

The day i met him



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

I'd almost always wake up to the sound of them. They would always be listening to the radio on full blast while working in their workshop next door. The familiar sounds after waking up would most likely be the constant sounds of a chainsaw ripping through some sort of wood, a drill working its way through practically anything or even just a hammer knocking a nail.

It was annoying. I would always look over the fence and give them a cold glare but despite that, they would often wave and smile at me. Sorry about the noise, it won't happen again, he'd always say best custom writing service .

Every time I'm in my backyard he would peep over the fence and begin to talk to me. Great weather to play outside isn't it. Even though I thought he was really irritating I'd try to be nice and start small talking him. Sometimes it lasted 2minutes, but it sometimes lasted more than 20minutes. I would often try avoiding him and making excuses to why I couldn't stay and talk.

I knew that he was trying to be friendly and I'd also see him talking to everyone in the neighbourhood. At times I would feel sympathy towards him as he walks along the street all by himself. He had been lonely since the time he moved into this neighbourhood. He would at home eat alone, watch TV alone and work alone. Come Christmas time, he would often come around to my house and shower us with gifts.

They were expensive ones and it would seem that he had given thought to it. Last year he bought me a wicked new bike. It was the new x900 road bike that I had always wanted. This year he had gotten me a Spalding basketball

that I really wanted. I guess he had seen that my old one was wearing out and had lost its shape and grip. Every time it was time to give our present I would look down and feel disappointed in my gift for him. It was just that I couldn't afford a better one. Even though I knew it wasn't a great present, he'd always smile and say "I don't know how to thank you for giving me such a gift".

He really was a good person after all. Australia Day. A time for families to be together and celebrate. In my mind I knew that he would be at home sitting by himself, relaxing or reading a book.

It was depressing. I knew what the right thing to do was and I wanted to make him feel like we were his family. I sprinted towards his front verandah and rang his doorbell. He opened the door with a surprised by cheerful look on his face, maybe because it was the first time I've called for him. "Steve, would you like to come over and have an Australia Day dinner with us?" He smiled.