ to her as she took her last breaths. Triona left us listening to her idol [and] surrounded by all the people who loved her.” After Triona died, Ed Tweeted, “Rest in peace, Triona, so heartbreaking x.” (242)

“He Wasn’t Alone, He was with You, in Your Heart”

On 23 March 2014, Redditor sparkytheelephant asked, “What single decision in your life do you regret the most?” BaconLovingCanadian wrote, “My dad told me to go home and put my kids to bed after I had spent the day at his side in the hospital. I didn’t want to leave, but he told me your kids should never go to sleep without you kissing them good night. He died that night and I feel I never really said goodbye.” cambamshazam commented, “I can understand, but maybe look at it this way: your dad wanted you to go home to your kids. You did what he wanted. His last
thoughts were probably of you and his grandkids, and knowing that he would be leaving behind a family that loved each other very much. Isn’t that something we all want?” In addition, Zinbadd commented, “Hi! So I’m a random Internet stranger, but let me offer you this piece of information. I work in the death care industry. This happens all the time. Parents will wait until their child/children are gone to pass, because either 1) they want to be alone or 2) they don’t believe their kid should witness it. It hurts so bad to know he was alone, I’m sure. But he did it for you, or for him. I know it doesn’t make the pain go away, but please know, he knew what he was doing. He sent you to be with your children, because that’s what he wanted for you. To go love your kids the same way he loved you. He wasn’t alone, he was with you, in your heart. :-)” (243)

“In Loving Memory of Dominic Owen Mallary”

According to Andrew W.K.’s Wikipedia page, Dominic Owen Mallary, one of his fans, died on 5 December 2014 after an accident while performing at Boston University with Last Lights, his band. Mr. Mallary had told his friends that he wanted Andrew W.K. to play music at his funeral. His friends sent emails to Andrew W.K., who went to Mr. Mallary’s wake, paid his respects, and then played classical music. (244)

“My Daughter Recently Passed Away After a Long Battle in the Children’s Hospital. Since She was in the Hospital Her Whole Life, We Never were Able to Get a Photo Without All Her Tubes. Can Someone Remove the Tubes from This Photo?”

In July 2014, Nathen Steffel, a 26-year-old father who lives in Ohio, asked his fellow Redditors for help. He posted a photo of his weeks-old late daughter Sophia lying in a hospital bed with tubes coming out of her body, and he
wrote, “My daughter recently passed away after a long battle in the children’s hospital. Since she was in the hospital her whole life, we never were able to get a photo without all her tubes. Can someone remove the tubes from this photo?” Redditors responded with Photoshopped photographs and with drawings. Mr. Steffel said, “After three hours of it being posted, it was the no. 1 trending thing on Reddit. I had a thousand personal messages and replies. Some of the artists have sent their pictures and drawings directly to our house. Some have even done embroidering on blankets. I was just hoping for at least one good Photoshopped picture.” His daughter was born on 30 May 2014 and died on 10 July 2014 at six weeks old from a liver tumor. A Redditor wrote, “I hope you and your wife enjoy this version. My best friend recently lost her son … thank you for allowing us to work on this photo for you.” Another Redditor wrote, “I am reading this from the recovery room. Our baby is 23 hours old. I can’t possibly imagine how you must feel. Go hug your wife, and tell her it’s from Reddit.” Mr. Steffel wrote on Reddit, “This is really amazing. Everyone, you have made my day. All I wanted was a nice picture. What I received was a lot of love and support from a bunch of strangers.” (245)

**Kristina’s Bucket List: Save Somebody’s Life — “Which She Did That, Many Times Over — by Donating Her Organs, She Saved Lives”**

