

***You've Got to be Kind:***

***Volume 1***

**David Bruce, Editor and Collector**

**Copyright 2018 by Bruce D. Bruce**

**WORDPRESS EDITION**

**Cover Photos by Victoria Borodnova**

**Top**

**<https://pixabay.com/en/family-shopping-center-purchase-2923690/>**

**Bottom**

**<https://pixabay.com/en/kids-backpack-boys-bear-lawn-baby-3572902/>**

**I will make NO money from this book. It is royalty free  
and a labor of love.**

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

<b>Dedication</b>	<b>1</b>
<b>Preface</b>	<b>3</b>
<b>Chapter 1: 1-20</b>	<b>4</b>
<b>Chapter 2: 21-40</b>	<b>50</b>
<b>Chapter 3: 41-60</b>	<b>85</b>
<b>Chapter 4: 61-80</b>	<b>113</b>
<b>Chapter 5: 81-100+</b>	<b>156</b>
<b>Appendix A: Fair Use</b>	<b>221</b>
<b>Appendix B: Some Books by David Bruce</b>	<b>223</b>
<b>Appendix C: About the Author</b>	<b>230</b>

## DEDICATION

### **Rei-doll and Ryoko-demon: Kind Cosplayers**

Two of the best cosplayers in the world are Rei-doll and Ryoko-demon of Russia, co-founders of R&R ArtGroup. One kind thing that they do is to allow repostings of their photographs — provided that their photographs are not used for commercial purposes or photo-manipulations and provided that the reposter provides links and credits for the photographs. Their Deviantart pages include this information:

“© Any using of the photography for commercial purposes and photo-manipulations are strictly prohibited. Reposting is allowed, provided credits and links.

“© Использование фотографии в коммерческих целях и любые фотоманипуляции запрещены. Перепост разрешён при условии указания авторства и ссылок.”

By their way, among their favorite photographers are Kifir and Maria Rukia, both of Russia.

Another man who helps them out quite a lot is Pred, aka Predator.

Major kudos to these people for allowing repostings and for setting clear rules. (Kudos also go to people who make it clear that they do not want their photos reposted.)

This book is dedicated to

*Rei-Doll*

*Ryoko-Demon*

*Predator*

*Kifir*

*and*

*Maria Rukia*

[https://www.instagram.com/ryoko\\_demon/](https://www.instagram.com/ryoko_demon/)

[https://www.instagram.com/p\\_r\\_e\\_d/](https://www.instagram.com/p_r_e_d/)

<http://ryoko-demon.deviantart.com>

<http://rei-doll.deviantart.com>

<http://kifir.deviantart.com>

<https://www.patreon.com/RRartgroup>

<http://randr-artgroup.deviantart.com/gallery/>

<http://rrartgroup.bigcartel.com>

<https://www.flickr.com/photos/kifir/>

[https://www.instagram.com/maria\\_rukia/](https://www.instagram.com/maria_rukia/)

## PREFACE

The doing of good deeds is important. As a free person, you can choose to live your life as a good person or as a bad person. To be a good person, do good deeds. To be a bad person, do bad deeds. If you do good deeds, you will become good. If you do bad deeds, you will become bad. To become the person you want to be, act as if you already are that kind of person. Each of us chooses what kind of person we will become. To become a hero, do the things a hero does. To become a coward, do the things a coward does. The opportunity to take action to become the kind of person you want to be is yours.

This book is a collection of stories of good deeds. Most of them come from Reddit.

I hope that you enjoy reading this book, and I hope that you are inspired to do some good deeds of your own.

**I will make NO money from this book. It is royalty free and a labor of love.**

## **Chapter 1: 1-20**

### **1. Kiera Larsen: 10-Year-Old Heroine**

On 22 February 2016, Kiera Larsen, a 10-year-old girl, died while saving the life of two-year-old Emmah (some sources have Emma) Gusich in San Diego County, California. The two-year-old was playing when a 1999 Mercedes parked on a sloping driveway slipped into neutral and started rolling backwards toward the toddler. Seeing what was happening, Kiera ran to the toddler and pushed her out of the way of the rolling car, but the car ran over her and dragged her several feet. Paramedics took her to a hospital, where she died.

Another child was present: Emmah's one-year-old sister, Adison. Alissa Jenkins, the mother of the two girls, said about Kiera, "She is truly a hero. She will forever be my kids' guardian angel. She saved both my daughters' lives. These are my two kids that I have and both of them could've been gone in an instant and she stepped in and took over and did what she knows best to do — and that's to protect those around her."

In November 2016, the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission named her a Carnegie hero and released this statement: "In the case of Kiera Larsen, we are all the more humbled by such a young person's capacity to selflessly disregard her own safety to save the life of another child. Her sacrifice both breaks our hearts and raises us up. She represents the essence of the award and the ideals that its creator, Andrew Carnegie, sought to recognize."

Cherise Larsen, Kiera's stepmother, said, "It comes with a range of emotions: You're so happy that she won this, but it brings back memories that she's gone and the reason that she did this. She is one of the youngest that has ever received it; there is only very few that have been the age of

10 and younger to have received it and that right there speaks for itself.”

The page dedicated to Kiera Vera Larsen on the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission website states this:

“Kiera Vera Larsen died saving Emmah Gusich from being struck by a runaway vehicle, El Cajon, California, February 22, 2016.

“Emmah, 2, was playing on a sloped residential driveway behind a parked sport utility vehicle when the vehicle began rolling backward toward her.

“Kiera, 10, student of El Cajon, had been on the deck of the nearby residence and when next seen was running alongside the moving vehicle toward Emmah.

“Entering the vehicle’s path, Kiera pushed Emmah aside, but the vehicle then struck Kiera, knocked her down, and dragged her several feet before it was stopped.

“Emmah sustained only minor scrapes, but Kiera died of her injuries.”

California Highway Patrol Officer Kevin Pearlstein said, “A child died heroically. I mean if you think about it, she sacrificed herself for another small child.”

Ms. Jenkins’ fiancé, Jonathan Gusich, said about Kiera, “She was always looking out for them and apparently she gave her life for my kids. I don’t know how to repay them, repay her. She must have been the guardian angel yesterday and they’re here because of her.”

A Go Fund Me Account was set up for donations for funeral expenses. The page stated that Kiera was a “sweet girl.” In addition, it included this message from Kiera’s family:



“Those of you who had the pleasure of knowing Kiera know that she is such an amazing, beautiful, smart and funny little girl. She truly brings so much love and happiness to so many people.

“The entire Larsen family cannot thank every single one of you for your love, support and prayers.

“You have no idea how much seeing the support from so many people has helped us during this incredibly tough time.

“Again, THANK YOU from the bottom of our hearts.”<sup>1</sup>

## **2. “What is Something More People Should Pay Attention to But Don’t?”**

hmjanjua86 wrote this:

“Uncommon Kindness. It really doesn’t take all that much to make someone’s day. While I was sitting on the subway this afternoon, a rather old businessman got on at 51st Street and pointed to my copy of *Lolita*. ‘You like the classics?’ ‘Yes,’ I said, smiling and looking up from my book. ‘Have you read any of his other stuff?’ ‘I haven’t, actually. What do you recommend?’ ‘Here,’ he said, handing me Nabokov’s *Pale Fire*. ‘I just finished it. Have a nice read. I’m getting off here.’ And he hopped off — only

---

<sup>1</sup> Source: David Hernandez, Lyndsay Winkley, “10-year-old girl is killed while saving toddler from runaway SUV.” *Los Angeles Times*. 25 February 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/yb43wy39>>. Also: Bob Ponting and Feloicia Martinez, “East County girl who died saving 2-year-old named Carnegie Hero.” Fox 5 (San Diego, California). 20 December 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/y9tp3jbv>>. Also: Kiera Vera Larsen. Carnegie Hero Fund Commission. <<http://www.carnegiehero.org/kiera-vera-larsen/>> Accessed 30 May 2017. Also: Joel Christie, “Hero 10-year-old girl dies saving the lives of two toddlers by pushing them out of the path of a runaway SUV.” *Daily Mail* (UK). 25 February 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jdyo6pt>>.

one station later, at Grand Central — almost certainly never to be seen by me again.

“It was a perfectly brief, perfectly serendipitous encounter that I’ve been thinking about all day, and it took no more than giving away an old book that likely would’ve just collected dust in a closet somewhere. We’re usually terribly reticent and reluctant to talk to other people, especially in big cities, and yet a pleasant conversation or a small kind act can shift someone’s day from dismal and mundane to happy and extraordinary. I guess what I’m trying to say is this: Be the guy who gives out Nabokov books.”<sup>2</sup>

### **3. Frank Sinatra: Tough Guy in a Good Cause**

In 1964, Quincy Jones was part of the Count Basie Orchestra, which got a gig backing Frank Sinatra at the Sands Casino in Las Vegas, Nevada. Jim Crow was in effect, and major black stars such as Harry Belafonte and Lena Horne had to stay at “black” hotels and eat their meals in the casino kitchens, not in the casino dining rooms. Mr. Sinatra was against racism. Mr. Jones remembers, “When we came in, Frank said, ‘We’re not going to have that.’ I was told that the old man wanted to see me by the slot machines. Basie’s whole band was lined up there with 18 goombahs [tough guys]. Frank put one with each guy, like a bodyguard. And he said, ‘If anyone so much as looks at them funny, I want you to break both of their legs.’ Frank was tough, man. But he got rid of racism there.”<sup>3</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup> Source: undercoverglover4, “What is something more people should pay attention to but don’t?” AskReddit. 3 November 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hhtfcej>>.

<sup>3</sup> Source: Stephen Smith: “Quincy Jones: the day Michael Jackson’s pet snake got loose in the studio.” *Guardian*. 23 August 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/zj453xq>>.

#### **4. ROSEBUD!**

Musician Sarah Utter of Bangs and Western Hymn — she is also an artist; check out <http://tinyurl.com/nbwax4l> — suffered the loss of Rosebud, one of her pet dogs, in early 2015. She wrote on her blog, “Rosebud departed earth to terrorize/entertain the afterlife. Very suddenly. One day she was being the insane Lumberjackal, and the next she was lackluster. Cancer everywhere. Two weeks from diagnosis to death. I loved her so. She wasn’t really allowed stuffed squeaky toys because she could eviscerate them in five minutes. Tennis balls and ropes were harder to destroy and seemed to suffice. But, in those past two weeks, she got every squeaky toy her little heart desired. Rosebuddy. Little Skookums. Baby. Rosebored. Rosebad. Rbud. Little Girl.” A photograph of Rosebud shows her absolutely surrounded by dog toys. Ms. Utter added, “I went back to scrubby old Sun Valley, CA to scatter some of her ashes. In the thorny yard (complete with black widows) that she loved so much. One of the first things she did after arriving as a foster puppy was eat an entire paddle off of the prickly pear. ROSEBUD!”<sup>4</sup>

#### **5. “People Who have Won a ‘Win a Day / Date with a Celebrity’ Competition, How was It?”**

1) Nategolder wrote this:

“In 2005 I was in my last year of medical school at The University of Arizona when Hurricane Katrina hit. In the aftermath a bunch of us got permission from the Med school dean to head down and help the real doctors. There were so many of us that we had a lottery system. (I think UofA had a grant or donation to pay for 5/6 of us and

---

<sup>4</sup> Source: Sarah Utter, “Strange Trips.” Blogspot. 1 March 2015  
<<http://www.sarahutter.blogspot.com>>.

basically the whole class volunteered.) Well, I got picked and went.

“It was hard, sad, and grueling work. On the second or third day, this new guy showed to [do] more of the ‘grunt’ work in our little section (trash pick up, food delivery and hand out, etc.). I didn’t recognize him at first but after a minute the place was abuzz with the news that Brad Pitt was working with us ... and sure enough it was him. He absolutely worked his \*ss off, too, and after the first day the shock wore off [and] it became no big deal. On many occasions over the next few days, Brad Pitt emptied out my trashcans, got me clean linens, and even lunch (those military pre-made meals are what we ate). He could not have been more down to earth or nicer or more accommodating, and he never once asked for special treatment. He even sort of learned my name and called me Doc K—. As you can imagine, the patients just glowed upon seeing him and he was always gracious and friendly and took what time he could to hang out with all of us. To this day, I’ve never seen that he’s sought or received any praise or notoriety for what he did — contrast that to the other guy who had photo ops done of him standing in a canoe with a shotgun plastered all over the media.

“He left very unannounced, and we were told it was because he didn’t want fanfare and his departure to distract from what we were doing. Still to this day one of the most memorable experiences of my life, and I will always have a tremendous respect for him.”

2) Onmius wrote this:

“No one is going to believe this, but here we go. In 2003 I had entered a competition to go to a meet-and-greet in Tampa, Florida, at some kind of convention with a bunch of celebrities.

“I get to the event and have my ticket and everything ready; however, there seems to be an issue with something in the system and they reject my entry.

“At this point I was super bummed and just kinda sat over on a bench looking out at the convention hall looking sad, and that’s when Bill f[\*\*]king Murray sits next to me eating a hotdog and casually just asks what’s wrong. Now at the time, and shame on me, I had no idea who this guy was. I was very little when most of his movies came out and then into my teenage years never saw them — yes, including *Ghostbusters*.

“Well, I tell him what happened, thinking he’s some normal dude and he tells me to follow him to an event he’s going to. I figure why not since my afternoon was shot.

“What [proceeded were] the strangest two hours of my life as Bill Murray takes me to these random and sparse art collections around downtown Tampa. We stopped by a few Bohemian-like groups of people just hanging out in alleys and then a couple of warehouses with scrap metal statues on display.

“After that we head over to Ybor City and he takes us to all these really out-of-the-way and hidden gems of restaurants and bars. We stopped by the Tampa Bay Brewing Company, and when he came in he just kinda knowingly and wordlessly nodded at the bartender and walked us to a back room where we tasted microbrew.

“I finally ended up heading home and only learned it was Bill from a friend who ended up freaking out at some of the pictures I took of the art we saw (with Bill in the pictures), and to this day I can confidently say I’ve met Bill Murray and yes, he is delightfully insane.”<sup>5</sup>

---

<sup>5</sup> Source: Alivinshotjuicebox, “People who have won a ‘win a day/date

## 6. “Former Disney Cast Members of Reddit, What are Some of Your Craziest / Creepiest / Best Stories?”

1) simplybenny wrote this:

“This was a while ago now, but it still makes me smiley and nostalgic.

“Character performers, such as myself, are only out during specific timeslots during the day for pictures. When those times end, usually guests aren’t allowed to enter the queue anymore, and we finish up taking photos with those remaining. Unfortunately, this day was particularly hot and fur characters had been experiencing issues (i.e. fainting) due to the heat, so they were packing us up rather quickly at the end of shifts. Dale and I (Chip) were waving our goodbyes to the guests when we heard this child absolutely WAILING her lungs out over not being able to meet us — she wasn’t being bratty, she sounded genuinely upset.

“My attendant is the best. The crowd dispersed a bit, and she was able to catch up with the parents. She found out they would be returning tomorrow, and since we all had shifts the following day, we pulled some strings to set up a small meeting. Here’s how it went down:

“The parents, as instructed to, brought her to Critter Country a while before the first meet-and-greet of the day. I crept up behind her and gently put my paws over her eyes, and pulled them back to reveal Dale striking this wonderfully heroic pose in front of her. I still remember how she screamed in excitement when she realized her favorite Disney characters had come out just to spend some time with her. We gave her autographs and did photos, then spent the rest of the time playing tag. :)”

---

with a celebrity’ competition, how was it?” AskReddit. 15 November 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jejugpw>>.

2) bibbityboppityburner wrote this:

“I’m surprised no one has mentioned Towel Baby. Most people who worked at WDW-MK [Walt Disney World-Magic Kingdom] in the early 2000s heard of or met Towel Baby. It’s a rather sad story, so I’ll try to tell it respectfully.

“Several times a week a couple with annual passes came to the Magic Kingdom with what appeared to be a swaddled infant. However, if you looked closely, the woman was carrying a rolled-up towel wrapped in a hospital newborn blanket. The man was always very gentle, leading his wife through security and into the park. I’m not certain if they went on rides, but I know for sure that they always asked for a table for three at restaurants. They came through my turnstile a few times and while the woman rarely made eye contact, they were always soft spoken and respectful. The story / legend was that the couple had lost an infant years prior and the woman fell into a deep depression and became delusional. The only thing that kept her somewhat functional was fussing over this towel and coming to the Magic Kingdom.

“Observing them navigate the park was a master class in compassion, not only watching the husband care for his wife, but seeing every single cast member treat them both with respect and kindness. I remember managers telling us not to make fun of them (obviously) but also not to fuss over them — they’re just another family enjoying the park.”

3) ThePoetPrinceofWass wrote this:

“Whenever a Disney story thread comes up, this one from u/Ihaveanotheridentity is always the best:

“I have one moment that stands out above all the rest. I was waiting for someone to ask me this question. It’s the reason

I left a good job as a VIP Tourguide and moved to the Character Department.

“I was working City Hall one day when two guests came in with two little girls. One was in a wheelchair and the other one looked like she had just seen death. Both were cut and bruised and the one in the wheelchair had her arm in a cast. The two women were actually nurses from a hospital and were asking for a refund on the girls’ tickets, something we avoided doing at all costs. When I asked why, they told me the story. The two girls were with their mom and dad at Epcot, and on the way home they got into a horrible car accident. The mother was beheaded right in front of them. The father eventually died, too, but the two girls didn’t know that yet. They were from overseas and had no money and no contact information for anyone they knew. They were bringing the tickets back to get the girls some much-needed money to help get them back home. My heart absolutely sunk. If you had seen these girls, you’d know why. They were truly traumatized. I refunded their tickets and got permission to be their private tour guide for the rest of the day (which they were not expecting). I walked them to the VIP viewing area for the parade, which was as far as I could walk them in the costume we used to wear at City Hall. I had to leave them there while I put on my VIP costume. On the way down, I pulled out every kid joke I could think of. I was a REALLY good tour guide (I helped write part of it), and I knew how to make kids smile. Nothing worked. These girls were too far gone for that. I left them at the bridge to go change, walked backstage and bawled my eyes out. I just had never seen something so horrible. I was truly affected and it was a terrible feeling of powerlessness not being able to fix the situation. When I came back, I brought them to get ice cream, take them on rides and stuff, but they never smiled, not once. The nurses were loving it and were trying to get them into it, but it just



wasn't working. We went back to the bridge to watch the parade. It was there that I honestly saw true magic. Real magic, not bullsh[\*]t. I had called the parade department to let them know what was going on and set up a private meet-and-greet after the parade. As the parade was coming around Liberty Square, I told the girls that I had called Mickey and told him all about them. I told them that Mickey asked to meet them after the parade.

“The little girl in the wheelchair smiled.

“‘Really?’ she asked. My heart skipped. ‘Yes, really! He told me to tell you to look out for him in the parade and to follow the float back to City Hall.’

“The other girl smiled.

“‘You mean right now?’ she asked.

“It had worked. They were talking. Not laughing, but talking. It was the first time I had heard them speak. Every single parade performer came up to them on the bridge and told them to look out for Mickey. Every one of them told them that. When Mickey's float came up, Mickey (who was attached to a pole at the top of the float) managed to turn her body sideways, look down at the girls and point towards Main Street. That was all it took. The girls were excited now. They had forgotten about death. They were lost in a magical world, and I couldn't believe I was watching it unfold in front of my eyes. We followed that float all the way back to City Hall, singing ‘Mickey Mania’ the whole way. Back then, City Hall used to have a VIP lounge behind the desk that was for privacy during difficult situations or to host celebrities. I took them in and showed them the book where all of the autographs were. They were eating it up.

“The girl who was Mickey that day got down off her float and without even taking her head off walked up to me

backstage and said ‘Let’s go.’ I walked in with Mickey behind me, so I got to see the exact moment the girls met their new friend. They got shy, but Mickey was in control now. Those girls met the REAL Mickey Mouse that day. Every single parade character stayed dressed to meet those girls. One by one they’d come in and play a bit then leave. We were in that lounge for over an hour. Mickey stayed in costume the entire time (which is hard to do after a parade). When Mickey finally said goodbye, I had two excited girls on my hands who couldn’t stop smiling. They talked and talked and talked. We had a wonderful day after that, but what I remember most is when we walked by the rose garden, the older one said, ‘Oh, my mommy loves roses! I mean ...’ and she stopped. I held out my hand and walked her to the gate, picked her up and put her on the other side and said, ‘Pick one!’ She looked happy as she picked out her favorite rose. She didn’t say anything more, and she didn’t need to. I said goodbye to the wonderful nurses and the wonderful girls then walked backstage behind the train station. This time I didn’t cry. It felt so good to be a part of that. I realized that as much as I liked helping guests at City Hall, the true magic of Disney was in the character department. I auditioned, transferred, and never looked back. Thanks for letting me relive this. It was a special day for me.”<sup>6</sup>

## **7. Ishmael Gilbert: Kind Target Cashier**

On 13 January 2016, Sarah Owen Bigler wrote a post on Facebook about a good deed that she witnessed at a Target in Glendale, Indiana. This post went viral:

---

<sup>6</sup> Source: siamesedream81, “Former Disney Cast Members of Reddit, what are some of your craziest/creepiest/best stories?” AskReddit. 10 March 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yaaw2r6x>>

“Yesterday Matt was sick. I picked up Archie from the sitter and Eloise from school and decided to run to Target for a few things. I had hoped to be in and out quickly.

“I found a line with just one person ahead of me and began organizing my items on the conveyor. After placing my items, I look up to see that the person ahead of me was an elderly woman. She was paying for her items with change and wanted to purchase each separately. Part of me, the part that had a long day at work, the part of me who had a 1 1/2 year old having a melt down in the cart, the part that had set an unnecessary timeline for Target and getting home, was frustrated with this woman and the inconvenience she had placed on me.

“BUT then I watched the young employee with this woman. I watched him help her count her change, ever so tenderly taking it from her shaking hands. I listened to him repeatedly saying ‘yes, mam’ to her. When she asked if she had enough to buy a reusable bag, he told her she did and went two lines over to get one for her and then repackaged her items. Never once did this employee huff, gruff or roll his eyes. He was nothing but patient and kind.

“As I was watching him, I saw that Eloise was, too. She was standing next to the woman, watching the employee count the change. I realized I hadn’t been inconvenienced at all. That my daughter was instead witnessing kindness and patience and being taught this valuable lesson by a complete stranger; furthermore, I realized that I too needed a refresher on this lesson.

“When the woman was finished, the employee began ringing up my items and thanked me for my patience. I then thanked him for teaching us patience and kindness by his treatment of that elderly woman. And although my timeline for Target was askew, when he was finished I pushed my cart through the store trying to find the manager. I wanted

her to know of the employee's kindness and patience, and how much it meant to me. After tracking her down and sharing the story with her, we left Target with a cart full of consumable items, but what is more a heart full of gratitude for such an invaluable lesson.

“If you are ever in the Glendale Target, give Ishmael a smile and a nod. The world could use more people like him.”

The cashier was Ishmael Gilbert, age 19, who has a one-year-old daughter named Namya. He was surprised that someone had taken his photo and written about his actions and created a post about him on Facebook — and he was surprised that the post had gone viral. He told the *Indianapolis Star*, “I was asleep at home and everyone was texting me, ‘Check Facebook, check Facebook.’” He added, “I never thought it’d blow up this big,” he said. “Her post, I guessed it touched a lot of people.” He had realized that a customer and her daughter were watching him help the elderly customer. Mr. Gilbert said, “It felt like a daddy-and-daughter moment a little. She asked, ‘What’s that?’ I said, ‘That’s a penny.’ It felt good because that’s the kind of example I want to be for my daughter.”<sup>7</sup>

## **8. “In Honor of Father’s Day, What’s the Best Story You have Involving Your Dad?”**

1) p[\*]ssyforpresident wrote, “My dad and I are really close; my mom was kind of toxic to me when I was little. I had an eating disorder, and she kind of exacerbated it by

---

<sup>7</sup> Source: Sarah Owen Bigler, “Post.” Facebook. 3 January, 2016, 13 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jq3xrbv>>. Also: Jennifer O’Neill, “Target Cashier’s Good Deed Goes Viral, Thanks to Mom,” Yahoo! Parenting. 19 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/heyfzyj>>. Also: Amy Bartner, “Target cashier’s kindness goes viral.” Indystar (Indianapolis, Indiana). 15 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hcg9scn>>.

always talking about how skinny other people were, saying ‘You sure you want to eat that?’ etc. We’d get into it all the time and she always denied I had a problem.

“When these things would happen, I’d find Hershey bars slid under my door / pillow / in a drawer next to my bed / etc. with nice notes talking about what a good job I’m doing keeping my room clean, doing well in school, and being a good person.

“Nowadays — I’m age 25 — he still fights for me whether it be medical issues, heartbreaks, etc., and he has always been in my corner. He’s the only person I could tell anything, and the only person who loves every bit of me. That kind of love is really special, coming to someone who has the tendency to blame herself for everything that goes wrong. He’s the best, and I hope he’s around as long as he can be with the medical issues he’s facing now.”

2) catsintinyshoes wrote, “My dad isn’t a very cuddly, affectionate type, and I’m not a daddy’s girl. But he always got me the best surprises. Once when I was in high school and having a rough go of it, he showed up unannounced, signed me out for the day, and drove me a couple of hours to Manhattan for a special tour at the Met and a fancy dinner. Completely for no reason; just because I was having a bad week.”

3) Little\_Lion wrote, “When I was growing up, he always told me that if I was ever at a party or bar or anywhere, and had been drinking, that I should never drive — call him, and he would get me home. He’d drive wherever to pick me up, I would never be in trouble even if I was underage, or had broken curfew, or anything. Just call him and stay safe and trust him.

“So one night I went out with my friends — it was summer, so I was staying at my parents’ house, but the group had

decided to go to the pub street in my college town (about an hour drive). About halfway through the night, I noticed that our DD [Designated Driver] was drinking. I asked him about it and he told me not to worry because he'd switched to beer like an hour ago.

“Now, I had an apartment within walking distance in that town, but my car was at my folks’ place along with most of my stuff — I was staying with them for about a month. But it seemed better to be stranded than to risk an hour drive back home with a drunken bozo. One of the other girls in the group ended up coming back with me, too, after I’d told everyone that I didn’t think the DD was sober (no one else cared — being 20 was awful).

“I called my dad, just to let him know why I wouldn’t be home that night. It was late so I left a voicemail. The next morning, he called and was outside of my apartment, ready to take us to breakfast. He’d taken off work to drive an hour and come get me, just like he always said he would.”

4) ageekyninja wrote, “I live with my mom and stepdad. My stepdad will not stop talking about how LGBT people are not right in the head, how they are very strange, etc., because of current political issues in America.

“This has been driving me insane. As someone who is bisexual, it makes me feel like a freak in my own home. I remember being genderqueer through most of my childhood. I wanted to be a boy, but kept it a secret. At 12 I began to feel love and attraction towards girls.

“‘Lucky’ for me, being bi, it has been easier to pretend to be straight. I would just date men because that was convenient to me. Nobody ever had to know. But I do like women. Like, a lot. It’s hard to keep something so basic to who I am secret.

“Since my stepdad has been talking so much sh[\*]t, it has put more pressure on me to hide who I am at home ... so I’ve been coming out to people outside of my home. I have to let the truth out somewhere or I will go insane. First I came out to my boyfriend, then my friends. People who were safe, who I knew would accept it. And they did. I even got a few ‘called it!’s.

“Today my [biological] dad came over to pick up my siblings and me to spend the weekend at his house (my parents are divorced). My mom and stepdad weren’t home. I just ... couldn’t take it anymore. I instantly made a decision to come out to him, and I did.

“I met him in the living room and asked my 13-year-old sister to come in, too. That’s when I said I was bi. Dad honestly looked shocked. My sister didn’t look in the least bit surprised or like she cared. Actually she looked happy.

“I was pretty worried when I saw Dad’s expression. He looked like he just got in a car wreck. Then he said, ‘Does your boyfriend know? Is he ok with it?’

“Oh, god. What a relief. That’s all he was worried about. My dad loves my boyfriend.

“Then my sister had something to say, too.

“‘I’m not straight either.’

“I knew it. That’s why I wanted her to hear me confess to my dad. I had a vibe that she lacked interest in men. I thought my hiding my own sexuality was a poor example to her.

“She told us, ‘I have zero interest in dating or anything that comes with it. I really, really, believe I am asexual. I don’t like it when you guys talk about me getting a boyfriend or

having kids because I just don't want to do any of those things.'

"Holy sh[\*]t, I never knew. I just thought maybe she liked girls or something. Whatever, I told her that was totally ok.

"My little sister and I wound up both explaining to Dad that this is how we have always been. It looked like it was a lot for Dad to take in, but as we got into the car, he said, 'I want you guys to know it's all ok. I love y'all no matter what.'

"Dad is the first family member I have told that I am bi, and I think he is the first person to whom my sister has EVER admitted that she thinks she is asexual.

"I can't speak for my sister, but I cannot express what it means to me to be who I am in front of my family when I visit my dad, even if it's just in one household. I feel so much saner. I am incredibly grateful that I have such a supportive dad, through me coming out, and all other aspects in life."

5) seagull-sensitive wrote, "When I was way younger, we used to get a holiday allowance to buy toys and ice cream and stuff. Ten euros for three weeks or something, not a lot anyway. This one time I had almost run out near the end of week two. So I ran to the store, bought a package of Harry Potter candy with my last money and gave it to my dad.

"He still has that box of candy.

"He says he was immensely touched by that gesture and that it exemplified what kind of a kid I was — always giving my stuff away to make others happy. For him it's a symbol of the pride he feels for me and how I turned out as an adult.



“My dad didn’t particularly want kids before he had any. But the moment I was born, he did a 180. He had a shirt that said ‘daddy of [my name],’ and he still uses the Diddle pen I gave him for his birthday way back, at work, no less. He has a mousemat with our family picture on it at work, he makes an effort to remember exams and important dates, and he regularly tells my brother and me how proud he is to be our father. He’s the most amazing dad I know.”<sup>8</sup>

### **9. “Daughters of Reddit Who Have a Great Relationship with Their Father, What Did He Do Raising You that Enabled Your Relationship to Stay Close to This Day?”**

1) Podaroo wrote this:

“My dad is the best. It’s hard to put a finger on why or how, but here are some concrete things that he did that I think would work across the board:

**“He read to us.** When my sister and I were little, both of our parents read to us a lot. But my dad had a ritual where he’d read us a chapter (or two) of a book every night. We read *The Hobbit*, a biography of the mathematician and electrical engineer Charles Steinmetz, *The Face in the Frost* by John Bellairs, *Just So Stories*, so many Doctor Dolittle books ... It was great. Not only did it foster a love of reading in both of us, but there are passages of certain books that I still hear in my father’s voice, with the sense memory of snuggling up warm against him in my parents’ big bed and feeling the vibrations of his voice in his chest.

---

<sup>8</sup> Source: peppermind, “In honour of Father’s day, what’s the best story you have involving your dad?” AskWomen. 19 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jt7jcjq>>.

**“He was kind.** He wasn’t perfect, he wasn’t always patient, and sometimes he lost his temper, but he was gentle and he was nice. That goes a long way.

**“He obviously loves and respects our mother.** Not every marriage is as happy as theirs is, but I think that even if things are sh[\*]tty, you can try to model behaviors like listening to your partner / co-parent, keeping any intra-parental conflicts out of children’s view, and generally giving your children a sense that they are the product of two good people who are really happy that they’re here.

**“He was honest.** Obviously, how honest and about what depends on the ages of your children. But he would always answer any questions I brought to him, and when I brought up topics that in retrospect were maybe a little embarrassing or alarming, he’d treat them like perfectly reasonable things for a dad to be talking about with his daughter. Be it bad gas or bisexuality or overly adult literature.

**“He made time for us.** My dad and I went for a walk together every night when I was in high school. Summer or winter, rain (or snow) or shine. Sometimes we’d just go around the block. It was nice.

**“We ate dinner together.** Every night at dinner we’d talk about things we were reading or what we were doing in school or even the weather. We had a set of encyclopedias, and my sister and I would look things up to settle arguments. It was nice.

**“We did things together.** My dad’s very musical, and so’s my sister. They’d play the piano and sing in the evening, and sometimes I’d play, too. I played stand-up bass and my sister plays violin, so we’d play string quartets with my dad covering the other two parts on the piano. We’d go outside and look at planets through his telescope. He taught me

how to program and my sister how to take photographs. Looking back, it feels like he involved us in pretty much all of his hobbies.

**“He was there.** One of the things I loved as a kid was the feeling of all of us in the house, doing our own thing. We had school and activities, and both our parents worked and were involved in local politics and other things, but even if we weren’t together all the time, when I look back it feels like we were. I think the trick is having those touchstones like dinner and books and walks that add up to a feeling of unity.

“And don’t worry if you make mistakes. I was far from a perfect kid, and I’m far from a perfect adult. Sometimes I wish my parents had been stricter with me, and like anyone I have memories of them saying things that hurt or were unfair. But don’t get bogged down in that. Go for the broad strokes. Try to be good to your daughters. Let them know that you love them for who they are. Be there when they need you, as much as you can. You’ll do fine.”

2) helluvabella wrote this:

“I love my dad. He has always been my hero and now he is one of my closest friends (I’m 30). I think there are a lot of reasons, but I think the most important is how we communicate(d). He never talked down to me and always encouraged open conversation about topics. He was my homework help, we did science experiments together including brewing beer, which I thought was so cool at 8, we talked about current events and watched the news together ... and he always considered my opinion ... to this day, if I have a hard issue at work or in my personal life, he is always my sounding board and I value his advice over anyone. He takes the time to learn about what is important to me. I have a hobby he didn’t know anything about and he asks all kinds of questions so we can talk about it. I will

be totally honest, though, in that much of my respect for my dad is because he is an outstanding human. He has a PhD and two master's degrees. He was a true Indiana Jones archeologist until I was born (he didn't want to travel that much), so he became a futures trader and took my mom and me on the majority of his business trips. He is thoughtful and kind and a wonderful teacher. We always did charity work together when I was growing up and now that he is retired he works with a number of charities. One of my best memories with him is when I (now also in finance) had just taken my first CFA [Certified Financial Analyst] exam and he and I sat and shared a great brandy. It was the first time I felt like his equal and that was worth every ounce of work I had ever done.

“I could talk about my dad forever, but if people reading this have one takeaway it's that, regardless of how smart he is, he always treats people with kindness and does his best to meet them on whatever level they are at intellectually when having a conversation. I think kids are smarter than they get credit for and being talked to like an adult, but using language and concepts they understand, will make the relationship you have long term better.”

3) HAPPY\_FLAPPY\_BUTT wrote this:

“My dad adored my mom. I loved my mommy and thus I loved everyone else who loved her, too! I loved how he would always go out of his way to make her feel special. Peas in a pod they were. He loved talking about her and would include me in secret plans to make her happy. That made me feel really good, really safe. Their love for one another overflowed and filled up the whole house. Home was a loving safe place where mistakes were learning tools and people were loved for being themselves.

“As for my father / daughter relationship, it was just filled with neat little things that were just between us. Midnight

chats, power tools, using a t-shirt as a message board, and he would cry laughing from my stupid jokes. He made me feel like I was capable of something uniquely special. And he truly believed I was talented and one-of-a-kind. He was my biggest cheerleader! He believed I could do ANYTHING!

“I gave his eulogy, about five years ago. I wish he could have met my sons.”

After receiving Reddit Gold (a reward for a good posting) from E, HAPPY\_FLAPPY\_BUTT wrote this:

“E: My Dad would be telling all his friends right now about how his baby girl got a ‘GOLD’ from a STRANGER on the Internet all because I wrote about him. I can hear it now:

*“Well, she writes comments on a website called Reddit. I guess it’s really popular. One time she wrote one of the best comments and it was about me (she exaggerates, A LOT) and it was so good that someone put a gold star by it. Those things are rare! She’s always been good at writing.”*

“And then he would continue to brag about me because he loved telling strangers how awesome all his kids were. Thanks, Internet stranger! Go call your Dad before it’s too late!

“I just wrote this in a comment further down:

“Here’s a story Mom told me about him that made me cry.

“He had back surgery to fix lordosis [a curvature of the spine] and his lower vertebrae were all fused together and fused to his pelvis. So he couldn’t stand up properly and walked a bit funny. When he was dating Mom (whom he always claimed was so far out of his league), one day Mom confessed that she had to break up with him. She said she

couldn't get past how he walked and the way his back looked had just got to be a deal breaker for her.

“He took a moment ... frowned ... and then smiled at her and said, ‘If that’s the only thing you can find wrong with me, then you’ve just made my day!’ And he turned around and walked out on her.

“After that Mom cried for two days and realized how great he was and how stupid she was for breaking up with someone over such a superficial reason. She went and begged to have him back. They were married for almost 30 years!”<sup>9</sup>

### **10. “Phew, You Got a Long Way to Drive”**

In 2015, four-year-old Carter Lawson of Knoxville, Tennessee, got to spend some time with Mike Crenshaw, aka “Postman Mike.” Each day the mail is delivered, young Carter waits for Postman Mike, and one day Postman Mike invited him to visit the U.S. Postal Service’s sorting center in Knoxville where Carter got to see the mail-sorting process and learn about mail delivery. On the big day, Carter said, “I’ve got to get ready for Postman Mike.” Postman Mike was able to give Carter tips for being a good postman, such as (after seeing a box go flying through the air), “You don’t throw the mail! You’re going to get fired.” Carter asked him, “What’s ‘fired’ mean?” Postman Mike said about his friendship with Carter, “We just hit it off. You never know who you’re gonna become friends with. It could be a four-year-old child; it could be a 94-year-old man.” Cassie Lawson, Carter’s mother, said, “When you’re a child, so much of life is more magical. I think it’s really

---

<sup>9</sup> Source: Dubscitygx2, “[Serious] Daughters of Reddit who have a great relationship with their father, what did he do raising you that enabled your relationship to stay close to this day?” AskReddit. 5 February 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/y9oryto5>>.

sweet because it's not a celebrity, it's not a pop star, it's just your average guy who has a seemingly regular job.” Postman Mike said about Carter, “He sent a letter to one of his grandparents down in Texas. I said, ‘We’ll get it there, buddy.’ He said, ‘Phew, you got a long way to drive.’”<sup>10</sup>

### **11. “I Carefully Chose My Words and Explained to Them that Normally Children are Not Abused, and that It was Wrong, Illegal, and So On”**

In reply to the question “To the Nurses / Psychiatrists of Reddit, what is something that a patient has said or done that still haunts you? [Serious]” on AskReddit, Hodaka wrote this:

“Psych lawyer here. Many years ago I started out investigating child abuse / trauma cases for the state.

“I once interviewed two teen sisters in their new foster home shortly after removal from their previous domicile. Documentation indicated they were physically abused on a daily basis. After some small talk, I asked, ‘Well, how do you like it here?’

“‘It’s really nice. All we have to do is clean up after ourselves, like put the plates in the sink, and keep our clothes in order.’ After saying this (and adding a few other minor details), they both stared at me with an intensity that I will never forget.

“One sister started stammering, ‘Like ... uh ... when is it gonna happen?’ I responded, ‘What do you mean?’ She blurted out, ‘Like ... you know ...’ I was clueless. The fear was etched into the face of each sister. As the words

---

<sup>10</sup> Source: Kerry Sanders, “Everyday Hero: Mailman Gets Help on the Job From Little Boy.” NBC News. 8 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pzj3z2k>>.

sputtered out, they [...] drew closer to each other to the point where they were almost hugging.

“Call it intuition (or whatever), but I immediately understood that they were simply trying to ask, ‘When will we be hit — or punched, or abused?’ They actually thought that all kids were abused on a daily basis, and they couldn’t understand why it hadn’t yet happened in their new foster home. I carefully chose my words and explained to them that normally children are not abused, and that it was wrong, illegal, and so on.

“Here is the part that I’ll never forget. For roughly the next five minutes, there was the weirdest pause that I have ever encountered in any conversation. They hugged each other, they gasped, they were in shock. I saw more emotions in those five minutes than I have ever seen on any case since. It was like pushing the fast forward button (halfway) on the DVD player, and looking at the faces of people on the TV screen.

“Finally there was a lull. They both looked at me and slowly asked, ‘What’s gonna happen to us now?’ It took a couple of very long minutes to formulate a response.

“Post script: I’ll answer before you can ask. I wanted charges, but they were never brought forth because the previous ‘parents,’ who were not bio parents, immediately signed the children over to CPS [Child Protective Services]. Later I tried to bring ‘back door’ charges via housing violations, etc., but the state wouldn’t budge.”

