# Kindness to a Mad Man

## (Original)

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My father returned home weary from the town hall's meeting. The gathering had lingered late into the night. Since he was the leader, he had to make a tough decision.

There was a mad man who wandered around the town, and half the time he was lucid but half the other time he was rambling around like a mindless person. As a trained psychiatric turned auditor, my father had mentioned that the man could still be healed if given the right medication and attention. But that night, the people disagreed with him. They believed Adio must be evicted as the people believed he constituted a nuisance.

The people had planned to form a mob and start beating Adio whenever he's seen in the town until he vacates. And my father knew the town would eventually kill the troubled man—as that was their desire.

'We can't allow them to do this to him,' I shrilled after he broke the news to me and my mom.

'Have you lost your mind?' My mother yelled. She was worried I could influence my dad into helping the man.

'We are letting the people have their way,' she faced my dad. 'And don't tell me you want to martyr your position in the town for some silly kindness?'

My father was quiet and ignored us as he quietly ate his meal.

Early the next day, he woke me up.

'Let's go help that man.'

My father explained that he was elected by the community not to chorus the people's fear, but on several occasion, he must correct and sometimes go against their wish.

Since Adio was fond of my father who often give him cash and food, it wasn't hard to lure him into our house.

My dad handled the chore of cutting his filthy hairs while I made hot noodles for him. Dad later bathed him and found him some clean clothes. Adio was fed warm breakfast and

my father later gave him medicine which helped him sleep.

Adio was under heavy medication for almost a month and would only sleep, wake and eat. Two months later, a different person emerged. He appeared sane, lucid and extremely grateful.

Three months later, Adio and my mom became best friends, and he would help her with house chores, run errands, and it was quite interesting that no one in our town recognized him.

Later on, we learned more about him. Adio had lost his wife and daughter in an auto accident. The incident had broken him.

After a year of intensive care, Adio was certified a sane, and pose no danger to society. He was later employed as a librarian in my school and he encouraged nearly all the children to fall in love with books.

With his full recovery, Adio although almost fifty found love again, got married, and relocated to his hometown.

He recently visited my dad and showed him the picture of the school he'd started. The school is for poor and homeless children.

I've never ever seen my father cry before but staring at the pictures of the school building which Adio named after my dad, I heard him choke in tears. He finally confessed that he'd never felt so proud and happy before in his entire life.

Taking inspiration from my father's achievement, I started something called a "Kindness Club" in my school. The purpose of the club is mainly to show kindness to our teachers, parents and especially the less privileged. As I write, membership in my school is twenty-six. During school hours, it's mandatory we get clean water inside our teachers drinking glasses, and the Kindness Club members must make sure to wipe the chalkboard clean before the subject teacher arrives in class. We've also trained the entire school to always stand up and greet in a recital when a teacher enters the class thus: 'Good morning sir, may God bless you as you impart knowledge unto us.'

And the Kindness Club action had encouraged our teachers to give more, and my principal was so impressed he's planning to introduce our club to other schools.