

The best gift ever



I examined the fine metallic textures of it once again as it captivated me. It kept me pondering endlessly, and its uniqueness seemed to grow every time I glanced at it. It shone like an angel's light as I fiddled with it about the sunlight that had already appeared before. What could be more valuable about it? I wondered again. Just moments before, I had found this on my desk. It was a gift from my mother. But as attractive as it was, it seemed that the thought behind it was the source of its beauty. The day was passing by almost too quickly as I was enjoying the warm summer outdoors.

But it was not just another day today, it was my birthday. Even though I sometimes do not think much about this day, a simple gift makes this day simply different from any other. I have always preferred something simple, whether giving or receiving a gift, simple always does it. I knew that I will be receiving something from my mother. Even if it wasn't a new car topped with the world's most expensive rims or James Bond's Seiko watch, I would be fine with it. I don't ask for much, I can appreciate whatever I get.

When I came home in the afternoon, lying on my desk was a white box no more than three inches in length and width decorated with a very light emboss of abstract design. I opened it carefully and discovered a beautiful metal keychain positioned almost perfectly among the padding that prevented it from damage. The four corners that were slightly etched across in a curvy manner revealed to be the most reflective part that ran throughout the other side. My fingers traced across the finest engraving of Edwardian-script that spelt my name.

I took the keychain into my own hands and studied it while it reflected the alluring sunlight that found its way through the windows. Thinking about this gift that my mother had given me invited a warm and heartfelt feeling that seemed to radiate throughout my entire body. The simple but extravagant design of this gift had more to offer than just itself, and the fact that the gift was meant for me stood out like a spotlight in a crowd, belonging to the rightful person. Me. It was as if my mother put her entire heart in the gift to ensure that the world knew it was mine. It could not mean any more than that.

A gift just for me. I thanked her afterwards. It is the thought of the gift that counts. I never knew how a simple key chain could mean so much. It was not the beautiful glint, the soft but solid edges or the charming way it called my name that made it seem appealing alone, but rather that with the given meaning, it seemed to complement each other like the bright stars against the dark sky. The physical features of the gift could not solely match the thought of the gift itself, but could only praise it. The shiny metal keychain had satisfied my definition of a simple but meaningful gift.