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IN THE BUS: Worse things have happened!

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The little boy was crying, nervous, while searching into his pockets: I lost it, grandma. You will never trust me again. I lost the superhero you just gave me. Please, do not buy me anything else, grandma. You should not trust me!

The old woman stared at him in anger and gave him a tender scolding: Hey, worst things have happened! Do me a favor, you will never cry for things again! You wipe your tears out, right now. Every boy and girl have lost his/her toys once! Everything has a solution. How would I trust a crybaby to walk with me to the doctor's office? You are the bravest and nicest boy I have ever met. You cannot lost that. If you do, I will not trust you again.

Both got off in front of the Calixto García Hospital and I continued my journey until Linea Street, while my mind was about to explode thinking of one's lost, the things that matter most, and how many times we have cried for nothing.

**Translated by Sergio A. Paneque Díaz / CubaSí Translation Staff**

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