In September 2013, Chico State University nursing student Kristina Chesterman, who was from Livermore, California, died at age 21 when a driver hit her as she was riding her bicycle on a busy road in Chico, California. The driver of the SUV that hit Kristina was arrested and charged with felony hit-and-run and felony driving under the influence causing serious injury or death. On 23 September 2013, Kristina’s mother, Sandra, wrote on Facebook, “At 11:04 pm last night my beautiful baby girl Kristina was struck by
a 19-year-old drunk driver while she rode her bike in the bike lane home from study hall. She was less than one block from home. The driver just left her in the road to die and went on to crash into two more cars then stumbled into his apartment and passed out drunk ... Please keep us in your thoughts and prayers.” Kristina was left brain-dead, and her family made the decision to switch off her life support. Kristina was a registered organ donor, and her wishes were carried out. Her friend Morgan Burbach said, “I never met a person more caring and loving. She was going to make an amazing nurse. She loved it. It was her passion.” When Kristina’s parents cleaned out her apartment, they made a discovery. Sandra said, “I opened up a drawer and I found just this make-up bag.” Inside the makeup bag was Kristina’s bucket list. Sandra said, “I mean what kid writes a bucket list? There’s not many.” What was on the bucket list? Sandra said, “She wanted to tour Niagara Falls. Save someone’s life, which she did that, many times over — by donating her organs, she saved lives. This next one makes me laugh. She wanted to break up a fight between two guys over her, which I think is so cute. And I don’t know that it ever happened, but it should have.” Kristina’s parents, Sandra and David, decided to do something. David said, “Because she didn’t get to do this, we wanted to complete it for her.” In addition, they posted the bucket list on Facebook, and now complete strangers are doing the things on the list. David said, “I think that it is just amazing that she could have that effect on someone who never even knew her.” (246)

“Scoop was a Good Man. He was a Big Dude, a Strong Character”

On 7 September 2014, an autistic six-year-old boy named Stephan Jones nearly drowned in the Hudson River in New York; Boyce “Scoop” Coleman, age 40, who was attending a riverside Yonkers barbecue, jumped into the river, got the
boy, and managed to hand him over to another person. Mr. Coleman then disappeared under the water and drowned. His body was recovered an hour later. His friend Ronald Colbert said that Mr. Coleman leapt “over the fence with his clothes, sneakers, shades, everything.” He added, “I guess he ran out of breath. He went down and never came back up.” Mr. Coleman was the father of two daughters, ages three and 20. Richie Lombardi, age 37, who used to live near Mr. Coleman, said, “He had the biggest heart — he’d give you the shirt off his back.” April Pettiford, age 45, said, “I’m actually angry right now that he did jump in the water, but that’s Scoop.” Neighbor Marissa Marsh, age 29, said about the autistic boy whom Mr. Coleman rescued: “He doesn’t like crowds. He doesn’t talk. I know he does run off a lot.” Mr. Coleman worked as a tattoo artist in Yonkers. Mr. Coleman’s nephew, Michael Jordan, said, “Scoop was a good man. He was a big dude, a strong character.” Mr. Coleman’s brother-in-law Andre Hendricks said, “That’s the kind of guy he was. He would do anything [for] anybody. If you knew him, you knew he was a good guy.” (247)

“I’m Just a Mom. It was My Motherly Instinct to Take Care of This Man. I Didn’t Think About the Surroundings or the Situation. Nothing at All, It was Just This Man in Need”

On 7 September 2014, Topeka, Kansas, police Corporal Jason Harwood was shot during a traffic stop and later died. Gina Barron-Jaramillo and her son Dominic arrived on the site moments after the shooting and saw Corporal Harwood bleeding and lying on the ground. Gina said, “I hollered at Dominic, ‘Son, call 911! Call 911!’ and I got down next to him.” She is CPR qualified, but she had never performed it in real life. She said, “I’m not a tall person, so I was trying to get down next to him. I tried to get on, I was struggling.” Fortunately, a man showed up to
help: “He goes, ‘I got that, you take care of him.’” She cradled Corporal Harwood’s head in her hands. She said, “I just spoke to him, talked to him the whole time. ‘Just stay with me.’ I was here to help him, I wasn’t going to leave him. Paramedics were on their way.” She also used Corporal Harwood’s police radio to make a call: “6th and Deer Creek, officer down, officer down! Help me, please! Just help me, please!” She said, “I’m just a mom. It was my motherly instinct to take care of this man. I didn’t think about the surroundings or the situation. Nothing at all, it was just this man in need and I needed to help him.” She added, “He has these beautiful big blue eyes, I will never forget that. Looking up at me — I know the look in his eyes was asking me for help.” Paramedics arrived and picked up Corporal Harwood and took him away. She said, “God put me here for a reason. He put us there for a reason, knowing we could handle this, looking at it as a good deed we did for somebody.” (248)

“A Terminally Ill Physician Writes a Final, Beautiful Letter to the Patients He has Treated for More than 30 Years”

On 10 September 2014, Redditor fivepmsomewhere posted a letter on Imgur with this heading: “A terminally ill physician writes a final, beautiful letter to the patients he has treated for more than 30 years.” The physician is from Garden City, New York — the physician’s zip code (but no other contact information) appeared at the end of the letter. This is the letter:

“August 2014

“Dear Patient,

“For 35 years, it has been my privilege and honor to practice medicine in and to serve our community. That you and your families have entrusted your health and lives to
me has always been a responsibility I have taken with the utmost seriousness, and I have worked constantly to provide superior medical attention to you all.

