**Yonder sit's A Wretched Waid**

“From childhood's hour; I have not been as others were; l had not seen what other's saw; l could not bring my passions from a common spring”.

Edgar Allan Poe’s words voice out for every child, homeless and alone on the streets as a vendor, a beggar or a worker. I have always considered myself lucky for being, having and possessing what those unfortunate children can't. We see their pain with blinded eyes. A curtain veiled around our face as we walk past them wishing they wouldn’t see you with those twinkling eyes of hope and a wait, which wouldn’t end. Their independence is purhinned at the very beginning. Made to work in factories, which is dangerous and hazardous, they work in shops where they are often not given their remuneration, and in the end they beg.

We care and love our child no matter how he/she is. We provide them with all the amenities essential for them at one go. However, we mistreat the kids on the streets even though they toil harder than our children to meet the ends. I remember an incident clearly in my mind. I wasn't a very keen person when it comes for eating food. Once, my parents, along with our neighbour, decided to visit a new place recently opened which had a sumptuous cuisine and a cacarte.

My mind kept quizzing why couldn't we eat at home. So, like a grumpy pants l sat in the back seat with arms crossed and a frown on my face. All the way along the journey l stared outside the window, my reflection starting back at me. A few minutes into the wide we stopped at a junction. Across the junction there was a street, decorated by various small houses of different sizes and colours, the lights created a shadow on the road and my window danced with the disco lights. I was dazed seeing these dazzling lights. All of a sudden, there appeared a small family in front of my eyes and the children of that family who were sitting on the doorstep starting at the people who were just a few meters away eating a few snacks and having a good laugh. Just then a tinge of pain washed over me and at that moment l felt the pain. The pain the children were going through. The hunger in their eyes and the sadness swept over me.

The sensation was overwhelming and that's the moment when l was lost in what l wanted l what l didn’t. I realized how fortunate l was.