

# **"The Begging Man"**

A Short Short Story

Written by

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## The Begging Man

The man was sitting with his legs crossed at the entrance to the drugstore. His hand was held forward and his palm open, asking for something. His eyes were sad, and his body uncomfortable and shamed to be seen by everyone who walked by. He was wearing a clean, nice suit and a black expensive briefcase was lying neatly beside him.

As people approached him on their way to buy something they needed, their pace became faster as though they couldn't stop because their lives were too full and busy. But even in their hurriedness they still were taken aback by the well-dressed man asking them for something. As they passed by him, he tried to catch their glance, hoping that his eyes would get them to stop, even if only for a brief moment.

Finally a young man with a blue messenger bag strung tightly across his body stopped and reached for his wallet. He took out an old dollar bill, and with a compassionate smile reached down and handed it to the man.

The man, who was watching the young man's actions in anticipation, moved his hand away from the bill. "Thank you, but I have enough money," he said, genuinely.

The young man, confused and surprised, kept his hand with the one-dollar bill outstretched to the man. "I thought you were begging." The young man replied,

"I am."

"Then why don't you take this dollar?" pleaded the young man with compassion. "I want to help you."

"Because I'm not begging - for money," answered the man. "I'm begging for love." He lifted his hand forward again with his palm open to the young man.