Note by David Bruce: Child Protective Services did good work here by taking the sisters out of an abusive home.<sup>11</sup>

---

<sup>11</sup> Source: Mazhar-Fakhar, “To the Nurses/Psychiatrists of Reddit, what is something that a patient has said or done that still haunts you? [Serious].” Reddit. 16 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pgte5ko>>.



## **12. “I Didn’t Think There were People like This Anymore”**

Before Christmas of 2015, Dean Harwood of West Valley City, Utah, lost his Christmas presents for his three children. The presents fell from the back of a truck, and Dean, who is legally blind, said, “I never thought I’d get this back, I thought they were gone, I thought they were totally gone because I didn’t know where they dropped.” Fortunately, Leticia Broadbent found the presents and contacted Fox 13 News (Salt Lake City, Utah), which broadcast the information that the presents had been found. She said, “There was a couple of remote control trucks, and a little girl’s jacket. I can’t imagine losing my Christmas stuff.” Dean heard the Fox 13 News broadcast and Ms. Broadbent returned the clothes and toys to him. She said, “It’s really heartwarming to me, talking to Dean a little bit, he has his children, to me it feels so good to be able to have his presents back for his children.” Dean had spent over \$200 for the presents, and he could not afford to replace the items. He said that he was “very, very grateful. I didn’t think there were people like this anymore.” Ms. Broadbent said, “To lose this many items, and just knowing that people struggle during this time of year. If it was my items that I lost, I would hope that somebody would come forward and turn them in.”<sup>12</sup>

---

<sup>12</sup> Source: Robert Boyd, “Father grateful to good Samaritan who found lost Christmas gifts along road and returned them.” Fox 13 News (Salt Lake City, Utah). 19 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/j8u8ebr>>. Also: Zach Whitney, “Woman searches for rightful owners after bags of gifts found along road in West Jordan.” Fox 13 News (Salt Lake City, Utah). 19 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/hvg7m7h>>.

### **13. “It Would have been a Lousy Christmas for Us had the Wallet Fallen into the Wrong Hands”**

In December 2015, Anthony Cole lost his wallet on Talbot Street in the Riverside area of Cardiff, Wales. Fortunately, Chris Canavan, a waste collection officer, found it and began knocking on doors, despite heavy rain, to find its owner. Mr. Canavan said, “Luckily there was a photograph in the wallet of Mr. Cole’s son Neil and his family. There were also bank cards and quite a lot of money. I knocked on doors until I was able to match a person with the image on the photo. One of the neighbours identified Neil and pointed out where he lived. Neil told me that the wallet belonged to his father, who lived in Neath, and that he would ensure that he received it. He was grateful that we’d found the wallet and not somebody less honest.” Neil then called his father and told him that his wallet had been found. Barbara Cole, Anthony’s wife, said, “We are so grateful to the council employees who found the wallet and went to such lengths to find the owner in dreadful conditions. It had all my husband’s bank cards in it. If a dishonest person had found the wallet, they’d have had a ball at our expense. I’m so grateful to the men and would like to write to them so that I can thank them personally. It would have been a lousy Christmas for us had the wallet fallen into the wrong hands.”<sup>13</sup>

### **14. “What Luxury Do You Allow Yourself Every So Often?”**

digital\_end wrote this:

“Blowing money.

---

<sup>13</sup> Source: “Christmas saved thanks to good deed from Cardiff waste worker.” Itv (Wales). 10 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/nwosjta>>.

“I generally save pretty well, but every now and then I just have to say screw it and splurge.

“Most recently I got into my wife’s Amazon wishlist and just bought everything. Literally just added everything in the list to my cart, and dropped a few hundred on stuff ranging from kids stickers to a rock tumbler. Stuff she had considered getting for years but never could justify to herself.

“What followed was a week-long Amazon Christmas. Soooo many boxes of stuff. It was hilarious, and her reactions were worth every penny.”

N811207 commented, “This is amazingly sweet.”

sugarpeasdropem commented, “That is not blowing money. That is investing in your sex life.”<sup>14</sup>

## **15. “Who’s the Nicest Person You’ve Encountered Through Life and Why?”**

1) owlattoo wrote, “Today [24 December 2015], after working a brutal Christmas Eve retail shift, I missed the bus. I had been waiting for twenty minutes, sitting in front of the store because there isn’t a bench at the stop, and I could see the stop from my vantage point. I had my eye on OneBusAway [an app that gives information about bus locations] the whole time, and when I saw the bus was two minutes away I started walking across the parking lot to the stop. But the bus was already there, so I started running. And then the bus was turning the corner, and the driver saw me running across the lot, a look of desperation in my eye at the thought of having to wait another half hour in the

---

<sup>14</sup> Source: asynchronicity, “What luxury do you allow yourself every so often?” AskReddit. 23 November 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/oooyujnw>>.

bitter cold for another bus because I have only \$1.27 in my bank account and can't get an Uber.

“She kept going.

“Resigned, I decided to just start walking. It was too cold to stay in one place, and the store had closed, so I couldn't wait inside. I started crying a bit, because f[\*\*]k, it's Christmas Eve and I'm cold, and I'm tired, and my last customer was so rude, and my coworkers were useless at helping close [the store], and I'm homesick and alone and f[\*\*]k everything.

“After about five minutes of this, I looked up. There was the bus, 300 or so yards from me, pulled over at the next stop.

“I figured it was just dropping someone off, but as I kept walking, it didn't leave. And then I realized.

“The bus driver was waiting for me.

“I started running, and I got on the bus, and I thanked the driver, and my day was a little less shi[\*]tty. And now I'm thinking about that little bit of kindness and I'm tearing up again, because it's so rare, and it's so genuine, and selfless, and needed, and just *good*.”

2) Scissors\_P[\*\*]p wrote, “The guy who worked on my car.

“This all happened yesterday [23 December 2015] but long story short my mom offered to buy me new tires for Christmas on the condition I get the work done before I come home for Christmas. She told me this on December 22<sup>nd</sup>, I was due home on December 24<sup>th</sup>. Keep in mind she was going to pay for everything over the phone.

“I find a place that gave me a decent deal and made an appointment for December 23<sup>rd</sup>. Drop my car off before

work, but before I sign any paperwork / turn over my keys, I confirm that they are able to take payment over the phone. I was given the green light so off to work I went.

“I get off work and go to claim my car, and as I ask the GM [General Manager] processing me how we go about the over-the-phone payment, he informs me that they don’t accept payments over the phone and haven’t for a few years.

“Holy. Sh[\*]t.

“I bring up that I had confirmed with another guy that telephone payments were accepted. No dice.

“At this point I’m in tears. I call my mom, tell her the problem, and she demands to speak with the GM. They talk, and he tells her the same thing he told me.

“Now I’m in panic mode. I had over \$450 worth of work done on my car that I possibly can’t pay for. I start pulling out debit / credit cards, all of my cash, just about everything I have on me. At this point the GM and his associate are watching me and finally say, ‘If you give us all of that, you won’t be able to go home.’ I tell them I would be okay but they tell me to hang on for just a few minutes. GM comes back and says, ‘If someone takes care of this, would your mother mail them a check?’ What. The F[\*\*]k. He speaks with my mother again, but mid-conversation the GM looks at his associate and says, ‘If we both authorize the phone payment, they can’t fire both of us.’

“They authorize the phone payment.

“I’ve never been so stressed and relieved at the same time. I gave both of these men the biggest hugs I could possibly imagine and the GM says to me, ‘I was going to get you home for Christmas no matter what.’

“This guy was willing to shell out over \$450 to help someone he didn’t even know.

“I’m a bartender by trade and offered them both never-ending free beers. They don’t drink, so I’m making them enchiladas instead.

“TL;DR: Almost got completely f[\*\*]ked.”

3) trueatea55 wrote, “One of my coworkers; I work at a call centre. She is in her late fifties, her husband who is high up in the Navy supports her, but she works for the extra spending money, most of which she spends on other people. Coworker who is a single mom can’t afford presents for her little boy? Done, all the things in his letter to Santa were bought. We had Secret Santa, but she got gifts for everyone. She bakes and cooks at least once a week for no reason [except] just to feed the whole office. She once helped me leave work without even speaking to a supervisor when I had an embarrassing medical emergency. She is so friendly and makes a point to meet everyone in our huge office, compliment them, always ask how they are doing. She and I have hit it off, and honestly, she is like the grandmother I never had. She tells me amazing stories about her life, is genuinely interested in everything I have to say, and is always there for me no matter what. Bobbi, you freakin’ rule and there’s a reason you win so many monthly awards in the office. Genuine kindness so loved and appreciated doesn’t go unnoticed!”

4) Mandrew31 wrote, “A truck driver. I was sitting in my vehicle in a Walmart parking lot. I had been living in my vehicle, sleeping in the back. He had parked his rig for the night right next to me, and we had a small conversation about trucker life and the places he’d been. The next morning I woke up to him knocking on my window and asking me to come out. He asked what led me to being homeless, I told him I was just divorced, working two full-

time jobs but couldn't afford the up-front costs of an apartment without saving for a couple months because of alimony. He hands me \$600 and says, 'Here's [the] first month's rent; you need it more than I do.' A week later I was in my own studio apartment. I never caught his name, or where he was from, and I wish I had. I would love nothing more than to pay him back now that I'm able to."

5) itsmekathy wrote, "A few years ago, when I was in college, my father fell ill quite suddenly and I needed to get home urgently to see him. I obviously wasn't prepared to go home that day and was very low on funds. I still expected that I would have enough money for the train ticket, though. As it turned out, when I got to the station, I was informed that the price of a ticket had gone up and I was short by about 10 [pounds? Dollars?]. The emotional upheaval of the whole thing just became too much, and I had to step outside, at which point I just burst into tears while sitting on a step with my bags. This little old lady came up to me and asked me what the matter was and I just said that I needed to go home, but couldn't afford it. She then went into the station and came back out with a train ticket. I started crying more and more; I could barely thank her properly through my tears. She just hurried me back into the station to catch my train, barely accepting my blubbering thanks. It was the single most memorable random act of kindness I've ever encountered in my life, at a time when I really needed it, and I don't think that lady will ever really know how much it meant to me. I still think about her a lot."

6) Koliye wrote, "Mohammad. I don't know his last name. He was an old Arabic man at a market in Oman who helped translate English to Arabic for the shopkeeper I was trying to buy a scarf from to help shield me from the dust before I went camping for two weeks along the coast.

“He helped me pick out a good quality scarf. He showed me how to properly wrap it. He haggled with the shopkeeper to get a lower price (I was being charged a lot). He then brought me to his favorite restaurant where we ate dates, drank tea, and smoked hookah. We traded stories and he constantly apologized for his English (it was pretty good). He was really interested in why an American is vacationing here and not at a resort. We talked for a couple of hours.

“When I told him I had to go check into my hotel, he told me to forget about it — I can stay at his house and attend his son’s wedding tomorrow. I was kind of suspicious of it, but I haven’t heard of any bad things from Oman so I agreed. He drove me to a beautiful house on the edge of Muscat and showed me to my room.

“I took a nap because I was jet lagged, and when I woke up and came out, he showed me the thobe [Arabic clothing resembling an ankle-length robe with long sleeves] he bought me for the wedding. That night there were like 50 people in that house. Lots of good food and singing. I crushed some Bon Jovi, which they loved. The next day at the wedding I had a blast. I felt like a celebrity. Every one wanted to talk to me and get pictures. It was unreal. Arabic weddings are crazy.

“The day after, I was due to head out. He took my map and marked all of the places I should see. And he wasn’t wrong. I thanked him profusely for all of his hospitality and he was super humble. Just happy that I could experience Omani culture. I left, with tears in my eyes to be honest, to go pick up my friend at the airport to start our trip. He couldn’t believe it. Thought I was stupid to agree to that.”

“I didn’t care. That one experience helped me see that you can’t judge someone by how they dress or their religion. There are so many good people in this world. You just



gotta give them the chance. I still own that scarf and thobe. I will probably be buried in them.”<sup>15</sup>

## **16. “What’s the Nicest Thing You’ve Done for Someone that They Never Found Out About?”**

1) HotTamalesYum wrote, “When my first graders got back from winter break, they were showing off their new shoes, toys, and other Christmas presents. I had a really sweet student who seemed upset and she eventually broke down to me at the end of the day. ‘I must have been naughty because Santa didn’t bring me anything this year.’ I work in a Title I school [a United States school with provisions for helping children from low-income families], and it was obvious her family couldn’t afford presents. That night I went to Target and bought her some Hello Kitty stuff, which was her favorite. I left the gifts in her backpack and a note saying something to the effect of: ‘I tried coming by your place on Christmas, but you didn’t have a chimney. Sorry I missed you. You were definitely on the good list, so I made a special stop for you. Better late than never! Merry belated Christmas. — Santa.’ She didn’t stop talking about it for months and rocked her Hello Kitty bag to school everyday. From what I could tell, she never suspected it was me.”

dirfsu commented, “I wish politicians and others who complain about teachers and praise standardized testing would listen to stories like these and realize teachers have a better grasp of what’s truly needed than they’ll ever have.”

HotTamalesYum responded with a link to another of her stories:

---

<sup>15</sup> Source: Briawrz, “Who’s the nicest person you’ve encountered through life and why?” Reddit. 24 December 2015  
<<http://tinyurl.com/pmalrcg>>.

“It was my first year teaching and I took a job in a Title I elementary school in an inner city. That experience alone changed my perspective on a lot of things, but one student in particular left a lasting impression on me and my life.

“The story begins during my very first parent-teacher conference night. I spent a lot of time preparing individual student data, celebrations, concerns, pamphlets, and baked goods. It was a 7 am-7 pm workday, and I started it all pumped up. This was one of those days I’ve anticipated and prepared for a while.

“6:30 pm rolls around and not a single parent has shown up. After stuffing my face with my own homemade white macadamia nut and chocolate chip cookies, I began angrily packing up my things and watched the clock as it slowly clicked to 7:00. As I start walking out the portable [portable building?] to my car, I noticed a woman hobbling up the ramp. She was mumbling and disoriented, but eventually told me she was ‘Kid A’s’ mother and was here for the conference. My inner reaction to this moment has stuck with me every since.

“At the time, I was angered. I’ve spent the last 12 hours in that portable [portable building?] waiting for this moment. In fact, I’ve been working towards it for years! High school electives, an Elementary Education degree, student teaching experience, etc. No parent shows up, except this one ... at the last second and, to me, [she] appears drunk. At the time, I was bitter, angry, and resentful.

“Either way, I held the meeting and discussed Kid A’s academics and such. He was a very charismatic child who loved competition and sports. His scores said he was performing on a Kindergarten reading level but he showed strength in mathematics. Although he played the role of the ‘class clown,’ he was respectful and caring towards others.

“The mother ended the conversation very grateful that steps were put in place to strengthen his literacy. Weeks went on and Kid A showed very positive gains. The next month, he became very withdrawn and was falling behind in literacy, math, and even gym. I tried contacting his mother, but her phone was disconnected.

“The day before the state test, the one that decides in third grade if you continue on to fourth, his mother passed away. I found the next day that she was diagnosed with AIDS and died of complications. Kid A was the one who told me ... the day after her death. He told his grandfather he wanted to go to school and be with his class. His eyes were red and puffy, but he played it off as if nothing happened. He took the test and continued the facade for a while.

“After some time we got the test results and he ended up failing. This meant that he would have to repeat third grade again the following year. The day he got the results, he asked if I'd have lunch with him. We ate together in the classroom and ... now I'm crying ... he broke down. He was beyond hysterical. He was just repeating, 'Enough! Enough! Enough!' I just held him and cried right by his side.

“I ended up getting someone to sub my class for the rest of the day, while he and I walked and talked around the school. Not only did this kid lose his mother, but also he didn't know his dad and was now living with his grandfather whom he hated. 'Why can't you just adopt me?' My heart broke.

“There is a light in this story.

“We spent the entire summer working together and he grew a few reading levels (J-M). He was able to retake the test and ended up passing! When we got the results, he looked

up at me with watery eyes and said, ‘My mom would have been proud, right?’

“His story has changed my life forever. Despite all the bullsh[\*]t I have to go through as a teacher, I believe it’s worth it. It changed my perception of the world around me and myself. I’m far less judgey wudgey and give people the benefit of the doubt. I will never forget ‘Kid A.’”

2) madmanphysics wrote this: “I was 13 and found out my best friend had become addicted to oxy [oxycontin]. I told her dad; he promised not to tell her it was me and intervened. Years later, around 18, she brought up how glad she was her dad caught her.”

3) LovinTexas wrote this:

“A few years ago, a friend lost the lease on her business. She couldn’t find anything suitable in her price range and had to move her business to her home. She lived many miles out of town, so the regular customers found closer options.

“Property tax time rolled around and she didn’t have the money, so I went to the courthouse and paid it for her. I used cash to keep it anonymous.

“I just couldn’t bear the thought that she could lose her house, too.”

4) Miss\_Sangwitch wrote this:

“I was with a friend hanging out after work looking for an engagement ring for his fiancé [fiancée?]. He didn’t have a ton of money and I knew that he was on a pretty tight budget but found the perfect ring at an antique jewelry store. Unfortunately, it was more than he had to spend despite haggling down the price a little so reluctantly we left.

“The next day I go back to the store with the difference in hand, tell the shop owner to give my friend a call and tell him she’ll meet his price he offered the other day and say nothing about my secret contribution. He’s such a humble person he’d never be able to accept someone paying for lunch let alone a few hundred bucks.

“I come in to work the next day to see him giddy with excitement that he was able to get the ring he wanted. To this day he has no idea.”

5) kane55 wrote this:

“I used to work with this very nice woman who had gone through a sh[\*]tty divorce. Her ex was an alcoholic and abusive and it took a lot for her to get away from him. She had three young kids and was struggling mightily just to keep a roof over their heads and food on the table. At the time she was in her early 40s and I was 22.

“Around this time my grandpa died and in his will he left me his car. It was a nice car, a big Buick that you can imagine your grandparents driving around in, but certainly not my style. I wasn’t sure what to do with it. I had bought myself a pretty good car only a year before so I didn’t need it. I ended up selling it and got \$7,000 for it. I used \$2,000 of the money to pay off the balance on my car and pay off a small credit card I had. I then put the rest of the cash in an envelope along with a short note that I typed so there was no handwriting. The note simply said that I admired her for having the guts to leave him. I told her my mom did the same with my dad when I was young and while times were sometimes hard, I am a better person today because of what she did. I hired a courier to deliver it to her. I made a point to keep my identity secret because I didn’t want her feeling like she owed me anything.

“This was on a Friday. Monday at work she couldn’t stop talking about it. She asked if anyone knew where it had come from and what was going on. I don’t think she ever suspected it was me because I was the young guy who was just starting out with my life and I hadn’t told anyone about the car I inherited.

“I was so happy when I saw that she used some of the money to get caught up on bills and then used the rest to take a few classes that got her a couple of certifications and ultimately led to her getting a better-paying job.”

6) MaidMilk wrote this:

“I got a full ride to college. My parents also had money. My best friend at the time was an excellent student from a poor [aka impoverished] family.

“Our last semester, her financial aid ran out. A week after classes started, she got a letter stating that she owed \$3k [and needed to pay it] or [she] would be dropped from her classes in one week.

“She was working 50 hours a week at three sh[\*]tty, part-time jobs just to pay her rent, electricity, and car insurance bills. She absolutely did not have access to that kind of money on short notice — or any notice, really.

“I was also working, but I spent money like water so I didn’t have 3k in cash. I tried to get the college to move my tuition waiver to her, but they wouldn’t do it. My dad heard me on the phone with the finance office and was distressed, thinking I had lost my scholarship.

“He, quite uncharacteristically, demanded to know about the conversation I was having. When I told him, he immediately got on the phone to find out how to pay her bill. (We didn’t know because I had never had a bill before.) The college was not prepared for a third-party

payment and said there was no way for him to pay the bill without her being present.

“The next day, he took me out to breakfast and asked me if I was willing to do something that was wrong, for the right reasons. He said that if I would pretend to be my bestie and just play it really stupid as far as my student number and lack of ID, that he would pay her bill so that she could stay in her classes and graduate on time.

“So that’s what we did. It almost didn’t work — they weren’t going to look up ‘my’ student ID number until I turned on the waterworks. When we left, my dad gave me the side eye and was like ‘how many times have I fallen for that sh[\*]t?’

“My friend spent the next 3 weeks waiting to be kicked out of her classes and it just didn’t happen. She never knew why, but in the end chalked it up to a glitch of some sort and decided not to investigate further, lest she receive a bill after the fact.

“I’ve never told anyone until this very moment.”<sup>16</sup>

### **17. “Teachers Who’ve had a Student Who Stubbornly Believed Easily Disprovable Things (Flat-Earth, Creationism, Sovereign Citizen), How Did You Handle It?”**

DanWillHor wrote this:

“TL;DR. Do anything but blindly dismiss or humiliate a student willing to sincerely talk, learn, listen, and consider.

---

<sup>16</sup> Source: DONTryMe, “What’s the nicest thing you’ve done for someone that they never found out about?” AskReddit. 15 May 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jxh7voy>>. Also: Natedogg5691, “Teachers of Reddit, Which Student has Left the Biggest Impact on Your Life?” AskReddit. 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/zdtvnju>>.

I'd be a Moon landing hoax proponent to this day if my teacher dismissed me.

“Not a teacher, but I had a teacher very calmly and beautifully help me as a teen.

“I was about 14 and in full ‘I’m the awesomest thing ever’ mode. While not an edgelord, I had opinions and beliefs like never before because of hormones and sh[\*]t (ha). I had phases of conspiratorial belief and was easily swayed by the last thing I’d watched on TV. This was the 1990s, so I’m lucky that the internet / YouTube wasn’t yet ubiquitous because I’d have likely gone nuts if so. Yet, the movie *JFK* and a random, bootleg Moon Hoax doc VHS had me a full believer in both conspiracies. Anyway ...

“I take it upon myself to interrupt class one day when the science teacher discusses gravity and how gravity is calculated to ‘slingshot’ vessels through space. He then mentions the moon landings and I speak up like a clown. Instead of shouting me down or humiliating me, he took a very professional approach and offered to hear me out. In fact, he said to make a list of points to back up my argument that the entire class would discuss that Friday (a few days away) and he wanted my list of points on Thursday in order to also prepare. So, I basically copy every point the doc made in order to try to appear as intelligent as possible and hand it to him Thursday with gusto.

“Friday comes and he starts by saying, ‘Neither of us were on the Moon, so I cannot refute your belief no more than you can prove it with absolutes. Yet, let us check the likelihoods and / or sciences of each point.’

“He spent an hour calmly, rationally disproving each point posed by the documentary. The couple points that were more based in conspiracy than science he used logic to



destroy. It sounds crazy, but it was the first time I even considered the notion of ‘for this to be true there has to be an army of people in on the conspiracy, all keeping quiet.’ He beat that by simply asking how well a secret lasts between us students and how quickly rumors spread among us. He didn’t disprove the belief I had and I didn’t immediately lose my belief of a Moon landing hoax, but it planted the notion that I should test and ask questions myself before believing what sounds good, entertaining, fun, intelligent, etc.

“I felt corrected, not humiliated. I was thankful. A good portion of my later love of science came from that day.”<sup>17</sup>

## **18. Sort of a Good Deed**

Mimicking-hiccuping wrote this:

“I got mugged once in Glasgow as a young teenager. This is how the conversation went.

“‘I’m going to need whatever money you have on you, kid.’

“‘I got a £20 note, but I need it to get the train home.’

“‘How much is your ticket?’

“‘About £8 or £9.’

“‘Oh, that’s all right. I’ve got change.’

“He took my £20 and gave me £10 back. Not a bad mugging by any means.

---

<sup>17</sup> Source: Bhill68, “Teachers who’ve had a student that stubbornly believed easily disprovable things (flat-earth, creationism, sovereign citizen) how did you handle it?” Reddit. 1 April 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/luhj7zf>>.

“I have translated from Glasweigen regional dialect to Queen’s English for all you folks not lucky enough to be born in the central belt of Scotland.”<sup>18</sup>

## **19. Fighting Pharmacists’ Slut-Shaming**

Pharmacists can slut-shame young women picking up birth-control products.

Reddit user Vdd993 wrote this about going to her local CVS: “I have gotten many prescription of other drugs at this CVS, but now the only prescription I pick up every month is my birth control pills. Whenever I do the same woman behind the counter asks for my name, then walks 5 feet away to pick it up off the shelf and yells from there, ‘It’s the birth control, right?’ Never have they done this with any prescription I’ve picked up in the past. And I’ve been to my CVS pharmacy a lot this past year and a half. Never have they asked thing like ‘The painkillers, right?’ Or ‘The antibiotics, right?’ I think she’s trying to shame me or make me feel self embarrassed that I’m picking up birth control.”

Other Reddit users had other stories of slut-shaming.

Fortunately, some Redditors offered good advice to these women. They advised Reddit user Vdd993 to report the pharmacist to CVS and the state pharmacy board because — they say — the pharmacist’s behavior is a HIPAA violation. lawstudent2 wrote, “There is nothing more contemptible in the eyes of corporate management than a line-worker who exposes them to liability as a result of airing their personal politics. I guaran-f[\*\*]king-tee you that [CVS] will have a whole hell of a lot to say about this, and they have little patience for repeat offenders. ... A few

---

<sup>18</sup> Source: wyspirit, “What’s the weirdest thing a complete stranger has said to you?” Reddit. 26 April 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/n2xertw>>.

complaints about lecturing women about birth control and this woman will have to find a job elsewhere.” Of course, people can pretend to be law students while on Reddit, but this advice is well worth checking out.

Some users wrote about successfully complaining about such bad behavior. For example, Satyagraha\_\_1 wrote on Reddit, “I reported this type of behavior at Walgreens pharmacy for birth control pills as a HIPAA violation. I received a personal letter of apology and a gift card, and the store waiting area was rearranged such that there is more privacy at the register. It has not happened again. You have a right to privacy. Do not stand for this.”

This information comes from HHS.gov: “The Office for Civil Rights enforces the HIPAA Privacy Rule, which protects the privacy of individually identifiable health information; the HIPAA Security Rule, which sets national standards for the security of electronic protected health information; the HIPAA Breach Notification Rule, which requires covered entities and business associates to provide notification following a breach of unsecured protected health information; and the confidentiality provisions of the Patient Safety Rule, which protect identifiable information being used to analyze patient safety events and improve patient safety.”<sup>19</sup>

---

<sup>19</sup> Source: Christina Cauterucci, “Got a Pharmacy Slut-Shaming Problem? Reddit Can Help.” Slate. 14 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pvauj5m>>. Also: Vdd993, “I think my pharmacist tries to publicly shame me when picking up my birth control pills.” Reddit. 12 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/olhqxrz>>. Also: “Health Information Privacy.” HHS.gov. Accessed 15 December 2015 <<http://www.hhs.gov/ocr/privacy/>>.

## **20. The Oklahoma City Police Department: “We are Satisfied with the Jury’s Decision and Firmly Believe Justice was Served”**

Almost all police officers are good people, and some are heroes, but a few are criminals. All good police officers should — and almost certainly do — approve when a bad police officer is convicted of crimes he or she has committed. In December 2015, former Oklahoma City police officer Daniel Holtzclaw was found guilty of 18 charges against him, including sexual battery, forcible oral sodomy, and first-degree and second-degree rape. He was found guilty on four charges of first-degree rape. Jurors took their time reaching their verdict; they deliberated the evidence for more than 40 hours over four days. The Oklahoma City Police Department stated, “We are satisfied with the jury’s decision and firmly believe justice was served.”

Daniel Holtzclaw had been accused of sexually assaulting 13 black women while on duty as a police officer. Thirteen women testified against him at the trial. According to an article by Melissa Jeltsen, “The women’s testimonies revealed a similar pattern: Holtzclaw would stop them, search them for drug paraphernalia and run criminal background checks. Then he’d force them into sex, threatening them with arrest if they didn’t comply.” Daniel Holtzclaw cried when the verdict was announced. No doubt many of the women he sexually assaulted cried after he sexually assaulted them.

This is the Oklahoma Police Department’s entire statement posted on Facebook:

“The Oklahoma City Police Department is pleased with the jury’s decision regarding the Daniel Holtzclaw trial. It was a long and difficult trial and deliberation process for all involved. It is obvious the jury took their responsibilities

very seriously and considered every piece of evidence presented to them.

“We are proud of our detectives and prosecutors for a job well done.

“To the jury, we thank you for your service.

“We are satisfied with the jury’s decision and firmly believe justice was served.”<sup>20</sup>

---

<sup>20</sup> Source: Michael Martinez and Gigi Mann, “Former Oklahoma City police officer Daniel Holtzclaw found guilty of rape.” CNN. 10 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/o4tctob>>. Also: Melissa Jeltsen, “Oklahoma Ex-Cop Convicted Of Serial Rape.” Huffington Post. 12 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/qgk97ad>>.

## Chapter 2: 21-40

### 21. Fighting Harassment

It is a good deed to fight harassment, including street harassment. A woman was walking down a street when a man working on a roof began to catcall her. She told him to stop, but he escalated the catcalling. She then moved his ladder to a place where he could not reach it and walked away, leaving him stranded on the roof.<sup>21</sup>

### 22. “What’s Your Story About Someone Saving You from an Unwanted Person Hitting on You?”

1) lady\_moods wrote, “One night in college, I was walking home. I was in the nightlife area right by campus, only a couple of blocks from my apartment. Some guy (30s-ish) asks to bum a cigarette, which then leads to him being all, ‘So what’s going on tonight, beautiful? You busy? You got a boyfriend?’ Me being young and afraid to anger a strange man, I sort of play along, uncomfortable and trying to break away but wanting to play it off naturally.

“At one point someone rode past on their bike. They slowed down and stopped about half a block up. They turned around and stared back at us — it was too dark to see their face or who they were, but we could both see that they were there. They stayed like that until the guy left me alone.

“I guess this is more of a street harassment story than getting hit on, but I will forever be grateful for that person just watching out for a stranger.”

---

<sup>21</sup> Source: “Empowering Response #4: Ladders Are Useful Items.” Stop Street Harassment. Accessed 15 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/o9u7p6w>>. This story is via everydaysexism.com.

2) OtterPunch wrote, “I was coming home from like an indie club on the bus at 1 a.m. in my college town. The bus is nearly empty when I get on with a few people, including this one guy who won’t stop staring at me. As the bus leaves, he asks if I mind if he sits next to me. The bus is nearly empty, so I said I’d mind, I’d like to put my purse there. He sits in front of me, instead.

“The entire bus ride, the dude will not stop talking to me. I clearly don’t want to talk, but he keeps talking at me, and asking me about my classes, what I’m into, what I like. I give pretty short, but polite answers, hoping he’ll get the hint. Nope, he keeps talking and telling me how beautiful I am and how I seem so smart and cool and nice. Made me really uncomfortable, especially since I’m barely answering the dude, so how could he know any of that stuff? I even drop the boyfriend bomb — my beau was home sick — and the dude continues unfazed.

“Get to about three stops before mine and the bus takes ‘a break’ where they wait about 10-15 min because they’re running fast on the route. The route sort of doubles back, so I’m pretty close to my apartment. At this point, there’s only one other person on the bus besides me, the dude, and the bus driver. I say, ‘Well, I’m pretty close, I don’t want to wait the fifteen minutes, I’m just getting off here.’ Mostly to get away from this creep. But the dude asks if he can stop by my place! ‘No, no, I’m going to sleep, I’m fine.’ So he says, ‘Oh, I wouldn’t want a pretty girl to walk home alone. I’ll walk you.’ HELL. NO. I do NOT want this dude knowing exactly where I live, let alone walking me home.

“I was young and terrified of being rude, so I just kept saying, ‘No I’m fine. Just stay here. Please, I’m fine.’ He’s insisting. Then the bus driver, who apparently was watching the entire ride, yells, ‘Boy, she said she was fine. If you get off this bus, I swear I’ll call the cops.’

“Best bus driver ever.”

3) Jado234 wrote, “I’m usually the deterrent to persistent dudes when out with a group of friends, but one night this ‘gentleman’ would not quit. An abbreviated summary of the conversation went something like:

“Him: ‘Hey, can I borrow your glasses?’

“Me: ‘... No.’

“Him: ‘C’mon, please?’

“Me: ‘No. I need them to see. Get the f[\*\*]k out of here.’

“And with ongoing protests from this guy, my lovely, beautiful best friend (on the right side of four vodka-sodas) just came up in between us repeatedly hollering ‘BYE!’ until he quit.

“When I thanked her and told her I would have handled it, her response was, ‘Nobody messes with my lady!’ as she proceeded to bend over and keep dancing.”

4) Robinspeakeasy wrote, “I was 17. This guy catcalled me outside a store. I told him to shut up. He laughed. When I came out of the store, the guy was gone. Another man, much older, came up to me and told me he overheard the exchange, and couldn’t stand to see the guy harassing people. So the older man told the first guy to leave or he would call the police.

“Now, I’ve been harassed from 14 onwards and it is the *only* time in my life anyone stood up for me.”

5) fishielicious wrote, “I was in Russia studying abroad and went to a club with a bunch of friends and one guy who was a friend of a friend. Some random, giant Russian dude was hitting on me aggressively all night. The friend of a friend was this French guy who did not look intimidating at



all. He pretended to be my boyfriend and kept interrupting the other guy to talk to me in French (which I do not speak). He helped me get away from the other guy, and I actually was pretty attracted to him ... but then it turned out that he was gay. Luckily he didn't need anyone to save him from me hitting on him, though."

6) IvyKingslayer wrote, "TL;DR bathroom attendant saves the day.

"1st year at uni, guy would not leave me alone in a bar. Started with just dancing near me, then dancing on me (shudder), then he'd follow me to the bar, wait outside the bathroom. I was in a big group of people and we didn't really know each other, so I guess they thought I knew this stranger.

"So I'm in the bathroom in tears because I'm freaking out a bit. The bathroom attendant sits me down, gives me a lollipop, and asks me to describe one of my friends. She finds them and explains what is going on.

"When I come out of the bathroom, they're all there and immediately create a human wall, separating this guy from me. He starts kicking off, and they begin to walk as a group towards the exit, forcing him towards the bouncers. They quickly kick him out for trying to start a fight.

"So the bathroom attendant saved the day (we gave her a great tip to say thank you). From then on, if any of us were receiving unwanted attention we'd text / tell / suggest through interpretive dance 'lollipop' and we would protect each other."

7) ChainRepulsion wrote, "Hasn't happened to me, but I did save someone one time.

"I was out with two friends at a bar; it was a Sunday evening so very few people out. We three started chatting

with two random dudes and invited them to sit with us, so we were five people laughing and having fun. This girl comes in, orders a beer, and sits down in a booth. Within 5 minutes a creepy guy who has been sitting alone and staring at every woman in the bar sits down next to her, really close, with his arm sort of behind her on the sofa's back support, and it is really obvious the girl doesn't know the guy and he is VERY close to her, talking to her while she stares down into the table and barely replies. She looks up, catches my eye, and I yell, 'HOLY SH[\*]T! IT'S YOU! I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AGES! HOW HAVE YOU BEEN? COME SIT WITH US!' and smile. She grabbed her beer and coat and quickly came over, leaving the creepy guy behind. She thanked me, and told us she had missed her bus, which leaves every two hours, so she just came into the bar to keep warm."

8) Aaaaanimaaaaniacs wrote, "Probably no one will see this, and I have told it before.

"I was 17, and this older guy (maybe 50) started talking to me while waiting for a train. All I wanted to do was read my book, but I was too polite to ignore him.

"By the time we get on the train, I realize I made a mistake.

"I could smell the beer on him, and he put his arm on me, heavy as a rock, and kept trying to kiss me. Actually he did, on my cheek because I turned away.

"He followed me through my transfer, even though I tried to lose him. By this point I am terrified and just waiting to have [enough] signal to call my dad.

"Well, a few different men noticed my distress, started asking if I was okay. But I was scared and didn't want a scene; I just wanted to call my dad. They were persistent, and finally asked the best question I wouldn't immediately brush off — 'Do you know him?' I said no, and so they all

grabbed / pushed him off the train, loudly making sure everyone knew not to let him back on.

“I wish so much I knew who they were, so I could tell them how much it meant to me. I think that’s why I tell this story whenever I can, in the hopes that maybe my thanks will find them, and that it can encourage other people to protect those who look scared.

“I’ve had so many bad experiences with random men, but this is always my reminder that ‘all men [are alike]’ is a fallacy.

“So to you strangers from years ago, I still thank you.”<sup>22</sup>

### **23. “The Kid was Frantic”**

On Sunday, 5 March 2017, in Charlotte County, Florida, Mathew Brown fished in a new spot: under a bridge. He said, “My dad called me and said he picked up steaks. So, I didn’t want to miss dinner. I believe God put me here.” He walked down to the water and saw an adult man and an eight-year-old boy under the bridge. Mr. Brown said, “I see the grown man start touching the boy’s chest, lift up his shirt, pull his pants down, and start assaulting him, and I screamed. I ran up across the bridge and tackled him.” The man tried to grab Mr. Brown’s groin and to break free, but Mr. Brown held the man down and called 911. He restrained the man until Charlotte County deputies arrived. Mr. Brown said, “The kid was frantic.” The boy told investigators that Mr. Brown “saved me.” Mr. Brown said about the sexual assault, “It is disgusting, it is really disgusting, and I think about my little neighbors who play on my streets. I just keep thinking about it. I don’t know

---

<sup>22</sup> Source: PM-YO-STORIES, “What’s your story about someone saving you from an unwanted person hitting on you?” Reddit. 11 October 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hfo9un5>>.

how to feel. I am just glad that dude is not going to be touching that kid no more.” The suspect was arrested and held on \$1.5 million bond in the Charlotte County Jail.<sup>23</sup>

## **24. “Redditors Who Prevented Disasters of Any Magnitude, What DIDN’T Happen and Why?”**

OptimusMatrix wrote this:

“I work as a loan officer at a credit union. An older gentleman and his wife came in frantic asking for a loan. They needed three grand [\$3,000] immediately. Like in half an hour. I sat down and started to do the loan. It was then he told me that his daughter was a drug addict and was packing up her stuff to move with her boyfriend / convicted child molester out of state with her six-year-old daughter. They needed the money to hire a lawyer to get emergency custody of his granddaughter. I pulled his credit, and when I saw it I knew it was going to come back as an immediate decline. I asked to be excused and walked a couple cubes down. I called our underwriting department and spoke to one. I told him, ‘Look, I don’t care if we don’t ever get our money back on this loan. This is about the life of a little girl literally at stake.’ He approved the loan for me. They had their money twenty minutes later and were flying out the door. A couple of weeks later, someone told me there was a gentleman up front waiting for me. I walked up front and the same man was standing there with a little girl. He didn’t say a word; he just wrapped his arms around me and hugged me and cried. The little girl said ‘thank you’ so much. I started crying. That interaction is still the highlight of my career and probably always will be. I still see him from time to time, and I’ve checked his account and he paid

---

<sup>23</sup> Source: Michael Paluska, “Sheriff: Good Samaritan saves child getting sexually assaulted underneath a bridge.” ABC News. 7 March 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y9wcdcop>>.

back every penny of that loan even though it took him a little longer than expected. This was two years ago and he still has custody of his granddaughter and she's doing well. So I don't know if this story fits here, but I think I had a hand in stopping imminent disaster."<sup>24</sup>

## **25. "Taylor Swift is Tough, Cool, and in Control"**

In 2013, a Denver, Colorado, DJ groped Taylor Swift's butt at a photoshoot. He ended up being fired, and then he sued Ms. Swift, who countersued. During the trial, Ms. Swift was tough, cool, and in control. On the witness stand, she told the DJ's lawyer, "I am not going to allow your client to make me feel like it is anyway my fault, because it isn't." Ms. Swift won the case and a victory for all women.<sup>25</sup>

## **26. "Taylor Swift has Just Generously Donated \$250,000. to Kesha, as a Show of Support During This Difficult Time. AMAZING!!"**

Pop singer Kesha alleged that she suffered sexual abuse committed by a record producer for whom she was contractually obliged to produce albums. She attempted in a court of law — unsuccessfully — to get out of the legally binding contract. A number of celebrities wrote tweets in support of Kesha, and Taylor Swift gave her money — a lot of money. On 21 February 2016, Kesha's mother tweeted, "Taylor Swift has just generously donated \$250,000. to Kesha, as a show of support during this difficult time. AMAZING!!" A spokesperson for Ms. Swift confirmed the news in a statement: "In a show of support, Taylor Swift

---

<sup>24</sup> Source: CONSTABEL, "Redditors who prevented disasters of any magnitude, what DIDN'T happen and why?" Reddit. 30 March 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/l2gd8jg>>.

