

by Carol Ru-Fang Guo 郭如芳

A Stroke of Luck

It's only half past eleven. There are some people on the street, but not many.

A brown-haired man puts his hand into his pocket and feels the envelope. What a wonderful day. He smiles with satisfaction. Not many people are as lucky as he is. It is a turning point towards success in his life.

Actually, he is a normal person in his early thirties. His short brown hair is a little curl, and his thin lips seldom reveals his inner emotion. And it seems that he keeps a good shape by doing exercise regularly. But generally speaking, he is the type of people that no one would notice him when passing by.

“How lucky I am!” He dreams the promising future, whistling some unknown tunes delightedly along the street.

Minutes later, he arrives at his house in avenue nine. After collecting a pile of mails lying on the floor, he leaves the house, and goes into *Freaky Meal* for lunch.

Freaky Meal is a diner, and a cafe. It is quite near where he lives. And he often goes there. He sits at his favorite table by the window.

“Hi, Louis. What do you want for your lunch?” a waiter comes to his table and asks.

“Give me some black coffee and a serving of pasta. Thanks, Ted.” he gives the waiter a smile. After that, he looks out on the street, observing people and sceneries. Then he finds that the sky, different from the earlier bright and sunny one, is full of cloud now.

At twelve-thirty, a young, fair-haired man comes into the café. The man looked around for a while, and then walks to Louis' table.

“Excuse me. All other seats are occupied. May I sit here?” the young man says courteously.

“Well. It’s okay for me. Take a seat.”

Louis and the stranger eat their meal and talk about many things although they did not know each other before. It is quite natural to talk to a stranger nowadays.

After finishing the meal, Louis gets to leave. When he stands up, an envelope drops out from his pocket. But he doesn’t notice that.

The young man picks up the envelope. His face twists for a few seconds, but he recovers from it very soon.

“Sir, is this yours?” the young man shows the envelope to him.

“Yeah. That’s mine. Thank you. You’re such a good man.” he thanks the man gratefully. “You’re really a good man. Good-bye, my friend.” An appearance of relief comes back to his face, and he wonders how lucky he is that he doesn’t lose the envelope carelessly. Then he walks out of the café, and strolls east.

About ten minutes later, the young man leaves the café, and follows Louis’ track.

Louis whistles some songs pleasantly while he is walking. What a wonderful day he has.

But wait! It’s impossible!! It can’t be that!!!

A sudden pain strikes his heart. “Oh! God! I can’t breathe.” The next second, he falls onto the ground, gasping for air. As a dying man, he feels it must be the end.

Someone around him shouts for help, but no one really helps him.

He seems to see a familiar face in the distance. Who’s that? He tries to figure out. Oh! Yes! That’s the young man he met at *Freaky Meal*. “What is the man doing here? Why is the man here?” Before he loses the last consciousness, he tries to make sense out of all this. However, he cannot deal with the mess in his head. Why me? He leaves the question unanswered.

Then, the young man heads for the dead man. He grabs something from Louis' s pocket, but no one notices that.

The young man stays at the spot for a few minutes, murmuring with sympathy, "Poor guy. Poor guy. Rest in peace at last."