“I am writing because I have been diagnosed with terminal cancer. As such, I will no longer be able to practice medicine.

“My profound sadness is only increased by the fact that I will miss attending to my patients — I have grown quite close to many of you over the years. I have been proud to treat multiple generations of the same family, and I have been proud to watch your children grow to adulthood, to have their own children and, in rare cases, to provide final care and comfort to those whose time on this earth is at an end.

“As my own time comes to an end, I want to thank you. That you and your families have lived happy and successful lives is my legacy. I am all too painfully aware that now in a time of illness, there is no substitute for a compassionate physician with the skills to cure but, more importantly, to care. I hope I have been such a physician to you. I will never forget the honor you bestowed upon me in choosing me as your doctor.

“If there is a comfort to me at this time, it is that I am leaving you and those you love in extraordinarily capable hands. The Department of Otolaryngology (Ear, Nose and Throat) at Long Island Jewish has agreed to assume responsibility for the current and future care of all of my patients.

“I have known the physicians of the Department of Otolaryngology (Ear, Nose and Throat) for many years, and I have trained a number of them in medicine personally. Please know that when you contact them, you will be contacting the doctors who enjoy my highest confidence of
any of my peers and I believe will be worthy of yours. I do not make this recommendation lightly, but after extensive research of the practices available in the community I firmly believe that there are no physicians who can equal the caliber and exceptional medicine of the Department of Otolaryngology (Ear, Nose and Throat) at Long Island Jewish.

“[Deleted: contact information for the Department of Otolaryngology (Ear, Nose and Throat) at Long Island Jewish.]

“This will likely be my last communication to you. I want to reiterate my appreciation for your trust and the opportunity to practice medicine and serve the community I have loved for so long. I wish you continued health, and I hope that when you too reach the end of your lives you will look back with as much fondness and pride as I do. It has been a pleasure to know you all.” (249)

“KAY’S FUDGE”

On 12 September 2014, Redditor trooper843 posted a photo of a tombstone on Imgur with this caption: “Best tombstone ever?” The tombstone has a recipe on it:

“KAY’S FUDGE

“2 SQ. CHOCOLATE

“2 TBS. BUTTER

“MELT ON LOW HEAT

“STIR IN

“1 CUP MILK

“BRING TO BOIL

“3 CUPS SUGAR
“1 TBS VANILLA
“PINCH SALT
“COOK TO SOFTBALL STAGE
“POUR ON MARBLE SLAB
“COOL & BEAT & EAT.”

Following the recipe appeared this tribute to Kay:

“WHERE EVER SHE GOES, THERE’S LAUGHTER.”

(250)

Appendix A: Book Bibliography


Appendix B: Some Books by David Bruce

Retellings of a Classic Work of Literature

Dante’s Inferno: A Retelling in Prose

Dante’s Purgatory: A Retelling in Prose

Dante’s Paradise: A Retelling in Prose

Dante’s Divine Comedy: A Retelling in Prose
From the Iliad to the Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose of Quintus of Smyrna’s Posthomerica

Homer’s Iliad: A Retelling in Prose

Homer’s Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose

Jason and the Argonauts: A Retelling in Prose of Apollonius of Rhodes’ Argonautica

Virgil’s Aeneid: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s 1 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s As You Like It: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s The Comedy of Errors: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Julius Caesar: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Macbeth: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Much Ado About Nothing: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Othello: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s The Taming of the Shrew: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s The Tempest: A Retelling in Prose

William Shakespeare’s Twelfth Night: A Retelling in Prose
Children’s Biography
Nadia Comaneci: Perfect Ten

Personal Finance

Anecdote Collections
250 Anecdotes About Opera
250 Anecdotes About Religion
250 Anecdotes About Religion: Volume 2
250 Music Anecdotes

Be a Work of Art: 250 Anecdotes and Stories
The Coolest People in Art: 250 Anecdotes
The Coolest People in the Arts: 250 Anecdotes
The Coolest People in Books: 250 Anecdotes
The Coolest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes
Create, Then Take a Break: 250 Anecdotes
Don’t Fear the Reaper: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Art: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Books: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Books, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Books, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Dance: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 4: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 5: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Families, Volume 6: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Music: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Music, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Music, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Neighborhoods: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Relationships: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Sports, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Television and Radio: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People in Theater: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes
The Funniest People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds, Volume 1: 250 Anecdotes
The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes
Maximum Cool: 250 Anecdotes
The Most Interesting People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People in Politics and History: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People in Religion: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes

The Most Interesting People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes

Reality is Fabulous: 250 Anecdotes and Stories

Resist Psychic Death: 250 Anecdotes

Seize the Day: 250 Anecdotes and Stories

Free Discussion Guide Series

Dante’s Inferno: A Discussion Guide

Dante’s Paradise: A Discussion Guide

Dante’s Purgatory: A Discussion Guide

Forrest Carter’s The Education of Little Tree: A Discussion Guide

Homer’s Iliad: A Discussion Guide

Homer’s Odyssey: A Discussion Guide

Jane Austen’s Pride and Prejudice: A Discussion Guide

Jerry Spinelli’s Maniac Magee: A Discussion Guide
Jerry Spinelli’s Stargirl: A Discussion Guide

Jonathan Swift’s “A Modest Proposal”: A Discussion Guide

Lloyd Alexander’s The Black Cauldron: A Discussion Guide

Lloyd Alexander’s The Book of Three: A Discussion Guide

Mark Twain’s Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: A Discussion Guide

Mark Twain’s The Adventures of Tom Sawyer: A Discussion Guide

Mark Twain’s A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur’s Court: A Discussion Guide

Mark Twain’s The Prince and the Pauper: A Discussion Guide

Nancy Garden’s Annie on My Mind: A Discussion Guide

Nicholas Sparks’ A Walk to Remember: A Discussion Guide

Virgil’s Aeneid: A Discussion Guide

Virgil’s “The Fall of Troy”: A Discussion Guide

Voltaire’s Candide: A Discussion Guide

William Shakespeare’s 1 Henry IV: A Discussion Guide

William Shakespeare’s Macbeth: A Discussion Guide

William Shakespeare’s A Midsummer Night’s Dream: A Discussion Guide

William Shakespeare’s Romeo and Juliet: A Discussion Guide
William Sleator’s Oddballs: A Discussion Guide

Kindest People Series

The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 1
The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volume 2

(Free) Kindest People Volumes

The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds: Volumes 3-7
The Kindest People: Heroes and Good Samaritans (Volumes 1-7)
The Kindest People: Be Excellent to Each Other (Volumes 1-6)

Free Philosophy for the Masses Series

Philosophy for the Masses: Ethics
Philosophy for the Masses: Metaphysics and More
Philosophy for the Masses: Religion

Some Works by Martina Donna Ramone

“Candide’s Two Girlfriends” (Adults Only)
The Erotic Adventures of Candide (Adults Only)
“Honey Badger Goes to Hell — and Heaven” (Mature Readers Only) (Written with David Bruce)
“I Want to Die — or Fight Back” (Mature Readers Only)

Appendix C: About the Author

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a cry rang out, and on a hot summer night in 1954, Josephine, wife of Carl Bruce, gave birth to a boy — me. Unfortunately, this young married couple allowed Reuben Saturday, Josephine’s brother, to name their first-born. Reuben, aka “The Joker,”
decided that Bruce was a nice name, so he decided to name me Bruce Bruce. I have gone by my middle name — David — ever since.

Being named Bruce David Bruce hasn’t been all bad. Bank tellers remember me very quickly, so I don’t often have to show an ID. It can be fun in charades, also. When I was a counselor as a teenager at Camp Echoing Hills in Warsaw, Ohio, a fellow counselor gave the signs for “sounds like” and “two words,” then she pointed to a bruise on her leg twice. Bruise Bruise? Oh yeah, Bruce Bruce is the answer!

Uncle Reuben, by the way, gave me a haircut when I was in kindergarten. He cut my hair short and shaved a small bald spot on the back of my head. My mother wouldn’t let me go to school until the bald spot grew out again.

Of all my brothers and sisters (six in all), I am the only transplant to Athens, Ohio. I was born in Newark, Ohio, and have lived all around Southeastern Ohio. However, I moved to Athens to go to Ohio University and have never left.

At Ohio U, I never could make up my mind whether to major in English or Philosophy, so I got a bachelor’s degree with a double major in both areas, then I added a master’s degree in English and a master’s degree in Philosophy.

Currently, and for a long time to come, I publish a weekly humorous column titled “Wise Up!” for The Athens News, and I am a retired Ohio University English instructor.