<sup>25</sup> Source: "Arwa Mahdawi, "Taylor Swift is tough, cool and in control. Unlike Donald Trump." 11 August 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y7b682ys>>.

has donated \$250,000 to Kesha to help with any of her financial needs during this trying time.”<sup>26</sup>

## **27. The 26 May 2017 Portland Train Attack**

On 26 May 2017, on a Portland, Oregon MAX light-rail train, a man aimed anti-Muslim and other hate speech at a 17-year-old Muslim girl who was wearing a hijab and one of her friends: a 16-year-old black girl. Three men intervened to help the two teenaged girls. The harasser attacked and stabbed them with a knife, killing 53-year-old Ricky John Best and 23-year-old Taliesin Myrddin Namkai-Meche. Micah David-Cole Fletcher, age 21, was severely wounded but survived. Dyjuana Hudson, one of the girls’ mothers, said about the attacker, “He was saying things about how Muslims should die and how they’ve been killing Christians for years.” Destinee Mangum, the 16-year-old black girl, said, “I just want to say thank you to the people who put their life on the line for me because they didn’t even know me. They lost their lives because of my friend and the way we looked.” She added, “Without them, we probably would be dead right now.” Portland Mayor Ted Wheeler said about the three heroes, “They were attacked because they did the right thing. Their actions were brave and selfless and should serve as an example and inspiration to us all.” Mr. Namkai-Meche’s sister, Vajra Alaya-Maitreya, said about him, “He was resolute in his conduct and respect of all people. In his final act of bravery, he held true to what he believed is the way forward. He will live in our hearts forever as the just, brave, loving, hilarious, and beautiful soul he was.” Christopher Landt, who grew up with him, said, “If he knew he was

---

<sup>26</sup> Source: Josh Duboff, “Taylor Swift Donates \$250,000 to Kesha During Her ‘Trying Time.’” *Vanity Fair*. 22 February 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/zqoywuz>>. Also: keshas mom. Tweet. Twitter. 21 February 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jm7ut9f>>.

going to die, he still would have done what he did.” Karen Perkins, one of Mr. Best’s colleagues, said, “You hear that word ‘hero,’ but literally, if there was anything to say about him, he was a hero.” Mr. Fletcher’s mother, Margie, said, “I’m proud of him for standing up. I’m grateful that he’s here. It’s hard for me to say I want people to stand up, but two girls might be alive because of them.”<sup>27</sup>

## **28. LeDajrick Cox: Hero**

In June 2017, LeDajrick Cox, age 18, graduated from Carter High School in Dallas, Texas. He celebrated with four friends, and at approximately 1:45 a.m., the female in his group of friends was catcalled by three men in a Kia Optima. Mr. Cox and the three other men in his group of friends stood up for her. He attempted to make peace with the men in the Kia Optima and even shook hands with them. Mr. Cox and his friends then left in their car, but the men in the Kia Optima followed and opened fire. Mr. Cox was hit in the head and in the side, and he died. Two other males in the car were hit, but they survived. His father, Reginald Henry, said about him, “He just wanted to do the right thing, wanted to achieve, just tried so hard. I was real proud of him.” He added, “You know, he was my only son. That was it. He has siblings and they look up to him and they were just so happy for him just to see him happy.” In 2016, Mr. Cox gave a classmate named Joshua Reese a pair of Nike Jordans because Mr. Reese had been picked on because he had only one pair of shoes, which were worn-out. Mr. Reese said, “He really saved my life. He knew everything I had going on, he knew I was poor, he knew I

---

<sup>27</sup> Source: Kim Bellware, “The Portland Heroes Who Stood Up To Hate.” Huffington Post. 28 May 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/yd2wlrwx>>.

didn't have a dime, he knew I didn't have anything. I cried because nobody has ever done that for me before."<sup>28</sup>

## **29. "Ladies of AskWomen, What was Your Experience with Being Saved from a Creepy Encounter by Another Woman?"**

1) theinfamousj wrote this:

"I was in graduate school at a party thrown by someone in my immediate course of study cohort with what I supposed to be a closed guest list. I brought a bestie of mine as my 'date.' She was another girl.

"I don't drink much in the best of times because I'm someone for whom the loss of control that alcohol brings makes me very anxious and upset. This wasn't the best of times. I wasn't drinking alcohol at all.

"So there I am drinking a can of Sprite ...

"... that someone had apparently decided to drug.

"Let me tell you how incredibly obvious it is that you've been drugged when you aren't buzzed or tipsy from alcohol: very.

"So I told my bestie and the party hostess. Both quickly locked me away in the guest room and set themselves to guard me. The perpetrator — a neighbor of the hostess, and not on the guest list — came looking for me to see where I'd gone. My door guard got him detained and the cops called. I don't know which of the lovely ladies who were

---

<sup>28</sup> Source: "Dallas teen set to play college football murdered hours after graduation." Fox News. 28 May 2017; updated 29 May 2017 <<http://www.fox4news.com/news/257542967-story>>. Also: Eline de Bruijn, Liz Farmer, and Claire Z. Cardona, "Second suspect arrested in drive-by that killed Carter High football player." *Dallas (Texas) News*. 1 June 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/ydes9tke>>.



tending me was the one who did it, since I was on the other side of the door experiencing all the best effects that the date rape drug can offer.

“Yay, Team Uterus!”

2) jessibakescakes wrote this:

“My friend and I went on a cruise last summer. The first night we drank in the piano bar and met this lady, B. She was probably 15+ years older than us but didn’t mind our antics and was really funny and kind. After the piano bar closed for the night, we met more people at a fancy bar and B wandered away with her friends.

“A few nights later, my friend and I were at the fancy bar with a fun little group of new friends again and B came up looking worried. She told us some guy was super drunk and wouldn’t leave her alone and she just wanted to go back to her room, but she was afraid he’d follow her.

“I immediately got out of my chair and said, ‘Guys! We’re walking B to her room now!’ and put my arm around her shoulders. She laughed and our little group walked her back and told her jokes so she wouldn’t worry too much on the way down. The drunk guy didn’t follow. B gave us big hugs when we got to her door, and I have never felt better about helping out a fellow female.”

3) EnjoyKnope wrote this:

“One night when I was studying abroad, my friends and I were waiting for a bus back to our apartment. I was sitting on the end of the bench when a man approached and started trying to talk to me. This was in Italy, and I don’t speak much Italian, but I understood enough of what he was saying to be sufficiently creeped out, even more so when he started touching my shoulders.

“I completely froze up. I wanted to move, I wanted to tell him to get his f[\*\*]king hands off me, but I couldn’t. I just sat there as he moved one hand to my leg, and the other up to my cheek. That’s when my friend swooped in, irate, saying ‘Don’t touch her,’ ‘Get your hands off of her,’ ‘Go away,’ etc. She basically yelled in his face until he skulked off, while I sat there befuddled at my own inaction. She’s a rockstar, honestly, and I wouldn’t have wanted anyone else there in that moment. She’s the type of person who would’ve gone to bat like that for anyone.”

4) mamblepamble wrote this:

“I moved to another college town after graduating and would occasionally meet up with coworkers to get drinks after work (we were second shift so we’d be out at like midnight). It’s Halloween weekend so the bars are bonkers and we decide to finish our drinks, get food, and talk outside.

“After a few minutes a girl walked up to us and explained that when the cops caught her one friend with a fake ID, the entire group of girls scattered and left her. She had an ankle boot [ankle monitor?] on and a dress and was under 21 and was getting creeped out by some guys. She didn’t want to go to the police and couldn’t find her friends.

“We let her join our little circle and talked, walked around the block. There was a dude following us and she said he had been following her since she snuck out of the bar. I ended up giving her a ride home and she had sobered up a bit and told me a bit about her ‘friends.’ (They did not sound like good friends. They had ditched her before.) I gave her some advice and honestly told her to find better friends.

“I wish I had gotten her number because I never saw her again. I think about her from time to time and while I know

she got home safe that night, I hope she found better company that stuck by her.”<sup>29</sup>

### **30. “I Scanned the Guy Real Briefly for Weapons”**

At 4 p.m. on 4 August 2016, Bryan Reeve became a hero in Sunnyvale, California. At the intersection of Sunnyvale Avenue and Evelyn Avenue, he heard a woman screaming. She was being sexually assaulted. Mr. Reeve was with his girlfriend when they heard the screams. Mr. Reeve took action. He said, “I scanned the guy real briefly for weapons” and then he pulled the man away from the woman. He tripped the man and then pinned him down until police arrived and arrested the man. Mr. Reeve said, “I do security, so it’s kind of second nature to me.” Sunnyvale Department of Public Safety Public Information Officer Shawn Ahearn said, “That’s very heroic and courageous for someone to make that decision, but sometimes the consequences may not be the best and in this circumstance it worked out for the best.” Mr. Reeve said that he asked the man “had he done this before and he said that he had and that he had gotten away with it.” Officer Shawn Ahearn said, “With that information we’ve looked at other cases on our file and reached out to other departments and right now we can’t find anything that matches.” The suspect was being held on \$65,000 bail.<sup>30</sup>

---

<sup>29</sup> Source: Indiandane, “Ladies of AskWomen, what was your experience, with being saved from a creepy encounter, by another woman?” AskWomen. 18 September 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/ybccdrpb>>.

<sup>30</sup> Source: Melanie Woodrow, “EXCLUSIVE: Good Samaritan helps stop sexual assault in Sunnyvale.” ABC7News (San Francisco, Oakland, San Jose). 10 August 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/juna2nx>>.

### **31. “What’s a Time You’ve Helped a Girl (Who was a Stranger) [Get Away] from a Creepy Guy?”**

1) Kemokiro, a woman, wrote this:

“When I’ve seen women trapped by guys, with panic and searching-for-an-escape-route look in their eyes, I’ve either told them I had just started my period and asked for a tampon, or started yelling, ‘Dude, I’ve been looking for your [\*]ss. What the f[\*\*]k? C’mon’ in the most high-pitched voice I can muster and grabbed her coat sleeve and led her away.

“I had one tiny, tiny lady rescue me. She started yelling, ‘So you cheating on my son now? Who is this?’ She started cussing me out in Spanish and the guy left quickly. We laughed so hard. I hugged her, and she told me her Mama Bear senses were tingling, so it was her duty.”

2) jumpedupjamboree wrote this:

“Out at the bar by myself, and at the start of the night I was chatting with a girl who was out with her sister and her sister’s boyfriend.

“A few hours later, the same girl came up to me at the bar again, but now she’s very drunk and tells me she can’t find her sister, and she thinks they left without her. I offered to give her a ride home if she had her house keys to get in. About this time, some random guy comes up and starts talking to her, pulling her arm and trying to get her to come with him to some ‘party’ somewhere else.

“I told him to back off and he gave me this look that was clearly like ... he looked at me, decided I wasn’t hot enough for his attention, and then just ignored me and started trying to pull her off somewhere again. I actually took him by the chin and turned his head so he was looking at me, told him I wasn’t going to be that easy to ignore, and

that he wasn't taking her anywhere — she's drunk, I'm taking her home, end of story.

“He shook my hand off and then stormed off. I took Drunky out to my car and drove her home and then watched to make sure she got in safe, and never saw her again.

“I was definitely more physically confrontational than most folks would be, but my bar was a very safe space for me. I know all the staff there and knew if something happened the bartenders would back me up. Plus, most of these creeps are afraid of real confrontation anyway — they want the drunk girl because she's easy to get, they're not up for a fight.”

3) DeyCallMeTater wrote, “I don't particularly go out anymore but when we used to, I've definitely done the whole sidle in next to a girl in trouble and be like ‘OMG! [OH, MY GOD!] GIRL! Your shoes are the cutest!’ and just do the squeally thing and gush over her when she's obviously trying to avoid a creepy dude talking to her. The squeals really repel those guys, and I find other women are quite good at telling you with their eyes that they want to be rescued from that guy. I always got a heartfelt thank you for this. It's so important to learn how to navigate a subtle extraction and it's something my girls and I learned pretty quickly in our club rat days lol [laughing out loud]. Too outright and you can p[\*]ss a guy off and then sh[\*]t becomes dangerous.”

4) altergeeko, a woman, wrote this:

“I was at a bar with my girlfriends. This guy is wandering table to table trying to get laid and failing because he was telling people his main objective.

“After he hit up every table, including ours, he cornered a waitress. I’ve worked in customer service and I knew she could not tell him to f[\*\*]k off.

“It was clear she was uncomfortable and just couldn’t get out of it. So I say, ‘Excuse me, waitress!’ I don’t usually word it like that, but she came running over asking what I needed. I said, ‘Oh, nothing, I just wanted to get you away from that guy.’ She thanked me profusely and gave me a free double shot of anything I wanted.”

5) jpickle82 wrote, “She’s not a stranger, but I’ve helped my best girlfriend [escape] from a creepy stranger. She had just purchased a new home, and I was over one night hanging out while she showed me around. Some guy came to her door while I was over. He was going door to door offering to put peepholes in the front door for \$20. She said ok. (Dumb.) He was an older guy and didn’t seem too creepy until he was finishing up. He kept talking and wouldn’t leave, and then he started complimenting her and making remarks about her body and figure, and I could tell she was getting uncomfortable. I said, ‘Hey, we’ve got to start getting ready, we’re having a get-together and people will be here soon,’ to give her an out. So she said, ‘I’ve got to go, thanks again,’ and he said, ‘I’m not leaving until I get a hug from you,’ and started moving in to hug her. She was backed against a wall with nowhere to go, so I literally jumped between them and said, ‘It’s time for you to go.’ He left without incident, but it was seriously creepy. I’m glad I was there.”<sup>31</sup>

---

<sup>31</sup> Source: InspiredBlue, “What’s a time you’ve helped a girl (who was a stranger) from a creepy guy?” Reddit. 21 December 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jxkw6o2>>.

### **33. “How Would you Want to be Supported by a Male Stranger If You Get Harassed?”**

UserMaatRe asked this question on r/askwomen and added, “I have once or twice been in a situation where I have been a guy witnessing some harassment in a situation where a woman couldn’t simply walk away, and have intervened — not in the most de-escalating or safest manner possible, though.

“I recently read some advice about pretending to be a clueless friend of the woman being harassed, but I am worried that a woman already harassed by a man would not exactly feel more secure in the presence of one additional male stranger who suddenly pretends to be friends with her :/”

Here are some replies:

1) katieattie wrote this:

“I’ll always be grateful for a stranger who helped me in this situation. I was young, like 18 I think, taking the subway. He was probably mentally ill, but my default is still ‘be polite, be quiet, hope he goes away.’ He was saying sexual things to me in English and swearing at me in French (Montreal) as I stood on the platform trying to ignore him. Train arrives, and even though he’d been several meters away he moves to get on the same car as me. I sit in a half-empty car, and he proceeds to sit next to me and continues harassing me. I try to change seats a few times; he follows each time. Finally a friendly guy offers me the seat by the window, and sits next to me to block my harasser, who tries to talk over him nonetheless. Friendly guy then starts talking to harasser, and gently takes him by the elbow to another set of seats. At the next stop I get up to hurry off and when harasser tries to follow, friendly guy gently says,

‘She doesn’t want to talk to you,’ and blocks his way, trying to distract him with conversation.

“It’s been over ten years and I’ll always appreciate friendly guy’s smooth reaction.”

2) Anopanda, a male, wrote this:

“Well, last summer I was on a date with one girl. We were on a bench talking and drinking beers when another one sat close by. She started to enter the conversation, which was odd. But hey, I never back down from a conversation. She told us there was a weird guy following her, so we reseated to make it a three-person group. I didn’t know what to do, so I gave her the last remaining beer.

“She usually waits there for her bf [boyfriend], but he was running late and she was still freaked out from before. She was very happy with the beer. Later the creepy dude found her / us sitting there.

“We reseated. I sat next to her. My date sat across from us. And we ignored him. I did pay attention to the guy and noticed he was mostly mentally not all there. So I couldn’t get in a conversation with him and distract him. Soon the bf walked up, surprised by the two strangers with his gf [girlfriend]. Luckily they are made for each other, and with a few words we all went on our ‘well-planned’ double date.

“The date and I didn’t work out. But we all remained friends.

“So I say beer and conversation is a solution sometimes.”

3) peppermind wrote, “The best advice I’ve ever heard on this situation is just to distract the guy, by asking him if the bus just passed, or whether the shop down the road is open, whatever. It’s less risky for the guy stepping in, but gives the woman a chance to get out of there.”



4) Dayemos wrote this:

“My wife was approached by three men in a car who were making her feel very uncomfortable. She was walking our dog with our six-month-old baby. And they wanted to know the dog’s breed and then said they wanted the dog. She said at first she thought they were joking, but then it became apparent they wanted to actually take our dog. (She’s a gorgeous pit bull.)

“A man walked by and asked her if everything was all right. She said she was just leaving, and he walked with her a while.

“Simply adding yourself to the equation, regardless of what you say, gives the woman the opportunity to leave and changes the dynamic enough that the man may back off.”

Note by David Bruce: The men did not get the dog.

5) copernicusz wrote this:

“Remember that the girl being harassed will probably also be suspicious of you, so don’t do anything like encourage her to come with you to get away from the harasser, or try to hug her to comfort her, etc. Even if you’re a good guy, she doesn’t know that, and unfortunately there are dudes out there who think by ‘saving’ a ‘damsel in distress’ they’re then free to make a move on her themselves. So bear in mind that in a situation like this, she’s gonna be suspicious and a little panicked, so don’t rely on her trusting you. If you’re with a female friend / girlfriend, things are a little different, as she’ll probably feel more comfortable around another woman.

“Also, don’t make her feel embarrassed or patronized. For example, by saying to the harasser, ‘Look how terrified you’re making her!’ Don’t speak for her, or draw attention to her vulnerability. When being harassed by a stranger in

public, the last thing you want is even more eyes on you. Plus it's just embarrassing, and just drives home the point that she's unable to defend herself.

“De-escalate the situation. Don't start a physical fight or something like that 1. because violence is bad, 2. because she's gonna feel way responsible if someone gets hurt defending her, and 3. she's just gonna want things over as soon as possible.

“So basically, the best thing to do is to draw attention away from her, without escalating the situation.”<sup>32</sup>

### **34. “Women of Reddit, What has been Your Worst ‘Nice Guy’ Experience?”**

Mischeese wrote this:

“I used to work in IT [Information Technology] Support, as the only girl in a team of four. The men I worked with were lovely and super supportive, and we were a real close team.

“Anyway we had this contractor come work for the company in a different department. As usual I set up his machine, gave him his username / password, etc., and left him to it.

“Over the next 3-4 weeks, he would continually ‘break’ his machine, and demand I come and fix it, all the while telling me what a ‘nice guy’ he was, what a cool car he had, etc., all the usual flirting stuff, and I was polite but ignored it — it happens a lot working IT Support.

---

<sup>32</sup> Source: UserMaatRe, “How would you want to be supported by a male stranger if you get harassed?” Reddit. 18 December 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jk655xg>>.

“By the fourth time he was giving me the creeps, so the guys in my department started going instead of me and then his machine seemed fine and I forgot all about it.

“One Friday night a few weeks later, my team and I went out for a meal and a drink after work. We left at 5pm, had a meal, and played some pool, and they all had a drink as I was the designated driver. By 10.30pm we decide to call it a night and we all walk back to my car, so I could drive them home.

“Our company rented car parking space in a railway car park [parking lot] that is generally deserted, very dark, and badly lit, and my car is there. We walk into the car park and who do you think is SITTING on my car ... yup, the creepy-[\*]ssed contractor!! Thank f[\*\*]k I wasn't alone. He must have been there for hours as the office shut at 6pm.

“He looked shocked to see the others with me, muttered about how his car didn't start and how he thought I could give him a lift home, as we lived in the same direction — no idea how he knew that!

“I told him to get a cab, and we all got in the car, leaving him there. I was shaking, and the guys were furious because it was obvious he'd been trying to catch me on my own.

“I reported it to HR [Human Resources] the following week, but nothing was done because it hadn't been [done] 'in the office,' so my team took it upon themselves to have a 'chat' with him — no idea what they said, they wouldn't tell me, but he never even looked in my direction for the rest of his contract. I can't thank them enough for backing

me up in such a horrible situation, I really got lucky having them with me.”<sup>33</sup>

### **35. “Waitresses or Former Waitresses, What’s the Most Bizarre / Inappropriate Experience You’ve had with a Customer?”**

1) joannagoanna wrote, “One customer asked me out and when I said no, he waited outside after closing until I left, then stepped out of the alley behind the back door. Luckily my co-worker hadn’t left, so when I gave a startled yelp, he came out and walked me home. The guy never said anything or came back, thankfully.”

2) IfWishezWereFishez wrote this:

“I worked at a Wingstop. We had a regular customer who ordered the same thing 1-2 times a week for months. One day he came to pick up his order and told me that the last time, his wings had been super overcooked and dry. He’d never complained before, so I figured it was a legit complaint and gave him his order on the house.

“Somehow he took this as a declaration of love and started behaving really inappropriately. He asked me out frequently, called me at work all the time, that kind of thing. I told him I wasn’t interested and he didn’t listen. The store manager told him to leave me alone and he didn’t listen.

“Then one day I took the trash out and he was hiding behind the dumpster and attacked me. Luckily another employee came out a minute later to take out more trash, and he pulled the guy off of me or who knows what would

---

<sup>33</sup> Source: Stanzin, “Women of Reddit, what has been your worst ‘nice guy’ experience?” Reddit. 30 November 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jzvla5v>>.

have happened. He [the attacker] took off, and I never saw him again.”

3) N4U534 wrote, “This group of guys used to come in every day as soon as we opened. The youngest was probably in his 30s or 40s; the oldest was in his 70s. Sometimes it was just one, but it could be as many as four. There was one guy who would usually come in a little later than the others. When he’d meet them, he’d usually say ‘hi’ to me. At first it was just, ‘Hi, n4u534,’ then he started calling me gorgeous, and then once he called me sexy. I was really uncomfortable, but shortly after that my managers stopped scheduling me to open, so I thought it was a non-issue. Like a year and a half later, my managers wanted me to open again. I knew that meant I’d have to deal with those guys. Sure enough, they still ate there. I guess the creepy guy from before got the hint because he didn’t say anything weird after that. But then one of his friends got started on it, too. This was a few years ago, but I do remember he implied that I was a stripper. And he took an ice cube, put it against my neck, and said, ‘There, I just made you wet.’ After that I’d had enough and told my managers. I had to fill out an incident report, then the GM [General Manager] and an associate manager came in early to tell the guys they’d have to cut it out or they’d be banned. They got mad about being called out, and said something about how they’d been coming in there for years and now they wouldn’t ever come back. Which was no big loss to us. I did see one guy again a few months later, but it was just him and his wife. And one of the other guys died. I wasn’t particularly sad about it.”<sup>34</sup>

---

<sup>34</sup> Source: elhaupto, “Waitresses or Former Waitresses, what’s the most bizarre/inappropriate experience you’ve had with a customer?” AskWomen. Reddit. 20 November 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/h9v8old>>.

### **36. Superintendent of Police Sanjiv Tyagi: Hero**

On 11 June 2016, a woman and her daughter boarded an AC bus traveling from Nainital to Delhi, India. The bus driver and four staff members started acting inappropriately toward the two females as they traveled, so the woman attempted to contact UP and Uttarakhand police control room, but she was unsuccessful in getting help. She searched the Internet and found the contact number for police officer Sanjiv Tyagi, SP, Rampur. She called him and said, “I am traveling from Nainital towards Delhi in a bus, UP 21 5252, whose current location is in Rampur [UP]. The bus staff and some ruffians are misbehaving with us. They are drinking alcohol. I have been trying to contact police control room but not getting any assistance. We require immediate help.” Mr. Tyagi told her not to disconnect the phone but to keep it hidden. He then led a team of police to rescue the woman and her daughter. They were physically unhurt. SP Sanjiv Tyagi said, “The police have registered an FIR [Field Investigation Report?] as per her complaint and arrested five men and escorted the traumatized woman to her hometown.”<sup>35</sup>

### **36. “I have So Many Scars on My Body, But I’m Sure I’ll be Proud of These”**

On 22 July 2016, Vasanth Paul of Chennai, India, drove home after seeing a movie titled *Kabali*. He had to urinate, so he stopped his vehicle [apparently a motorbike], but he heard a noise that at first he thought was an animal, but then he heard a girl ask for help. Three men were getting ready to rape the woman. He fought the three men, one of whom attempted to strangle him with a rope. He was forced

---

<sup>35</sup> Source: “UP: Cop rescues woman from sexual assault attempt in moving bus.” ABP News Bureau. 13 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/zouyuue>>.

to call for help, and the driver of an auto-rickshaw came and helped him fight off the three men, who escaped but who did not succeed in their attempt to rape the woman, who did not want a police report filed.

After Mr. Paul's Facebook post about the incident went viral, he tried to find the spot where the incident had occurred but was unable to. He said, "I have been cooperating with the police and took them to the place where I thought it happened. I am not able to identify the exact spot." Police Deputy Commissioner of Police Kalyan said, "As far as the police is concerned, the case is closed as we are unable to trace the victim or the auto-rickshaw driver either."

Mr. Paul provided a few more details about the incident: "I was travelling from T. Nagar to Chromepet at around 11:30 pm on Friday. I took a detour through Alandur to avoid the main road. I took a left before the Royal Meridian. I stopped on my way to take a leak. I heard some noise that sounded like moaning. I thought it must have been an animal or someone with a sex worker. But seconds after I switch on my bike, the noise increased. I heard the person crying for help. I pointed my headlight at the direction from where the noise was coming."

He said that while he was fighting the would-be rapists, "Meanwhile the woman ran away. I thought she had escaped. But she got back within two minutes. She was the one who got the auto driver. The auto driver helped chase the men away."

This is the lightly edited text of Vasanth Paul's 22 July 2016 Facebook post:

"I have so many scars on my body, but I'm sure I'll be proud of these ... Today was just a wonderful day, I got to watch *Kabali*, first day, first show ... met a couple of my

close friends ... had a beautiful time ... and when I was returning back home, I took a detour at Alandur, to avoid the f[\*]ked-up roads between the underpass and the airport during their renovating hours ... I generally try to get past this before they shut it down ... I'm glad I didn't ... on my way I stopped by to pee (I'm sorry, I couldn't hold it) and extended my stop for a smoke ... right behind me was an empty piece of land and I heard mourning sounds combined with sounds of resistance ... for a few seconds, I thought it was a cat or some kinda animal making out, not longer did I realize it were human ... I tried walking away but instantly heard a faint drugged cry saying '*bachao* [Hindi for 'help'] ... please help ... *anna ... anna ... anna.*' I immediately shouted out angrily and jumped in hoping a passerby would hear and join to help ... There were 3 guys, none of them from the south. (I know this cos I can understand all four languages spoken in the south.) It wasn't normal Hindi, it had some kinda accent to it ... not sure though ...

“The moment I jumped in, a guy engaged in a fist fight and I could see a girl drugged full on and two guys trying to undress her ... within seconds I was strangled by the other with a thick jute rope ... the more I tried repelling, the more it cut through and the more intense the situation became ... thankfully I was able to create enough time and space for the girl to get out and get an autowala's [an auto-rickshaw driver's] attention ... he stopped right away and ran in to my rescue ... he beat the sh[\*]t out of those bastards and saved our [\*]ss ... but they ran off ... it took me a bit to breathe normal. No police case was filed as per her request ... the sad thing was I circled the area for the next half hour and I couldn't find a single cop to even notify of this event ... but my friends are on the lookout for those c[\*]nts as I type ... we'll get to you bastards soon enough ...



“Moral of the story:

“Don’t be afraid to face a situation, just cos you’re alone ... if the cause is right, the world would join you right away!!!!

“Stay safe, people ... and look out for one another!”<sup>36</sup>

### **37. “She Needed Help, and We Needed to be There for Her”**

On 2 April 2015, at 11:15 p.m., teenagers Arnaud Nimenya, Carsyn Wright, James Hielema, and Starlyn Rives-Perez took action and became heroes. They were skateboarding at Chinook Mall in Calgary, Alberta, Canada, when they saw a man. He was carrying a crying 15-year-old girl who was obviously intoxicated. Mr. Wright said, “The guy was dressed in very nice clothes like he would be here [at the 2016 Calgary Police Service Chief’s Awards ceremony] tonight, and the girl was all dirty, she was crying, her nose was bleeding.” They questioned the man, who said that he was attempting to get the girl to her parents. The man left, carrying the girl, but he carried her into a stairwell. Mr. Starlyn Rives-Perez said, “We didn’t know what was going on at first, and we didn’t know whether to trust the guy.” The skateboarders followed to investigate, and they discovered the man sexually assaulting the girl. The man fled, with Mr. Nimenya, Mr. Hielema, and Mr. Rives-Perez chasing him.

---

<sup>36</sup> Source: Vasanth Paul. Facebook Post. 22 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jlv33kz>>. Also: “HomeNewsNationTrue hero: brave Chennai man risks life to save woman from abusers.” *Onmanorama*. 23 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/ho5oyue>>. Also: “Chennai model Vasanth Paul’s Facebook post about gangrape attempt makes police go in circles: Police say that Vasanth Paul is unable to locate the spot where the incident happened.” *The News Minute*. 25 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/htkt3ls>>.

Mr. Wright, who stayed with the girl, said, “You can’t just leave a girl and like she was young, 15 years old. She needed help, and we needed to be there for her. “Instinct took over, I guess. I saw someone who needed help, and I just did everything I could to help her.” The four teenagers were given Calgary Police Service Chief’s Awards. Police Chief Roger Chaffin said, “This is the true nature of Calgarians. To come out, and see somebody in trouble, and just act to help people out.”<sup>37</sup>

### **38. “Women of Reddit: What’s the Most Ridiculous Thing You’ve had to Do to Get a Guy to Leave You Alone?”**

1) Sammichface wrote, “I had a guy who wouldn’t leave me alone at a San Diego [California] trolley station. It was late at night and I was 17 and alone. I walked up to the biggest, scariest-looking guy there and pretended like he was my friend. I even gave him a huge hug. Luckily, he immediately understood what was happening and played along with it.

“After about two minutes of me talking to the big dude, the creepy stalker guy left. I thanked the big dude profusely and he was super cool about it. He said I wasn’t the first girl he’s had to play along with in order to scare off a creeper.”

2) childerolande wrote this:

---

<sup>37</sup> Source: Brodie Thomas, “Skateboarding Samaritans among 25 honored at Chief’s Awards Gala.” *Metro News* (Calgary, Alberta, Canada). 2 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hyqn4zq>>. Also: Sarah Rieger, “Calgary Police Chief’s Awards Gala Honours Skateboarders Who Stopped Sexual Assault.” *The Huffington Post Alberta*. 3 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jhrtrcx>>. Also: Bindu Suri, “Everyday Calgarians honoured for extraordinary deeds receive Chief’s Award.” *Global News* (Canada). 3 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/zsnxr8b>>.

“Called his grandmother.

“I was working at a diner in college after moving back to my hometown. I reconnect with a childhood friend, have some polite conversation but maintain strict boundaries.

“Then he started showing up at my workplace. Every single day.

“And hit on me relentlessly.

“It got to the point where he would come in, buy a coffee or a soda, and then hang out for hours until my shift was over so he could follow me to my car. I wasn’t allowed to kick him out of the diner because ‘hey, he’s a paying customer!’ And I didn’t think I could call the cops. I told him over and over and over again to leave me alone, but of course, nothing. At one point he went into the diner while I was in class (because of course he had memorized my schedule like a creepy little worm) and convinced my boss that he was my cousin and he had to get my phone number from her because ‘our’ grandmother had had an accident.

“That was the final straw. I went home, called my great-grandma and got her to pull his grandmother’s phone number out of her address book. We had a great talk and she put the beat down on him, I guess, because I never saw him again after that.”

3) fresifantastica wrote this:

“After I broke up with my abusive ex, he started stalking me. He made a hundred different social media accounts so he could insult and threaten me after I blocked him. He would call my friends and even members of my family to tell them lies about me, in a way that they would pity him and hate me (didn’t work). He even went to my current bf’s workplace and made a huge fool out of himself in front of tons of people — he threatened my boyfriend, punched

some wall and bawled his eyes out. All of this in front of my boyfriend's co-workers.

“Things took an even scarier turn when his friends warned me, telling me that my ex was following all of my movements and that he knew where I was at all times. Turns out some friend of mine whom I thought I was able to trust betrayed my safety and basically gave him my whole schedule. I know it was true because they sent me screenshots of a group chat, where some people I didn't even know discussed how big of a whore I was because I was seen exiting my boyfriend's house. Because yeah, I can't move on with my life after being in a really short relationship with a manipulative psycho without being followed and labeled as a 'whore.'

“I got really scared and didn't know what to do. At this point he was basically following me and gathering other people to talk sh[\*]t; people who could possibly hurt me. I told him to f[\*\*]k off for the hundreth time and warned him that I was going to the police if he didn't cut the stalking. He laughed. That was the last straw. I was not only scared but infuriated.

“And that's when I thought, 'F[\*\*]k [calling the] police. I tried to deal with this, but this guy is just trying me. He'll see what's good.' **And so I called his mom.**

“Never heard a single word from him again.”

Pondglow commented, “I've also done this after an ex started following me around, calling my friends and family, etc. The mum card is super effective.”

4) xoxoscharlett wrote, “When I was a junior in high school, a friend of mine introduced me to one of his friends. I talked to him every now and then. He said he was interested in me. I politely let him know I didn't reciprocate his feelings.

“Then the texts started. For a few weeks he would text me very explicit things constantly. This was before blocking was a thing. One night my dad saw I was upset and asked me what was wrong. I told him. My dad is a psychiatrist. He can stay alarmingly calm in almost any situation and he’s used to dealing with crazy people. So my dad ended up calling this guy and calmly explained to him that he needed to tell his parents about harassing me because the police were going to be showing up at his house soon. The guy started crying and I never heard from him again.”

5) Jaggedrain wrote this:

“I got my boss to shout at him.

“I worked in a China shop just after I left school and this guy showed up every day for weeks begging me to go out with him, telling me how pretty I am, etc. It got to the point where I was afraid to go to work because he’d started to hint that bad things could happen to girls who aren’t nice ... so I told my boss (using my two words of Chinese and a lot of sign language because Wang spoke zero English) and when he came in she started shouting at him in Chinese.

“I want you to picture the scene. Six-foot black man with muscles on his muscles being chased out of a tiny Chinese shop by an even tinier Chinese lady with a broom who is yelling at the top of her lungs. I’m pretty sure that the sea couldn’t have washed him clean of what she said to him.

“It’s a treasured memory to this day ...”

6) Titaniumcat wrote, “Okay, this is heavy and I’ve never told anyone because it makes me feel ridiculous ... Anyway. I was at a party in college, out at this girl’s house in the middle of nowhere and everyone was drinking. I had too much and needed fresh air and to grab my purse so I went out and sat behind my car. This guy came out and sat next to me. He was in my English class, so I knew him but

we never really talked. Long story short, he hit on me, I rejected him, and he flipped sh[\*]t and forced me into my back seat to try to rape me. I was parked far enough away and in the dark so no one saw and he had my mouth covered and all my drunk brain could think was that awful advice of ‘pee yourself and your attacker will be grossed out and leave.’ So I did. And he had his hand forced down my pants so it got all over his hand. He was pretty grossed out. Slapped me with the pee hand, called me a ‘sick b\*tch’ and left. I was too embarrassed to go back in covered in p[\*]ss so I just left. I drove home drunk and ashamed and crying. Luckily I made it there safe. I took a shower and laughed at myself and cried. So yeah, probably the farthest I’ve gone to get rid of a guy ....”<sup>38</sup>

### **39. Cristian Garcia: Hero Who Helped Stop Sexual Battery**

During the early hours of Thursday, 21 July 2016, Cristian Garcia, a walk-on junior linebacker for the Florida Gators, helped stop a sexual assault that was occurring behind 101 Cantina, a bar where he worked as security in Gainesville, Florida. He and a co-worker stopped the sexual battery. Mr. Garcia said, “I was taking out the garbage, and I saw the man pressing the woman up against the Dumpster. At first the guy said she was his girlfriend, but about five seconds later I realized the girl was unconscious. I turned around and pulled the guy by the shoulder and said, ‘Get off.’ That pretty much ended the situation then. He was intoxicated and attempted to throw some punches, but he slipped and busted his face on the wall.” The 19-year-old woman was intoxicated and unable to walk on her own. Mr. Garcia said, “I hold strong moral values and I don’t think anyone

---

<sup>38</sup> Source: Stripedbuttondown, “[Serious] Women of Reddit: what’s the most ridiculous thing you’ve had to do to get a guy to leave you alone?” Askreddit. 10 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hsg9upm>>.

should be taken advantage of in that kind of way. The girl was basically unconscious, so I knew there was no way she could be giving consent.” Gainesville police charged the suspect with sexual battery. After regaining consciousness in a hospital, the woman said she did not know the suspect and had not consented to having sex with him. Mr. Garcia’s cousin, Zach Schabbel, said about him, “He’s a stand-up guy. You know, always been that way since we were babies. Like, if we’d ever get into some type of trouble, he’d always be the first one to step out and speak. He’s always been vocal. I’m not honestly surprised.” Mr. Garcia gave some advice for people out drinking: “It’s important that you don’t leave without any friends. I mean, this girl, her friends had completely left her at the bar alone when she was blackout drunk.” Friends of the suspect were present during the sexual battery, according to Mr. Garcia, who said, “They were there on the other side of the dumpster. Maybe they didn’t see it, I can’t say 100 percent, but they were there.”<sup>39</sup>

#### **40. “What is the Worst Experience that You have had in a Restaurant?”**

Augustine Archie wrote, “I was eating with a female friend at a reasonably nice restaurant. Not posh, but expensive. Before we were seated, we grabbed a drink at the bar, and while there she signed up to some sort of newsletter at the bar. To be fair it was stuff like this that made me apprehensive to call the place ‘posh’. Anyways, we sit down and the girl I’m with gets a text telling her how

---

<sup>39</sup> Source: “Gators LB Cristian Garcia helps stop sexual assault behind bar.” ESPN. 22 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/h6jkeat>>. Information from the Associated Press was used in this report. Also: Peter Holley, “He thought the couple were having sex outside a bar. Then he realized she was unconscious.” *Washington Post*. 23 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/yb3d9b97>>.

beautiful she looks. She ignores it and another one comes through asking her what she's doing later. She hasn't got a clue who it is and ignores it. We're finishing up our meal and a 3rd text comes through saying she shouldn't be with a guy like me and asking if she wanted dessert with a 'real man'. Now it's clear someone in the restaurant has her number and we clocked that she had put it down on the application form for the newsletter. Considering the newsletters went into a box behind the bar, it was a member of staff. After getting the manager down and him calling the number and pegging what member of staff it was, it turned out one of the waiters had taken her number and address off this form, written it in his phone, and had spent the evening taking pictures of her from behind the bar. The police ended up involved."

Note by David Bruce: Well done, restaurant manager and police. Well done, couple, for taking action.

—poppies— commented, "This happened to one of my female friends. She put her business card in one of those boxes at some pizza place, I believe. She started getting texts almost immediately; pictures of his c[\*\*]k, him saying 'I love you', sh[\*]t like that. She spoke to the manager and had him basically interrogate all of his employees. None of them were doing it. So my friend started asking him [in texts], kind of flirting with him, how he got his info. Turns out he swiped the card after she had walked to her table. She tells him she wants to meet up with him at a local park. He agrees, and they set a time. My friend, being the cunning vixen she is, asks our mutual friend Rex to come with her. Now, here's the thing about Rex: He's a 6'6" black guy, insanely ripped, and grew up in abject poverty in Detroit. So, she gets to the park, and finds [the creeper]. As soon as she correctly identifies him, Rex walks out from a shadow and grabs him by the sleeve of his shirt. He says to the guy, 'If you ever speak to her



again, I will f[\*\*]k you up.’ Rex puts him down and he scampers away like a dog. She never heard from him again. PS. I have no idea why she didn’t just block his number. I think she did after that. I think it was because he knew where she worked and everything.”

—poppies— added about Rex, “He has a BS in computer science and has traveled across Europe and South East Asia. He’s a very cool guy. He also has a deep-as-sh[\*]t voice, so I can only imagine that it added to the situation.”<sup>40</sup>

---

<sup>40</sup> Source: Wilreadit, “What is the worst experience that you have had in a restaurant?” AskReddit. 31 July 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/j714yq5>>.

