



The Price of Harvest

by 睡睡平安



Mateo arrived at the sprawling farm under a sky painted with the blush of dawn. His worn bag held all his belongings, a testament to his journey. He looked out over the fields, ready to begin the back-breaking work that promised a meager living.



The employer, Mr. Henderson, a man with a stern face and a sharp gaze, greeted Mateo. He pointed towards the endless rows of crops, explaining the terms of their agreement. Mateo listened carefully, a mixture of hope and apprehension in his heart.



Days turned into weeks as Mateo toiled under the scorching sun. His muscles ached, his hands blistered, but he worked with unwavering determination. He sent money home to his family, his only solace in the harsh reality.



A dispute arose over Mateo's wages. Mr. Henderson insisted he hadn't met the production quota, and refused to pay him the agreed-upon amount. Mateo stood his ground, his voice shaking but firm, defending his honest labor.



Other workers, witnessing the injustice, rallied around Mateo. They stood together, a united front against the unfair treatment. The air crackled with tension as they demanded fair compensation for their efforts.



In the end, Mr. Henderson, faced with the workers' solidarity, relented. Mateo, though tired and worn, felt a surge of pride and vindication. He had not only earned his wages but also stood for the dignity of all workers.