

Rewrite "A Cup of Tea" from the point of view of Mrs Smith in first person and not more than 200 words.

I was cold, hungry, and tired of asking. My hands were raw from the wind, and my stomach was empty. I had nothing left - not even pride. Just a whisper, a plea: "Madam, may I have the price of a cup of tea?"

She turned, elegant and warm, as if from another world. Her eyes held something—curiosity, maybe pity. I was sure she'd brush me away, but instead, she said, "Come home with me."

I followed, dazed, into a car softer than any bed I'd known. Her home swallowed me in light and warmth. I shrank, afraid of the richness pressing in from every corner. She took my coat, and my hat, and spoke in a voice that didn't quite reach me. I felt faint. My body betrayed me.

Tea came, sweet and hot, filling the empty space inside me. She watched me eat, her eyes kind but distant, as if I were an experiment. Then he arrived - her husband. His gaze lingered, assessing. I knew that look.

Soon after, she pressed money into my hand and sent me away.

Back in the cold, I clutched the notes. Warmth fades. Hunger returns. But I knew, even in her arms, I had been alone.