## Chapter 3: 41-60

### **41. “It Looked Horrific. I’m Still Shocked. Right on the Grass, in Front of Everyone, Anyone [Able] to See”**

On 25 June 2016 in Newburgh, New York, a man grabbed a woman’s purse and ran. The woman chased him, and the man assaulted her and started to rape her. She called for help, and a man who wanted to be identified in media reports only as “Jordan” helped her. He said, “I hear, ‘Help me! Help me!’ so I’m really not paying any mind to it. But then I hear, ‘Rape!’ so I’m like, oh, my God, let me go see what’s going on.” Jordan’s wife said, “It looked horrific. I’m still shocked. Right on the grass, in front of everyone, anyone [able] to see.” She called 911, and Jordan chased the suspect, caught him, and restrained him. Jordan said that what the suspect was doing “was wrong. It was wrong. I don’t have any other different words, it’s just straight up wrong. No man should ever, ever do that to a woman.” It took an effort to restrain the suspect. Jordan said, “I caught him with the left, I caught him with the right, and then I caught him with an uppercut.” Some other people helped him hold down the suspect. Police arrived and arrested the suspect, who was charged with first-degree attempted rape and second-degree robbery and was held on \$1 million bond.<sup>41</sup>

### **42. “Don’t Roofie Someone on Our Watch”**

On 27 May 2016, Sonia Ulrich, with Marla Saltzer and Monica Kenyon, wrote a Facebook post titled “Don’t Roofie Someone on Our Watch.” In it, they described seeing a man put something in a woman’s drink. They alerted the woman privately, and the woman and restaurant

---

<sup>41</sup> Source: “MAN ARRESTED AFTER GOOD SAMARITAN THWARTS NEWBURGH ROBBERY, RAPE ATTEMPT.” WABC-TV. 29 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hubcjfb>>.

staff stalled the man until security-camera footage could be reviewed. Police made an arrest, and a 1 June 2016 *New York Times* article stated that the man had been “charged with two felonies: administering a drug and assault with intent to commit a sex crime.”

This is the original Facebook statement:

“GUESS WHO STOPPED A RAPE LAST NIGHT?!  
THESE GALS!

“Ok, so we’re still recovering from the events, but we wanted to tell the story. And if it seems like the photo is making light of a heavy situation, it’s because we know FB prioritizes pics AND we needed to get your attention. This is no joking matter.

“Monica, Marla, and I were at Fig at the Fairmont for their delicious happy hour (‘Fig at 5.’ Treat yourself). I was going on about something and saw Monica staring behind me and making a funny face. I stopped. ‘What’s going on?’ After a few seconds she said, ‘That guy just put something in her drink.’

“Now, Fig is a nice restaurant. We were enjoying our charcuterie platter and some fancy cheeses. That type of place. They had a bottle of wine they were splitting. It seemed like a first or second or third date. After a few ‘Oh god. What do we do?’s, I got up to find her in the bathroom to tell her. Warn her. Tell her to get up and leave this creep. Make him drink it. Something.

“So, after feeling awkward hanging out by the sinks in the bathroom til she was done, I approached. ‘Hey! Um, this is kind of weird, but, uh, we saw the guy you were with put something in your drink.’

“‘Oh My God,’ she said. Shocked, kind of numb, so I babbled, ‘Yeah, my girlfriend said she saw him put

something in your drink and we had to say something. Woman to woman ... you know. We had to say something. How well do you know that guy?' I was expecting to hear 'We just met,' but I got:

“‘He’s one of my best friends.’

“Sh[\*]t. Yeah. One of her best friends. They had known each other for a year and a half. They worked together.

“I continued to talk for a bit and said she could ask ‘the one with the short blond hair’ any questions since she was the one who saw it and then left her to return to the table.

“When I got back, Marla was talking to the server about what happened. Seeing if he or the manager could do anything. Monica filled us in on more of what she saw.

“‘He pulled her glass toward him, kind of awkwardly, then he took out a little black vial. He opened it up and dropped something in. Then he tried to play it cool, like checking his phone and hiding the vial in his hand and then trying to bring it back down slyly.’ He apparently saw Monica looking. Marla said she was just going to lean over to Monica and say ‘that guy is acting really creepy’ when she saw Monica already looking. Witnessing.

“It took only a minute for the manager to walk to their table, see if everything was ok, allowed the girl to order a sparkling water. All super cool. He stopped by our table and said he couldn’t do much because he didn’t see it. But he did let security know.

“The poor woman had to sit through 40 more minutes, sitting across from ‘one of her best friends,’ knowing that he was trying to drug her. Marla noticed him several times chinking his glass to hers to get her to drink. She played it cool. Mostly, I believed, just stunned. The staff wanted to jump in and dump the glass, dump him, do something! I

was going through fantasies of walking up and demanding he drink the tainted glass of wine. Eventually, they finished up dinner. There was a delay getting their bill. 'The computer is down' is what the waiter kept saying to him. Then, in walks Santa Monica PD. They say, 'Come with us,' and he doesn't protest. Doesn't ask why. Doesn't seem surprised.

"The head of security came by and said that because we notified them immediately, they were able to go back and review the footage from the security camera.

"They got him on tape. They had proof of him drugging this girl. They took the glass away as evidence. They kept us for statements. We asked the girl if she had a ride home. 'My car is at his place. In his building. We came together.' Part of a plan. We were blown away. She was still in shock.

"But it wasn't over.

"From every table in our section, from throughout the restaurant, people came by to thank us for taking action.

"It happened to my sister ... I'm glad I was there to take her home.'

"It happened to my roommate at a producer's party. He's still messed up from it.'

"It happened to me. At a backyard barbecue.'

"It happened to me. At a bar I worked at.'

"Some Heroes don't wear capes. Thank you. It happened to me. Thank you.'

"F[\*\*]k yeah, you guys! You f[\*\*]kin rock!'

"At least 10 stories of being personally affected by someone like this. Something like this. Those were only the

ones who knew what went down. I am sure there were tons more stories throughout the restaurant and the hotel.

“We kept thanking the manager for taking action. We are well aware how many people would not have taken what we said seriously. Not taken action. Said their hands were tied.

“So thank you, everyone at Fig and Fairmont in Santa Monica [California] for keeping this guy from harming someone.

“And thank you in advance to everyone who sees this and shares this and reminds each other that yes, you SHOULD say something. Even if it’s awkward or weird or just uncertain if anything can be done.

“Know that YOU did something. And that it helped.”<sup>42</sup>

### **43. Stanford Graduate Students Peter Jonsson and Carl-Fredrik Arndt: Heroes**

In March 2016 Brock Turner was convicted of three felony sex assault charges. He had sexually assaulted an unconscious woman on the campus of Stanford University in Stanford, California. Two heroes intervened to help the unconscious woman: Stanford graduate students Peter Jonsson and Carl-Fredrik Arndt. “I can’t understate how important those two heroes were in this case,” Santa Clara County Deputy District Attorney Alaleh Kianerci said. If they had not intervened, it is very likely that no arrest would have been made. Ms. Kianerci said, “Those two

---

<sup>42</sup> Source: Sonia Ulrich, with Marla Saltzer and Monica Kenyon, “Don’t Roofie Someone on Our Watch.” Facebook. 27 May 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jdal3na>>. Also: Christine Hauser, “‘He Took Out a Little Black Vial.’ Then 3 Women Foiled Man’s Attempt to Drug Date, Police Say.” *New York Times*. 1 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hzvbos2>>.

heroes made this case a prosecutable one.” Just before 1 a.m. on 18 January 2015, Mr. Jonsson and Mr. Arndt were riding their bikes. Mr. Jonsson saw movement by a dumpster, and he saw a man on top of a woman. He noticed that the woman was not moving. He told police later, “Something seemed weird.” Mr. Jonsson and Mr. Arndt yelled, “Hey,” to the male — Brock Turner — who started running. Mr. Jonsson ran after Brock Turner and caught him. Mr. Jonsson and Mr. Arndt held Brock Turner on the ground until police arrived. While talking to police officers, Mr. Jonsson cried several times. The police report stated, “He said it was a very disturbing event for him to witness and be involved in, but he just reacted to the situation at hand without really thinking.” In court, the woman read a statement in which she thanked “the two men who saved me, who I have yet to meet.” She added, “I sleep with two bicycles that I drew taped above my bed to remind myself there are heroes in this story. That we are looking out for one another. To have known all of these people, to have felt their protection and love, is something I will never forget.”<sup>43</sup>

#### **44. “The Right Thing to Do is Stop and Ask, ‘Are You OK?’ What if that was Your Daughter or Loved One Who was Attacked?”**

On 24 April 2016, three heroes chased after and captured a man following an alleged sexual assault on a bike path in the Brunswick suburb of Melbourne, Australia. The sexual assault was alleged to have occurred within 300 meters of where Jill Meagher was raped and murdered by a serial rapist in September 2012. One hero was a man who heard a 31-year-old woman yelling as he was riding home from a

---

<sup>43</sup> Source: Tyler Kingkade, “If Not For 2 Strangers, Brock Turner May Have Never Been Arrested.” Huffington Post. 6 June 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/ja4hf5t>>.

football (American soccer) match. He said, “Initially I thought it was a couple having an argument, so I thought I’d stop and ask, ‘Is everything OK?’” The alleged sexual attacker was reported to have wrestled the woman to the ground as she shouted that he was attempting to rape her. On his bicycle, the witness chased the alleged sexual attacker; two other men joined him in the chase. They captured the alleged sexual attacker and restrained him as they called 0-0-0, Australia’s emergency number. The hero on the bicycle said, “We all tackled him to the ground and he was so strong, it took three [of us] to hold him down. This guy was ranting and raving. This guy was not with it.” Police arrested the alleged sexual offender. The hero on the bicycle, who works in mental health, said, “The right thing to do is stop and ask, ‘Are you OK?’ What if that was your daughter or loved one who was attacked? I was the right person at the right time, and I had a lot of support from those two guys.”<sup>44</sup>

#### **45. “What is the Creepiest Thing that has Ever Happened to You?”**

Literarylunatic wrote this: “[As I was w]alking home from 7-11 in San Diego, guy parks across street and starts walking behind me asking me incoherent questions. I apologize, ‘I’m new here,’ keep walking. Guy slaps beer out of my hands, puts one arm under my right armpit, uses the right boob as a kind of handle and [puts] the other between my legs and gropes the lady zone and starts dragging me into bushes. I’m awkward and shocked, so I start forcefully scolding him: ‘Sir, no, no, sir, nooo.’ Not

---

<sup>44</sup> Source: Natasha Christian, “Good Samaritans rescue woman from alleged sex attacker in Melbourne.” Yahoo7. 26 April 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jma2oca>>. Also: Tammy Mills, “Good Samaritans arrest alleged sex attacker in Brunswick.” *The Sydney Morning Herald* (Australia). 26 April 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/h348apw>>.



loudly enough until I realize he's successfully kidnapping me and likely for nefarious purposes. I yell louder 'NO!' Thankfully an off-duty cop was jogging and came running at the guy who dropped me, grabbed my purse, ran, then dropped it and kept running. They found him a few months later, I testified and he went to federal prison. I think he's out as of last year.

“EDIT: I think my lack of reaction was mostly shock. I honestly did not believe at first there was a threat. When my feet were dragged off the sidewalk and I felt that wet, slick grass under my toes, I figured — ‘Sh[\*]t, he’s gonna rape & murder me, but I’ve already politely asked him to stop so I guess I’ll have to scream.’ Then it took everything in me to vocalize the scream because I didn’t want to bother the neighborhood with this drama.”

ChewbaccasHairbrush wrote this: “I’ve posted this story before, but I think it definitely fits here so I copied and pasted:

“I used to have a sh[\*]t job at a casino that got me working some pretty weird hours. Some days I would work a normal 9-5, others I would go in at 6 PM and not leave until 2 or 3 AM. Not a big deal except by that time in the morning, all the parking spaces around my apartment building would be taken, so I had to park a few blocks away and walk to get to my building. I would park, get my pepper spray and keys in hand, lock my car, and walk the block or two to my building. I never felt like I was in any way unsafe until one night when I found a parking space across the street from my building that happened to be in front of a bar. I pulled into the space and got my keys ready. I noticed a guy smoking in the doorway of the bar, about 5 cars down, but he was looking in the other direction and didn’t seem to care that I was there. I got out of the car and was about halfway across the street before he noticed I was a girl and

I heard him yell, 'Hi, sweetie!' I ignored him, and that must have p[\*]ssed him off, because he yelled, 'B[\*]tch!' I started sprinting to my building when I heard the sound of him running up behind me. The building I lived in at the time had been built a long time ago, and everything was outdated, including the security system. After 10 PM the doors would lock automatically, and you would have to put a key in the lock and turn it for the doors to open, and it would take FOREVER. I finally got the door opened and had just shut it before he got there and was yanking on the handle and screaming at me.

“My skin was crawling for a few days after that.”

Someone asked if she pepper-sprayed him, so she added, “Honestly, I should have. I always imagined that I would be so calm and bad[\*]ss and stand up for myself in a situation like that, should it ever arise. But when the time came, I was so freaked out that all I could do was run.”

Convince-me-please commented, “Years ago I used to run a self-defense-for women class. One of my primary lessons was whatever it is that he wanted to do to you, if you prevent that, you win.

“You performed the most basic lesson. He wanted to catch you. You got away. You win. Whatever other measures you had at your disposal were not needed because of the fleetness of your feet. No need to go all Gladiator on him. Well done.”<sup>45</sup>

---

<sup>45</sup> Source: nwhitey12, “What is the creepiest thing that has ever happened to you?” Askreddit. 3 April 1016  
<<http://tinyurl.com/gmymqpd>>.

#### **46. British Police Inspector Kelvin Shipp: Hero**

British Police Inspector Kelvin Shipp, age 55, of Southsea, Hampshire, England, who is an officer in the Foreign and Commonwealth Office's stabilization unit, became a hero after being deployed in war-torn South Sudan from September 2014 to September 2015. Sometime during that year, a female United Nations colleague was involved in an accident in which she was in a car that collided with a motorbike. The woman stayed inside the car as an angry mob formed and tried to get her out. Inspector Shipp helped keep her safe by dragging rioters off her car until South Sudanese police could arrive. Helping him was a Dutch officer from the UN, but the mob targeted the Dutch officer and forced him to flee for his safety.

Inspector Shipp said, "My conservative estimate was there were about 60 people around this vehicle. I thought, 'I can't leave her here; if they get her out of the car, she'll get probably quite a beating.' My guess was that they'd rape her and there was a pretty high probability they'd kill her — and it was all over a minor accident. They were banging their fists on the windows; they were on the bonnet [car hood]. Not surprisingly the woman in there was pretty distressed on the phone. I got out of the car and pushed my way through the crowd. At the same time a Dutch officer arrived and he was there. We were pushing these people back and then six or seven singled him out. He had to run to get away. And it left me in there with this mob. They managed to smash the windscreen of this car trying to get in to this woman. All I was trying to do was drag them off and push them off as best I could, getting pushed and shoved. Luckily they weren't really focused on me."

He added, "It was quite a frightening situation. I knew I was isolated. Here in the UK it might be frightening, but

you can hear on the radio the control room and units being called up.”

John Wallace, police function manager at the Foreign and Commonwealth Office’s stabilization unit, said, “He showed a lot of courage by going out and going to the aid of a UN officer, who probably would have been lynched. They were going to cause her serious harm.”<sup>46</sup>

#### **47. Security Guard Hits a Rapist with a Sjambok (Whip)**

On 3 January 2016, a woman screamed for help for 30 minutes as she was being raped and choked. A security guard named Dickson Nungu in an apartment at Crescent Court near the Bulawayo Power Station in Bulawayo, the second-largest city in Zimbabwe, then rescued her. He had to use a sjambok — a heavy whip — to subdue the rapist so that he could handcuff him. Mr. Nungu said, “I heard prolonged screams of a woman at the flat opposite my work place. For a while I thought probably it was some patient from the nearby 24-hour surgery. After hearing the pleading cries begging someone for help for more than 30 minutes, I got worried and stood up trying to figure out where exactly the screams were coming from.” He investigated and saw tenants in the apartment building looking out their windows. He said, “I went straight to a door on the ground floor where I asked what was happening. Some tenants said they had been involved in skirmishes with robbers countless times and so wouldn’t take the risk of stepping outside to save whoever was in trouble. I asked where exactly the screams were coming

---

<sup>46</sup> Source: Julian Robinson, “British police inspector, 55, is hailed a hero after saving woman from being raped and murdered by 60-STRONG mob in wartorn South Sudan.” *Daily Mail* (UK). 3 April 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/jufaddp>>.

from and they said usually it would be in the corridors heading upstairs.” He returned to his workplace, grabbed a sjambok, and then returned. He said, “When I went up the corridor, I found a man who looked in his 30s with his pants below his knees — raping and throttling the woman who was almost unconscious. The woman, who said she was 26 years old, was bleeding from the nose [and] mouth and had a big cut on her shoulder.” The rapist attempted to pull something out of his pocket. Mr. Nungu said, “I immediately struck him once with the sjambok and he tried to retaliate, coming towards me before I gave him a second stroke. By then people were all over the place. Still pants down, he went onto his knees and begged for forgiveness but I quickly handcuffed him. In no time the police were there and arrested him. [When the police asked] him a few questions, he responded using signs like he was deaf and dumb.” Bulawayo provincial police spokesperson Inspector Precious Simango said, “I can confirm receiving a report on rape, and investigations are underway.” A female neighbor said, “It’s unfortunate we’re not safe and are endangered at that apartment because of its proximity to bars and night clubs where criminals hide. So many times tenants have been left nursing wounds after trying to save people at night.” She added, “Amongst the crowd were some girls who said they had seen the assailant an hour earlier picking up the woman from the floor in the bar and carrying her on his back. They said they thought the two knew each other. The woman had begged this man to stop, but it’s clear he raped her and she didn’t know him. It’s never wise for women to drink until they pass out because probably had she been sober she could have managed to fight this vicious man. Imagine, had it not been for this brave man, she could have been killed.”

Note by David Bruce: The author of this book agrees that it’s never wise for women — or men — to drink until they

pass out, but it can be difficult or impossible to fight off an attacker even when sober.<sup>47</sup>

#### **48. “Someone would have to be Horrified to Make that Kind of Sound”**

In October 2015, a female student was followed by a man and then cornered inside the women’s restroom on the second floor of the library on the campus of Montgomery College in Rockville, Maryland. She cried for help, and Alexander Cahan came to help her. Mr. Cahan said, “Someone would have to be horrified to make that kind of sound.” He heard her screaming and crying. He said, “I thought maybe someone was crying on the phone, yelling on the phone, but it went on for about five or six seconds, so I thought something was definitely wrong.” He went to the bathroom door and looked in and saw the woman and the man. Mr. Cahan said, “I asked her if she was okay, did he put his hands on her. Then she couldn’t answer because she was in shock.” He added, “It was obvious they didn’t know each other.” He said, “My heart broke for her when I saw her face. You can tell her innocence was gone after that. She was horrified.” The man took off running. Mr. Cahan said, “He ran towards the exit, but he went out the wrong side. The door wouldn’t open, so I caught up to him, grabbed his jacket and slammed him to the glass.” The suspect broke free, and Mr. Cahan yelled for help. He chased the man and pinned him to the ground. The man was arrested. Major Eric Over of the Rockville Police said, “The suspect in this case followed her into the restroom, blocked her escape, made some sexual hand gestures and physically put his hands on her — pushing her further back into the restroom.” He added, “The witness in this case took off running, chased the suspect down, tackled him

---

<sup>47</sup> Source: “GUARD SJAMBOKS RAPIST, SAVES VICTIM.” *Zimbabwe Daily*. 5 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hlqlf3>>.

down on the first floor before he could get outside and told people to call security.” The suspect, who was arrested, was not a student at Montgomery College.<sup>48</sup>

#### **49. Deonte Smith: Quick-Thinking Senior 911 Operator**

About 4 a.m. on 28 December 2015, a man kidnapped a woman, drove her a novelty store parking lot in Clayton County, Georgia, and told her to call her boyfriend so that he could listen as she was being raped. The quick-thinking woman instead called 911, and Deonte Smith, a senior 911 operator in Clayton County, pretended to be her boyfriend. He talked to the rapist and tried to convince him to stop raping the woman. He also sent police to the scene; when the police arrived, Mr. Smith was still on the line and the rapist was still assaulting the woman. The police arrested the man. Mr. Smith, who had been about to go on break, said, “I was the only guy on the floor that night. The other guy we had had just left not too long before the call came in.” He said about the woman, “I would like to meet you in person. I really want to. I’m thankful for your quick thinking” in calling 911. He added that the call was “the most extreme call of my career.” He said that he was very upset by the call: “Very much so. I have a daughter, I have a sister and I have a mom. [It’s] difficult, it really is. I was really upset.” However, he remained professional, as he must in his job.<sup>49</sup>

---

<sup>48</sup> Source: Marina Marraco, “Good Samaritan helps capture sexual assault suspect at Montgomery College.” Fox5dc.com. 21 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/jhug7o4>>. Also: Matt Ackland, “Police: Students rush to help victim of campus assault.” Fox5dc.com. 22 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/jptaent>>.

<sup>49</sup> Source: Arthur Weinreb, “Quick thinking by 911 operator possibly saves rape victim’s life.” *Digital Journal*. 31 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/z64krax>>. Also: “Dispatcher pretended to be

**50. “My Opinion on This: They Did Do the Right Thing, and They Intervened. They Saw Someone in Trouble, and They Helped”**

After dark on 1 July 2015, three friends stopped an alleged sex attack that was taking place along a greenway trail in Springfield, Missouri. They heard screams and used a cell phone flashlight to guide their way down the South Creek Greenway Trail to the place from which the screams were coming. They found a 22-year-old man wearing only boxer shorts on top of a 14-year-old girl. One of the friends pulled the alleged attacker off the girl while another friend called 911. Springfield Police Lieutenant Culley Wilson said, “This was not a random attack. We do believe they knew each other in some way.” He added, “We always want someone to call the police, which [the three friends] did. Most times we don’t want somebody intervening in a violent crime. My opinion on this: They did do the right thing, and they intervened. They saw someone in trouble, and they helped.” The girl appeared to be in extreme shock or possibly under the influence of something. The alleged attacker denied raping her. A week after the attack, the girl was still hospitalized. Police were still investigating, but they arrested the suspect and charged him with 1st degree rape or attempted rape and 2nd degree attempted statutory rape. Springfield Police Lieutenant Culley Wilson said, “Always be aware of where you’re at, who’s around you, who’s behind you, that sort of thing. Our trails are, for the most part, very safe, but you always want to be aware of what’s going on around you at all times.”<sup>50</sup>

---

woman’s boyfriend during attack.” WSB-TV (Atlanta, Georgia). 29 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/hcl6xqj>>.

<sup>50</sup> Source: Linda Russell, “Teen sexually assaulted on Springfield trail.” KY3. 9 July 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/zsaqnza>>.



## **51. “I Don’t Feel Like I am a Hero. It’s a Man’s Job to Protect the Innocent”**

At approximately 2 a.m. on 15 June 2014, a white man attempted to rape a woman in Kelvingrove Park in the west end of Glasgow, Scotland. Fortunately, Abdull Oun, a 27-year-old doorman, heard the woman screaming for help while he was jogging in the park with his puppy. Although Mr. Abdull was born in Tripoli, Libya, he has lived in Glasgow for the past 13 years. He ran to the rescue and used a flying kick to knock out the would-be rapist. The woman, who did not wish to be identified, said about Mr. Oun, “He is a hero, a gentleman, and my savior. It’s like he woke me up from a very bad dream. I just wanted to send out a big thank you for his heroism and hope there are more people like him in this world.” The woman had been at Kushion nightclub, in Bath Street, with friends, but she decided to walk home alone. The would-be rapist jumped her while she was in the park. She said, “I tried to fight my way out, but he was too strong. I screamed, but he put his hands on my mouth. I bit him and managed to scream again, yelling, ‘Help!’ Suddenly a chap wearing red shorts appeared from nowhere with a little black puppy. He fly-kicked the beast off me, which completely knocked him out.” Mr. Oun wanted to call the police, but the woman convinced him not to because she was afraid that her family would worry. Later, she decided to make the public aware of Mr. Oun’s heroism. She said, “He wanted to contact the police, but I begged him not to. He saw my dress was ripped and gave me his jacket.” The would-be rapist then regained consciousness and ran away. Mr. Oun flagged down a cab for the woman. His driving license was inside his running jacket, and later she returned his jacket to him. In an interview with the UK newspaper *The Daily Record*, Mr. Oun said, “I don’t feel like I am a hero. It’s a man’s job to protect the innocent. If I see a person in danger, then I

will intervene. I would not want to ignore it and then read the next day that a woman had been raped or murdered.” He said that when he heard the two screams for help, “I jumped the gate and ran into the park. I could see the man had the woman pinned on the ground. I fly-kicked him in the face and knocked him out.” When Mr. Oun intervened, the would-be rapist was unfastening his trousers. When the reporter for *The Daily Record* asked Mr. Oun if he had a message for the would-be rapist, Mr. Oun said, “He is a coward and a man with no morals. I won’t forget his face.”<sup>51</sup>

## **52. “You Didn’t Turn Away. You Took a Stand. You Said Something”**

On 6 October 2015, Kaitlyn Regehr, a 30-year-old writer and documentary filmmaker, was riding the 207 public bus towards Acton, London, England, when a man grabbed her butt. Fortunately, a Good Samaritan stood up for her. The following day, Ms. Regehr posted this on Facebook and Instagram:

“To the man on the 207 bus towards Acton last night (the tall, dark, and dapper one with the beard),

“Thank you for saying something when that man grabbed me. Thank you for insisting that it was not acceptable. Most of all, thank you for asking him about the women in his life, his mother, his sister ... You said, ‘She could be your sister. She is someone’s sister’, and in doing so you made me a person. You made us a community.

---

<sup>51</sup> Source: Paul O’Hare, “Brave jogger dubbed a hero after fighting off sex beast who was attempting to rape girl in Glasgow park.” *Daily Record* (UK). 7 July 2014; updated 8 July 2014 <<http://tinyurl.com/o4arye2>>.

“I thank you not just because you stood up for me, or because you made me feel safe, but because on your transit home — in this big, potentially anonymous city — you humanised assault. You didn’t turn away. You took a stand. You said something.

“Because you were right. I am someone’s sister. We all are. And us kids should all stand up for each other.”

She also posted a photo of herself holding a sign with the words “Thank You!” on it.

Ms. Regehr, who reported the assault to the Metropolitan Police, said, “I just spoke to them and they are looking at CCTV [Closed-Circuit Television], and in a way — because I didn’t see the attack — I said to the police I felt silly reporting it. But the police were adamant they want to take a stand against it, especially on public transport.”<sup>52</sup>

### **53. “I Said to the Guy, ‘Mate, They’re Women.’ The Implication There was You Don’t Threaten People, Particularly Women”**

On 15 May 2015 while on a train in Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, Jason Cias, age 36, saw two men vilifying three women who were wearing headscarves of the type that Muslim women wear. Mr. Cias said, “One of [the men] made reference to [one of the younger women’s] headscarf, saying ‘You shouldn’t be wearing that sh[\*]t in Australia.’” The older woman began speaking in Arabic, and one of the men responded. Mr. Cias remembered, “The comment was, ‘You shouldn’t be speaking that sh[\*]t in Australia.’” When the three women got off the train, one of the men

---

<sup>52</sup> Source: “Kaitlyn Regehr seeks London bus sex attack Good Samaritan.” BBC. 9 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pjp46dd>>. Also: Kaitlyn Regehr, Post. Facebook. 7 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pesajds>>.

shouted at them, ‘I’ll f[\*\*]king smash ya.’ Mr. Cias remembered, ‘I said to the guy, ‘Mate, they’re women.’ The implication there was you don’t threaten people, particularly women.’” Unfortunately, one of the men punched him. Mr. Cias said, “Even though the guy stood up and was acting aggressively, I didn’t expect to get punched. After that I walked towards him and grabbed his collar and held him at arm’s length and told him I would be laying charges.” Another commuter separated Mr. Cias and the two men. Katie Parker, age 28, was a witness to the altercation and recorded some of it on video. She said, “It was awful to witness that sort of violence in the middle of the day ... Jason [Cias] just said one sentence calmly and he [the attacker] was really aggressive at the drop of a hat for no logical reason.” Another witness also provided evidence to the police. Mr. Cias said, “I would have liked to have said something earlier. That’s probably my only thing ... but I certainly wouldn’t change what I did. I don’t agree with that behavior. Whether it’s Islamic women or whoever, it’s just not right [other people] can abuse people like that. No one should be doing that to anyone regardless of race or gender or religious creed.” In July 2015, police made an arrest in the case. Mr. Cias said, “I was really pleased; it gives you a bit more faith in the system.”<sup>53</sup>

---

<sup>53</sup> Source: Tammy Mills, “Good Samaritan assaulted after standing up for Muslim women who were abused on Melbourne train.” *The Sydney Morning Herald* (Australia). 26 May 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/nu3s8dw>>. Also: Tammy Mills, “Man arrested over assault of good Samaritan who defended Muslim women on train.” *The Sydney Morning Herald* (Australia). 24 July 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/nkcbb9j>>.

#### **54. “I Owe My Life to My Seven-Year-Old Son and It’s Hard to Admit and It Makes Me Very Happy at the Same Time”**

In September 2015, a violent rape occurred in a home in Rotterdam, New York. The mother who was strangled and raped credits her son with saving her life. She said, “I owe my life to my seven-year-old son and it’s hard to admit and it makes me very happy at the same time.” Remembering the rape, she said, “I heard a big bang. That’s what I heard and that’s when I jumped out of bed and said, ‘Who is it?’ And before I could finish saying it, he had his hands around my throat and my back on my bed and smiled and said it’s your neighbor.” Her son heard the noise and went into the room. Her son said, “At a point, he was like, ‘I’m going to close this door a little,’ then I just opened up the door, and he was punching my mom.” His mother said about the rapist, “There was no doubt in my mind he wanted me dead.” Her son said about the rapist, “He threw me on the ground and kicked me in the face three times.” The mother said, “We [My son and I] were both screaming and I had my bedroom window open and he [my son] must have turned on all the lights in the apartment. I believe the man [the rapist] lost control of the situation and at that moment left.” The alleged rapist had lived nearby for three months. The mother said, “You really can’t trust anyone anymore. Not even your neighbor.” US Marshals arrested the alleged rapist in North Carolina. The son of the woman who was raped said, “I love her very much.”<sup>54</sup>

---

<sup>54</sup> Source: Anna Meiler, “7 year old hailed a hero after saving his mom’s life during Rotterdam rape.” WNYT-TV (Albany, New York). 24 September 2015 <<http://wnyt.com/article/stories/s3915594.shtml>>. Also: Lindsay Nielsen, “Mother, son recount vicious attack in Rotterdam apartment.” 23 September 2015; updated 24 September 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/o5jumfm>>.

## **55. What's the Smoothest Way You've Diffused an Awkward Situation?**

1) Growlybeard wrote this:

“Ooh! I've got one.

“I'm having a beer at my local pub, and my friend Sara is running the bar that night by herself. It's a little late, most [people] have gone home, and it's Sara, myself, and this guy at the far end of the bar near the door, who is obviously on some kind of drugs.

“He keeps making these creepy / awkward comments to Sara, telling her she's beautiful, and how he'd love to date her, etc.

“Finally, Sara has had enough and she asks him to leave. He refuses and starts to get loud, and she starts yelling at him to leave. She then threatens to call the police, and he gets up and starts walking down the bar, further into the pub, toward where the entrance to the area behind the bar is, and towards me.

“Sara is scared at this point.

“Without thinking, and not really knowing what I'm going to do, I get up and walk straight towards this guy. He's about fifty pounds heavier and maybe a bit taller, and he's belligerent and probably on some drugs. I've never fought anyone. So I did the one thing I'm good at. I made a friend.

“I walked straight up to him, put out my hand, put on a big smile, and asked him his name and if he smokes. He got this look of surprise, stuttered out a yes and his name. I suggested we go out and have a cigarette, and he agreed.

“We go outside, he gives me a cigarette. We smoke, and I just asked him a ton of questions. While we were talking I figured out which part of town he lived in, and started

ambling in that direction. He sort of started following my movements, and eventually we started walking that way together.

“At some point I made up an excuse to leave and went back to check on Sara. The guy just kept walking on.

“She was super thankful and wouldn’t stop talking about it for weeks.”

2) Bert33 wrote this:

“When I was in my mid-twenties, I did consulting work in Manhattan with a bunch of guys of similar ages. Every Thursday we would go out drinking with our bosses (who were probably early thirties) on the company tab. One time about twenty of us were in a crowded bar and these two guys next to us kept bumping into my boss hard. He ignored the first couple times and bummed a cigarette from me. They slammed into him again and he yelled at them; they started jawing back and forth, etc. I wasn’t really paying attention but saw my boss with the unlit cigarette in his mouth kind of staring down the guy. Without really thinking I leaned in to light the cigarette and it finally dawned on the strangers that there were twenty of us and two of them. Suddenly they became very apologetic.”

3) Mumbaibabi wrote this:

“Not me, but I watched someone else do this. I was a new nurse in a very busy ER [Emergency Room] in a very poor neighborhood. A squad car brings in a mother with a very sick child in her arms. She was drunk or high, can’t remember which, and would not hand over the child. He was limp, breathing but not responding, and she was absolutely hysterical, ramping up each passing second. The cops, the nurses, and the doctors were pleading and yelling for her to let them take care of the child. A whole lotta screaming going on. It was getting so bad I thought they’d

have to shoot her. The head nurse, who was in her office, heard the commotion, came out, and swiftly figured out what was going on. Went right over to the mom and very quietly gently said, 'Let us take care of your baby, we know you're a good mom, just think of the baby, he needs your help and ours.' She just kept talking softly and respectfully to this mom, who let her scoop him out of her arms and bring him back for treatment. I never saw anything like it. Learned a whole lot in those few minutes."

4) funkyG wrote this:

"I went to support my now husband during a bitter custody battle with his ex-wife a few years ago. Afterwards we leave the courtroom to go the lobby downstairs. Just as the elevator door is about to close someone says, 'Hold the door!' and his ex jumps in. Just the three of us, we were all shocked, and then the door closed.

"'Girl from Ipanema' was playing and I started spouting facts about the song that I knew. They were both quiet but trying to match my eye contact, and I just kept chatting with myself. I told her to take care when she left and I saw her shoulders slump as she tried to walk away.

"Now she asks that I be present for their discussions as I ease tension. My dorkiness has saved us thousands in legal fees."

5) Darren Edwards wrote this:

"I briefly met the smoothest man on the f[\*\*]king planet.

"I was at a club. At a club there is always a couple practically f[\*\*]king on the dance floor. These two [...] became an obstacle for everyone else and occasionally someone knocked into them. I was the guy who accidentally knocked into the girl. Guy became enraged and wants to act alpha. The guy wanted to make it look like



he wants a fight. I squared off waiting for him to start. He doesn't start; I stand my ground. The dance floor has somehow found room for us to engage and everything went silent. I wasn't going to back down or escalate, I know how most drunken club fights go.

“From out of nowhere a guy leapt between us. He did a complete back flip and the situation was completely diffused. I lost track of the other guy immediately and the music started up again. Within seconds the back-flip guy got the party going again.”<sup>55</sup>

### **56. “What are Some Subtle Signs of Poverty?”**

Coffeeandcolor wrote, “My husband was working at a restaurant in 2015 and they were so slow they shut down for the month. He was getting unemployment, but it wasn't much. I was working my [\*]ss off trying to cover his half of the bills and wore my shoes down to nothing. I have Peggy Hill [a character in the animated series King of the Hill] feet, so I just started wearing his shoes. Once his restaurant opened, we arranged our schedules so we worked opposite but a couple weeks in, they overlapped and his \$9 [per hour] was more important than my \$8.50 so I told my supervisor I had to leave early to give him the shoes. She nodded and let me go. The next day as I was leaving she called me into the office, and I thought I was going to get reamed for leaving early yesterday, but she had told the owner about it and they pitched in together to buy each of us a new pair of shoes. The owner then told me to get in her car and took me grocery shopping. She made sure we got name-brand food for the kids and ‘luxury’ items like pizza. I've worn out those shoes and eaten all the food, but

---

<sup>55</sup> Source: Dblethal, “What's the smoothest way you've diffused an awkward situation?” Reddit. 31 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/z6bqbtg>>.

I braided the laces into a keychain to remind myself how blessed we are.”

Kighla wrote, “One of my coworkers at the school I teach at bought a homeless child (a student) a pair of new shoes. I have never seen a child so excited by anything before.”<sup>56</sup>

### **57. “As a Christian Woman the Word Tells Me to LOVE My Neighbor and in Loving My Neighbor that Means Being My Brother’s Keeper and Helping When He Needs It”**

On 24 September 2015, Natasha Robinson posted a photo on Facebook of herself treating a homeless man to Wendy’s fast food in Washington DC. Underneath the photo she wrote this:

“Leaving school and I saw this man eating from the trash can. I asked would he like to go in Wendy’s to eat. He said yes. As we are walking he said, ‘Thank you, Lord, for sending someone.’ He told me he has not eaten since breakfast. Because the Pope was in town all the Catholic soup kitchens were closed. And he just needed enough to get him over til morning. After he ordered he said, ‘Let’s take a picture on that fancy phone you have there. The world needs to see what a walking blessing looks like.’ He was so humble he was about to order from the dollar menu. I told him no, don’t he dare, he [needs to] make sure he gets enough to be full ... He said, ‘I can’t let you leave until I hug you.’ As he was hugging me he was praying ... Little do he know I’m the one who received a blessing ...”

Ms. Robinson said in a statement to FOX 29: “As a Christian woman the word tells me to LOVE my neighbor and in loving my neighbor that means being my brother’s

---

<sup>56</sup> Source: writeandknow, “What are some subtle signs of poverty?” Reddit. 14 March 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/hjz5qwq>>.

keeper and helping when he needs it. He needed me and as he hugged and prayed for me in that moment I realized that I needed him as well.

“Since this has happened and this picture has gone viral, I have gotten hundreds of inboxes from people all over the world. Just people thanking me for helping this man, some saying I have restored their faith in Humanity and others that are simply grateful that I stopped to feed him.”

She added, “My blessings have always come from God and not man. I saw a need, I met the need and I pray that others will take time to pay it forward. I think if more people look at the big picture, step outside and see that there are so many people without and we who have more should be willing to help.”<sup>57</sup>

### **58. “What is the Saddest Thing You’ve Seen Another Person Do?”**

Vegosha, who is from Lithuania, wrote: “Old man (80+) taking out a sandwich (like bread, butter, and a tiny piece of meat on it, like really tiny — 1/10th of the size of bread), trying to eat it with trembling hands and accidentally dropping [it] into a mud [puddle], then breaking down and starting to cry. After talking a bit to him I found out he was living on a pension of 120 euros and that sandwich was his first and last meal for that day and, most likely, for the next day, because he had to choose, medicine + taxes, or food + taxes. To cheer [him] up, I asked him what food he liked, took him to a restaurant, ordered some food he liked, told him to wait me there after eating, while I was shopping. Used that time to buy some more food. To this day it might

---

<sup>57</sup> Source: “Good Samaritan feeds man looking through trash for food, post goes viral.” Fox32chicago.com. 6 October 2015; updated 7 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/ppzpdal>>.

have been the most sincere ‘thank you’ I’ve heard all my life.”

ouijabore commented, “You have a lovely heart.”

ColbyStein commented, “You are literally the best guy.”<sup>58</sup>

### **59. “If the Man hadn’t Shouted at Us to Run, We Wouldn’t have Moved and We Would have been Hit”**

On 3 October 2015, a double-decker bus crashed into Sainsbury’s on Trinity Street in Coventry, England. A seven-year-old boy on the bus died, as did a 76-year-old female pedestrian. Teil Portlock, age 32, saw the bus beginning to crash and yelled at four people — Ebony Carver-Smith, age 13; Leila Conway, age 12; Eloise Boyes, age 12; and Lauren Gavin, age 12 — to move away from the cashpoint [automated teller machine] at Sainsbury’s. He then joined others in attempting to help those on the bus.

He said, “I stopped at the newsagents by Sainsbury’s to get some Rizla [a brand of papers in which to roll cigarettes] and was sorting out a cigarette next to the reflective windows at Sainsbury’s when the four girls walked past me.

“Then you could just hear the bus banging on the cars.

“It bounced a taxi right out of the way and then it went up on to the grass verge and you could see it coming towards the shop.

“It took the lamppost out right opposite the cashpoint and then I just shouted at everyone to move and then it was the point of impact.

---

<sup>58</sup> Source: Pargsnip, “What is the saddest thing you’ve seen another person do?” Askreddit. Reddit. 23 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/hh62lrb>>.

“I ran over to the bus and tried to punch the front window in but couldn’t, so I punched one of the side windows through.

“Loads of people came running down the stairs from the top deck and one gentleman passed an elderly lady through to me through the window.

“We were then trying to bend the door backwards to get it open when we heard there were people upstairs.”

Mr. Portlock was able to open the emergency door at the back of the bus; he then made his way up to the upper deck.

He said, “I could see all the mangled metal and there was a man up there holding a boy’s hand.

“I tried to pull the metal back but I couldn’t.