Appendix D: Fair Use

§ 107. Limitations on exclusive rights: Fair use

Release date: 2004-04-30

Notwithstanding the provisions of sections 106 and 106A,
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reproduction in copies or phonorecords or by any other 
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the use made of a work in any particular case is a fair use 
the factors to be considered shall include —

(1) the purpose and character of the use, including whether 
such use is of a commercial nature or is for nonprofit 
educational purposes;

(2) the nature of the copyrighted work;

(3) the amount and substantiality of the portion used in 
relation to the copyrighted work as a whole; and

(4) the effect of the use upon the potential market for or 
value of the copyrighted work.

The fact that a work is unpublished shall not itself bar a 
finding of fair use if such finding is made upon 
consideration of all the above factors.

Source of Fair Use information: <http://assembler.law.cornell.edu/uscode/html/uscode17/us 
c_sec_17_00000107 — — 000-.html>.

This is a royalty-free book, and I will let anyone download 
it for free.

I assume these things:

Everyone wants Good Samaritans to get credit for their 
good deeds, and this book about Good Samaritans is a good 
way to do that.

People who post on Imgur and Reddit or write letters to the 
editors want to share their information with the world.
Credit must be given where credit is due. I definitely try to do this.

I must not make money from this book.

Light editing is OK for Reddit posts and letters to the editor. I see nothing wrong with correcting an obvious misspelling.

**Appendix E: An Excerpt from William Shakespeare’s The Comedy of Errors: A Retelling in Prose by David Bruce**

— 1.1 —

In a hall in the palace of Solinus, the Duke of Ephesus, Egeon, a merchant of Syracuse, had been sentenced to death unless he could raise a thousand marks to ransom himself. Present were Duke Solinus, Egeon, a jailer, and some police officers and attendants.

Egeon said, “Proceed, Solinus, and kill me. Dying will end all my woes.”

The Duke of Ephesus replied, “Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.”

Egeon thought, *If the Duke of Ephesus considers what I just said to be pleading for my life, he must have a guilty conscience. Apparently, he does not like the law that he feels obligated to enforce.*

The Duke of Ephesus continued, “I am not inclined to bend our laws and avoid enforcing them. The enmity and discord that of late has sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke of Syracuse to our merchants, who are fair-dealing countrymen of Ephesus, who lacked the money to ransom their lives and therefore paid with their blood his penalty that came from enforcement of his rigorous statutes, ensure that I will allow no pity to replace my threatening looks.
Because of the deadly quarrels between your seditious countrymen and our citizens of Ephesus, the governments of Ephesus and of Syracuse have forbid by law any traffic or trade between these two cities. Indeed, the penalty for disobeying these laws is severe. If anyone born at Ephesus is seen at any markets and fairs in Syracuse, he will die and his possessions will be forfeited to the Duke of Syracuse unless he can raise a thousand marks to pay the penalty for breaking the law and so save his life. The same is true if anyone born at Syracuse is seen at any markets and fairs in Ephesus. Your possessions, valued at the highest rate, are not worth even a hundred marks, and therefore by law you are condemned to die by beheading before the Sun sets.”

“Still, I have this comfort,” Egeon said. “When I die with the evening Sun, all my woes shall end and be done.”

“Well, merchant of Syracuse,” the Duke of Ephesus said, “tell us briefly the cause for your leaving your native home in Syracuse and the reason why you came to Ephesus.”

