

When I Helped Someone

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One weekend, my younger cousin came to our house to work on his reading homework. He tries very hard, but sometimes the words get mixed up and he feels embarrassed. That day, he sat on the couch holding his book tightly, and I could see his eyes getting watery. He whispered, "I can't do it. I'm just not smart enough."

I sat next to him and told him, "You are smart. You just need someone to practice with." I opened the book and read the first line slowly, pointing to each word. Then he tried. At first he stumbled, but I kept cheering him on. We laughed at the funny parts and took breaks when he felt frustrated. Little by little, the words stopped scaring him.

When he finally read a whole page by himself, he looked up at me with the biggest smile I had ever seen. In that moment, I realized helping someone isn't about being a hero. It's about giving someone the courage they forgot they had. And that day, my cousin found his courage again — and I felt proud to be the one who helped him find it.