“I then went back outside to see what else we could do and then the emergency services started to arrive.”

Ebony Carver-Smith said, “If the man hadn’t shouted at us to run, we wouldn’t have moved and we would have been hit.

“It is scary because the bus hit just by the cashpoint, which is where we were standing.

“After shouting at us to run, the man went to the bus to help.

“Lots of people were there trying to help straight away.”

Ebony’s mother, Sam Carver-Smith, said, “I would just like to thank the man who shouted at them to get out of the way of the bus.”<sup>59</sup>

---

<sup>59</sup> Source: Ben Eccleston, “Double-decker bus crash hero tells how he helped save lives after horror smash killed two.” *Mirror* (UK). 5 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pe2au5j>>.

## **60. Aggie Auelua: Heroine**

A hero is a person who risks his or her life in order to help another person; some heroes die. In October 2015 Aggie Auelua, a 26-year-old from New Zealand, was vacationing in New South Wales, Australia, when a wave swept the son of her partner into rough waves at Fingal Head, on the north coast of NSW. A witness said, “Apparently it was just a rogue wave that pulled the kids in, so I suppose it could happen every day.” Although she was not a strong swimmer, she managed to keep the boy’s head above the water until a lifeboat arrived and carried the boy, who was unhurt, to safety. When the lifeboat returned, however, Ms. Auelua was unconscious and floating facedown. She could not be revived despite being given CPR. On social media one person wrote, “To know a loved one sacrificed herself to save another ...? Sad and proud beyond belief.”<sup>60</sup>

---

<sup>60</sup> Source: “Woman hailed a hero after drowning while saving young boy.” 9NEWS.com.au. 11 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/ps34ffb>>.

## Chapter 4: 61-80

### 61. Kindness of Strangers

“We were very poor growing up and couldn’t afford very many special outings,” writes Shelene Crane of Auckland. “We were out somewhere when I was about 7 or so and there was a makeshift ice-skating rink there. Growing up in a part of New Zealand that doesn’t get ice and snow, this was the first time I’d ever seen anything like that. I thought it was amazing. I knew there was no point in asking my parents if I could go skating as we just wouldn’t be able to afford it, so I just watched longingly from the side at people having fun. The man running the rink must have felt sorry for me or something and asked if I wanted a go. I said I couldn’t as I didn’t have any money, but he said it was okay. I had so much fun ice-skating for the first time and have never forgotten that kind man.”<sup>61</sup>

### 62. “What’s a Story You’ve Been Waiting to Tell but No One Ever Asks It on r/askreddit?”

1) NnortheExperience wrote this:

“I lifeguard at my university recreation center. We have a patron who at some point in his life had a stroke and can barely talk except for a few words. He can’t even say his name, which is Bill btw [by the way]. He likes to sit in our hot tub for hours on end because it helps relax his body, and he really enjoys watching people swim, play water basketball, or water volleyball. A few weeks ago a student who just finished his workout was sitting in the hot tub across from him, and was attempting to stretch a very specific part of his arm. Well, Bill realized what the kid

---

<sup>61</sup> Source: Ana Samways, “Sideswipe: May 11: Stump up for the Link fare.” *New Zealand Herald*. 11 May 2018  
<<https://tinyurl.com/y8xhvpzx>>.

was trying to stretch and managed to show him a better way to do it. The kid realizes pretty quickly that Bill has speech issues and asks if he can write. They ask us for some paper and a pen, which I give them and Bill starts writing out some things like his name, what he did, and all this other stuff. Turns out Bill was a d[\*]mn good skier in his days and learned a lot of stretches from doing it so much.

“Anyways, the kid did so d[\*]mn well talking to him, being patient, doing everything he could to understand him. And tell ya f[\*\*]king what, my god[\*]mn heart was melting because I’ve seen this guy in our hot tub almost every day for the past year and a half, and in that time, not one person had talked to him until that day. Bill’s smile was contagious; his joy of talking to someone would’ve melted anyone’s heart. That kid was a wholesome guy, very kind and compassionate, and witnessing such a wonderful act of kindness restored some of my faith in Humanity.

“To the guy who talked to Bill at our school hot tub: You are a good person. I appreciate what you did for that man. Keep being awesome.”

2) Brummiediv wrote, “I was at a festival and saw a guy hula hooping. An hour later still hooping. And still an hour later. I went over to him and grabbed the hoop — he was off his bonce on LSD and couldn’t stop. He was exhausted. So I stopped a man hula hooping himself to death.”

3) rhyminsimon613 wrote this:

“A few years ago my boyfriend and I were handing out candy on Halloween night. We were running low so my boyfriend left to go buy more. A few minutes after he left the house he called me and told me that a little kid with the BEST train costume ever would be coming to the door soon, but that he’s Oliver and not Thomas the Tank Engine.



The kid had been crying to his dad that everyone thought he was Thomas the tank Engine.

“A few minutes later, the kid shows up in the COOLEST train costume ever. The costume is made out of cardboard, and it’s literally the whole train with the kid in the middle. It even had an area in the chimney / spout that opened and you put the candy in.

“I opened the door and I’m all like ‘OMG! OLIVER THE TANK ENGINE! I LOVE OLIVER! HE’S MY FAVOURITE!’ and the kid just loooost it. So did his dad. The kid was so freaking happy that I knew he was Oliver and not Thomas. His dad was filming everything and looked sooo happy / shocked that I knew [his son] was Oliver. As they were walking away, I kept hearing the kid say to his dad, ‘She knew I was Oliver! She knew I was Oliver!’

“I f[\*\*]king closed the door and cried. It was so precious.”

4) yolo\_swaggins\_69 wrote this:

“I went to Comic Con (or Wizard World? I can’t remember) a few years ago for my birthday. My grandmother was a big fan of the show *Spartacus* at the time, and her favorite actor, Manu Bennett, was going to be at the convention. Since she’s wheelchair-bound & has health problems, she couldn’t go herself. I offered to get his autograph for her.

“So I’m at the convention and I find his booth. First of all — he is SMOKING HOT. I could see why my grandmother liked him. Anyway, I wait in line for a few minutes since he’s taking the time to engage in conversation with a fan. He seems really friendly.

“It’s my turn, and I grab a glossy, shirtless photo of him. I explain that I’m getting this for my grandmother and that

she was disappointed that she couldn't come because of her health problems.

“Well. He asked if I had her number in my cell phone, and I obviously said yes. He asked if he could give her a call!

“So of course I dial the phone, praying like hell for my grandmother to pick up. She did, thankfully, and I said, ‘Hey, I’m at the convention and there’s someone who wants to talk to you.’

“Well, Manu Bennett chatted with my grandmother on the phone for a few minutes, and thanked her for being a fan and that he was sorry he couldn't meet her in person.

“I legit almost cried and thanked him profusely; I knew how excited my grandmother would be. He tried to refuse the \$40 for the autographed photo, saying that he didn't need it. I slipped him an extra \$20. (I would have given him more if I had more cash on me at the time.)

“When I got home, my mom pulled me aside and gave me a hug. My grandmother was dealing with a lot of health issues at the time, and she said that the phone call made her the happiest that she'd been in weeks. I actually cried then.

“My grandmother still talks about that day. It was seriously the best birthday present I could have gotten. Manu Bennett, if you somehow ever read this, thank you!!!! You're the sweetest celebrity I've ever met!”<sup>62</sup>

### **63. “What is the Most Memorable Moment You Shared with a Stranger Whom You Never Saw Again?”**

1) Theearthhasnoedges wrote this:

---

<sup>62</sup> Source: Peter\_of\_RS, “What’s a story you’ve been waiting to tell but no one ever asks it on r/askreddit?” AskReddit. 19 March 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yaayqj9x>>.

“I was on a long late night bus ride. It was express, so it made very few stops. The bus had maybe 10 people on it in total. Halfway through the trip, it made a stop at a small-town station so people could grab a snack or use a public restroom and maybe stretch their legs.

“I went up to the counter to buy what at that point was my dinner even though it was after 10 p.m., and when the cashier rang it up, I passed a \$50 bill to her and she told me that she couldn’t make change. Defeated, I went back to my seat on the bus.

“As everyone piled on and the bus drove away, a lovely middle-aged lady walked up from her seat near the back and politely asked if I minded if she sat with me. I told her she was more than welcome. She sits and proceeds to unpack a small lunch bag.

“She then split the entirety of her meal with me. She said she had been waiting for the washroom to clear out and had overheard what happened. She said, ‘I’ve gone hungry in my life and it sucks. I wouldn’t wish it on anyone, so you can share with me.’

“When we were done, I jokingly asked if she could break a \$50 and we had a good laugh. She stuck with me for the remainder of the trip and was a very interesting lady besides being incredibly generous.

“I hope she is well.”

2) AvadaKedavras wrote, “I’ve shared this on Reddit before. The day I found out my grandmother had a stroke and would never walk or talk again, I was away at college. I finally broke down in a bathroom. A girl came in and asked if I needed a hug. I was crying so hard that I really didn’t get a look at her face. I cried on her shoulder for about 10 minutes and then had to pull myself together and leave for class. I never explained myself, and she never

asked. I never recognized or spoke to her again. I wonder if she sometimes saw me on campus and wondered what was up and if I was okay.”

3) Stillloveyou112 wrote, “My son was in a pretty serious accident. I was a wreck in the ICU [Intensive Care Unit] waiting room. A little girl maybe about 9 or 10 years old was with her family, saying goodbye to her great-grandmother. She waltzed right up to me and said, ‘Sir, why are you crying?’ I explained my son was very sick. She handed me a miniature puppy doll and told me it was lucky and my son would get better. She was right, he did get better, and I still keep that little puppy on my dresser and think of that sweet child.”

4) Lithuanian\_Rooster wrote this:

“When I was studying abroad in Lithuania, I volunteered at a soup kitchen and every now and again there would be an older lady helping out who dropped off supplies. We would smile at each other and say hello even through the language barrier.

“Well, one night I went to Easter mass in the town I was volunteering in and it was warmer during the day so I didn’t think about bringing a heavier jacket once it got dark, not to mention the church was this old massive building. So I’m sitting through mass and I’m getting colder and start shivering pretty noticeably, when all of a sudden I feel someone drape a scarf over my shoulders. I turn around and it’s the lady who would drop off supplies at the soup kitchen! Once mass was over, I tried to return the scarf, but she refused to take it back. I did my best to extend my gratitude through the language barrier, but I’m sure she knew.

“It was the most beautiful and kindest thing that has ever happened to me. That was the last time I saw her, and I will

never forget her kindness towards me. It still tears me up thinking about it.”<sup>63</sup>

#### **64. “Reddit, What’s the Most ‘Chaotic Good’ Thing You’ve Ever Seen?”**

1) BoredsohereIam wrote this:

“We have a few (technically illegal) graffiti artists around town, who all have different tags. They also seem to have different territories, as you see only one tag in any specific area. A lot of us love their work, and they all keep it ‘G-rated’ so the city / property owners never minded.

“Then, overnight, an extremely racist drawing appeared on a black business owner’s front windows ... along with a tag from a guy we’ll call J. It was quickly removed, but understandably many people became worried about the graffiti artists in general.

“Over the next few days, J’s entire territory was plastered with drawings from different tags. They covered every bit of his work with puppies, rainbows, cupcakes, anything considered cute. Each time he did a new one, it was covered up the next night.

“Eventually he stopped trying, and his territory remains a sort of neutral zone.”

2) rkskr wrote, “I remember in middle school there was a lunch lady who would ever so slightly overcook cookies or pizza or fries from the snack line so that she could say that they were not suitable to sell and then she would give them to the kids who were getting the sh[\*]tty meal because they had no money in their lunch accounts.”

---

<sup>63</sup> Source: joeChump, “What is the most memorable moment you shared with a stranger who you never saw again?” AskReddit. 5 August 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yajpnmlj>>.

3) Din0chickenugget wrote this:

“I didn’t see it personally, but I heard the story from this guy’s roommate, who did get to witness it.

“It’s freshman year of college. Two of my neighbors, Colin and George, are rushing the same frat. My roommate had a thing for George, so she invited him and his roommates over for breakfast one morning.

“We ask about what they’re up to, make small talk, all that jazz. Turns out George was just banned from the frat for doing drugs. What did he do, you may ask? He doesn’t remember. But according to Colin, they were at a party and George saw someone slip something into a girl’s drink. Rather than take a logical approach (tell her not to drink it, take it from her and pour it out, so on and so forth), George ripped it from her hand and chugged it himself.”

4) TheEmeraldArcher455 wrote this:

“When I was like 11, I was at the beach with family. I found this stuff called fart spray (exactly what it sounds like) and really wanted it, but my dad said no. My aunt decided it’d be funny to buy it for me and torture her brother, so she bought it in secret.

“We met my dad and some other family to all ride this shuttle further down the boardwalk, I couldn’t hold my excitement and blabbed immediately about my new [possession]. My dad took it from me and ‘scolded’ my aunt, and I sat down defeated.

“A few minutes later, this drunk lady and her friends get on the bus, clearly out doing a night of bar hopping. The one lady is being really loud and cussing a lot, my dad asked her to tone it down and was berated with profanities. He sat quietly through it, then as the lady went to get off the bus I see him hit her with a squirt from the fart spray.”

5) morganharris37 wrote this:

“My grandfather when he was in about his 30s was out of country for some reason I can’t remember. The day before his flight back, he got very sick. He could hardly get on the plane, but he was ready to get home. He was on the plane and noticed that no one had bought the seat next to him. He asked the flight attendant if he could use it to lie down and hopefully sleep off his illness, and she allowed him to.

“Well, a bit after the flight started, this very large man went on a very public rant about how his seat was too small. The flight attendant kindly informed the man that in the future he should buy two seats. Well, the man wouldn’t have this so he points to my sick grandfather and shouts that he shouldn’t get two seats as he needed only one, and that he should get my grandfather’s two seats and take his one. The flight attendant told the man that they would not be switching. The man only threw a bigger fit.

“After a while of this man acting like a very, very large baby, my grandfather willingly gave up his seats to the man to end his whining. So they switched. After a while my grandfather noticed that the man was reading this very large book. Eventually the large man fell asleep. In front of the entire plane, my grandfather stood up, walked over to the sleeping man, tore out the last five pages of his book, and went and sat back down. No one said a word about it.”

6) Tee\_shirtNkitty\_cats wrote this:

“Some homeowners were sick of people illegally dumping trash on a corner of their street and graffitiing the area, too. So as a kinda joke, they put up a Buddha in that corner in an effort to stop people from trashing the area & kinda [let] hippy positive vibes ‘cure’ the area of the negativity (or whatever).

“Turned out the Vietnamese community appreciated the gesture so much they cleaned up the area & started making offerings & pilgrimages to the ‘illegally dumped’ statue.”<sup>64</sup>

## **65. “What is the Nicest Illegal Thing Someone has Done for You?”**

1) viktor72 wrote, “I’m not sure if it’s illegal, but when I lived in Belgium my income was about 5000€ short of what I needed to sponsor my husband for a family visa. My father wrote me up a contract that said I was doing web work for him (lies) which covered the missing income. I never actually got the money. I just needed [the contract] to submit for the visa application.”

2) Aedrian87 wrote this:

“I have hyperhidrosis, which means I can be swimming in sweat no matter the weather, to the point where drops of sweat dripping from my armpits is a normal occurrence. I had hit a rough patch and was a sneeze away from being homeless.

“I use a special deodorant that helps a lot with the problem, but its cost is a little prohibitive.

“My sister and her husband took me in while I got back on my feet, and since I already had a job they knew it was temporary. (I had already signed the contract, but it didn’t start until about one month later.) My sister’s husband noticed my problem, took me aside and asked me about it, then told me not to worry about it. (I was showering a couple of times a day so I wouldn’t have to use deodorant, to try and save some.)

---

<sup>64</sup> Source: Garconiere, “Reddit, what’s the most ‘Chaotic Good’ thing you’ve ever seen?” AskReddit. 1 August 2018  
<<https://tinyurl.com/y9hfoc7n>>.



“He went to the local supermarket and got me like seven of them. They (my sister and her husband) were quite broke, too, so I freaked out about the money; they needed food, too. He just smiled and said, ‘Five-finger discount, don’t worry about it.’ That guy is awesome.”

3) fiveminutedoctor wrote this:

“My girlfriend and I decided to go to this nice restaurant for a date and then go see this film my brother was debuting that I wrote music for. The restaurant took FOREVER to get us our food, and by the time they did we just asked for them to bring us boxes because we were running super late thanks to them. I just spent like \$50 on food and was so p[\*]ssed I’d have to eat it as sh[\*]tty leftovers. We got to my car and I was complaining to my girlfriend that I was so hungry and now we had no way to eat it and all that and she pulls out a fork. She stole a fork from the restaurant so I could eat my food in the car.

“We’re both super-moral people and always talk about going back to the restaurant and leaving the fork we took on the table when we leave. So that way it was just borrowing it for a few years.”

4) WeirdWolfGuy wrote, “Youth Resource Officer ... misplaced a report on me after I got into a fist fight with my bully and managed to break the kid’s thumb. He confided that he knew exactly where the report was, but he was just as sick of the bully as I was.”

5) ladyughsalot wrote this:

“I was making a *Frozen* cake for my niece and needed an Elsa topper. They had the perfect size, but it came with this entire set I didn’t want or need. It sucked; the Elsa was so perfect for the cake. I approached the most jaded-looking teen employee ever and asked if there was any way she knew of an Elsa the same size but not part of the set. She

stared at me, mouth agape, and simply broke off the Elsa part I needed, and handed that to me. A bit flustered I thanked her and asked how I should ask checkout to price it. She sullenly was like, ‘Uh, I wouldn’t. You got a pocket?’

“And that’s how a teenager got me to commit petty theft, but I like to think we did it together. Cake looked great.”

6) karlaofglacia wrote, “It wasn’t illegal but was super against the rules. I have problems with my feet and in high school I couldn’t run a 10-minute mile. It was pass / fail, and it was a stupid amount of our grade. We had our partner count laps for us, and my partner lied and said I had hit my final lap right before the 10-minute mark, when I was actually one lap short.”

7) JoesJourney wrote, “A friend of mine stole a flamingo out of a stranger’s yard simply because I said I wanted one! Best gift I’ve ever received! I bought a new one and replaced it btw [by the way].”<sup>65</sup>

## **66. Once Homeless Friends on Reddit: What is the Most Helpful (and Reasonable) Thing a Kind Stranger Could Do for You that Would Help You Out?**

Irredditvant wrote this:

“I ended up homeless in Reno the summer I turned 18 after partying and being a dumbass for several months. Eventually my father bought me a Greyhound ticket to go to his house in Klamath Falls, but I had a couple days to kill before the bus. I mostly just hung around the bus station downtown in the meantime. At one point I was

---

<sup>65</sup> Source: caprianna, “What is the nicest illegal thing someone has done for you?” AskReddit. 30 June 2018  
<<https://tinyurl.com/yc5qokkw>>.

waiting in the bus station, and I asked this woman with a small daughter if I could have a dollar to get a snack out of the vending machine. She gave me a dollar and then disappeared. I said, ‘Thank you,’ and just hung out in the lobby some more, getting drinks out of the water fountain and biding my time.

“A little while later this woman showed back up with a bag of groceries and hands it to me. It had chips, jerky, Pringles, sandwiches, water bottles, and other snacks plus twenty dollars cash all in a plastic grocery bag. She told me, ‘Please don’t spend it on alcohol,’ and I told her I wouldn’t and said, ‘Thank you so much. You have no idea how much I appreciate this.’ She got on the bus with her daughter, and I never saw her again.

“To this day that remains one of the coolest things another human being has ever done for me. I wish I had some way of letting that woman know what an impression she made on me and that I was able to work my way out of that rut and am happy and successful now nearly fifteen years down the line. She inspires me to be more charitable and less cynical. She made a difference in a burnt-out loser’s life, and I hope she and her daughter are happy and well.”<sup>66</sup>

## **67. “What was the Moment You Said to Yourself, ‘Jeez, I’m Poor’?”**

1) BathingMachine wrote, “When I was about 16, my dad picked me up in a borrowed minivan with no back doors the day before Christmas to have Christmas dinner with him — took me to McDonald’s and bought one burger with loose change and we cut it in half and shared it. I hadn’t

---

<sup>66</sup> Source: ThatDJgirl, “Once homeless friends on Reddit: What is the most helpful (and reasonable) thing a kind stranger could do for you that would help you out?” AskReddit. 2 April 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yb3jugn5>>.

seen him in a few weeks, but I actually really appreciated that he went out of his way to do something that he clearly couldn't afford so I didn't totally miss out."

2) Lookitsmonsterki wrote, "I realised when all the other kids at school brought packed lunches everyday and I brought no food so my teacher used to make me a Vegemite sandwich in the staff room. Doing fine now, but as a kid I realised I was poor then."

3) Tampaburn wrote, "I was counting pennies to get the \$2 chicken box at Checkers that I had a \$1-off coupon for. I got to like \$.79 and the cashier was like, 'Just take it, man. You need it.'"

4) host-chips wrote this:

"I cried in a supermarket once because I was ten cents short for a packet of instant noodles. (They were 50c.)

"I also wasn't getting paid for about three days, so I stole some kid's unattended Happy Meal at the food court and made it last for about two days. It was one of the worst periods of my life."

KumaTheBear123 commented, "I don't know about others, but if I knew items that are stolen from me are used for the survival of the individual rather than drugs / beer, etc., I actually don't feel that bad or sad about it."

ghost-chips replied, "I still feel bad about stealing some kid's treat meal to this day, but yeah, if I knew that someone stole from me to not starve a few more days, I would just hope they hang in there. Poverty sucks."

5) Christmas\_in\_July wrote this:

"I've stolen only once in my life, and I still feel guilty about it. When I was really broke, I went to buy some groceries for my family.

“My bank usually would allow you to overdraft \$10 with no penalty. I had no money until the upcoming payday, so I went shopping and got the most / best I could for \$10.

“I went to self-checkout and my card was declined. Apparently my bank had stopped allowing the \$10 over.

“I didn’t know what to do since I needed that food and couldn’t pay. I ended up walking out of the store with my groceries and leaving the transaction open at self-checkout. I’ve never been so nervous as I was leaving and walking to my car, and I avoided that store for a few months.

“I hope I am never faced with that situation again. The guilt was pretty bad, but in the end my family was fed so I let it go and vowed never to do anything like that again!”<sup>67</sup>

### **68. “What Did You Think was Normal Around Your Hometown that You Learned was Totally Bizarre or Wrong When You Left?”**

1) MotherOfKrakens95 wrote, “In my childhood neighborhood, you could go to one house and get a handful of candy, a different house for a soda, another house for a cookie and yet another for a Popsicle. Most of these people didn’t have their own children, only the cookie house had kids but I think they were Mennonite and homeschooled. These folks just kept goodies around for the neighborhood kids, it didn’t have to be Halloween or Easter, any old Tuesday afternoon was fine with them. Any time I’ve brought it up since, I’ve been told stuff like ‘You’re lucky you didn’t get poisoned or kidnapped,’ but the community I grew up in believed it took a village to raise a child and were just truly being good neighbors.”

---

<sup>67</sup> Source: Karnaf0, “What was the moment you said to yourself ‘Jeez I’m poor’?” AskReddit. 14 March 2018  
<<https://tinyurl.com/y8cz5mxa>>.

2) saltsandsea wrote this:

“Not hometown but one I lived in for a long time. Population: 1,000ish. I worked at the corner store over night. Every Tuesday night the police officer in town and a group of teenagers would play hide and seek with CB radios. He would come in for coffee all the time and the kids (I say kids, 18, 19, 20) would come in for cigs and snacks. The kids would plan all week for it; he wasn't ever really busy but liked to keep his weekends open.

“Their rules were: 1. Had to be a legal driver. 2. Had to stay in the car while hiding. 3. Had to stay on the same channel. 4. Stay off private property (not including the property they lived on). 5. Had to stay within city limits. 6. If he flashed you with the spotlight you were out (9/10 they met back at the store).

“One night we were talking about it, and I told him how fun it sounded. He said it was, it kept them out of trouble, built a good relationship with the youngsters, and let him know where all the hiding spots were in town!

“They (police) also liked to shoot fireworks in the town centre at five o'clock in the morning to keep the birds from hanging out on the power lines and pooping on people going to work. I almost sh[\*]t myself the first time they did that.”

3) Hyperdrunk wrote this:

“In my hometown on the last day of school, middle schoolers would walk home rather than ride the buses. We'd walk for literally miles. The high schoolers would drive around and throw water balloons at the middle schoolers.

“As a middle schooler there was a thrill in trying to make it home without getting hit, but as it was South Carolina in

the summer, it was hot enough to where you really didn't mind getting hit.

“As a high schooler it was fun trying to nail some middle schoolers.

“It wasn't until I moved away that I realized it was unique to my hometown. It was this fun bonding experience, walking home from school with your friends, dodging or throwing balloons, and it was all in good fun. It was so ... innocent. A small town annual tradition.”<sup>68</sup>

### **69. “Taxi Drivers of Reddit, What has Been the Creepiest / Weirdest / Most Intense Experience You've had with a Passenger?”**

1) chey\_b4 wrote, “Creepy! I was 19 and drunk when my group lost me, and my roommate went on her ‘normal’ drunken disappearing adventures and she had the only key to the house at the time. This taxi was picking up a group of guys from the bar I was at when he noticed I was upset and alone and it was late. He asked if I needed anything, and after I told him my situation he said if I was comfortable with it he would allow me to sit in the passenger seat until his shift was over so he could help me find my friend and get into my house. We spent a few hours talking and doing pick ups / drop offs until his shift was over. After that (6:00 am) he spent another hour trying to drive around to find my friend where I thought she might be. After not finding her, he drove to my house and tried unsuccessfully to safely break into my house for me. I had nowhere to go and didn't know what to do. He offered to let me sleep on his couch until we figured out what to do about my friend and getting into my house. So, he picks me up breakfast on the way and

---

<sup>68</sup> Source: SpeedyD30, “What did you think was normal around your hometown that you learned was totally bizarre or wrong when you left?” AskReddit. 5 February 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/y8fwwavn>>.

I slept on his couch with a cat until about noon when he got up and drove me back to my house when my roommate finally showed up again. This is in America where things could have went very badly, but he was just an honest, kind man who helped a young girl from something that could have went way worse had he just left me at the bar by myself that night. It's a weird and kinda crazy story, but I'm still thankful for that man."

2) wolfgirl2345 commented, "That's amazing. I had a similar experience but with a bus driver. To cut a long story short, I ended up getting on the wrong bus, which then turned out to be the last bus of the night. By the time I found out, we were at the last stop, an airport. I appealed to the driver to help. He could have kicked me, a young student, out to fend for myself, but instead he took me back to the depot where another bus driver put me in a mini van with five other bus drivers and drove me all the way back to my own front door. It could've gone very, very wrong, and I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared. But they were my gruff and grimy Knights in uniform and I'll never forget their kindness. Restores your faith in humanity."<sup>69</sup>

## **70. "Have You Ever Picked Up a Hitch-Hiker?"**

MD786 wrote this:

"My friend and I were pulling onto the highway [in 2011] when suddenly a Mexican-looking kid waved us down and ran up to our window. He was carrying a suitcase, the big ones like we take on international vacations and it seemed as if he had been walking for some time. Judging from his appearance, I figured he was probably 20-21 years old. He asked us if he could get a ride to 'Grayhun.' We both

---

<sup>69</sup> Source: jimjamfrogboy, "Taxi drivers of Reddit, what has been the creepiest/weirdest/most intense experience you've had with a passenger?" Reddit. January 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yckocc7x>>.



looked at each other and understood that he was saying Greyhound, and the only Greyhound bus stop in town was at this gas station a few miles down the road. It was cold and windy out and we had some spare time, so we told him to jump in.

“Initially thoughts run through your head and you wonder ... Is he going to put a knife to my neck from behind the seat? ... I wonder what’s in that suitcase? ... Kilos of coke from Mexico because this is South Texas? ... A chopped-up body? ... But as we began to drive, I saw the sigh of relief through the rearview mirror and realized this kid is just happy for a ride. When we got to the gas station, my friend walked in and double-checked everything to make sure it was the right spot, but to our surprise the final bus for Houston had left for the day. The next bus at 6:00 p.m. was in a town 25 miles over. We tried explaining this to him. I should have paid more attention in the Spanish I and II courses they forced us to take in high school; the only words I can really say are *si* and *comprende*. My friend and I said, ‘F[\*\*]k it, let’s drop him off,’ and turned to him and said, ‘Listen, we are going to eat,’ — first making hand gestures showing spoons entering mouth — ‘and we will drop you off after,’ but homeboy was still clueless and kept nodding.

“We already ordered Chinese food and began driving in that direction and when we got there, he got out of the car and went to the trunk as if the Chinese restaurant was the bus stop. We tell him to come in and eat something first, and leave the suitcase in the car. He is still clueless. When we go in, our food was already ready. We decided to eat there so he could eat as well. When the hostess came over, she looked Spanish, so I asked her for help. I was like, ‘Hey, listen, we picked this guy up from the street. He missed his bus, and the next one is 25 miles over. Can you tell him that after we are done eating we will drop him off?’

It's ok, no problems ...' and she was kinda taken by it and laughed, translated it to the guy, and for the next 10 minutes, all he kept saying was 'Thank you.' After we jumped into the car, I turned to him in the back and was like, 'Listen, it's 25 miles. I'm rolling a spliff. Do you smoke? He still had no clue, but when we sparked it up, and passed it his way he smoked it like a champ. He had very broken English, but said he was from Ecuador and he was in USAmerica looking for a job to make money for his family back home. Like I said he was probably 20-21 years old. Shortly after, we arrived at our destination, and said farewell. Dropped him off at some store where he would have to sit on a bench outside for the next hour ... but I did my best. I hope he made it to wherever he had to go.

"My man got picked up, fed sweet and sour chicken, smoked a spliff, and got a ride to a location 30 minutes away. I hope he will do the same for someone else one day."<sup>70</sup>

## **71. "What is the Nicest Thing a Stranger has Ever Done for You?"**

1) TheBrowGame wrote, "One time when I was a teenager, I was being stalked by a guy in his 20s and he followed me on the train. He stood very close to me and made me uncomfortable, but he wasn't touching me. I was young and not outspoken. I didn't know what to do, and I was too embarrassed to make a scene. I moved to another area and he followed. An older guy in his late 30s or early 40s noticed. He was tall and well built. He was going to say something to the guy, but when he looked at me, it's almost like he understood I didn't want to make a big deal out of it. So, he shielded me with his body and stood between me

---

<sup>70</sup> Source: MD786, "Have you ever picked up a hitch-hiker?" Reddit. 2011 <<https://tinyurl.com/y7f5taqr>>.

and the guy the whole way, looking at that guy like he was going to beat him up. The stalker left after a while. I said thanks to the older guy. He nodded and left, too. He walked to the opposite direction to take the train back to the previous stations. I wondered how many stations he rode along with me and the guy.”

2) DancesWithHookers wrote this:

“Used to work at a grocery store in high school and was skeleton staff for Valentine’s Day evening. Lots of people running in and grabbing things for a homemade dinner and lots of last-minute flowers. Then comes in one gentleman about 10 minutes before close, scrambling to grab things for a last-minute meal. He has me choose a bouquet for his wife. All of the red roses were gone by then, but there were still some yellow roses left so I grabbed those for him. He asked me why I chose the color and I just explained that it seemed happy and beautiful. As I was ringing him up, he grabbed a second bouquet, allowed me to bag it up for him and before he walked out, handed me my own ~\$50 bouquet.

“Here is the girl who had big braces, no-name glasses, never had a boyfriend, finally being given flowers. I cried the whole walk home.

“No one had ever given me anything like that before, and I am sure that I still have that dried-up bouquet in storage somewhere. That was the single kindest thing someone has ever done for me on a whim.”

3) CarsonH666 wrote, “Slid off the road in the middle of nowhere, closest town probably 15-20 miles away. Nice lady stops, I tell her I’ve called my insurance and a tow truck is on the way (10 feet of snow bullsh[\*]t), and she drives off. Anywho, about half an hour later the lady comes back with a bag full of Taco Bell. Tremendous.”

4) badgurlvenus wrote, “Aww, I had a random lady stop for me, too. She was taking her girls and their friends to the movies in my town. I was in the boonies, tire blew at 70mph, and I went right into a cornfield across the other lane. She stayed with me while my dad came to get me, out in the cold, missed her movie. Not a care in the world besides making sure I was safe and not alone after my first crash. Hugged me multiple times and let me cry on her. Forever thankful for that random lady.”

5) stateofyou wrote, “A homeless dude in New York saw me sitting on a bench in a small park in Manhattan. I had my bags with me, but I looked terrible as I had a missed flight two days before and was only 19 but in that summer heat I was messed up and trying to figure out how to get to JFK. He assumed that I was homeless, too, and said to me, ‘I got a bag of cans, I’ll split the couple of dollars with you and we can both get bread, and if we hurry I know where we can get soup.’ Bless his heart, I had plenty of money, but it was such an act of selflessness. I explained that I was on my way to the airport but just taking a break, I gave him twenty bucks and told him to get a good meal.”<sup>71</sup>

## **72. “In What Ways are You an Unsung Hero?”**

1) Lordbobsaget wrote this:

“In elementary school there was this kid who would never have a lunch or money for lunch, and I started splitting my lunches with him, telling him that I wasn’t hungry enough to eat all of it so he didn’t have to feel bad. My dad chaperoned a field trip one time and saw me do it so he told my mom and she started packing an extra lunch for him.

---

<sup>71</sup> Source: GolfXray89, “What is the Nicest Thing a Stranger has Ever Done for You?” Reddit. 2 February 2018  
<<https://tinyurl.com/ycjddmy7>>.

“I didn’t really realize much of what I was doing at the time except for sharing my food, but I feel good knowing that he ended up having a lunch every school day of the year because of my parents and me.”

2) noicantsee wrote this:

“My grandmother grew up in an awful foster home; she would have to sit on the floor in the kitchen and eat scraps from the ‘normal’ children’s breakfast and often didn’t eat anything before school. Obviously her foster parents didn’t pack her any lunch or give her money, so often she went weeks with only one decent meal a day.

“Some boy noticed she would always sit alone at lunch and never eat (she wore oversized hand-me-downs, was shy and foreign, and so was naturally rejected by her class). He went home and asked his mom if she could start packing him two sandwiches the next day; after his mom heard the whole story, she obliged even though their family wasn’t well off either. For the next few years the boy and my grandmother ate lunch together every day and to this day are still extremely close friends. Every time she tells that story, she gets very emotional because he started her on the track of removing herself from that awful foster home, practically saving her life. Thank you.”<sup>72</sup>

### **73. “Have You Ever Seen Someone Being Physically Abused in Public? What Happened and Did Anyone Step In?”**

1) ♀LDN\_Escort wrote this:

“I broke up a fight between a drunk woman and her boyfriend in Glasgow [Scotland] once. Still not sure what

---

<sup>72</sup> Source: TheFilipinoFire, “In what ways are you an unsung hero?” Reddit. January 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yddqyp36>>.

moved me to do that; you usually don't trifle [mess] with drunk Scottish women, but I was also a bit drunk so I suppose our mutual drunkenness cancelled the danger out.

“He was on the ground begging her to stop whilst she was beating him up with her purse. It sounds humorous, but it genuinely wasn't. She was really going for it and he was bruised and evidently frightened. I just walked up to her and very calmly said a few things I probably can't repeat here, but she stopped and we had a bit of a philosophical musing on domestic violence. Ended up getting a munchie box together, which allowed her boyfriend to scam.”

2) bustedhypothesis wrote this:

“Yes, I saw a grown man drag a young girl (probably 12 years old) by her hair out of a convenience store, across the parking lot, and shove her into a van. It was very clearly her dad (or stepdad) because the mom and two other girls were right there walking behind the man dragging the girl. My dad used to do sh[\*]t like that to me, so I immediately called 911 and gave them the description of the vehicle, tag number, and direction it was heading as it left the convenience store. F[\*\*]k that guy.”

3) ♀joannagoanna wrote this:

“I was biking home late at night and passed a grocery store parking lot, where a man and women, in their 40s or so, were heatedly talking. Something about their body language made me pause at the corner and watch them for a moment, and he started dragging her into the parking lot. It became obvious that she was crying. I went back and asked if she was ok. He told me everything is fine, mind my own business, I just want to drive her home, like a gentleman. She just stood there and he started yelling at me. I turned to her and said, ‘Do you want to go with him?’ And she said, ‘No. I don't want to go with him.’ We had a bit of an

argument and it turns out he was her ex, they used to live together, they'd been drinking, and she didn't want to get in a car with him because he was drunk (and, I suspect, other reasons). I asked if she had somewhere to go and a way to get there, and she said she could go to her sister's and there was a bus at the corner she could catch. He said he'd walk her. I asked if she wanted me to stay until she got on the bus, and she tearfully said yes. So I walked her to the corner and waited about 15 minutes with them. He was still following us and yelling at me to leave them alone and mind my own business. Eventually she got on the bus, and I biked off. I wish I'd given her my phone number or something, and I hope she's ok and didn't go back to him.

“In retrospect it was dumb to get involved. I should have called the police or found someone else to help, as I'm a relatively petite woman and men like that often don't take women seriously. I'm lucky that all it took was my presence to stop whatever was going on, but my adrenaline was running high, I guess.”<sup>73</sup>

#### **74. “What’s the Kindest Thing a Complete Stranger has Done for You?”**

1) Emily\_Starke wrote this:

“I was briefly homeless; I was lucky enough to have a car to sleep in; it was out of petrol [gasoline] but luckily in a residential area where no one seemed to mind me leaving it.

“Woke up one morning and found a fresh coffee and a note on the roof saying, ‘If you want a shower, some breakfast and a chat, come to this address ....’

---

<sup>73</sup> Source: princessandthepizza, “Have you ever seen someone being physically abused in public? What happened and did anyone step in?” AskWomen. Reddit. 7 September 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y9bgu5fp>>.

“I was desperate and fully expecting some sleazebag, but it was actually a lovely old man who had seen me when he was walking his dog each morning. He let me stay in his guest room for a couple of weeks, I cooked and cleaned to repay him, he borrowed some smart clothes off a neighbor when I managed to get an interview, from which I managed to get the job.

“We still talk on the phone every few weeks.”

2) emma11232 wrote this:

“I was driving from Buffalo, NY, to my parents’ house on Long Island (about a 7-hour drive) on Thanksgiving Day in 2003. I got a flat tire somewhere just before Binghamton, which was about halfway. It wasn’t just a flat, the tire basically shredded. I was able to get a donut on there and limp into a nearby town, hoping beyond hope that something was open so I could change my tire. NOTHING was. I even stopped in a police station and the cops basically told me I was screwed and that I should find someplace to stay the night. As I was driving around some more, the donut blew and I was on the rim. I left the car on the side of the road and just started walking to this house, hoping to use their phone to let my parents know. The elderly woman who lived there invited me into her home, let me use her phone, and then called her son who owned a used car lot. On Thanksgiving, this woman and her family took two or three hours of their holiday to tow my car to this used car lot, replace the wheel for free, and send me on my way with some pie.”

3) EvrythngComesDwn2Poo wrote this:

“I was 25, newly separated, and overwhelmed as a single father of two kids, both under four. I was at a local mall with my kids. I would take them to the playground area.



“My daughter just spilled a drink all over her. I was out of backup clothes, so now I’m stuck. I have only enough money for the kids to eat lunch and to take a cab home, and it’s raining so we can’t walk ... So I make the only choice I can: spend cab money on a cheap new outfit to comfort my daughter, and get them some lunch. I figured I’d work something out eventually.

“So we are at Chick-fil-A and at the next table there is an older woman eating. I am trying to call people for help but not let the kids know I’m struggling while they eat. As she gets up to leave, she hands me a napkin, said, ‘I think you dropped this,’ and heads to the door.

“On the napkin was a note that read, ‘A cab will be here in 10 minutes for you. It’s already paid for.’ And wrapped inside were two 100-dollar bills. No clue why she did it, have no idea who she was, I guess she just saw me struggling and wanted to help.”

4) DrawManda wrote this:

“This is about a couple of strangers ...

“I was going to school 3,000 miles away from my hometown. It was a rough experience ... from the time I got there until I left, I was completely broke. One day, I woke up in so much pain I couldn’t stand it. As it turned out, one of my wisdom teeth began coming in under a molar. It was some of the worst pain of my life!

“I asked my mother if she could loan me the money to get it pulled, as I was living truly hand to mouth, and she refused. The guy I was dating at the time, who was in my hometown, put me in contact with his parents (whom I had never met). Not only did they immediately pay for my surgery, they sent me about \$200 worth of food, which was a literal lifesaver! Soft food for when I was recovering, and regular food to keep me sustained for a while.

