

## An Act of Kindness

I yawned, stretched, and slumped in my chair. I almost put my head down on the table, but then remembered that I was supposed to look professional, not drowsy and sleep-deprived, though, in truth, that's what I was. Barely keeping my eyes open, I caught a college girl walking in my direction. I flew up, perched my glasses on my nose, and retied the messy knot on the back of my head. The girl held some sort of box in her hands, and as she got closer, I saw that it was a wildlife Savannah presentation. Ugh, we got so many of those. Every year, no matter the level of diversity and creativity, we always got one of them. Holding in a groan, I pasted on a bright smile, and watched her come over. She thrust out the box, and told me her age category, number, and seat. I filled out a form, and gave her a ticket. Shoulders tense, she walked toward the seating. It was only then that I looked down at the project. There were no words. It was completely professional, with a perfectly put breakdown of the Savannah and its ecosystem. The artistic value was sky-high. The colors matched the overall theme, and the drawings, clearly pencil sketches, were very realistic. It was the perfect example of what you would want as a science project. However, I didn't find anything that made it unique from the others. I set down the box, and was about to pick up another one when it started whirring. Panicked, I jabbed at the box, trying to get it to stop. And it did. Only seconds later, a hologram sprang from the top, and started reading and explaining the information on the screen. Thoroughly shocked, I sat back and listened. At the end, the hologram looked at me, and asked if I had any questions. I shook my head, unable to speak. The hologram calmly smiled, and extended a hand, as if expecting me to shake it. I reached out and shook it, and amazingly, I could feel it. Then, it disappeared. With a slow smile spreading across my face, I grabbed my walkie-talkie, and radioed a message over to the voting box: "I'm changing my vote. I found the perfect one. Box presentation, Savannah wildlife, state-of-the-art technically logo, Age category: 19-20, Number: 34, Seat: 119C." I carefully set the box aside, making sure it wasn't harmed. A couple minutes later, I saw the girl flying out of the auditorium, crying. I grinned when I saw the happy look on her face. I went over to her, and congratulated her. She told me, "I won by one vote. Apparently someone voted at the last second." I had changed this girl's life. My vote made a difference for her. She had just won a scholarship to Harvard University. Despite the simple setting, the best project, determined by Harvard students, got to go to Harvard. I should know. After all, that's how I got in.