

Where Kindness Sits

At Saint-Honoré Primary, the bench in the far corner of the courtyard had no special name. It was old, a little crooked, and during winter months, most pupils ignored it in favour of running, jumping, or clustering by the canteen windows to watch the kitchen steam up with lunchtime smells.

But that bench was there, every day. And so were the children—some more visible than others.

The first ripple happened on a day no one was watching closely.

Or so it seemed.

That morning, Léa had arrived late again. Her little brother had refused to put on his shoes, her mother had yelled, and Léa's scarf had fallen in a puddle on the way to school. By the time she stepped through the gates, her coat was damp, and she felt the day had already decided it would not be kind.

She didn't say hello to anyone. She went to the bench. She sat.

Her bag sagged against her side like a weight she couldn't set down. The other children played in the distance. Their laughter felt far away.

That's when Chadi, walking past, paused. He didn't sit. He didn't speak. He simply placed a folded tissue on the bench beside her, then walked on. Not dramatic. Not loud. Just an offering.

Léa blinked. She hadn't expected anything. She used the tissue to clean the mud off her sleeve and didn't thank him. She didn't need to. The gesture stayed with her, like a pebble dropped into a still pond.

Later that day, during maths, Léa noticed that her tablemate, Inès, couldn't find her pencil case. Without saying much, Léa handed her a pencil. Not a



big deal. Not a huge effort. But the timing mattered. Inès smiled, quietly grateful.

Inès didn't forget. That afternoon, she stopped to hold the door open for Karim, who was balancing a stack of art projects. Karim, not used to people noticing him much, gave her a small nod. He told his mum about it that evening. She, in turn, decided not to raise her voice when Karim spilled juice on the sofa.

And so it went.

No one tracked it. No one mapped the connections. But something began to shift.

Over the next weeks, kindness began to appear in small, almost imperceptible ways. A jacket picked up and dusted off. A library book returned before being asked. A football passed to someone who usually stood on the sidelines.

Not everyone participated. Not everyone noticed.

But some did.

One of them was a boy named Samy.

Samy wasn't loud or quiet, not top of the class or struggling. He was, in a way, invisible—reliable, polite, always there but never quite the centre of anything. He liked observing (as the editor-in-chief of the school newspaper should). Noticing patterns. Watching what others missed.

It was Samy who began to keep track—not with a notebook or a chart, but in the quiet corners of his mind, quietly observing everything.

He saw how Nour started smiling more after receiving a drawing from her classmate. He noticed how Madame Doucet, their teacher, seemed to pause longer before raising her voice. He even spotted how the boy who used to tease others during football matches now offered high-fives without being asked.



And what struck Samy most wasn't that people were being kind—it was how often the kindness came **after** someone else had seen kindness being done.

He realised: people were *learning from what they witnessed*.

Not from being told what to do. Not from being corrected. But from watching what goodness looked like in practice.

Samy began testing it. One day, he made sure to loudly thank the lunch worker who handed him his tray. The boy behind him did the same. Two days later, half the queue was doing it.

Another time, Samy helped a classmate pick up their spilled pencils and *didn't say a word about it afterward*. The girl beside them joined in. No one discussed it. It just happened.

It was like dropping stones in water. You never saw how far the ripples would go. But you knew they moved the surface of the water.

One morning in April, Madame Doucet arrived to find a folded paper on her desk. It read: *"Thanks for being patient yesterday. I know I was loud."* No name. Just a sentence. A few children had seen her kindness, and now someone was reflecting it back.

When she smiled, Samy noticed. And he smiled too.

That week, Samy asked the headteacher for permission to paint a new sign to place near the bench in the courtyard. He asked three classmates to help. The sign read:

"Sit here if you want to rest, or just to notice something good."

It didn't need more words.

By June, the bench was rarely empty. Sometimes it was occupied by someone reading. Sometimes by a pair of friends simply sitting in silence. Sometimes by someone new to the school, watching the playground and learning its rhythm.



And often—very often—someone passed by and did something small: shared a biscuit, left a note, returned a scarf, picked up litter.

They didn't always know why. But they had seen someone else do it. And now, without thinking too much, they were part of something too.

At the end of the year, Samy, as the editor-in-chief wrote a recap of the important school events, and finished it with a couple of mysterious phrases. He didn't talk about heroes or big achievements. He said this:

“You don't have to be the person who starts it.
You just have to be someone who keeps it going.
Kindness is catching. So is gratitude.
And when you see something good—don't forget, that counts
too.
You're already part of it.”

Reading this last issue of the year, reading Samy's article, the teachers nodded. The students nodded, too, knowing that a shift had happened. Not everyone understood right away. But many did.

Because by then, they had felt the ripples.

And the bench, which still had no official name, had become the quiet heart of the playground.



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