“On top of that, some of the people I was going to school with really came through for me! A very new friend (this incident was only three or so weeks into school) drove me to and from the procedure. One classmate I had never talked to heard about what I was going through and brought soup to my dorm. One of the guys in the dorm across from mine took care of me off and on, made sure I was eating and drinking plenty of liquid.

“I was upset and scared when my mother refused to help me. But having so many strangers do such kind things really restored my faith in humanity!”

5) wakaforprez wrote this:

“I did the whole ‘take everything out of your bank account and go live life to the fullest’ once when I decided I was going to kill myself. At the end of the week, I had 0 dollars and 0 cents. My car was parked in a parking garage that allowed free parking on the weekend but if you stayed until the week it would cost \$20. When I tried to leave, it prompted me to pay. I had no money left and wasn’t looking to kill myself in a parking garage surrounded by other people, families, and kids. Then came a parking officer in an SUV. Some very, very kind black woman in her mid-20s or -30s. She saw me completely red faced, eyes bloodshot, and struggling to find a way through the gate to the garage. She got out of the SUV, came up to my car, and told me she’d seen my car here since the weekend so she will let me through the gate at no charge. I broke down for a moment and stared at her. I couldn’t put in words how she just made me feel even if it was the dumbest simplest little gesture. I thought life was hopeless and nobody in the world cared. A random stranger in a parking garage changed my view on that. I ended up going down the road and pawning my gun off for gas money. After that I drove to my parents’ house and asked them for

help on getting my life back together. They didn't even ask me what happened or why I was coming to them, they just did it.

“If you ever think that a small gesture doesn't mean anything at all, just remember that a lady waived a parking fee for me and helped me decide on living or not.”

6) CrazyMomof3teens wrote this:

“I was newly divorced with three young kids. I was working at a burger place, but didn't have a car. I had to walk everywhere, with my kids (because I didn't have any family to watch them and their dad — my ex — lived two states away with his new wife). Luckily, we lived in a small town and everything was in walking distance (30-45 minutes or less).

“Everyday, about the same time, a man would come through the drive-through and order the same thing — two large diet Cokes, half ice. He'd always be in a different car, so I thought he owned one of the car lots near the small town.

“One day, the lady who usually drove him came to get his order without him. I asked her if he had any cheap cars for sale. She looked at me funny, and I told her my theory. She told me that he didn't own any of the car lots; he just had a lot of different cars.

“A few days later, his secretary came to talk to me. She said he wanted to help me. He paid off the tickets I had and couldn't afford to pay. Then, he paid to reinstate my license. Then, he bought me a two-year-old car and paid for the taxes, plates, registration, and six months of insurance.

“Later, after I'd moved out of the slum I'd been living in, he had his secretary check on me and give me \$1,000 to

buy my kids Christmas gifts. Then, he tracked me down and gave me \$500 to spend on myself.”

She added, “She added, “I about fainted when she gave me that [\$1,000] check. At that time, that was more than I made in a month! I paid off some bills, stocked up on food, and got my kids some kick[\*]ss gifts, and still had some left over.”

7) BlatantConservative wrote this:

“I was 15 years old, and 5’2” with absolutely tiny hands and feet. (For reference, I am now 5’4’ and my hands and feet have not grown at all.)

“For years, people had looked at my hands or feet and gone ‘You know what that means, hah hah hah,’ and it would be fair to say I had a complex. I was 100 percent convinced I had a tiny penis.

“I was at a bowling alley for a guy in my class’ birthday party and we had to get loaner bowling shoes.

“This 60-odd-year-old woman was at the counter, asking everyone what their shoe size is. Dudes are bragging about their big feet, girls are obviously getting the hints, and I was desperately trying to avoid getting noticed.

““Whatdya need, son,’ the bowling alley lady says to me

““Um, size 4 please,’ I say as quietly as I can, but some classmates crowded around heard anyway and giggled.

“The lady saw this, and got mad.

““Ain’t nothing wrong with having smaller feet. My husband wears size 5s and he’s satisfied me every night for the last forty years, and lemme tell ya there’s no connection between the two,’ she said loudly, glaring at the laughing kids and solidly scaring them.

“Nobody in that particular group mentioned it or mocked me about it again. Other people made small dick jokes after that, but I stopped letting it bother me so much. Newfound confidence helped me get a girlfriend, etc. I learned I’m about average.

“This is part of the reason I think trashy bowling alleys are part of what makes America so great.

“Thank you so much, unreserved bowling alley lady. Your words helped me out a lot.”

8) gadgethackwench wrote this:

“I was stationed in Biloxi [Mississippi] when a hurricane was coming. The base made us stay till super late then let us evacuate. I got a flat tire maybe 15 minutes down the highway. I had been driving for only about a month, so I was already freaking out about how to drive in the crazy weather. Some giant Chevy pickup truck comes down and busts a u-turn to come and help me. Out of the truck step the most redneck-looking individuals I’ve ever seen. I swear I heard banjos playing. I start praying because I as a black girl in the deep South think this is how I’m going to meet my maker. Wrong. They not only changed my tire in the torrential downpour, they also lectured me on how to do it and gave me a full gas can so I can make it safely. They also got my number and called very few hours to check in on me and make sure I made it to my dad’s house. I’ll never forget that it was the nicest thing anyone has ever done for me.”

NoOneReadsMyUsername commented:

“Country people are some of the nicest! I can’t speak for the South and tensions there, but my dad has been blue collar his whole life and will stop to help most people broken down on the road.

“EDIT: Example — We were running late to something when I was in middle school, but we passed a car off the road in the snow in BFE [B[\*]m F[\*\*]k Egypt]. Dad pulls over, checks on them, and starts to help pull the car out with his truck. It was an old couple and he was worried about them freezing, so we gave them a bunch of extra gloves and stuff that we had in the truck. They were his work gloves, so not super warm, but their hands were small enough to double up and stuff.”<sup>74</sup>

## **75. “What’s the Nicest Thing a Complete Stranger has Ever Done for You?”**

1) DeditaNodi wrote this:

“Over the past year, I’ve had the opportunity to be on the receiving end of some amazing acts of kindness.

“In July of last year, my mother was told that her rare eye cancer had returned, and had metastasized to her liver. It is one of those cancers that no one really survives, and it is a quick death sentence. My mom and I are very close, and we took a few weeks to process the news together, and then she decided to tell the rest of our close-knit family in person all at once. My mom asked me to plan a family reunion of sorts in our hometown in northern Maine. I was the support system for my mom on this trip, and I resolved to be strong, make all the arrangements, be a shoulder for her to cry on, and be the person to take care of all of the details so she could just focus on saying goodbye.

“There is this saying in Maine that when someone asks you for directions, the response is usually, ‘You can’t get there from here,’ because northern Maine is pretty isolated. I live

---

<sup>74</sup> Source: tothesunshadows, “What’s the Kindest Thing a Complete Stranger has Done for You?” Reddit. 7 September 2017  
<<http://tinyurl.com/yay6r2je>>.

in Illinois and my mom lives in the Carolinas, so we both hopped planes and met in Boston, then took a six-seater puddle jumper. The plan was to arrive in Augusta, pick up the rental car we had reserved, and then drive several hours north, sometimes over dirt roads, to get home.

“When we arrived at this tiny airport in Augusta, the guy who worked at the one rental car agency there had closed up shop for the day and left early. He didn’t leave a car for us. There are no other rental car companies open within hours’ drive. No cabs to take us four hours north. We were the last flight and the airport was closed. My sick mom and I found ourselves standing outside the airport stranded four hours from family.

“And I just lost it. Started sobbing. Lost all my ability to handle logistics, figure out a solution, even get us a hotel. Just sat on the curb, wrapped my arms around my knees, and fell apart while my mom put her hand on my shoulder and tried to be *my* comfort. Such a sh[\*]tty feeling.

“And then this magical lady who worked at the airport saw us. She was off work for the day and pulling out of the parking lot. And without even knowing the situation, she pulled over, got out of the car, and took charge. She used my phone to call a family member and arranged to meet them halfway to pick us up. And then this kind stranger, after a long day at work, went two hours out of her way just to get us to our destination. She gave me a moment to breathe, to not be in charge, and to just be a grieving daughter.”

2) NigNagNug wrote, “I was moving out of an apartment, trying to pack heavy things into my car. A stranger witnessed this, offered to help, and spent a solid hour helping me carry furniture, densely packed clothes, and a TV down some stairs into my car. He was either an

absolute gentleman or a criminal who was casing my apartment building for entry points.”

3) mistapageorgio wrote, “A homeless guy camped out in front of a Dunkin Donuts ran inside to tell me the meter maid was coming. Saved me \$45 and he wouldn’t even let me buy him breakfast.”

4) redditcommander wrote, “I was driving on the NJ Turnpike down the middle lane of the truck side with my then-girlfriend-now-wife when we had a blowout. Somehow we managed to stay in lane, I turned on the hazard lights, and the truck to my right slowed to let me limp over to the shoulder. He then stopped behind me on the shoulder, parked right up to the line and close to the back of my car specifically to shield me from traffic with his truck (it was a driver’s side tire and my car at the time was a small VW Golf) and stayed and talked about welding and stuff while I changed the tire. After that he was off on the road again, wouldn’t even take a reward or a free cup of coffee. At the time I was nervous because this strange trucker is walking over while my vehicle is disabled in middle-of-nowhere Jersey, but in hindsight, folks get hit all the time when on the side of the road by inattentive drivers, and he put his load and rig on the line — not to mention sacrificed time, that most precious trucker commodity — just to help.”

5) birkenstocksNsocks wrote this:

“Warped Tour was one of the first concerts I ever went to. The very first stage I went to was ADTR [A Day to Remember]. At 4’10”, 13-year-old me was right about elbow height and had no idea what I was in for. They started playing ‘My Life for Hire,’ and I was getting tossed around in the crowd as I pushed my way towards the stage.



“Right as I was in the center of it all, they were splitting the crowd in half for ‘the wall of death’ and there I was left alone in the empty space between two crowds, right as Jeremy yelled, ‘THIS IS A BATTLEGROUND!’

“Both masses of moshing humans rushed in towards me, and I basically watched my life flash before my eyes. Right then, I felt a massive pair of arms lift me up onto his shoulders. I don’t think I’ll ever forget the gratitude and relief I felt as he advised me that ‘little girls don’t belong in mosh pits.’”

Nebulousprarietdogs commented, “In my experience metal heads are 95% the nicest people you will meet. There’s a bit of an expectation that if you’re in the pit, you know what you’re doing, but if you fall down there will be several people trying to pick you up. If you drop something, everyone will shift back and make a wall to help you look for it. If you look uncomfortable, there will be someone to make some space and stop you getting smooshed. If you look ill, we will crowd surf you the f[\*\*]k out of there. While [I was] at Download in 2013, there was a pregnant woman enjoying the bands, and her partner was trying to keep people from knocking into her too hard. Had a chat, he mentioned she was pregnant, we spread it around to the people near. Ended up with about 10 people circling her, keeping the over enthusiastic from giving the baby a headache. I love metalheads \m/.”

6) s0mexguy wrote, “About three-four winters ago, I had a 5am shift on Thanksgiving, it was freezing cold outside perhaps 10-15 degrees (I live in Philly), and I had to catch public transportation to get to my job. So there I was on Broad Street for a good ten-twenty minutes freezing my [\*]ss off. Until a taxi driver waves me down and asked if I need a ride but me being super broke at the time couldn’t afford it so I wave him off. Couple of minutes pass by and

he drives by me again, waves me down once more. I tell him I could afford to take only public transportation, but he insisted on driving me telling me not to worry about the money. I hopped in the car and was the most gracious person in the world. Not all taxi drivers are [\*]sshholes.”

flowerpuffgirl commented:

“I was a drunk student, far too drunk far too early and ready to go home just after midnight, but my friends left me. I went to the bus stop and saw the last bus pulling away. Phone was dead, I was an hour’s walk from home so set off. Got about 20 minutes from the club, still 40 minutes from home, drunk and exhausted I lay down in a bush to sleep it off. Taxi driver pulled up god knows how long later, asked if I needed to go somewhere. I said I couldn’t afford the fare, he said no bother. I ended up home safe and sound. Wish I’d got his name.

“Edit: I’m a girl. We were all 18-20, and had been drinking all day and into the night, I should have left earlier but didn’t want to leave alone. They all said, ‘Yeah, we’re getting the last bus,’ until I pushed them on it and they said, ‘No, we’re actually staying out.’ This was first year at uni, middle of freshers week. Those people aren’t my friends anymore. Pretty sure we were mere acquaintances by the end of the month. I no longer pass out in bushes. I’m glad y’all got home safe, too!”<sup>75</sup>

## **76. “Reddit, Let’s All Humblebrag for a Moment. What was One Act of Kindness You Showed to a Stranger?”**

1) scunliffe wrote this:

---

<sup>75</sup> Source: zefjen, “What’s the Nicest Thing a Complete Stranger has Ever Done for You?” Reddit. 12 August 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y77t7mkj>>.

“Helped an old Indian couple on the airplane fill out customs cards coming from the US to Canada (they didn’t speak a lick of English) ... was quite tricky but also a fun challenge trying to come up with gestures (e.g. for ‘Are you bringing weapons?’ I pointed to their carry-on, gave an inquisitive shrug and made the two-handed ‘bang bang’ hand gesture for a gun ... and they signaled no.

“Trying to ask if they’d been to, or were going to a farm was fun as I acted out a collection of barnyard animals (pig, cow, horse, chicken, duck ...) until they got it. (The kids across the aisle were laughing as they thought I was a lunatic.)

“PS for anyone worried: I passed them off to folks at customs explaining that this was filled out ‘roughly’ due to the language barrier and arranged to get a translator sent over.”

2) Daniel46 wrote this:

“Possibly saved someone’s life when we were 16.

“We’d been drinking at a mutual friend’s house and she had gotten so drunk that her eyes were literally rolling in her head. Someone put her in a bedroom to sleep it off and didn’t think too much more of it. I went outside a while later and heard choking, I found her in the corner of the garden choking on her own vomit, so I pulled the vomit out with my fingers and made sure she was breathing. I phoned an ambulance and found her mother’s number in her phone and let her know.

“Turns out the girl’s mother was a teacher at my school. She cried her eyes out when she saw me at school a few days later.”

3) guntercaptain wrote, “I found an envelope full of money and a notice to pay some fines. It was in an aisle at the

grocery store. I think he was planning on getting a money order with the cash but dropped it. I went to his home address and slipped it under his front door and left.”

4) blazeddonut42 wrote, “Gave some homeless guys a bucket of KFC [Kentucky Fried Chicken] chicken in Malaysia. They were stoked.”

5) suckit5253 wrote, “LEGO releases series of collectable minifigures in blind bags, so you can’t easily tell which one you’re getting, but I have the patience to sit there and figure out what’s in the bag by feeling through the foil. One time, I am looking for a very specific figure and this mother and daughter come up and take one from another box, and say they hope it’s x figure ... which just so happens to be the one that I’m looking for — and have just found. I give it to them, and the little girl’s face just lights up. They open it there and she’s so happy. Turns out there wasn’t another one in the box, so I missed out that day, but that’s all right.”

Sinverguenza commented, “I love stuff like this! There was a little boy at Ikea who wanted a stuffed shark but couldn’t find one, so I dug and dug into a huge bin of stuffed animals until I found one for him, and you would have thought I just gave him a million bucks. It really is the little things in life sometimes.”<sup>76</sup>

## **77. “What’s the Greatest Thing Another Woman has Done For You?”**

1) StrikeDearMistress wrote this:

“A girl from my university I had never really spoken to heard me cry in the bathroom and let me stay at her place

---

<sup>76</sup> Source: valid-username, “Reddit let’s all humblebrag for a moment, what was one act of kindness you showed to a stranger?” Reddit. 19 September 2017<<http://tinyurl.com/y8awlbdg>>.

for six weeks when I ran away from my abusive boyfriend. He tried his best to cut off my supporting network, but this perfect stranger saved me.

“She even refused money for electricity and water! I cleaned the bath and the kitchen, cooked dinner, and did both our laundry, so I could at least thank her a little. During that time, she gave me plenty of personal space and access to her computer, so I could find a new place and write my papers. Without her, I would probably still be trapped and beaten into submission. She was my angel.”

2) LegsForAboutAnHour wrote, “Held me while I cried because of abortion pains, then drove me to the ER [Emergency Room] when I was dying. Also saved me from suicide. Forever thankful for my mom.”

3) amgov wrote, “Gave birth to me. Thanks, Mum!”

4) crazyaunt0 wrote, “I was 17, had a whole year of high school ahead and had to have an abortion. Abortions are free here, but I’d just treated a yeast infection and had to take a test to make sure it was gone. Usually it’s also free, but takes several days, and time was almost up, so I was supposed to pay for it to be done urgently. It was ridiculously cheap, like \$3, but I didn’t have ANY money, there was no such thing as allowance and ‘my’ money in our family. Parents didn’t know, so I couldn’t ask them. I didn’t even have to tell all this to my gynecologist, she just paid for the test herself. Or maybe she somehow let this go as a free test in her paperwork, I don’t know. So this woman helped me not to f[\*\*]k up my life with this seemingly small deed. I’ve realised it only recently, almost 10 years after, and I’m very grateful, but I have no idea what her name was, and I’m kinda sad about this. (She

wasn't my usual gynecologist; I chose her randomly only for the abortion and never went to that clinic again)."<sup>77</sup>

## **78. "Former Members of Hate Groups, What Helped You Leave and Rehabilitate Yourself?"**

flannelheart wrote this:

"I was a racist skinhead in the late 80's. The turning point for me was having a child. My son was just learning to walk. I was at the local mall, holding his hands above his head and walking with him in that classic parental style (me in full skinhead 'uniform') when, coming the other direction, was a black father doing exactly the same thing with his daughter. The smile on her face looked identical to that of my son's and, I imagine, his to mine. It was at that unguarded moment that I realized, in a flood of understanding, that race has no bearing on who we are as individuals. And that, if I were to honestly claim hatred of a race, I would have to hate that little girl. And I could not. I dumped every bit of racist paraphernalia in the trash the next day, made one phone call [after?] another [to people?] in my local skins group telling them I was leaving and would never speak of the knowledge I had of criminal activity if they let me be. They, and I, honored that request for all intents and purposes. I was not raised as a racist. A part of that flood was realizing that I was an angry young man who was just looking for somewhere to belong. Somewhere to feel 'special.' Somewhere that condoned the violence that I wanted to perpetrate, as a result of my anger. I realize that maybe I should find the root of that anger in order to be a better father and, maybe, eventually a better person. That was almost 30 years and six children ago —

---

<sup>77</sup> Source: jordsmamords, "What's the greatest thing another woman has done for you?" AskWomen. Reddit. 24 June 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y7eq4sxxg>>.

all of whom are pretty healthy, happy, and tolerant individuals who know nothing of my past.”<sup>78</sup>

### **79. “What is the Nicest Secret You Know about Someone Else Which They Aren’t Aware You Know?”**

Zugzoolives wrote this:

“This was years ago.

“When I was a child, my house was robbed. The man was caught when he tried pawning some of the stolen items. He was sent to jail. We will call him Q.

“Out of curiosity, she [my mother] had a P.I. [Private Investigator] look into Q’s life, and found that Q had two small kids, and the children’s mother was not involved in their lives. The two kids were now in custody of their grandmother, who lived in public housing on SS [Social Security] income.

“One Christmas, I found boxes with a strange address of them. My stepdad told me that my mom had been secretly sending Christmas gifts to Q’s children every year. She didn’t want them to have a sad Christmas just because their father was in jail. She hadn’t told anyone but him [my stepfather], and didn’t want to make a big deal about it.

“P.S. — I know the P.I. thing sounds weird. Her hobby is genealogy. She has a P.I. she regularly uses to track down long-lost cousins and whatnot, in order to map out family trees. So it’s not like she went and found one specifically for this. It’s more like she was shaken up by being burglarized, and wanted to know as much as possible about

---

<sup>78</sup> Source: apple\_kicks, “Former members of hate groups, what helped you leave and rehabilitate yourself?” Reddit. 14 August 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/ybsxhz4y>>.

why someone would do that to us, and she happened to be working with a P.I. at the time.”<sup>79</sup>

## **80. “What is the Best Thing You’ve Ever Gotten for Free?”**

1) Top-Floor wrote, “Back when I was working in a coffee shop in the early 90’s, one of my regular customers gave me a check for \$450 to pay for a dentist visit to fix my abscessed tooth. He saw that I was in pain throughout the week and asked me why I didn’t just go to the dentist to get it fixed. I told him I had no insurance and couldn’t afford to pay for it. He walked back to work after getting his coffee and showed up 10 minutes later with the check. I was blown away. Refused payment of any kind when I tried to pay him back.”

2) ksozay wrote this:

“All right, I’m going to post this and I hope one person sees it:

“My mother and I didn’t have the best relationship growing up. Parents divorced when I was 11 and I chose to live with my dad, just because I didn’t want to move for what felt like the 45th time and try to make new friends again. That didn’t make my mom very happy, and our relationship never recovered.

“My mom came to live with me when I was in my 20s. She was sick, only we didn’t know it at the time. In the year we lived together, one day her father passed. She was distraught and sat on the staircase sobbing. I just held her,

---

<sup>79</sup> Source: ThnkWthPrtls, “What is the nicest secret you know about someone else which they aren’t aware you know?” AskReddit. 26 June 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y7jkdznr>>.



but didn't have the maturity or understanding to be as empathetic as I should have been. So I just held her.

"She left a few days later, moving to take care of her mom. Before she left, my mother gave me this small stone that had the word 'Remember' engraved in it. And she handed me this stone and told me to always remember what she felt for me. That no matter what happened between us, she never stopped loving me, never stopped wanting the best for me, never stopped being proud that I was her son.

"My mother died a few years later from an illness she had suffered from, unbeknownst to my family, for quite some time. She passed in 2006. While she lay in a coma on her deathbed, I repeated those words back to her, ensuring that she knew that I did in fact remember.

"I've been given, purchased, accumulated some sh[\*]t in my life. I've married a woman that I feel a type of love for that I didn't think was possible. And she's given me a daughter whom I'd give my life to protect. But the best thing in life I've ever gotten for free?

"That rock.

"Because that rock is largely responsible for the man I am. My ability to recognize the amazing love I feel for my wife, and the determination to BE a good husband and parent for my family. I owe my mother that, and her gift to me is a reminder of that EVERY. SINGLE. DAY.

"Mom, if you are somewhere and if you can read this,

"This one is for you.

"Thank you for everything."<sup>80</sup>

---

<sup>80</sup> Source: eflam3, "What is the Best Thing You've Ever Gotten for Free?" Reddit. 26 June 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y7647bq2>>.

## Chapter 5: 81-100#

### 81. “Reddit, How Did You Ask Your First Person on a Date?”

billbapapa wrote this:

“Football practice in high school.

“I kept running into this girl each night after practice, and she actually wanted to talk to me. She was on the field hockey team and looked pretty cute in her kilt.

“The other players noticed I was talking to her each night after practice. One day when we were warming up they all started laying into me about how I needed to ask her out — like RIGHT THEN. They were pointing over [to her] and calling her my girlfriend and wouldn’t shut up.

“So 15 years old, peer pressure is a b[\*]tch, but in this case, it was useful.

“I yelled to the coach, ‘Sir, I need a few minutes, I really gotta do something ...’ and jumped outta the line where everyone was stretching, ran over to her end of the football field, and told her, ‘Hey, I’m not good at this, but I really like talking to you each night, and wondered if maybe you’d wanna go on a date or something?’”

“She grabbed the marker from their little white board thing they drew plays on, grabbed my arm and wrote her phone number on my forearm, and told me to call her.

“Then I ran back with my arm in the air like a champion.

“Coach was still really p[\*]ssed and made me run laps.”<sup>81</sup>

---

<sup>81</sup> Source: bradytheg0at, “Reddit, How Did You Ask Your First Person on a Date?” Reddit. 21 June 2017 <<https://tinyurl.com/ycyw7n>>.

## **82. “[Serious] Scientists of Reddit, What Happened When Your Research Found the Opposite of What Your Funder Wanted?”**

billpapapa wrote this:

“I was only a grad student at the time, my paper wasn’t some smoking gun that would kill the funder’s reputation, but it basically said, ‘Yeah, I did a survey of all the uses of \_\_\_\_\_ medical procedure, put it into a math machine, and it came back saying there was no proof the procedure had any impact positive or negative on the outcome.’ The funder did sell equipment used in the procedure, etc.

“So I took it to my prof who had the grant, he looked at it, I asked, ‘What should I do?’

“So he printed it out, which was weird. Then he took a pen and crossed his name off the front, flipped to the end and scratched the part out where I thanked the funder.

“Then said, ‘Now your paper is perfect, please submit it to \_\_\_\_\_, it should get accepted, it was good work but let’s not talk about it again.’”<sup>82</sup>

## **83. “Let’s Brag on Ourselves a Bit. What are Some of the Most Incredible, Nice, and Amazing Things You have Done?”**

1) skater242 wrote, “I am a 9/11 survivor. A NYPD uniformed police officer helped me escape from the underground concourse prior to the first tower collapsing. He went back in to help others and his body was found 6

---

<sup>82</sup> Source: ocallanan, “[Serious] Scientists of Reddit, what happened when your research found the opposite of what your funder wanted?” Reddit. 22 June 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/ybw66snl>>.

months later. His 2 kids went to college on me. See, not all of us finance people are pricks.”

2) N-XT wrote, “One time in the third grade, I helped a short little girl drink water from a high fountain and I looked up to the heavens and thought, ‘You better have seen that, Santa.’”

3) ThirdEncounter wrote, “My sister started a gofundme campaign to ask for money to pay for medical bills. I had no idea, and felt ashamed. I paid for it all anonymously. Also, a veteran had no money to pay for a prescribed lotion that would alleviate some pain he had. He thought it would cost \$19. But in reality it was something like \$220 (like, wtf [what the f[\*\*]k]?). I paid for it, and his face full of gratefulness was all I needed. I’m not swimming in money, but when it was truly a concern, I had people help me selflessly. So I pay it forward.”

4) silentsilentsilent wrote, “One time at school, I was in a bathroom stall and I heard some girl freaking out about being out of pads. I went to wash my hands, dried them, then reached into my backpack and silently handed her a pad. I walked out of there and felt like Motherf[\*\*]king Teresa.”<sup>83</sup>

#### **84. “Enough of Narcissistic Mums This, and Evil Dads That. Reddit, What are AWESOME Stories Involving Your Parents?”**

1) NewClayburn wrote this:

“My parents would buy scratch-off tickets often. They’d give them to me to scratch off because I was a kid and it

---

<sup>83</sup> Source: IncredibleGreg, “Let’s Brag on Ourselves a Bit. What are Some of the Most Incredible, Nice, and Amazing Things You have Done?” Reddit. 6 June 2017 <<https://tinyurl.com/y9erjfqh>>.

was exciting to me to scratch them off. Of course, since the lottery is pretty much rigged, we never won anything.

“After scratching off each ticket, I’d show it to my parents and ask, ‘I won?’ And they’d say ‘No. You didn’t win.’

“Then one day I scratch off a ticket and ask, ‘I won?’ And my dad says, ‘You won!’ I got really excited. ‘I won?’ ‘You won! You won a candy bar!’

“So we go into the convenience store and my dad says to go pick out my candy bar. I go grab a Snickers or something and head back to the counter. I put the candy bar on the counter and hand the cashier my ticket. And that was it. I had won something finally!

“So then as I grew up, any time the lottery or scratch-off tickets would come up, I’d tell the story about how I won a candy bar once.

“When I was about 20, I said something about it again. ‘I won a candy bar once.’ My mom for some reason decided to come clean about it. ‘You didn’t win,’ she said. ‘Every time you’d ask us if you won, you looked so hopeful and then we’d say, “No, you didn’t win,” and you’d be disappointed. So Daddy just said you won. He went into the store with you and paid the guy for a candy bar and told him you’d be paying with a scratch-off ticket.’

“Turns out I’m just a loser like everyone else. Thanks, Dad!”

2) sofingclever wrote this:

“I’m a very average musician. I’m not awful, but I’m definitely not a unique talent. Picture every mediocre band that opened for a band you actually wanted to see ... any band I’ve been in probably sounds about like that.

“My parents let a lot of sh[\*]tty music happen in their basement, and they came to most of the shows. Like I said, it wasn’t completely awful, but looking back on it with adult eyes, I’m amazed they put up with all that noise.

“I’m also flattered they came to all those shows. It’s really hard to appreciate how valuable time is as an adult when you’re 16.”

3) Back2Bach wrote this:

“Mom and Dad made all the difference in our elderly neighbor’s life. She was a sweetheart — a widow who couldn’t get around much, but loved her home, cat, and dog.

“Each week, my parents would do her grocery shopping for her (along with their own) and occasionally brought her a home-cooked Sunday dinner to brighten her week.

“Dad took care of her house repairs while Mom cleaned it, with help from me and my brother.

“There was room in our parents’ hearts to ‘adopt’ this special lady and to make her last years memorable and enjoyable.”

4) Mix\_Master\_Floppy wrote this:

“My mom would take me to the park, and we would play hide and seek together. I was maybe 4 or 5 at the time. The park was off of a main road, and it wasn’t the best area of town. [Once] I found a really good hiding spot where I climbed up into a big tractor tire. However, I also had a large amount of hearing loss at the time due to constant ear infections, so I [didn’t hear] her calling out my name when she didn’t think it was funny any more. She apparently couldn’t find me and actually got worried, thinking that I had left the park fencing and gone off to hide elsewhere.

That's when she saw a car pull up from the road and a kid get into the car and then the car drove off. She thought it was me. My mom did track and field all the way into college and also ran marathons just for fun. She hurdled the fence and chased after the car until it pulled into a store parking lot. She realized it wasn't me, took down the license plate number, and sprinted back to the park to find me crying with the other mothers because I couldn't find my mom after I came out of the tire. She ran this car down for 15 minutes one way. She had told me about this a couple of times because she [remembers] it as one of the scariest moments she's ever experienced.

“Edit since it's getting asked: She took the [license] plate number down so she could give it to the police just in case that kid was kidnapped. She still saw a small boy get picked up off the side of the road and the car just took off. She wanted to find me first, though, so she ran back. Nobody's kid was missing from the park, but she still called the police and gave them the [license] plate number.”

FlappyBoobs commented, “Your mom sounds like the inspiration for the T1000 [the Terminator in *T-2: Judgment Day*]. Legend ...”

5) Blaidd\_Dwrg wrote this:

“One time my mum was driving me somewhere, and we went past two massive blokes having a scrap. They were both well over 6' and built and they were properly thumping each other in the face to the point where blood was flying.

“My 5'2” middle-aged schoolteacher mum stopped her Ford Fiesta, got out, and started telling them off. Didn't even raise her voice, she just used that calm 'you're in trouble' voice some teachers can do. She separated them and made them walk away in opposite directions, leaving

trails of blood from their messed-up faces. Then she got back in the car and drove off like nothing happened. I was speechless.”<sup>84</sup>

### **85. “What’s the Kindest Thing a Stranger has Ever Done for You?”**

1) hebejebez wrote, “My kid tripped on an escalator once, and it sliced his finger open. I’m carrying this screaming ball of tears back to the car, he was refusing to even show me the finger and was just absolutely inconsolable, and a kind older lady came out of nowhere and started talking to him and he immediately calmed down (because he was on his best behavior for a stranger) and let us look at his finger and patch him up. Thank you, stranger lady.”

2) Sarahadeline wrote, “So this one time I was taking the bus home after work and I was crying. I hate crying in public, but this was unavoidable. There were just uncontrollable tears streaming down my face, no matter how hard I tried to stop. Anyways, so it’s time for me to get off the bus, and I stand by the back door waiting for it to open. Right as the doors open, this guy tapped my arm and said something like, ‘Here, looks like you could use this. I hope your night gets better.’ This guy handed me a bottle of wine. I didn’t really have time to react, so I took it, thanked him, and hopped off the bus. It might have been weird to assume I wanted to drink my sorrows away, but I honestly thought it sweet. It was totally unexpected and definitely unnecessary, but it made my night.”

3) skbloom wrote, “Young waitress living on my own. I had \$60 total in my pocket and needed a new tire for my car. I could afford to pay only \$50, so I’d have enough left

---

<sup>84</sup> Source: LucianoThePig, “Enough of Narcissistic Mums This, and Evil Dads That. Reddit, What are AWESOME Stories Involving Your Parents?” Reddit. 6 June 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/y7xm2fkt>>.



for gas. I went to this place and told them what I needed and how much I could spend. This guy, probably the owner of the place, came out and looked at my tires and told me not to go anywhere and that he'd fix me up. Put four new tires on my car for \$50. I've never forgotten his kindness. I cried. To this day, if I can help someone, I do."

4) todayonbloopers wrote, "I had to use the WC [Water Closet, aka Bathroom] SO BAD in a shopping center. Every stall had spiders. I paced around the sink area whimpering and wondering what to do. A woman came in and I think she asked me something like, 'Are you okay? What's wrong?' and I just choked out, 'S-spiders ...' and she returned in English, 'Spiders? Hah!' and then she went into EACH stall and crushed every. single. one. I fell in love that day and she'll never know ;)"

5) clekas wrote this:

"These probably aren't necessarily the three nicest things strangers have ever done for me, but for some reason, they stick out in my mind:

- "I was hung over one morning at a 7-11 and really wanted a fountain soda. I filled it up, grabbed a string cheese, and made my way to the cash register. Their credit card machine was down. Sadly, I did not have any cash on me. A lovely woman paid for my fountain soda and my string cheese. I offered to put the string cheese back, but she insisted.

- "I was waiting for a bus when a man started to harass me. It started out pretty typically, but escalated and he put his hand on my thigh. I kind of froze. A few young teenage girls yelled at him and surrounded me to make sure he wouldn't return. I am forever grateful for them.

- "I was swimming in a small swimming spot on vacation — it's popular enough that a decent number of people

know about it, but it's not insanely crowded. The bottom of the sea in the area is covered in rocks. I kept trying to get out, but being short and having a weak upper body, I was having trouble pulling myself up. It didn't help that my foot kept slipping on an algae-covered rock. Two teenage girls helped me out.

“As an aside, I've found teenage girls to be some of the nicest people when it comes to doing little things to help strangers, and I hate that they get a bad rap and are often presented as self-absorbed, etc.”

6) raine0227 wrote, “I was having a really rough week. I was helping a suicidal friend, dealing with my now partner breaking up with his girlfriend of five years, and trying to graduate college. I desperately needed some ice cream. So I go to the store, pick out my tub of delicious Ben and Jerry's, and my card is denied. I was five cents short, so I apologize to the cashier and turn to put it away when he says, ‘No worries, I got you.’ That kind cashier working the late shift paid for my ice cream. On the way back home, I got a call from my suicidal friend that he needed someone so I took my ice cream to his town 45 minutes away in the completely unsafe area of St. Louis and stayed until he was feeling ok and made sure he was with people who cared. My now partner was stressed and ended up calling it quits with his girlfriend that night and showed up on my doorstep when I got home at 2am, not knowing what to do with himself. Sometimes it's the little things in life that help you through the tough stuff, and that \$3 pint of ice cream meant a lot to me.”<sup>85</sup>

---

<sup>85</sup> Source: manicpixiesadgirl, “What's the Kindest Thing a Stranger has Ever Done for You?” Reddit. AskWomen. 24 May 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/k9g4bmd>>.

## **86. “What was Something You Saw You were Definitely Not Supposed to See?”**

1) superfly355 wrote, “While I was growing up with my little brother and single mom, we never had a lot, but she made sure we always had a safe and decent place to live and there was always food on the table. She never really ate much. I remember dinners of baked chicken, beef stew, salmon (it was a lot cheaper a million years ago) ... good food, nothing terribly extravagant, but always nutritious, yet she barely ever ate. When I was 10, I saw her eating pb&j [peanut butter and jelly] on crackers in her room after dinner. That’s when I realized there was never enough food for all three of us, she would cook what we had for my brother and me and she would eat the bare minimum, always out of sight, so that my brother and I wouldn’t worry about the actual level of poverty we were at. I never asked for another material thing from her after that night.”

2) Blipnoodle wrote, “After my little girl’s mum and I split up and I had her most of the time, being an apprentice with stupid amounts of bills I’d only normally cook dinner for my little girl (then two years old) and I’d eat what she didn’t. One night we had chicken bits, I think. And I had a few and after I’d finish mine, I looked at her eating hers and smiled at her, and she put some of hers onto my plate. I said, ‘No, you eat them,’ and she insisted. ‘You sure, little bug?’ (what I call her), and she said, ‘Yes! You are my daddy!’ I almost cried. Makes my heart melt.”<sup>86</sup>

## **87. “How Poor were You Growing Up?”**

1) jeffkeer wrote, “I didn’t know I was poor [...]. I didn’t find out until a couple years ago, but for Christmas and

---

<sup>86</sup> Source: MakeYourMarks, “What was something you saw you were definitely not supposed to see?” Reddit. 23 May 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/ma42zdq>>.

other holidays my mom and dad would wrap up tools and jewelry they already had that I was unfamiliar with to give to each other. Made everything feel normal. It's probably the best thing poor parents can do for their children when they're very young."

2) Deathpreys wrote, "I was the only kid in the 7th grade who couldn't go on the field trip; the fee was \$5."

anitabelle commented, "This one breaks my heart. My daughter is in 7th grade and they do expensive trips, like camping, and this year it's the state's capital. These trips cost hundreds. Last year, not only did we send her, but my husband and I chaperoned. Spent over \$700 on the whole thing. Some of her friends couldn't make the trip, and I used it as an opportunity to remind her how lucky she is because some parents don't have the money to do those types of things for their kids. When I was growing up, not only did my school not have field trips, I never got to do those things with my parents because they never had the money. Simple things like going to amusement parks, going to the zoo, eating at restaurants, and going on vacations were non-existent throughout my childhood."

GramatikClanen commented, "This makes me proud of my country. All school trips are required to be cost-free in pre- and middle school, and the cafeteria makes sandwiches for those who can't bring their own snacks. Sweden btw [by the way]."

enjoytheshow commented, "My wife paid for three kids to go on a field trip last year when the parents said they couldn't afford it. The field trip was for three grade levels and my wife was the coordinator / money collector. It was \$25 per kid (trip included lunch) and this family had three kids, one in each grade. The mom emailed her saying it was a bad year for them and \$75 is just not there right now and she asked if she could just call the kids in sick that day so

they aren't embarrassed. My wife told her, don't worry, the school would cover it. Turns out the school doesn't cover it (blew my mind, this is a suburban school district with three gorgeous elementary schools, a gorgeous high school and about a \$15 million sports complex). She couldn't bring herself to call the mom and say lol jk [laughing out loud, just kidding] about the school-paying thing, so she just took out the \$75 and did it for them."

3) DuctTapeChainsaw wrote this:

"My mom and dad were high school dropouts, and my mom had me when she was 17. I grew up in a three-room shack with no electricity and a wood stove. It barely had running water for the one toilet and one sink. To run a light at night, my dad would pull the battery out of the beat-up piece-of-sh[\*]t Ford Fairlane at night and hook wires to a light bulb.

"My birthday money from family members was my new pair of shoes every year and clothes were hand-me-downs from anyone my mom could make friends with. Rice and beans every d[\*]mn night of the week. Even reduced lunch was too expensive, so my mom made PB&J [peanut butter and jelly sandwiches] and I ate cracked f[\*\*]king wheat every morning for breakfast. That sh[\*]t disgusts me now.

"On my birthday one year, my dad and I walked to the Starvin' Marvin gas station on Ogelthorpe Ave in Athens, GA and he bought me a 50 cent Coke. On the way back home I tripped and it fell out of my hand, hit a rock, and exploded. My dad really couldn't afford another 50 cents, but he walked all the way back and bought me another one.

"Then everything changed. My dad was working in a machine shop for a bunch of engineers; he made the items that they designed. Well, he started finding ways to make their designs better so they let him go to the design

meetings, then they showed him how to use CAD and he was drawing up blueprints.

“Then all of the engineers got laid off. One of those engineers got a new job at a place called Ciba Vision, and he told the managers there about this really exceptional ‘engineer’ he knew. So my dad, with no high school diploma, was hired as an engineer based on word of mouth of other engineers.

“Our lives changed overnight. We had new clothes, a new car, bought a house, and for my next birthday I got a freaking Nintendo with one game. Holy sh[\*]t, that was like heaven opening up and raining miracles on me.

“Now he’s the Vice President of R&D for a small company in Atlanta, and he has put every single one of his five sons through 4-6 years of college.”

