



A weird-looking head

“Look, daddy. That lady is really fat!” Jimmy tugged my coat sleeve and pointed at what was, in fact, a huge woman sitting a couple of seats away from us on the bus.

“Shh, Jimmy,” I shushed, “you don’t say that.”

“Why not, daddy?” he replied without lowering his voice even slightly.

I could tell by the woman’s body language that she was following our conversation. “Maybe the lady can’t do anything about it,” I hissed in Jimmy’s ear as I leaned into him.

“And if she can do something about it, are you allowed to say it then?”

“No, it’s better not to. Maybe she doesn’t like you saying it.”

“Why not? Doesn’t she like being so fat?”

“Shh, Jimmy, you have to stop before you make the lady angry or very sad.”

“But, does she hate being so fat then?”

There was genuine concern in Jimmy’s high-pitched voice. He kept staring at the woman compassionately. I could see that the woman was also starting to feel increasingly uncomfortable.

After a few moments, she stood up and made her way to the exit doors to get off at the next stop.

Jimmy kept staring at her in fascination. The bus stopped, and the doors opened. The woman gave me a friendly look and then turned to Jimmy, who was still staring at her intently. "Your head looks weird," she said to him, not unkindly but very clearly, before stepping out onto the sidewalk.

Jimmy jerked his head in my direction and looked at me, his eyes wide with surprise. He seemed upset by the woman's remark.

"Daddy, does my head look weird?" he murmured as I saw the tears starting to well up ...

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