A Little Miracle with a Taste of Wi-Fi

نویسنده: گلوریا برانت

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December twenty-third. Hamburg shimmered beneath a thin blanket of snow, like a photograph with an Instagram filter. Edith sat on the sofa with a mug of mulled wine, scrolling through her phone; past flawless rooms, artificial smiles, and the stress of last-minute shopping. She murmured under her breath, "Christmas just isn't what it used to be."

At that exact moment, a message from an unknown number popped up on the screen: "Ho ho ho! You have a mission tonight: give someone something that cannot be bought."

Edith smirked with annoyance. "Great! All that was missing was Santa Claus installing WhatsApp too." Yet, the message wouldn't let her go. She put on her coat and stepped out into the street.

At the street corner, an elderly man without a hat or gloves sat on a bench, staring at the illuminated windows across the road. Edith sat beside him and asked, "Are you waiting for someone?"

The old man gave a bitter smile. "No, I'm just watching how warm and beautiful the world can look from the outside."

Edith smiled, and a lively conversation bloomed between them; about bygone days, about music,

and about the heavy loneliness of holiday nights. When saying goodbye, Edith placed her still-warm scarf into the old man's freezing hands and said, "I need this less than you do."

The old man smiled with a profound gaze. "Then you have understood the meaning of Christmas."

On her way back, her phone vibrated again: "Mission accomplished. Tonight, you gave away something that cannot be found under any Christmas tree."

Edith stopped. She wanted to write a reply, but the number no longer existed. She looked up; amid the dark clouds, a single star twinkled. She burst out laughing. Perhaps Santa Claus was still alive after all; only instead of a sleigh and reindeer, he traveled with Wi-Fi and a deep understanding of human hearts.

When she got home, she put her phone on airplane mode and sat by the window. For the first time in years, Christmas felt real again. Because the greatest gift isn't what we place under the tree; it is the love that unfolds between two human beings.