4) BrianaAsad wrote this:

“As a very young child, my mom was a single mother raising two girls on what the government offered poor parents in the ’90s and some help from family. We didn’t live on our own until I was nearly 6, and we often had ‘pizza,’ which consisted of slices of bread, ketchup stolen from fast food places, and American cheese. I LOVED it and our meager existence. Literally, I have no bad memories of that time at all and remember it as just this adventure part of my life when Mom and me and my sis spent a lot of time together doing weird stuff.

“Then Mom finished her nursing degree, met the man who raised us from age 5 1/2 on, and started earning enough to make a living. We were never upper middle class, and we were often lower middle class, but we always had food to eat and clothes to wear after that.

“My mom worked her [\*]ss off for me and my sis, and my dad came with two more kids of his own. I’ve never met two harder-working people, and their efforts really helped me grow into a person who appreciates hard work and self-made success. Our house is older than dirt and falling apart at the seams in some places, but we love it and all the memories made there are good.”

5) Shapedlikeapotator wrote this:

“I honestly didn’t realize that we were poor until I was in my teens. My sister and I always got new clothes before the new school year, always had a pretty good Christmas, and never went hungry.

“We lived in a pretty rural area surrounded by woods. We always had a big garden and grew everything from greens to hot peppers. I spent many a summer having pea-picking competitions with my dad and helping him make his own hot sauce. Spent a lot of time on the bayou fishing, and during hunting season every free minute was spent in the woods hunting.

“It wasn’t until I was about 16 that I realized what my parents had to go through to provide. I learned that we had a garden to have vegetables. I always thought that hunting and fishing was just a hobby for my dad and me, but it was what provided meat for us. If we didn’t bring anything home, we didn’t eat [animal protein]. They always managed to trick me into thinking everything was a game.

“I remember my dad buying me my actual rod and reel. He would tie old nuts and bolts on the string and challenge me to casting competitions, who could get closest to that tree or whatever. I didn’t know that he was trying to increase my accuracy to avoid having to replace baits.

“I remember when my grandfather gave me his old Marlin .22 when I was about 10. I would spend my \$5 a week

allowance on bullets and just target shoot every day. My dad and grandfather would always set up new challenges and what not. I became a real good shot by the next hunting season and I was then a squirrel- and rabbit-hunting machine.

“Sorry, just realized I typed out my life story, haha.

“TL;dr My parents tricked me into enjoying helping out the family.”<sup>87</sup>

## **88. “What is the Creepiest Thing that has Ever Happened to You?”**

1) SpeeOutlaw wrote this:

“I was about 10 or 11 and walking home from a friend’s house. It wasn’t a long walk, maybe 10-15 minutes, but shortly after starting my journey, I noticed a man behind me. I’m not sure what it was, but something in my mind told me this guy was dangerous.

“I wanted to play it off so I kept walking as normal, but decided to cross the street to see if he would follow me and he did. As he kept getting closer, I picked up my pace. I went past my normal way home and decided to make a few turns that would not make sense if you were going somewhere, essentially going in a circle. The man was still behind me and getting closer.

“The man was now about 20 feet behind me. As I continued to walk down the sidewalk, I saw a garage door that was open. I decided my best choice was to pretend this was my home and walk into the garage. I walked into the garage and to the door leading into the house. The man who

---

<sup>87</sup> Source: mfairview, “How Poor were You Growing Up?” Reddit. 9 February 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/gnxpdes>>.



was following me turned and started walking down the driveway.

“I was terrified and turned the doorknob, hoping it was open, and thankfully it was. When I opened the door, another man I hadn’t noticed popped out from under the car that was in the garage and looked at me and asked, ‘What are you doing?’ My whole body was trembling, and I let out, ‘Please help me. This guy is following me.’ The man quickly sprang to his feet with a wrench in his hand and saw the other man walking down his driveway. He started shouting at the other man to get back, and the man who was following me quickly ran away.

“The man who saved me quickly brought me inside where I met his toddler and bewildered wife. After he explained everything to his wife, they gave me some water and began trying to calm me down. I stayed at their home for a short time, and the couple ended up giving me a ride home.

“I walked into the right garage that day, and I’m thankful they were there to help me.”

2) Nijelongs wrote this:

“I was working at a manufacturing company that was sold. The new owners came in and laid off about 30% of the workers. I was not let go, but a guy in my department (we will call him Dave) was. Dave was shocked to be fired because he was certain he was too valuable for them to lose. He was very angry when they let him go. About a week later, he calls me while at work to thank me. (This is pre-cellphone so he called me on the company line at the extension for my department.) I had recently taught him how to run a new machine and him knowing that was helping him get some decent job prospects. He said he wanted to take me out to lunch as a way of saying thanks.

“A few days later, we went. He picked me up at work during my lunch break, and we drove down the street to this deli. For the first half of the lunch, he was p[\*]ssed off and venting about being fired. I understood his anger and just let him vent. I tried to say the right things and encourage him by telling him he would likely end up with a better job soon.

“As lunch wore on, things took a dark turn. He started talking about how he could do some real damage in the plant if he wanted to because he could sneak in the side door where nobody would see him and cause havoc before they even knew he was there. He told me how he could slide boards into the handrails of the doors and lock everyone inside if he wanted. He went on to list people he didn’t like whom he blamed for his being fired.

“As lunch came to an end, I was still trying to stay positive, but I was getting worried that Dave was going to do something rash. As we drove back, he told me not to worry. He said he liked and respected me so he would never do anything to me, but some people might need to pay. We get back, I wish him good luck, and I suggest he try to relax a little and maybe spend a few days just unwinding and enjoying the time off. He says goodbye, and I head inside.

“My department had a window that looked out into the parking lot. I could see where he was parked from that window. He didn’t leave after I went inside. He sat in the car with an anguished look on his face. I started getting worried, so I told my boss what was up and that I thought we needed to call 911. He did. The police showed up, and at first Dave wouldn’t get out of the car.

“Finally they talked him out of the car and got him handcuffed, and then they searched the car. In the trunk of his car were several short boards, two rifles, a pistol, and a machete. I was freaking out for two reasons. First, the idea

of what he was planning, and second, because I was certain he would blame me for his getting caught. He asked to speak to me before they took him away so I went outside, assuming if he was going to threaten me it was best if he did it in front of the police. He asked if I called 911. I told him it was me who said to call 911, so yes, I was responsible for the police being there.

“He then looked me in the eye and said, ‘Thanks. You might have saved me.’ I get goosebumps just thinking about it.

“TL;DR — co-worker gets fired, takes me to lunch as a thank you, threatens to attack the place and has a trunk full of weapons.”<sup>88</sup>

### **89. “What’s One of the Nicest Things a Female Stranger has Done for You?”**

1) allYELLOWerrythang wrote these stories:

- “One night in college I was out getting hammered with my best friend, but my best friend got wwwwwwaay too drunk to even function. She threw up on the sidewalk and passed out (literally in the middle of the sidewalk while we were attempting to walk), and I was way too drunk to get the both of us all the way back to my apartment. So I was just sitting on the sidewalk near some bushes with my friend, wondering wtf [what the f\*\*]k to do when this glorious angel of a woman walks up to me, asks if we are okay, and despite my dumb drunk [\*]ss saying we are okay, she offered to give me and my passed-out friend a ride home. We really didn’t have many options, it was take the ride or sleep in the bush, so I accepted her offer. I don’t

---

<sup>88</sup> Source: roomk33, “What is the Creepiest thing that has ever happened to you?” AskReddit. 1 April 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/yboog2g>>.

remember her name, what she looked like, walking to her car, but we made it home safely that night because of her and I will always be so thankful for that.

- “I was at a popular bar in college and was walking out of the bathroom with a long trail of toilet paper stuck to my shoe & she stepped on it while I was walking away and prevented me from looking like an [\*]sshat. I’m assuming she didn’t want to embarrass me by mentioning it to me, because she didn’t say anything, just stepped on the toilet paper trail and saved the day. The only reason I knew was because my husband saw and told me about how she saved me. I turned around and said thanks and she gave me a thumb’s-up. It’s such a stupid thing, but I love that girl wherever she is today!”

2) Cassele85 wrote, “I rode my bike 50 minutes to work and then 50 minutes back home everyday for five years. In my second year of doing this, a car pulls over and parks 100 yards ahead of me and this middle-aged woman gets out with one of those neon vests you see construction workers / nighttime runners and walkers wearing for higher visibility. She told me she saw me riding my bike everyday to work and worried about my safety as I rode in the dark and had reflectors only on my bike. She gives me the vest, and I put it on and thank her. I wore it every day on my ride to and from work until I moved to the city and it was stolen along with my saddlebags.”

3) Kemokiro wrote, “I was in a mall, hands full of bags and this dude kept impeding my progress while hitting on me. This teeny, tiny lady caught my look of distress, marched over, started yelling at me asking who the dude was and asking if I was cheating on her son. She started cussing me out in Spanish and his creepy [\*]ss left. We cracked up after he walked away. I thanked her and she said, ‘No problem. That was fun!’”

4) Butt-Factory wrote, “I was walking home from work at night when I was attacked from behind on the street. The guy tackled me to the ground and started trying to take my pants off. I was so shocked that I couldn’t scream. I wrestled with him for a bit, and then I heard a woman screaming bloody murder from across the street. She successfully scared the guy off, called the police, and even went down to the station at 3am to identify him. Because he attacked me from behind, I couldn’t see his face. She really saved my [\*]ss.”

5) boooops1234 wrote these stories:

- “Moved states and went to a new high school. My first day at lunch I sat at a random empty table and a group of four girls who sat there everyday came up. I was so nervous. They ended up being so nice and welcoming to me. Eight years later, we all live together and they are my best friends. It had a huge impact on me and I think about it all the time lol [laughing out loud].

- “I live in a city where the ‘no one is nice’ stereotype is relatively true. I was walking to work, and it started pouring rain out of nowhere. A woman who was walking in the same direction as me for a few blocks whipped out her umbrella and invited me under. It was so random and kind, and I’ll never forget it.

6) palacesofparagraphs wrote, “In high school, my friends and I made it a mission to take care of anyone who looked lost or alone. On the first day of 10th grade, we spotted a new student looking awkward in the corner and swarmed him to insist he come talk to us and sit with us. He became one of my best friends, but I do think we scared him a little bit that first day.”

7) Sand\_Dargon wrote, “She saw me getting harassed by a guy at a bar when I was repeatedly telling him I was not

interested (I was actually waiting on another friend of mine) and she came up, squealed delightedly, got between me and the guy and hugged me, then started a loud and animated conversation with me. Eventually, she dragged me back towards her table with her boyfriend and friends and the persistent [\*]sshole got the idea that I was otherwise occupied and went to go bother someone else. I had never seen that girl before in my entire life.”<sup>89</sup>

## **90. “What is the BEST Display of Wealth You’ve Ever Seen?”**

1) pez13 wrote, “When my mother was sick, we created a GIVEALITTLE page for donations towards her treatment we couldn’t afford. After half a day of the page being up, someone anonymously donated \$15,000, double what we needed. Still don’t know who it was to this day.”

2) MrSlowly4 wrote, “I was lucky enough to attend a very nice private school that taught kids from JK (junior kindergarten) through 12th grade with tuition about \$20k per year. A classmate of mine’s family, after having paid the way for their four kids to go through all 13 grades, also paid full tuition every year for their housekeeper’s five children to go through the same school.”

3) kingchobo wrote, “I was a chef in a fancy boutique hotel here in New Zealand, and we used to get the famous and wealthy staying with us. Cliff Richard, serj tankian, and Nancy Cartwright [voice of Bart Simpson] are a few guests whom I was lucky enough to meet. However, [about] the wealth thing, we had a sheik of an oil country (well, I’m assuming he was a sheik, or just an Arabian dude rocking the flowing robes and hat) came over to the pass [back?]

---

<sup>89</sup> Source: satanspebble, “What’s one of the nicest things a female stranger has done for you?” Reddit. AskWomen. 29 April 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/kjh26gf>>.

and complimented us on the meal and asked how many staff in the kitchen, including kitchen hands and waitstaff; it was something like 12 or 13. The guy just peels off that number of hundy [hundred-dollar] notes and gives everyone a hundred-dollar tip. Pretty cool and nothing as obnoxious as gold Ferraris or anything.”

4) Fugalista1 wrote this:

“My grandfather was a landscaper for one of the wealthiest families in his town.

“All along the years, they were always very generous, giving him large Christmas bonuses and extra money during the year for reasons like they liked the rich hue of the roses that year.

At age 86 (I know!) grandpa saw a doctor for the first time and was told he had to stop working. All the bending over caused eye problems.

“The family continued to pay him his weekly salary and maintain his health insurance until he died (at 100). They then sent \$20,000 to the funeral home to ‘defray’ some of the costs.

“Mom and I would occasionally go up there when he was working, and if she was home the matriarch would come out and sit with us, and have us served iced tea with mint and the most delicious cookies. Just really nice folks.”

Duckbuttercornpone commented:

“If it wasn’t for the ages you posted, I would have thought this was my employer. Their longtime landscaper had to quit working due to cancer and they refused his resignation. They kept him on the payroll until his death six years later and paid for the best care M.D. Anderson can provide.

“They also paid for my mother’s care when she suffered some heart problems [...] and have done similar things for other employees.

“My boss has a secretary who has worked for his family for over 40 years and when she retired, very wealthy as they share the wealth, she and her husband had some pretty grand travel plans. Sadly her husband unexpectedly passed away shortly after, leaving her devastated. The boss brought her back to work in the position of looking after the wellbeing of our small 25-person office to keep her busy and her mind occupied. Not only does it make her happy, but now 25 people have a woman whom we all revere and love deeply looking after us doing things like making sure the kitchen is stocked with our favorite snacks to making sure we are covered if we perhaps need to leave early to take a kid to soccer practice or something like that. It turned into a worthwhile experiment because her position has an annual discretionary budget of \$250,000 yet since its inception productivity has been through the roof. People no longer stress about how to manage their work / home lives without conflict, and in return it becomes a privilege to work hard for this company.”

5) rcrem wrote, “My dad noticed our house cleaner often seemed like she was in pain and asked about it. She hadn’t been to the dentist in years (single mom / broke / no insurance) and needed several thousand dollars of work done. He offered to pay for it all and she now has a beautiful smile and is no longer in pain. Since then she and her son have become part of the family.”

6) ifonlyjackwashere wrote this:

“When I worked at a casino years ago, we had this amazing lady who operated the TAB (for betting on anything that wasn’t table games or pokies), she’d been around for as long as anyone could remember, was always bright and



bubbly at work no matter what she had going on outside of it. One day she was diagnosed with a brain tumor, operable, but at a cost of over \$80,000. She was panicking and didn't know how she was going to cover the costs.

“Being in a casino, and being there as long as she was, she knew everyone there was to know who was a big player. Within a week of word getting out, we had over 15 patrons who were willing to outright pay for her operation, but we couldn't take their money as it would be seen as taking gratuities from patrons, which was highly forbidden. In the end, her daughter set up a GOFUNDME to raise funds for it, the patrons caught word again and within five days they had raised over half a million dollars towards her operation. She was flown to the best brain surgeon in Australia, and the operation was a complete success. Her daughter used the remaining money to start a foundation in her mother's name that helps provide financial aid to those with medical needs, and helps fund research into brain tumors and surgeries, and is still donated to regularly by some of the casino's top spending patrons.”<sup>90</sup>

### **91. “I See a Lot of Posts [in AskWomen] About Bad / Creepy Interactions with Guys. What are Your Positive / Good Interactions with Them?”**

1) Snowdrift 430 wrote this:

“The vast majority of my interactions with men are good or great or just normal and unremarkable. My SO [Significant Other], my best friend, my regular friends, my dad, my colleagues, people I interact with ... almost always good or just normal.

---

<sup>90</sup> Source: THATF[\*\*]KINAUSSIE. “What is the BEST display of wealth you've ever seen?” Reddit. 30 November 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hyvumjf>>.

“However, in the spirit of the question (an opposite to creepy interactions with strangers) — some years ago I was on a work trip to a small rural city. One night at about 11 p.m., I got back to my hotel after grabbing food, and walked into the elevator by the lobby. As I entered the hotel, I could hear two large men talking loudly behind me.

“There was nobody else around in the lobby at all; the night desk staff must have been off somewhere; the place was really empty. So I took a quick look over my shoulder just to keep an eye on the men. You know, just keeping alert of my surroundings.

“The two men walked up to the open elevator door, carrying a case of beer; one older, pretty grizzled-lookin’ man with a long grey beard, and a younger one who might have been his grandson.

“And the older man stopped, and stopped the younger man from stepping forward. ‘Excuse me, miss,’ the older man said. ‘Is it okay if we ride this elevator with you?’ I was so surprised, but stammered out a ‘Yes, of course,’ and he ducked his head politely and said, ‘Thank you very much.’

“It was just such a gentlemanly and kind thing, it melted my heart. He certainly didn’t have to ask my permission. But clearly, somewhere down the line he had learned that it can be anxious for a woman to be in an isolated space with unknown men, and that it’s compassionate to make that tiny bit of effort to put her at ease.

“I was just so impressed by that thoughtfulness and good manners, and especially that he was modeling it for the younger man with him.”

2) josephineblack wrote, “I have never (knock on wood) dated a guy who didn’t respect my physical boundaries.

They have all been respectful and although it should be a given, I know many times it's not and so I appreciate it."

3) Joesetta wrote this:

"I just got home and I'm a little tipsy so I'm going to tell a bunch of stories — sorry in advance!

"a) I got a flat tire one time and was trying to change it myself (having never done so before) and was really struggling — I couldn't get the bolts (nuts? What are they called?) to even loosen much less come off. I was getting really frustrated with myself for failing to do such a simple task when a man who had seen me from down the block came jogging up and asked if he could help me. He was incredibly helpful and really saved the day for me; he had my spare tire up and going in no time flat.

"b) A few months ago I was picking up a quick dinner for myself at Subway on the way home, when their whole system shorted out. I didn't have any cash on me (since pretty much my entire life is debit now) and was apologizing to the cashier for having to leave without paying for the sandwich they had just prepared, when the guy behind me in line interrupted and bought my meal for me. It was totally unexpected and so sweet of him! I offered to pay him back and he laughed and said not to worry about it.

"c) Back before I had Lasik surgery, I wore glasses for a few months instead of the contacts I'd been wearing for years. I was at the beach and stupidly went into the water wearing them without thinking — a wave came up and washed them right off my face. Within seconds one of my guy friends was diving under the water to snatch them before they were lost forever, and miraculously managed to get them after a few dives! It was amazing and I was soooo grateful — he was a rockstar that day.

“d) My brothers are the greatest guys — they are so smart and kind and funny, and I am extremely proud of them. I didn’t always have the smoothest relationship with them each individually, but they would do anything for me if I needed it and I would do the same for them.

“e) All of my guy friends — I’ve gone travelling with some, lived with some, gone to concerts and shows, worked on personal projects with some, supported each other through really tough circumstances, celebrated achievements and milestones, and they’ve always been great people whom I’ve been lucky to call friends.

“This sub [the subReddit AskWomen] gets a lot of questions that elicit retelling of negative experiences, and I’ve had my share, but the vast, vast majority of the men in my life are wonderful people.”

She added later, “It’s now the next morning and no one has acknowledged “he had my spare tire up and going in no time *flat*.” **WHATEVER, YOU GUYS.** I thought that was hilarious last night.” (A few readers then admitted that they had laughed when they read it.)

4) Sterntalerfabric wrote this:

“When I was about 20 and still at university, I made my big dream come true and visited London for a couple of days with my best friend. We had sightseeing galore, did all the cheesy tourist stuff. That included regular visits to pubs, of course.

“One night, we were exhausted from running around this awesome city, and we went to this pub in Covent Garden to have a pint and recap the day. At one point, the waiter came over and put two fresh pints of Guinness on our table and told us they were from the group of three men two tables over. We felt a little awkward (this was a girls’ vacation, and those guys were all at least 15 to 20 years older than

us), but we thanked them and they asked us if they could come over and sit with us.

“We reluctantly agreed, because we were young and foreign and didn’t want to appear rude. We talked to them for a couple of hours. They were all Londoners, born and raised, and they were genuinely interested in our experiences on our trip and how we perceived the city and its residents. At no point did any of them make a move on one of us. No flirting, no suggestive comments. They just kept buying rounds and talked to us.

“After a couple of hours, they all got up, excused themselves because they had to work in the morning (it was a weeknight), thanked us for the pleasant conversation, wished us fun for the remainder of our vacation and left.

“Even now, almost 13 years later, this is still one of the most positive interactions I ever had with men. Three English guys without an agenda buying beer and being polite to two young girls.”

5) significantotter1 wrote this:

“Most of my interactions with men are positive, but my husband really stood out to me when we went on our first date. We really hit it off and I was clearly giving the ‘kiss me’ signals. He said, ‘I really want to kiss you right now. Can I?’ It was really sweet to me that he asked and didn’t want to push my boundaries. I felt super respected, and then we made out for ages.”

Snowdrift430 made this comment:

“Oh, yeah, that’s totally sweet and awesome.”

“Reminds me ... The night my now-SO and I hooked up, I was the one who invited him over, and I told him to kiss me. We made out awhile until I was ready to kick it up a

notch, so I asked, 'So, do you want to spend the night?' He quickly agreed, so I grabbed his hand and led him to the bedroom.

"Halfway there he paused and goes, in these exact words and a very worried tone of voice: 'Just to be clear, I would not be offended if this was not an option.'

"It was both incredibly sweet and adorably awkward, and kinda melted my heart. Four years later I still tease him about it, and he's like 'Look, I just wanted to make sure you freely consented and didn't feel pressured.'

"And I'm always like, 'Dude, it was ME who asked YOU in the first place.'"

6) sharkthelittlefish wrote this:

"I've had a couple that stand out:

"A couple of months ago, I was walking down the road early (around 6:30am) on my way to the gym, when a guy came up to me and gave me a flower then walked away. No words said. Just a really beautiful moment.

"A couple of years ago, I was walking down the road to go to work, and this guy ran across the street and came to a sudden halt in front of me. He said, 'I'm really, really sorry to stop you, but I think you are the most gorgeous woman I have ever seen!' Then he ran off again."

7) isntthisneat wrote this:

"When I was 17, I went into NYC with some friends for a birthday party. We had one friend's family member's apartment to ourselves to party in. I got extremely drunk and decided to follow someone who was going to go get cigarettes. Halfway through this excursion, I decided I wanted to go back to the apartment. I swore I knew my way back and went off on my own.

“I did not know my way back.

“So there I was, drunk, stumbling, and crying on the streets of NYC at 1:00AM. Asked a couple of girls if they knew where [address] was; they didn’t know. A man in his thirties overhears me and says he can buy me a cab ride back to my friend’s place. I get into a cab with him with zero questions asked. 17 years old, extremely drunk, very easy to be taken advantage of.

“Nothing bad happened at all. He never tried to touch me, never said anything creepy to me, just bought me a cab back and when no one was answering when I was trying to buzz into the apartment building, he offered to stay with me until my friends answered / got back if they weren’t in. He was very kind and supportive. I was a crying mess, thinking my friends had forgotten me.

“I declined his offers to stay with me, and eventually the whole party came up the street, as they had all gone out to look for me.

“It definitely could have gone in a much different direction than it did that night, but I will always be grateful to his kindness.

“TL;DR: Got into a cab with a man I did not know in the wee hours of the morning when I was a drunk and lost teenager on the streets of New York. Could have gone badly, but he was just a stand-up dude who wanted to help.”<sup>91</sup>

---

<sup>91</sup> Source: OoohhhCanDo, “I see a lot of posts about bad/creepy interactions with guys. What are your positive/good interactions with them?” Reddit. AskWomen. 27 May 2017  
<<http://tinyurl.com/yb3fdo2r>>.

## 92. “What’s the Kindest Thing a Stranger has Done for You?”

1) PolkaDancingPig wrote this:

“In June, my husband and I learned that his grandmother was dying. We were told to get home as soon as possible.

“He was 8 hours away, doing a training thing. He got home the next day, and we sped to the airport to try to make our flight. (It’s about a 12-hour drive from where we live to our hometown, so flying was the best option.)

“I learned the first flight was delayed, and we’d miss the connection. I got in line to talk to the agent, and the guy in front of me let me cut in front.

“By this point, I’m near tears. The agent told me there was nothing he could do. We rebooked the flight for the next morning, and I lost it. The guy who let me cut in line told me there was another flight leaving and told me the terminal, and we ran as fast as we could to that gate.

“We made it, and the agent listened to our story. She asked us to sit down, and she’d find seats.

“She found us seats. We got there in time.

“She passed away early the next morning. If it wasn’t for those two people, we wouldn’t have made it.”

2) Onocentaurus wrote, “I have a few mental health issues, and am prone to bouts of brooding and staring into space when waging war on the demons in my head. I was sitting at a table outside of a grocery store at night waiting for a friend to get back to me about hanging out and happened to get lost in thought. I have the male equivalent of resting b[\*]tch face and as a large hairy mansquatch, I apparently can come off as quite intimidating. So here I am, in the dark, staring off into space when this adorable young



woman, maybe 18 or so, walks by with a box of pizza. (She worked at the pizzeria.) She notices my 1000-yard stare and just stops. She looks at me, and without provocation [encouragement] says, ‘Hey, man. I don’t know what’s going on in your life right now, but pizza usually helps with anything. Please, have a slice. I got it for my family, but you look like you could use a slice.’ And she handed me a slice of delicious and fresh pepperoni pizza. I was shocked, but managed to eek out a thank you and flash a nervous smile as she smiled and walked off. It was such a random and small act of kindness but with where I was in life at the time — it’s still one of the most memorable experiences I’ve had. I’ll never forget that. Little things really can make a big impact. Whoever you are, pizza girl, I owe you one.”

3) Bmac977 wrote, “I was driving from Buffalo, NY, to my parents’ house on Long Island (about a 7-hour drive) on Thanksgiving day in 2003. I got a flat tire somewhere just before Binghamton, which was about half way. It wasn’t just a flat; the tire basically shredded. I was able to get a donut on there and limp into a nearby town, hoping beyond hope that something was open so I could change my tire. NOTHING was. I even stopped in a police station, and the cops basically told me I was screwed and that I should find someplace to stay the night. As I was driving around some more, the donut blew and I was on the rim. I left the car on the side of the road and just started walking to this house, hoping to use their phone to let my parents know. The elderly woman who lived there invited me into her home, let me use their phone, and then called her son who owned a used car lot. On Thanksgiving, this woman and her family took 2 or 3 hours of their holiday to tow my car to this used car lot, replace the wheel for free, and sent me on my way with some pie.”

4) PmMeSteamGiftCards wrote this:

“I was in a bookstore a few years ago, and while walking through a store, I passed a group of girls. One was telling the others a story. In the middle of their conversation, she just stopped, looked at me, and said, ‘You’re cute,’ then continued talking with her friends.

“That was maybe 3 years ago, and I still remember it, just because of how random and kind it was.”

5) NikkoE82 wrote, “When I was 13 or 14, my stepdad took me for an eye exam to get new glasses. After the exam, I’m alone with the optometrist for a little bit while he shows me some new lightweight, titanium frames. I think they’re pretty cool. My stepdad comes in and starts belittling me in front of the optometrist because our insurance won’t cover frames like that. As if I was supposed to just know that. The optometrist then gets out this clunky, wooden box with the few cheap frames our insurance would cover. I pick some frames and figure that’s that. Then the optometrist pulls me aside and asks if I want the nicer titanium frames. I tell him yes. He paid for them. I never really got a chance to thank him for that, and I never saw him again.”

6) pdeaver9018 wrote, “Not me but my brother. When my brother was in 8th grade, they had a class trip to Disney planned where they’d be staying for a few days. As you can imagine, that’s a pretty expensive trip. Well, our family was never really well off. We didn’t have a lot of money to just throw around, but my brother really wanted to go because all of his friends were going. Also, going to Disney with your family is one thing, but going to Disney with just your friends ... that’s a whole new level of excitement and fun. Well, one day, my mom gets a call from the school saying that someone had paid off my brother’s fees for the trip. My mom didn’t have to pay a cent. We never have found out who paid it off.”

7) Isohedra wrote, “One time I got a pure strain of the flu ... I was driving to school (hour-long drive) before I realized I was really sick. I almost swerved out of my lane with onset of severe nausea and dizziness and had to pull over on a busy highway. A police officer (Juarez) instantly appeared and I was like, ‘Oh, sh[\*]t, what did I do?’ but he was genuinely concerned. I started projectile-vomiting and he held my hair back for me for a good while, while I vomited my guts, and then drove me to the nearest ER ASAP [Emergency Room As Soon As Possible] where I needed an IV and drugs for two days. I was 125lbs before and 112lbs after that flu ... I love you, officer J, and don’t think I’d be alive if not for you.”<sup>92</sup>

### **93. “What Do You Think is the Nicest Thing You’ve Ever Done for Someone Else?”**

1) Redhaired103 wrote, “When I was broke and had only \$500, I spent it whole [all] on a puppy at a pet shop. The shop owners were kind of mean, he was the only puppy there, and I saw a couple who was very interested in the puppy but by the way they talked it was obvious they would abandon him as soon as he grew up, if not earlier. I spent all the money to get the puppy. Then I looked for a home for him because I wasn’t in a place to take care of him myself financially. I saw this ad from a young, newly married guy who was looking for a free puppy. I checked his social media profiles, major dog lover, so is his wife. One of them was working from home, safer to get a puppy. I decided to give the puppy to them instead of re-selling it. This was more than a decade ago. It wasn’t smart at all to spend that money, but a decade later I still sometimes check their Facebook; they still have the dog and all of them look really happy. The outcome was good!”

---

<sup>92</sup> Source: singh\_sahil24, “What’s the kindest thing a stranger has done for you?” Reddit. 20 September 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/znakqqq>>.

2) segmentedcat wrote this:

“When we were seniors in college, my ex-roommate was living in a studio apartment by herself. She’d given me a key, so I often just let myself in to walk her dog or just hang out between classes.

“She’d just gotten her first part-time job in retail and for the first time would have to work around Christmas and couldn’t fly home to see her family, and she was really bummed about not having a Christmas.

“One night while she was at work, I drove to Wal-Mart. I bought a miniature Christmas tree and a bunch of lights and tiny ornaments, wrapping paper, fabric paint, stockings, chocolates, etc.

“Then I went to her apartment and I set up the tree with lights and a tree skirt and everything. I put her name and her dog’s name on the stockings using the glittery fabric paint and hung them by the tree with thumbtacks. I filled her stocking with chocolates and socks and a couple little toys, and put treats and toys in the dog stocking. I’d also gotten her a new hoodie, so I wrapped that and put it under the tree.

“Then I turned off every light in the apartment except for the tree lights so she’d see it right away, and left.

“She called me right after she got home that night, crying because she was so excited. We’re still friends 10 years later, and we both still have some of the ornaments and things I bought for that tree.”

3) prettyribbons wrote this:

“This is one of the hardest questions I’ve seen on here in awhile ...

“I don’t know. I try to do nice things for people regularly, so I think a lot of people would be able to tell you the nicest thing they think I’ve done for them. I don’t know what the nicest would be, though.

“The one that sticks out, and it’s probably because it’s recent, was taking time to check on a co-worker. I know it’s kind of expected, but this particular co-worker is renowned for being less than friendly a lot of the time so most people stay out of her way as much as possible. We were both working late and I could hear that she was having a really hard conversation on the phone. (We work in child protection, so we deal with some heartbreaking things sometimes.) When she hung up the phone, I went around to her desk and had a long talk with her so she could debrief. The next day I left her some chocolate and a little note telling her that today would be better. She thanked me at the time but went back to being rude within the week, but I don’t regret it at all — if anything it helped me understand her a bit better. She’s super close to being burnt out, and she’s finally starting to recognize it.”<sup>93</sup>

#### **94. “What Random Act of Kindness Made You (Almost) Cry in Public?”**

1) molly9945 wrote, “Today I was at the gym and upped my weights for my bench press. Well, I was on my last rep of my last set and was NOT gonna make it so I was struggling to get one end at a time on the rack while lying there when a guy came up behind me and lifted the bar off me. He then made sure I was ok and gave me a couple tips! I almost cried from his kindness (and a little embarrassment) and was relieved he just wasn’t a passive

---

<sup>93</sup> Source: elhaupto, “What do you think is the nicest thing you’ve ever done for someone else?” AskWomen. Reddit. 28 October 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/zz2f3u5>>.

aggressive [\*]sshole like one of the guys at my gym has been. Anyways, I said thanks and sat to recover my muscles and also to concentrate on not crying!”

2) itwasthewrongway wrote, “My fiancé and I went to Taco Bell one night when he was homeless, and we had like less than \$5 to make a whole meal for both of us and we also had no idea when we’d get money again. We gave the guy at the window the money for our order and my fiancé cracked a joke about how it was our last \$5 until payday (which was, like, a week away), and the dude was like, ‘Really? Hmm,’ then looked around behind him and continued with ‘What do you like to drink? And do you like [this menu item], we got some extras back there.’ We told him we love Big Red and we’ll literally eat anything, and he hooked us the f[\*\*]k up. I think we did cry a little. We hadn’t eaten in days.”

RandallRanderson commented, “I’d love to show this story to misogynist [\*]sshholes who think women are only with guys for their money. It’s touching, and wonderful.”

3) seriously\_stopit wrote, “Not really random, but when I was a teenager, I had a sh[\*]tty family life and I didn’t really care about school and my behavior was bad. Teachers didn’t like me, I didn’t like them ... I was a huge Beatles fan and one morning the only teacher whom I really liked started telling our class a story about how he once met George Harrison in NYC and George gave him a *Let it Be* pin because my teacher complimented him on it. He walked up to me in front of everyone, said he didn’t have any kids or family he could give it to and since he knew just how big of a fan I am, he wanted me to have it. That’s seriously the kindest thing someone had ever done for me. I cried hard.”

4) cicadaselectric wrote, “When I worked at Disney, I ended up working nearly every holiday. Christmas is one of their busiest days, and god was I busy. People get mean,

they get pushy, they're aggravated — and I don't blame them, they're here on vacation and surrounded by like 80k other people, which is not what they signed up for. But it means I get yelled at and ordered about *All. Christmas. Long.*

“But on that Christmas evening, out of the literally thousands of people I interacted with, one person — one single, solitary person — thanked me for working on Christmas so they could enjoy theirs. I very nearly cried on the middle of Main Street.”

5) downtownflipped wrote, “A few weeks ago I was at a hockey game and got really drunk. I was yelling and being an extreme fan. I ended up knocking over the guy-I-liked's food onto his lap and coat. Ketchup, chicken fingers, fries, the whole nine yards. I was so drunk and upset that I ran away from my two friends and took a train home alone ... the wrong train actually. I woke up still drunk on the train only to realize I had missed my stop. I started bawling my eyes out quietly as to not attract attention. A bunch of people asked if I was okay, so I told them I would be fine. When I got to the end of the line, I huddled inside one of those glass buildings that keep the wind out. I was on my dying phone trying to reach people when this old guy hovered by me and asked me if I needed help. I don't like taking help from strangers, so I told him no. He kept coming back and finally said, ‘Listen, I'm waiting for my wife who is on the next train; when she gets here we will get you some help.’”

“They ended up picking my drunk [\*]ss up off the ground, walking me over to a cab while consoling me, and paying \$60 cash to have a cab driver drive me back to my car. I cried all the way home. I'll never forget the kindness they showed me and plan on paying it forward some day.”

6) RobotSnack, a female, wrote, “A few years ago my younger sister tried to commit suicide and she was hospitalized against her will. At the time she was living in Philadelphia, PA, and I was living in Jacksonville, FL. My sister and I didn’t have a great relationship with my parents at the time, so my sister asked me to sign her out of the hospital and meet with her college’s dean to figure out what to do. I was 23 at the time and in my first semester of law school, so I already had a bit of stress on my plate.

“There was no one to pick me up at the airport, so I had to take the SEPTA [Southeastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority] train from the airport. There wasn’t anywhere to buy a ticket outside, so I figured I could do it once I was on the train. It was pouring down rain and I was lugging a heavy suitcase, along with all the stress of law school, the situation with my sister, and a fight I had been having with my then-boyfriend.

“Once on the train I learned that they took only cash. I panicked because all I had was a debit card and I didn’t want to get kicked off the train. I tried to explain to the conductor what was going on, but she was suspicious because my mailing address didn’t match the address on my license. I was almost in tears when suddenly the man who was sitting behind me handed me the amount I needed for my ticket. That was the first wave of relief I had felt in days.

“I thanked him a hundred times. To this day I have never forgotten him.”

7) paulmcpizza wrote, “No one took my purse or anything inside it when I left it on my car before going into work for an 8-hour shift last Friday.

“I realized halfway through my shift my purse was hanging on my side mirror, and nearly threw up when I got out to



my car that night and it hadn't been touched. My coworker was floored.”<sup>94</sup>

## 95. “Doing Good with the Little I’ve Got”

On 5 July 2016, Imgurian IveGotThatLovingFeeling posted a Success Kid meme on, of course, Imgur with this heading: “Doing good with the little I’ve got.” The text on the meme stated this: MET A CASHIER AT HYVEE YESTERDAY WHO HAD TO WORK ON THE 4<sup>TH</sup> AND ALSO THE 5<sup>TH</sup> / MADE HER CRY AT WORK TODAY.”

This is the story behind the meme:

“So yesterday, a friend and I were gathering some smore’s stuff at our local Hyvee. We met a young gal who was our cashier, about our age (20’s or so) who had to not only work on the 4th, but also the day after — a 12-hour shift. I tried to make her night by saying tomorrow will be the best day ever!

“Although my words felt a bit empty as we left, today I decided to go to a local restaurant that is one of the nicest places in the city. I bought her a \$20 gift certificate with the remainder of my cash that I had from my splurging money from last month, went back to the Hyvee and gave it to her at the cash register. As I handed it over, I said, ‘I told you today was going to be a great day. Thanks for being awesome.’

“I was however, not prepared for the waterworks, but she thanked me a lot afterwards. I hope she has a great meal,

---

<sup>94</sup> Source: molly9945, “What random act of kindness made you (almost) cry in public?” Askwomen. Reddit. 2 February 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hvjwn7k>>.

and also a great remainder of her day / week. If you can see this, Jenna, you are awesome!”<sup>95</sup>

## **96. “How have a Stranger’s Actions Tangentially Made Your Life Better Recently?”**

1) KochiraChiRah wrote this:

“So I work on the basement level of a tall building, and somehow it has become a thing that everyone from the floors above comes down to use our only bathroom to poo. I am guessing it’s because they don’t want their colleagues to know they poop or something, so they sneak down to our floor where they won’t risk being recognized.

“That’s all well and good, but it’s the only bathroom we basement people have access to, and all the bathrooms on the upper floors are protected by key card access, so it’s not like we can just run up and use theirs in some kind of bathroom exchange.

“Anyway, as you can imagine, our only bathroom always, ALWAYS stinks. It’s not the worst thing, but it’s not great either. I had just gotten used to it, and it wasn’t something that actively upset me or anything.

“Fast forward to this week — every time I walk into the bathroom, it smells very subtly of flowers, quite fancy ... It seems like someone has been doing something, fragrance spray maybe, and it’s surprisingly nice! Thanks to whatever stranger decided to make things a little fresher for the rest of us!”

2) oatmealcookay wrote, “I take the bus home when it’s dark and there’s this guy who takes the same bus and walks a good portion of my route home with me. He also dances

---

<sup>95</sup> Source: IveGotThatLovingFeeling, “Doing good with the little I’ve got.” Imgur. 5 July 2016 <<http://imgur.com/gallery/b8RL9yv>>.

the entire way beside me. He said to me the other day, 'Nobody is gonna f[\*\*]k with you when you have a big black dude dancing by your side'."

PantalonesPantalones commented, "That is awesome on so many levels."

3) cuaseimdrunk, a female, wrote, "A few years ago I was laid off and couldn't make rent. I spent a frantic few weeks learning everything I could about living in my van during winter on vanliving forums. A guy messaged me saying he'd noticed my numerous posts and wanted to help. He bought me a propane heater and had it shipped to my house. That heater helped deal with a very tough situation and gave me much-needed comfort during the cold nights."

4) melcatt wrote, "The manager at Chipotle gave me my burrito for free. I was in a bad mood because my school's residences ran out of food for dinner way before the cafeteria was supposed to close so I had to go out and spend actual money. I asked him before I ordered how much a burrito would cost with tax to make sure I had enough cash and he said not to worry about it. I thought he meant if I was short a dollar or so he'd wave it off but when I got to the cashier he told her it was on the house even after I told him I had enough cash."

5) Thomzzz wrote, "I was at the post office to ship a package last weekend and needed to reprint my shipping label. The post office was about to close and I was 45 min from my apartment. The nice lady who owned a furniture store next door printed my label for me and it was such a convenience :)"<sup>96</sup>

---

<sup>96</sup> Source: KochiraChiRah, "How have a stranger's actions tangentially made your life better recently?" Askwomen. Reddit. 21 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hg3ucta>>.

