

My high heels clicked over the tiles as I stepped off the train and shoved my way through the jostling crowd. The building was crammed with people arriving at the train station on their way home. I was heading back to my house after a long, tiring day at work. As I shouldered my way through the mall that was connected to the train station, I noticed a young girl who appeared to be in her early twenties. Judging by the attire she was dressed in, I knew she was a salesgirl. She was handing out free samples of something, and several women were crowded around her, grabbing a sample. I paused to watch from a distance, wondering what the samples were.

Then I spotted an old man wandering around nearby. A cigarette dangled from a crusty corner of his dirty mouth and his drooping eyes darted back and forth. His filthy clothes reeked of rotten fish sticks that had been left out in the sun for too long. His eyes fell upon the salesgirl giving out free samples, and he hurried over to her and started groping for his own sample.

Interested now, I watched as the saleswoman meaningfully ignored the old man's hand and proceeded to give out the samples to other women. She shifted away from him slightly, attempting to avoid him, but he shuffled after her, demanding a sample. Why wasn't she giving him a sample? I wondered.

The man shook his hand vigorously in front of the saleswoman's face, asking roughly for a sample. The woman glanced uncertainly at him and shook her head, pointing to the samples and explaining something. Then she proceeded to give out samples to other women. I was confused. Why did the woman give samples to every other woman, but not the old man?

Finally, the woman heaved a sigh and gave in. "Fine, fine, you can have a sample," she said breathlessly, shoving one into the old man's hand. He murmured something inaudible and shuffled away. As he walked away, I could see him ripping open the package and staring at the sample with interest and confusion.

I decided to go over to the salesgirl and receive a sample of my own, so I could figure out why the salesgirl hadn't given a sample to the man. The women handed me a sample and I tore open the plastic package to reveal what it was. When I saw what the sample was, I nearly choked on my own laughter. Now I understood. The sample was a sanitary pad!