

The old man sat on the park bench, feeding the pigeons. He had been coming to this park every day for as long as he could remember. He loved to watch the children play, and he would often stop to chat with the other regulars.

One day, the old man noticed a young woman sitting on a bench by herself. She was crying. The old man walked over to her and asked if she was okay.

"I'm lost," the young woman said. "I don't know where I am."

The old man smiled kindly. "Don't worry," he said. "I can help you find your way."

The old man and the young woman walked together through the park. The old man told her stories about the park and the people who lived in the neighborhood. The young woman listened quietly, and her tears dried.

When they reached the park entrance, the old man turned to the young woman. "I'm glad I could help," he said.

"Thank you," the young woman said. "You're a very kind man."

The young woman smiled and walked away. The old man watched her go, and he felt a warm glow in his heart. He was glad that he had been able to help her.

The old man continued on his way, feeding the pigeons and chatting with the other regulars. He was a kind and gentle man, and he always made time to help others. He was a true friend to everyone who knew him.