## 97. “What’s the Nicest (and Innocent) Compliment You’ve Ever Received?”

1) SmallTownPanther wrote, “I’m a hospital floor nurse working night shift, and I once had a sweet little old lady we were giving diuretics (medicines to make you pee) and I was in there a lot helping her back and forth to the bathroom.

“After [I got] her back in bed for what felt like the hundredth time, she said, ‘Although I have three sons who I love very much, I never did have a daughter. But if I had, I think I would have liked her to be like you. You have been so patient with me.’

“It wasn’t just how sweet the compliment was, it was the way she said it — 100% heartfelt. I think of it every time I’m having a tough day.”

2) kanekoi wrote, “My younger cousin once insisted I join all the rest of the family at dinner because ‘every conversation is boring without you.’ She was about twelve and I was fifteen when she said it. :)”

3) MoreThanASuperstar wrote, “I was out on a boat with some friends and we pulled up to a beach where [a] few families were already parked. I was standing on the front helping tie up when this 9-ish-year-old boy came up and said, ‘Do you know who you look like?’ Well, I am a size 12 somewhere in between fit and ‘curvy’ standing in my bathing suit ... and we all know how honest kids are. So, I mentally prepare for this kid to, without intention, publicly crush me. And then he says, ‘You look just like Batgirl!’ (I have red hair) I was simultaneously SO relieved and SO flattered. And you know what? For the rest of the day I freakin’ felt like Batgirl.”

4) JuniorShaBaDu wrote, “I was walking down the street during the summer when a car stopped at the lights with a

bunch of young men in it. One of them called to me to get my attention and I fully expected some gross comment, but instead one lad just said, ‘I just wanted to say you look just like Julia Roberts, you’re lovely.’

“It was so sweet and surprising. I said thanks and smiled and they drove away, wanting nothing from me. It was a genuinely nice thing to do and really perked up my day.”

The Viruss commented, “Wow, you mean to tell me that genuine compliments and not catcalling actually gets a woman’s positive attention? Who would’ve thought, right?”

JuniorShaBaDu replied, “I know. We live in a mad, mad world.”

5) Loaf\_Butt wrote, “I was showing at a comic convention and an artist sitting across the room had a little daughter, maybe 8? I kept noticing her looking at me funny but didn’t think anything of it. At the end of the day we’re all packing up, she sneaks up to me all nervous and says, ‘I just wanted to say you’re really pretty and you look like Taylor Swift ....’ I just about died, it was the cutest thing. I thanked her and chatted for a bit and she went on her way. That made my whole year, what a cutie.”

6) DivinelyMinely wrote, “The one that stands out to me the most was at a time that I was pregnant. I was sitting on the train across from a man who was asleep when I boarded. He woke up, rubbed his eyes, and said he thought I was a dream because he didn’t expect to wake up to such a lovely picture.

“Considering how fat and ugly pregnancy can make a woman feel, that meant quite a lot to me!”<sup>97</sup>

---

<sup>97</sup> Source: THX\_4\_YOUR\_MAMMARIES, “What’s the nicest (and

## **98. “Share the Love. Put People’s Needs Above Yours. Don’t be Selfish”**

On 6 October 2015, after Godfrey Coutto, a 21-year-old sociology student at McMaster University, got on a public bus in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada, he was surprised when a middle-aged man shook his hand and didn’t let go. Mr. Coutto said, “I was like, ‘Yo, what’s going on? Am I getting pranked or something?’ I wasn’t. I looked at him [and realized] he’s special needs.” The man was named Robert, and members of his family told media that he is deaf and has cerebral palsy. Mr. Coutto said, “This was my first time encountering such a thing. I was obviously freaked out, but I tried to understand his position. I thought, ‘You know what, I’m just going to allow it. I’ll let him do his thing. I’ll comfort him.’” He allowed Robert to hold his hand during the bus ride. A passenger snapped a photo and posted it on Facebook with this caption: “I don’t know if u can post this but I would liking to say thank you to the guy who was seating beside a special needs gentleman ... He allowed him to hold his hand and find comfort well in a packed bus. It makes my day when I see stuff like that.” The photo went viral. Facebook user Erin E Harvey saw the photo and wrote about Robert, “I’ve met him twice and he just hugs and high fives guys; people may be uncomfortable with that, but he’s just trying to be nice.” Mr. Coutto, who has been called a hero because of what he did, said, “To be honest I’m no role model, no hero, but I hope to inspire people from what I did. Share the love. Put people’s needs above yours. Don’t be selfish.” He added, “My mom has done everything for me. She actually

deserves the whole world. She disciplined me a lot. My mom is my number one role model.”<sup>98</sup>

### **99. “What’s the Most Memorable Compliment You’ve Ever Received?”**

1) Back2Bach wrote, “After a church funeral service, the widow of the deceased came to see me in the organ loft and said, ‘Your music helped turn what could have been a mournful occasion into a celebration of my husband’s life. Thank you.’”

“I’ve never forgotten her kindness and thoughtfulness in saying so.”

2) Thoarxius wrote, “A couple of years ago, I was asked to help an autistic guy (about 17 at the time) out by having a day of fun with him at a theme park. We had a lot of fun, and he was no trouble at all. At the end of the day, he turned to me very seriously and said, ‘I know you are with me because of what I am, but you did not make me feel like that at all. You actually seemed to enjoy me and our day together. I am really happy someone can just accept what I am and not constantly talk about how they accept me.’”

QuincyAzrael commented:

“I am really happy someone can just accept what I am and not constantly talk about how they accept me.”

“Chokes me up, man. I wish everyone could read this.

“I have a lot of people with disabilities, mental and physical, in my family and circle of friends. It’s frustrating how many well-intentioned people there are who will

---

<sup>98</sup> Source: Jenny Sung, “Hamilton man called a ‘hero’ for act of kindness to special needs man.” *Global News* (Canada). 9 October 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/own6mjb>>.

preface every other statement with ‘It’s so great someone like you can ...’ or ‘You’re even better than a normal person at ...’ etc. I know they mean well, but most people would rather just be treated normally, not constantly reminded that people see them as other.”

No\_More\_Shines\_Billy commented, “I had a gay friend in college who got drunk one time and basically gave me this speech. He was very emotional. He said it was hard on him when he moved to Chicago. Everyone saw him as like a fashion accessory and some kind of golden ticket to trendy nightlife and elevated social status. He said he never felt uncomfortable being gay except when being constantly reminded how it was okay and they accepted and supported him.”

3) Fruitlessfruittree wrote, “I once had my gyno [gynecologist] say, ‘Wow! You look beautiful!’ While looking down under. I didn’t know what to say so I just laughed.”

4) Tozetre wrote, “Girl saw me in my underwear.

“She made a noise. Part growl, part moan.

“I will never forget it.”<sup>99</sup>

## **100. “What is the Nicest Thing a Stranger has Done for You?”**

1) KeanusDracula wrote, “25 years ago I emerged from a stranger’s vagina. I was subsequently treated to free food / housing and unconditional love.”

---

<sup>99</sup> Source: noname0184, “What’s the most memorable compliment you’ve ever received?” AskReddit. 11 June 2016  
<<http://tinyurl.com/hbecfjb>>.



Idontbelieveyourpost commented, "I have a similar story except she was sliced open and I was plucked from her lower abdomen. Still, unconditional love. Blows my mind."

Allie\_m\_k commented, "Good parents are pretty much the greatest people ever."

2) username-trial wrote, "I was going for a job interview, the company was in the middle of nowhere. The bus only stopped by the bus station, some distance away, I only lived in this country for a couple of weeks, it was [...] when smartphones were yet to be created. So I got lost, walked along the road, knowing I will never get there on time, if at all. And believe me I really needed a job. Suddenly one of the cars passing me stops, and an old-ish guy offers his help. He was living near the company and drove me there just in time for my interview. I got the job, I'm still working here so many years, promotions, and pay rises later. Thanks, man! I meet him in town now and then, he is selling paintings in the town market, if I see him, I always go to the coffee shop and buy him a coffee and a donut.

"Anyway ... it could be a different story as well if he would be a serial killer. ... don't get into the car with strangers, kids. Russian roulette really."

3) GOTaSMALL1 wrote, "Ran out of gas on a solo motorcycle ride in the middle of the desert. A nice couple stopped to check on me and rode 20 miles back to the closest gas station, bought a makeshift gas can, filled it with gas, brought it to me ... And wouldn't take my money.

"It's kind of an unwritten rule in biker culture that you don't leave somebody on the side of the road ... But this was way above and beyond the call. Thanks, Jan and Steve!"

MOress commented, “Riders are some of the nicest people on the road. I had an accident on my bike a few years back, which luckily was a little over a mile from my house so I was able to just walk it back.

“One guy pulls up in a car and asks if I need help, but I was about halfway home and didn’t want to inconvenience him so I politely declined. Not a couple minutes later, another guy in a truck pulls up and asks if I need help. Both were also riders. Good people.”

4) Haterbait\_band wrote, “Went to eat at a crowded restaurant with open bar area seating. Found a couple small tables but noticed a woman behind me looking around as well. I asked her how many in her group and she said 3, so I told her to take the somewhat larger table since we had only 2. They thanked us after they finished eating and left. When we finished and went to pay, the server informed us that they had paid our bill as well. I’m usually pretty cynical, and I hardly expect even a word of kindness when I do something nice or polite for a stranger, so this was a nice gesture and made me feel good about being considerate.”

5) notaf[\*\*]kingflower wrote, “I was living on the streets with my boyfriend who was a drug addict and increasingly paranoid and verbally abusive. I was eighteen. We were sitting in a park, and he was yelling at me and accusing me of trying to leave him / turn others against him, swearing at me and calling me names. I used to just wait until it blew over and then he would be so sorry, but this one day I just couldn’t take it and ducked into the nearest public washroom to have a minute of peace / cry. An older woman who had been walking in the park followed me into the restroom, and said she had heard the things he said, that I didn’t deserve it, and could she get me a bus ticket to anywhere. She gave me sixty dollars cash and bought me a

bus ticket to a better place. I had been trying to ‘save’ my boyfriend for a year, and it was getting pretty hard to not become a drug addict myself, so I think that woman saved me.”

6) garland\_green93 wrote, “I used to work at a car wash in Buffalo [New York]. One day my friend and I had to dry off the cars that came through the wash. Since we were mainly stationed in the detail shop (which is inside), we weren’t well dressed to be standing outside while it was snowing, wind blowing hard. Neither of us had gloves or hats and had only one layer of clothing in about 20-degree weather (negative with windchill). It was right around the holidays because one customer came through, saw us, and then immediately went and bought us nice hats and gloves, like these things had the price tags still on them at about a total of \$40, and told us, ‘Stay warm and take care. Merry Christmas!’ Never in my entire life did I expect a hat and a pair of gloves to mean so much to me. It gave me the ability to last the last couple hours until we closed. Sir in the silver truck, if you’re reading this, thank you very much!”

7) NyxIncarnate wrote, “I was going through a rough patch in life, and was out shopping with my mom. When we were walking back to the car in the parking lot, an old lady walked up to me and handed me a red rose saying she looked like I could use something beautiful to make me smile. I cried the whole way home, but every time I looked at that rose I smiled.”

8) sparkinx wrote, “Not my story but pretty amusing: One of the cart pushers at my Wal-Mart I worked in when I was 18 went in to buy a bottle of water (50 cents); he opened his wallet and saw he had no cash and was putting it back when the man behind him said to add it to his order and the

kid slid his discount card and the guy got 36 bucks off his order.”<sup>100</sup>

### **101. “I am so Ugly I Fixed a Girl’s Life by Dancing with Her”**

In answer to the question “What is the best thing about being unattractive?” on AskReddit, assshman wrote, “A little late but there is a girl at my college known for sleeping around a lot. There are a bunch of rumors surrounding her, but I know for a fact that she has taken two random guys up to her room on the same night (I worked as a doorman at the time). She wasn’t the best student by any means choosing to party over studying or anything like that. About a year ago, I was drunk at a bar and saw her there. She saw me and we talked for a bit and she asked to dance. I’m not the most attractive person by any means, so this had never happened to me. I took her offer, why not, could be fun. After about 4 songs worth of grinding or so, she turns around and gives me this wide-eyed look. She quickly says, ‘I have to go,’ and rushes out the door as quick as she could. I assumed she had a moment of clarity and left. I met back up with friends, told them what happened, and we all left a bit later. The next day there is a huge party and apparently she didn’t go, people were saying she wanted to study instead. In fact, she didn’t go to the bar or any party for the rest of the semester. She made dean’s list that semester and is on track to make dean’s list this semester too. When I talk about it to my friends, they say she probably hooked up with someone else that night or she went out a different night but I saw her look of shock. I saw her directly leave the bar. I know she didn’t go to that party that she would normally go to the

---

<sup>100</sup> Source: TyphonBola, “What is the Nicest Thing a Stranger has Done for You?” AskReddit. 4 December 2015  
<<http://tinyurl.com/oxduxjf>>.

very next night. She hit rock bottom by simply dancing with me and it was enough to truly change her life. TLDR [Too Long; Didn't Read]: I am so ugly I fixed a girl's life by dancing with her."<sup>101</sup>

## **102. What is Your Most Cherished Memory of an Encounter with Someone Who You Met and Then Never Saw Again?"**

1) electricalmusic wrote, "I was in an abusive relationship when I was way too young to be in a relationship. The guy I was seeing told me to meet him at his house, but he never showed up; after waiting for him in the rain for hours, I decided to walk home. I got very lost and ended up walking across the Williamsburg Bridge instead of the Manhattan Bridge. When I was about halfway over, it started to rain again and I thought about trying to jump.

"A man on a bike came over and asked if I needed a ride, to which I said no and started walking away very fast. He followed along beside me and started telling me about his life, how things are hard but they get better, how things can seem like they're too much but they're just lessons you have to learn .... He followed me all the way across the bridge while I kind of just mumbled responses and cried. When I got to the other side, he said he knew I was lost and told me how to get to a train station. I think he knew what I was thinking and he saved my life.

"I think about that man very often; I'm grateful that I've never given up on life."

noodle-face commented, "Had something sort of similar happen.

---

<sup>101</sup> Source: Applango, "What is the best thing about being unattractive?" Reddit. AskReddit. 15 December 2015 <<http://tinyurl.com/pg34e9u>>.

“I was in a pretty bad place, living in my parent’s basement and working a sh[\*]tty part-time job in my 20s at a supermarket. One day I decided I was just going to end it. I went to work that day because I was still thinking about what I was going to do, and this elderly man came up to me and started talking to me. He told me all about how we are the masters of our destiny, how we need to take charge, how things will get better. He ended up talking to me for over an hour on the sales floor and handed me a card — that I lost :( — with his name and number on it to talk.

“Dude saved my life. Never saw him again.”

2) Bryfliesme wrote, “Good question. I was flying from San Jose to Miami. My father was dying after 2 liver transplants. Anyhow, I was in first class and proceeded to get hammered. The kind handsome gentleman next to me set aside his work, and helped me. He went out of his way to come with me and make sure I got to Jackson Memorial Hospital and meet up with my family without incident. I don’t know his name.”

Bryfliesme added, “I believe the airline took pity on me, knowing that I was on my way to Miami to pull the plug on my father. Upgrades don’t happen to me very often ... But that was surely appreciated.”

3) misswimp wrote, “About five years ago I took a solo trip out to England for a month because I’m self employed and well, why not? The day before my last day of my trip I decided to hop a train from London to the town my family name originated in hundreds of years ago.

“I had tracked down a church that had some tombs of my ancestors. The church was in a small town and their website listed an email address for their ‘keymaster’. I shot off an email and awoke the next morning to find it had a reply! This woman I’d never met before picked me up at

the train station, drove me to the church, opened it for me and spent HOURS telling me all about the history of my family. It was amazing. As a photographer I got to take some once-in-a-lifetime photos inside and out. I also have a video documenting the experience.

“It doesn’t end there. Then my new friend drove me to this old estate where the family used to live. The home had a moat around it. I kid you not. And stunning grounds with English gardens ... unbelievable. After my tour there, she took me back to her home for tea and sandwiches where her husband the historian got out his old dusty books to go over my family’s pedigree and I got to fill in some holes in the family tree. I also left with a lot more questions!

“When it came time for me to leave, they packed me some dinner for my train ride back to London and left me at the train station. I lived more in that day than most people get to their whole lives, I think. The generosity of complete strangers changed my perspective on a lot of things.”

4) throwitaway7n8 wrote, “I was in Korea, teaching English. My Korean boss was scummy and went behind my back to hire someone for cheaper when we got to the 6-month point at which she had agreed to give us a pay bump. I ended up moving out of my apartment and staying at a hostel / dorm-like place (called a *goshiwon*).

“My physically abusive parents were having a lot of issues back in the U.S. then and kept messaging me to fight through me as neither would talk to the other. Most of the guys at the *goshiwon* were super creepy and would wiggle the doorknob at night to check if it was locked. (I was one of the few girls there, and all of the guys made it clear that they were after one thing.)

“A new guy showed up — a Thai guy who was a visiting professor of Buddhist Studies. While all the other people in

the *goshiwon* were typically super cold towards me or trying to pressure me into sleeping with them, this Thai guy shared his food with me that he had cooked and sat with me for nearly two hours, telling me stories about the Thai royal family and about his research. He was so animated and hilarious and sweet. I saw him around the *goshiwon* a few times after that, and he always was sweet and smiled at me — and that made my day.

“I was so stressed out at the time that I didn’t even think to get some contact info from him or to tell him how much I appreciated his gift of food and his time when I needed a friend the most.”

5) khegiobridge wrote, “Teacher, too, in 1990’s Taipei [Taiwan]. Spoke zero Mandarin. I bought an old 50cc scooter and armed myself with an English-Pinyin bus map and learned the main streets. Late one night, I took a ride and took a wrong turn; I ended up crossing a bridge and realized I had no idea where I was; I was hopelessly lost in a part of the city with no English-Mandarin street signs at 1 am. I parked at a 7/11 and went in to ask directions; most clerks will be 19- or 20-year-old college kids with some grasp of English. I explained I was lost to the two kids in the store and wrote down the name of my street in English and repeated Ming Shung Dong Lu several times. The guys had a long discussion in Chinese, and finally one guy took his 7/11 blouse [American: shirt] off and beckoned me to follow him. I had no idea what was going on. He got on his scooter and had me follow him about ten miles back to my street and my apartment. I thanked him a dozen times. Wow. Thanks, guy.”

6) gogojack wrote, “About a year and a half ago, I met this old folk musician. I never was a big fan of folk music, but long story short I wound up talking to this guy on the phone and he invited me to come to his concert. After we’d talked



for awhile, he said, ‘Hey, man, I feel like we’re brothers of the spirit,’ and he promised that he’d give me a hug when we met.

“So what could I do? I went to the show. During the intermission, I got to go up and introduce myself and sure enough, he gave me a big hug.

“It took awhile to sink in. The old folk guy was Peter Yarrow ... one third of Peter, Paul, and Mary. “Puff the Magic Dragon” guy. “Where Have All the Flowers Gone?” “Leaving on a Jet Plane.” He played the March on Washington in 1963. Was friends with Mandela. Hung out with the Dalai Lama.

“He told me that we’re ‘brothers of the spirit’ and gave me a hug.

“Pretty monumental, actually.”

7) cheesiestcheese wrote, “First time I went out with friends after chemo, my friend brought a girl with him and his gf [girlfriend]. She was really sweet, didn’t treat me weird for being bald and obviously sick, laughed at my jokes, etc. She had a bf [boyfriend], and lived 100 miles away and I never talked to her again.”

Timeshift3r commented, “That’s the person I want to strive to be someday. I hope you meet this person later on in life.”

8) modern\_messiah43 wrote, “Not as great as some others here, but I once randomly held hands with the lady working at subway [Subway restaurant? A subway?]. I was digging in my pocket for change and said, ‘Hold on.’ She asked, ‘What am I supposed to hold on to?’ So I put out my other hand and we had a beautiful moment until I pulled the appropriate amount of change from my pocket.”<sup>102</sup>

---

<sup>102</sup> Source: clawish3, “What is your most cherished memory of an

### 103. “What are Some of Your Best Feel-Good Stories?”

1) ♀ApricotPickles wrote, “One of my favorites is a time my coworkers and I managed to make Christmas happen for a young girl who otherwise wasn’t going to have one because ‘Mommy said Santa Claus is poor this year.’ I filled a suitcase and a new school backpack with toys, dropped them off at her group home, and left a letter from Santa Claus. When I later saw the girl again, she whispered excitedly to me, ‘Santa came and left me gifts!’ Then she got even quieter and said, ‘But I know it wasn’t really Santa. It was my brother because he loves me.’”

2) ♀PandorasTrunk wrote, “A few years ago, my parents were giving my sister’s old twin bed to a friend of a friend who needed one so she could get her children back. She had been homeless for a time, but had gotten a new job and an apartment. The court said her children could live with her again, but having a bed for each of them was a requirement. Along with the bed, we also donated some clothing to the daughter. She was in her junior year of high school, so she fit into a lot of stuff that belonged to my sister and me.

“Now, in college I was in a band sorority and we had two or three formal events each year. If I saw a cool gown on clearance somewhere, I’d buy it. Well, one of these gowns found its way into the bottom of the bag of clothing. It apparently fit the daughter perfectly and was just her style. Her mother called my family friend crying because she had been trying to figure out a way to afford a prom dress for the girl.”

---

encounter with someone who you met and then never saw again?”  
Reddit. <<http://tinyurl.com/z64yhnw>>.

3) inducedjoy wrote, “I was out front of a building at school one morning before it was opened for class, and a man standing next to me starting signing to me. I don’t understand Sign Language whatsoever, so I said, ‘Sorry,’ kind of loudly and hoped my body language and facial expression conveyed that I couldn’t understand him. He simply took my hand, made it into the sign for ‘love’, then mimicked it and put his hand against mine. It was beautiful, I’ll never forget it.

“Another time, a homeless woman on the street saw me light my cigarette and said, ‘Please, put it out. This is my last piece of gum, chew it instead.’ It was so profound that someone with almost nothing was willing to give me, a stranger, something to maybe improve my health, even if it was in such a little way.”<sup>103</sup>

#### **104. “What is the Most Memorable, in a Good Way, Random Encounter You have had with a Stranger Whom You Haven’t Encountered Since Then?”**

1) mutantmother wrote, “At Universal Studios years ago. Was dragged by my parents on a tour group filled with old people. I was the only person under 40. [With me s]itting on the tram waiting for the tour to start there were people all dressed up as characters from movies. I was miserable and must have looked it. Frankenstein came up and shook my dad’s hand, growled at my mom, and looked at me. Then he walked away to the hill beside the tram. He came back a few moments later with a tiny bouquet of wildflowers. He bowed in front of me and handed it over. I didn’t stop grinning for the rest of the day. Frankenstein made my 13-year-old heart stutter :)”

---

<sup>103</sup> Source: ♀ApricotPickles, “What are some of your best feel-good stories?” Reddit. AskWomen. 18 January 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/hw8vsp8>>.

2) Songspark wrote, “When I was 11, my dad was in the hospital dying of cancer. I spent all day everyday at the hospital when I wasn’t in school. One day a man delivering flower arrangements saw me and obviously could tell how depressed I was. He pulled a red rose from one of his deliveries and gave it to me.”

Hometowngypsy commented, “People showing kindness when they know you’re sad, but don’t know why, is one of the purest things in humanity, I think. A person sees someone they don’t know who is obviously suffering and takes a second to try and do something to make it a little better. I think that’s beautiful. They aren’t trying to get a story out of it, they’re not trying to turn it around and show how great they are, they’re just trying to show someone that they’re not alone.

“I’m so sorry about your dad. That’s a terrible thing to have gone through at that age. But I’m glad you have at least one good memory from that time.”

3) 1432101232103231 wrote, “This is a group instead of a single person, but anyway: One time there was a bee on the bus, and one person was super terrified. A few people got between her and the bee while another person and I shoed the bee off the bus.

“I feel like we all really bonded that day.”

Leera07 commented, “This one makes me smile. That frightened person could have been me — an honest-to-god phobia does weird things to a person, even when we can rationally understand that it’s nothing to be afraid of. I literally can’t respond appropriately to a bee (of any kind) coming anywhere near me.

“It was kind of you all to help shoo it away, but also to not make fun of her (at least I’m hoping no one did) for being afraid of it!”

4) segmentedcat wrote, “As a little kid, on my first-ever field trip to the zoo, I got separated from my group. I was looking at the lions one minute, and when I looked up everyone was gone.

“I wasn’t supposed to go up to strangers, but I needed help, so I walked up to a woman who was nearby with a little girl about my age and told her I was lost. She took me by the hand and led me back toward the zoo entrance, where we found my group, and being four years old I’m pretty sure I just ran off without saying thank you.

“But I do still remember that, really well. Four was a strangely tumultuous age for me, so the moment of kindness sticks out.”

5) ladydece wrote, “Not exactly a stranger, but I have a person in my life who I am convinced might not be real, but is instead my guardian angel.

“We went to high school together, and he works at the local CVS. I rarely see him around. He isn’t on any kind of social media.

“Demeanor-wise, he has the most soothing presence in any situation. His voice is calm and soft. His smile and laugh are warm. When he looks at you, you can tell he’s listening. When he speaks, it’s genuine. Comforting.

“He appeared in a pinstripe suit at my senior prom, and he showed me how to swing dance. A year later, I saw him outside CVS while I was on my break from work at my sh[\*]tty summer job. He talked to me while I shoveled ravioli in my face and he surprised me with how much he remembered. It was over two years until I saw him again, on a train coming back from the city. He was taking classes at a community college. He remembered that I had just graduated, that I had wanted to be a writer. He got off at the

same stop as me, but before I could point him out to someone, he'd more or less vanished into the night.

"I'm hoping I see him again soon. But if not, I'll assume he's taken his talents and moved on to guard another spiritual realm."

pithyplatypus commented, "Uhhhh, get his number if you see him again, dude!!"

ladydece responded, "Haha, during our last conversation I kind of picked up that he had a girlfriend ... plus I think it would kind of ruin the magic if I could summon his special presence on the phone."

6) ZugTheMegasaurus wrote, "When I was in college, I woke up one December morning after a night of tossing and turning with horrible back pain and started throwing up. When I saw blood in it, I called my dad and he came to take me to the ER. They concluded it was a stomach bug and sent me home with a prescription for anti-nausea medicine. (Nine hours and another hospital admission later, [the problem] was determined to be my appendix getting ready to burst.)

"My dad and I stopped at Walgreens on the way home to fill my prescription, and when I stepped out of the car, I started throwing up again. Over and over. I waved my dad away and he went sprinting into the pharmacy. I was alone in the freezing parking lot, bent over a pile of steaming vomit, my insides feeling like fire. I couldn't move without getting covered because it was still coming out of my nose; my glasses had fallen off and I was just standing there crying.

"Out of *nowhere*, this guy walks up with a huge gallon bag full of individually-wrapped wet wipes. I tried to shoo him away because I was really embarrassed, but he just gave me a kind smile and said, 'Looks like you're not feeling too

good!’ He started unwrapping the wipes and handing them to me so I could clean myself up. He even picked up my barf-covered glasses and cleaned them for me.

“When my dad came back, he was falling all over himself thanking this guy and tried offering him \$20, but the man kept refusing it. ‘We all need help once in a while,’ he said. ‘Get well soon, okay?’ He went back to his truck and I never saw him again, didn’t even catch his name. One of those random acts of kindness that I don’t think I’ll ever forget.”

7) hometowngypsy wrote, “Right after my dad died, my car broke down. Irreparably. I had just graduated college, and I had to buy a car quickly so I could load it up and drive 10 hours south to move into my new apartment and start my new job. My dad had always helped me through stuff like that so I was really missing him that day. I got through the car dealership / car loan stuff and got in my newish, and unfamiliar, car to drive home. Traffic was really bad on the way home, and I was uncomfortable in this car and was getting really frustrated because I couldn’t change lanes when a police officer pulled in the lane I was trying to enter and slowed down to make the other cars let me in. I just broke down crying. It was such a small thing, but so needed that day. I just needed someone, somewhere, to show me an ounce of kindness and that officer did.”<sup>104</sup>

## **105. “People Who Work in Hospital — What is the Worst Thing You Have Seen a Patient Go Through?”**

1) DreamGirl3 wrote this:

---

<sup>104</sup> Source: AshLyn32, “What is the most memorable, in a good way, random encounter you have had with a stranger who you haven’t encountered since then?” AskWomen. 28 April 2016 <<http://tinyurl.com/z3n6th>>.

“I knew a girl in college whose grandma got dementia. The family visited her weekly and it stressed them out that she couldn’t enjoy her own life. Anyway, one day they visited the grandma and she said, ‘Who are you?’ to the granddaughter. GD remembers that the grandma always loved writing and books. GD says, ‘I’m your granddaughter, \_\_\_\_\_. Don’t you remember me, I’m a famous writer!’ The grandma perks up and says, ‘You’re a writer? Wow, my granddaughter is a writer!’ They spent the rest of the visit talking about books, stories, and how the girl had won a Nobel Peace Prize award for one of her books. Completely changed the whole tone of that visit and the visits after. Now the family had a mission, to create stories and characters that the grandma loved. Most of the things revolved around things the grandma enjoyed (for instance, once the daughter said she was the first female astronaut because the grandma liked space and astronomy). The grandma was so proud to have family members so accomplished and doing amazing things, and the family was able to focus on more than just the illness.

“The girl said when her grandma died no one felt horribly sad because they knew she died happy and proud of what her legacy was.”

2) mess\_in\_a\_dress wrote this:

“We just lost our premature newborn son in December. I have no doubt the NICU [Neonatal Intensive Care Unit] nurse who was with us for 24 hours was affected by it — after he passed, she hugged me and with tears in her eyes told me that I was an amazing mom.

“I don’t know how anyone can do that kind of job, but I am so grateful for you people.”

3) gingerbreadspicetea wrote this:



“Been there. Lost my baby one week before the due date. I had a lot of complications after birth that assured I’ll never have another. [...] Thanks, universe!

“That being said, thinking back on that day, five years later, what sticks with me most is the amazing care I received from my doctor and the nurses who were on duty. One held my hand during emergency surgery (I was lucid and terrified), another rubbed my back when I was throwing up from the painkillers. I don’t remember their names or faces, but I remember their compassion. I’m forever grateful that they made an awful situation as comfortable as they could.”<sup>105</sup>

### **106. “What is the Saddest Meal You’ve Ever Had?”**

Daddioz wrote, “The last dinner my family had before we needed to put the family dog to sleep. It was planned, I was about 16 and the dog was only one year younger than I was. We were getting dinner ready, and the dog was watching us cook and prepare the food, and she just looked so sad ... like she knew what was coming. She was so sick and old, and she’d been having lots of complications for months leading up to the day we arranged for her to be put down. Everyone at the table was just frowning and crying because of our poor dog ...

“So my mom got up from the table, opened up the food pantry drawer, and said, ‘It’s Ruby’s last meal. She needs to have a goodbye party.’ Mom started with hotdogs and buns, smothered them with ketchup, mustard, relish, the works, and let Ruby just dig in to her heart’s content. That dog could EAT, too. We fed her chips, potato salad, cereal

---

<sup>105</sup> Source: cherun99, “People who work in hospital — What is the worst thing you have seen a patient go through?” AskReddit. 13 February 2018 <<https://tinyurl.com/ya8qefrj>>.

with milk, carrots ... Mom even baked a cake, complete with frosting, and let Ruby eat the whole thing.

“Ruby looked SO happy the rest of the day, and it made the rest of the family feel a bit better, too ... when we brought her to the vet that night, she was panting and just in such a good mood right until the end.

“To those who have lost a dog, they’ll know like I do that it feels like you’re losing not only a close family member, but truly a best friend ... so that’s why it felt like that meal may have been one of the happiest, but also the saddest.”<sup>106</sup>

---

<sup>106</sup> Source: brodymitchell, “What is the saddest meal you’ve ever had?”  
Reddit. March 2017 <<http://tinyurl.com/lqzbecp>>.

## **APPENDIX A: FAIR USE**

This communication uses information that I have downloaded and adapted from the WWW. I will not make a dime from it. The use of this information is consistent with fair use:

§ 107. Limitations on exclusive rights: Fair use

Release date: 2004-04-30

Notwithstanding the provisions of sections 106 and 106A, the fair use of a copyrighted work, including such use by reproduction in copies or phonorecords or by any other means specified by that section, for purposes such as criticism, comment, news reporting, teaching (including multiple copies for classroom use), scholarship, or research, is not an infringement of copyright. In determining whether the use made of a work in any particular case is a fair use the factors to be considered shall include —

- (1) the purpose and character of the use, including whether such use is of a commercial nature or is for nonprofit educational purposes;
- (2) the nature of the copyrighted work;
- (3) the amount and substantiality of the portion used in relation to the copyrighted work as a whole; and
- (4) the effect of the use upon the potential market for or value of the copyrighted work.

The fact that a work is unpublished shall not itself bar a finding of fair use if such finding is made upon consideration of all the above factors.

Source of Fair Use information:

<<http://www.law.cornell.edu/uscode/17/107.html>>

I assume these things:

Everyone wants Good Samaritans to get credit for their good deeds, and this book about Good Samaritans is a good way to do that.

People who post on Imgur and Reddit or write letters to the editors want to share their information with the world.

Credit must be given where credit is due. I definitely try to do this.

I must not make money from this book.

Light editing is OK for Reddit posts and letters to the editor. I see nothing wrong with correcting an obvious misspelling.

## **APPENDIX B: SOME BOOKS BY DAVID BRUCE**

### **Retellings of a Classic Work of Literature**

*Ben Jonson's The Alchemist: A Retelling*

*Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair: A Retelling*

*Ben Jonson's Volpone, or the Fox: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's Dido of Carthage: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's Doctor Faustus: Retellings of the 1604 A-Text and of the 1616 B-Text*

*Christopher Marlowe's The Massacre at Paris: A Retelling*

*Christopher Marlowe's Tamburlaine the Great: Part 1: A Retelling*

*Dante's Inferno: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante's Purgatory: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante's Paradise: A Retelling in Prose*

*Dante's Divine Comedy: A Retelling in Prose*

*The Famous Victories of Henry V: A Retelling*

*From the Iliad to the Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose of Quintus of Smyrna's Posthomerica*

*The History of King Leir: A Retelling*

*Homer's Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*

*Homer's Odyssey: A Retelling in Prose*

*Jason and the Argonauts: A Retelling in Prose of Apollonius of Rhodes' Argonautica*

*John Ford's The Broken Heart: A Retelling*

*John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore: A Retelling*

*King Edward III: A Retelling*

*Tarlton's Jests: A Retelling*

*The Trojan War and Its Aftermath: Four Ancient Epic Poems*

*Virgil's Aeneid: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 5 Late Romances: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 10 Histories: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 11 Tragedies: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 12 Comedies: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 38 Plays: Retellings in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 1 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 2 Henry IV, aka Henry IV, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 1 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 1: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 2 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 2: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's 3 Henry VI, aka Henry VI, Part 3: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's All's Well that Ends Well: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's As You Like It: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Comedy of Errors: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Coriolanus: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Cymbeline: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Hamlet: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Henry V: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Henry VIII: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Julius Caesar: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's King John: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's King Lear: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Love's Labor's Lost: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Macbeth: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Measure for Measure: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Merchant of Venice: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Merry Wives of Windsor: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Othello: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Pericles, Prince of Tyre: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Richard II: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Richard III: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Taming of the Shrew: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Tempest: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Timon of Athens: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Troilus and Cressida: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's Twelfth Night: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Two Gentlemen of Verona: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Two Noble Kinsmen: A Retelling in Prose*

*William Shakespeare's The Winter's Tale: A Retelling in Prose*

### **Children's Biography**

*Nadia Comaneci: Perfect Ten*

## **Personal Finance**

*How to Manage Your Money: A Guide for the Non-Rich*

## **Anecdote Collections**

*250 Anecdotes About Opera*

*250 Anecdotes About Religion*

*250 Anecdotes About Religion: Volume 2*

*250 Music Anecdotes*

*Be a Work of Art: 250 Anecdotes and Stories*

*The Coolest People in Art: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Coolest People in the Arts: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Coolest People in Books: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Coolest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes*

*Create, Then Take a Break: 250 Anecdotes*

*Don't Fear the Reaper: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Art: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Books: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Books, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Books, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Comedy: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Dance: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 4: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 5: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Families, Volume 6: 250 Anecdotes*



*The Funniest People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Music: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Music, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Music, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Neighborhoods: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Relationships: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Sports, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Television and Radio: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People in Theater: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Funniest People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds, Volume 1: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Kindest People Who Do Good Deeds, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*Maximum Cool: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Movies: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Politics and History: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Politics and History, Volume 3: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Religion: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People in Sports: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People Who Live Life: 250 Anecdotes*

*The Most Interesting People Who Live Life, Volume 2: 250 Anecdotes*

*Reality is Fabulous: 250 Anecdotes and Stories*

*Resist Psychic Death: 250 Anecdotes*

*Seize the Day: 250 Anecdotes and Stories*

**Previously Published Under a Pseudonym**

*Candide's Two Girlfriends*

*The Erotic Adventures of Candide*

*Honey Badger Goes to Hell — and Heaven*

*I Want to Die — Or Fight Back*

**Free Discussion Guide Series**

*Dante's Inferno: A Discussion Guide*

*Dante's Paradise: A Discussion Guide*

*Dante's Purgatory: A Discussion Guide*

*Forrest Carter's The Education of Little Tree: A Discussion Guide*

*Homer's Iliad: A Discussion Guide*

*Homer's Odyssey: A Discussion Guide*

*Jane Austen's Pride and Prejudice: A Discussion Guide*

*Jerry Spinelli's Maniac Magee: A Discussion Guide*

*Jerry Spinelli's Stargirl: A Discussion Guide*

*Jonathan Swift's "A Modest Proposal": A Discussion Guide*

*Lloyd Alexander's The Black Cauldron: A Discussion Guide*

*Lloyd Alexander's The Book of Three: A Discussion Guide*

*Mark Twain's Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: A Discussion Guide*

*Mark Twain's The Adventures of Tom Sawyer: A Discussion Guide*

*Mark Twain's A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court: A Discussion Guide*

*Mark Twain's The Prince and the Pauper: A Discussion Guide*

*Nancy Garden's Annie on My Mind: A Discussion Guide*

*Nicholas Sparks' A Walk to Remember: A Discussion Guide*

*Virgil's Aeneid: A Discussion Guide*

*Virgil's "The Fall of Troy": A Discussion Guide*

*Voltaire's Candide: A Discussion Guide*

*William Shakespeare's 1 Henry IV: A Discussion Guide*

*William Shakespeare's Macbeth: A Discussion Guide*

*William Shakespeare's A Midsummer Night's Dream: A Discussion Guide*

*William Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet: A Discussion Guide*

*William Sleator's Oddballs: A Discussion Guide*

## APPENDIX C: ABOUT THE AUTHOR

It was a dark and stormy night. Suddenly a cry rang out, and on a hot summer night in 1954, Josephine, wife of Carl Bruce, gave birth to a boy — me. Unfortunately, this young married couple allowed Reuben Saturday, Josephine’s brother, to name their first-born. Reuben, aka “The Joker,” decided that Bruce was a nice name, so he decided to name me Bruce Bruce. I have gone by my middle name — David — ever since.

Being named Bruce David Bruce hasn’t been all bad. Bank tellers remember me very quickly, so I don’t often have to show an ID. It can be fun in charades, also. When I was a counselor as a teenager at Camp Echoing Hills in Warsaw, Ohio, a fellow counselor gave the signs for “sounds like” and “two words,” then she pointed to a bruise on her leg twice. Bruise Bruise? Oh yeah, Bruce Bruce is the answer!

Uncle Reuben, by the way, gave me a haircut when I was in kindergarten. He cut my hair short and shaved a small bald spot on the back of my head. My mother wouldn’t let me go to school until the bald spot grew out again.

Of all my brothers and sisters (six in all), I am the only transplant to Athens, Ohio. I was born in Newark, Ohio, and have lived all around Southeastern Ohio. However, I moved to Athens to go to Ohio University and have never left.

At Ohio U, I never could make up my mind whether to major in English or Philosophy, so I got a bachelor’s degree with a double major in both areas, then I added a Master of Arts degree in English and a Master of Arts degree in Philosophy. Yes, I have my MAMA degree.

Currently, and for a long time to come (I eat fruits and veggies), I am spending my retirement writing books such as *Nadia Comaneci: Perfect 10*, *The Funniest People in Dance*, *Homer’s Iliad: A Retelling in Prose*, and *William Shakespeare’s Othello: A Retelling in Prose*.

