

she never been to him. He had seen him before, but he did not know him well. He was a tall man, with a thin face and a very kind expression. He was wearing a dark suit and a white shirt. He was standing in front of a large window, looking out at the city. The sun was setting, casting a warm glow over the buildings. He was holding a small object in his hand, which he showed to the boy. It was a small, gold-colored ring. The boy looked at it with interest. "This is a very nice ring," he said. "It must be expensive." "Yes, it is," replied the man. "It was given to me by my wife many years ago. She died last year, and I have been trying to find someone to give it to. I think you would be a good person to receive it." The boy thought for a moment. "I would like to have the ring," he said. "But I don't have any money. How can I afford to buy it?" "I can help you with that," said the man. "I have some money saved up, and I can lend it to you. You can pay me back when you have the money to buy the ring. Do you want to take it?" The boy looked at the ring again, then at the man. "Yes, I do," he said. "Thank you very much." The man smiled and handed the ring to the boy. "Take care of it," he said. "It's a special ring." The boy took the ring and put it on his finger. He looked up at the man with a smile. "Thank you again," he said. "I will always remember this day." The man nodded and walked away. The boy stood there, looking out at the city. He knew that he had made a good decision. He had found a way to get the ring he wanted, and he had done it in a way that was fair to everyone involved.