“You could not have given me a heavier task than to tell you my griefs, which are unspeakable. Yet, so that the world may witness that my capital punishment has come about because of natural affection and not because of a vile offence, I will tell you about my sorrows. I was born in Syracuse, and I wed a woman who was fortunate except that she married me, but I could have made her happy except that our luck was bad. With her I lived in joy; our wealth increased because of the prosperous voyages that I often made to Epidamnus, a town on the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea. Unfortunately, my agent in Epidamnus died there and I needed to take care of the goods that were then left untended. I left my wife at Syracuse and sailed to Epidamnus. We were separated and lacked our usual kind embraces for almost six months, but my wife, almost fainting because of the pleasing punishment that women
bear — pregnancy — voyaged to join me at Epidamnus. She had not been long there before she became the joyful mother of two good sons — identical twins so alike that they could not be distinguished except by their names. That very hour, and in the same inn, a woman of a low social class was delivered of a similar burden; she gave birth to male twins, both identical. I bought those boys — their parents were very poor — and I brought them up to serve my sons. My wife, considerably proud of her two sons, daily asked me to take our family back to our home in Syracuse. Reluctantly, I agreed. This was unfortunate. Too soon, we went aboard a ship. We had sailed only a league — three nautical miles — from Epidamnus, and then the always wind-obeying deep sea began to cause us alarm that we might be in danger. We did not long retain hope that we would be safe. The Heavens allowed us some obscured light to see by, and what we saw gave our fearful minds a dreadful certainty that we would immediately die. I myself would gladly have embraced death, but the incessant weeping of my wife, who mourned what she saw must come, and the piteous plaints of the pretty babes, who cried because that is what babies do — they were ignorant of the danger they were in and so did not know enough to be afraid — forced me to seek a way to delay their deaths and mine. This is what we did because we could find no wiser action to do. The sailors sought safety by taking the lifeboat and leaving the ship, which was about to sink, with us still aboard. My wife, more careful for the latter-born son — or was he the earlier-born son? — tied him to the end of a small spare mast such as seafaring men keep on board in case storms damage the mast. To our son one of the other twin sons — one of the two slaves — was tied. I myself tied the two remaining boys to the other side of the small spare mast. Having secured the children to the mast that would keep them afloat, my wife and I tied ourselves to the mast, one of us at each end. The ship sank, and we floated
on the mast with the current, going straight, we thought, to Corinth. At length the Sun, gazing upon the Earth, dispersed the rain and fog that obscured our vision. The sea became calm, and we saw two ships from afar sailing straight to us from different directions. One ship I think came from Corinth; the other ship came from Epidaurus. Before they arrived — but let me stop speaking now. Guess what happened from what I have already told you.”

“No, continue to speak, old man,” the Duke of Ephesus said. “Do not stop speaking now. Perhaps we will pity — but not pardon — you.”

“If the gods had pitied us, I would not now with good reason call them merciless to us! Before the two ships, which came from different directions, could travel ten leagues and meet, our floating mast hit a mighty rock with such force that the mast was split in two. In this unjust separation, my wife and I were both left with something to take delight in and something to take sorrow in. Her part of the mast was burdened with less weight than mine, but it was not burdened with less woe. The wind swept it away with more speed than it did my part of the mast, and I saw my wife and the two boys with her taken up into the ship carrying fishermen from Corinth, so we thought. Later, the other ship — the one from Epidaurus — rescued the other two boys and me. They knew who I was, and they gave an excellent welcome to their shipwrecked guests. They would have relieved the Corinthian fishermen of their catch — my wife and the two boys with her — but the ship from Epidaurus was very slow of sail, and therefore it sailed home to Epidaurus. Thus have you heard how I have been separated from happiness. My life of misfortunes has been prolonged, allowing me to tell the sad stories of my own life.”

“For the sake of those whom you mourn,” the Duke of
Ephesus said, “do me the favor to tell in full what has befallen your family and you until now.”

“My youngest boy — if indeed he is the youngest, for certainly he is the eldest boy in my care,” Egeon said, “at eighteen years of age became curious about his brother. He begged me to allow him and his slave, whose brother had also been lost, to go out into the world and seek their lost brothers. Both of them had been given the names of their lost brothers as a way to honor those lost brothers. I allowed them to go. My sons were now both named Antipholus; the slaves were now both named Dromio. Out of love for and the hope of seeing the son who had been lost, I risked losing the son whom I had saved and raised. I allowed him to travel in search of his brother. A few years later, I decided to travel to find my lost son — or sons, as was now the case. I spent five summers traveling in furthest Greece and roaming through Asia and its furthest boundaries. Finally traveling homeward, I came to Ephesus. Here, I had no hope of finding my sons, yet I am loath to leave unsearched this town or any other town or any place where men may dwell. But here I must end the story of my life. I would be happy when I die if all my travels had assured me that my twin sons still live.”

The Duke of Ephesus said, “Hapless Egeon, you are a man whom the Fates have marked to bear extreme and dire misfortune! Believe me, were it not against our laws, as well as against my crown, my oath, and my office — Princes may not go against these things, even if they would like to; instead, they must do their duty — my soul would argue in your favor. But, although you have been sentenced to die, and a sentence, once passed, may not be repealed without great damage to the Prince’s honor, yet I will help you as much as I can. Therefore, merchant of Syracuse, I will allow you to spend this day raising money with which you can save your life. Go to all the friends you have here
in Ephesus. Beg or borrow to raise the money and live. If you are unable to raise the money today, then you are doomed to die tonight. Jailer, keep him in your custody. Go with him as he attempts to raise money."

The jailer replied, “I will, my lord.”

Egeon thought, Hopeless and helpless does Egeon wend, but all he is doing is delaying his life’s end.

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