



The Unseen Riches of Leo

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Leo sat slumped by his cold hearth, his strong, young hands clasped over his face in despair. Though his muscles rippled with health and his eyes were sharp, he muttered endlessly about his empty pockets and the unfairness of his meager life. A single, flickering candle cast long shadows across his worried brow, highlighting the youthful vigor he so casually overlooked.



Just outside his small cottage, an elderly woman sat by the road, her eyes clouded with age and her frail hands outstretched. She spoke not of sorrow, but hummed a quiet, contented tune as she felt the warmth of the sun on her face. Leo, passing by, barely noticed her serene presence, too consumed by his own perceived lack.



Later that day, Leo overheard a conversation in the bustling market. A wealthy merchant, despite his many treasures, lamented his failing eyesight, offering a fortune for clearer vision. Leo, watching from the shadows, instinctively touched his own healthy eyes, a flicker of an unfamiliar thought stirring within him.



He then saw a craftsman, renowned for his intricate carvings, painstakingly working with only one hand, the other lost long ago. Yet, the craftsman's focus was absolute, his single hand moving with a precision that many with two could not achieve. A pang of something akin to shame, then wonder, struck Leo.



That evening, Leo returned to his cottage, no longer complaining. He looked at his strong arms, his agile legs, his clear eyes. He picked up a fallen branch and began to clear the overgrown path outside, using his healthy body with newfound purpose.



Days turned into weeks. Leo, though still modest in means, worked diligently, his face now bright with a quiet joy. He helped neighbors, built small repairs, and always moved with a spring in his step, grateful for the incredible gift of his own able body. His heart, once heavy with complaint, was now rich with appreciation.