

WHEN BISEKSO WENT MISSING

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It was the season of orange in our village. One evening my father bought one full bag of oranges. Then my sister, little brother and I were overjoyed to see so much orange. Father said, "All of you can eat!" "Hurrah!" we shouted. My sister Zymala kept half the bag of orange. Then we started to eat. My papa was also eating. After about ten minutes, papa said, "Where is your brother Bisekso?" "Yes, where's he gone?" Zymala echoed. As we were searching for brother, my mummy came from the field.. "What's happening with all of you?" Mummy asked angrily. Then my sister explained. Now mummy was in tears. She ran inside the room, took a torch and went straight towards the well. She looked inside the well, but brother was not there. Mummy scolded us several times. Papa took his bike and went to search. We sisters were worried. I went to open the almirah: There was a little boy sleeping inside. When I touched, it was Bisekso!

I shouted, "Mummy, here is our brother! Sleeping inside the almirah!" My sister and mummy came running. When mummy saw brother, she hugged him tightly. She took him and put him in the bed. Soon, father returned, all sweating and looking very worried. He asked anxiously, "What happened? Have you found him? I smiled and told all the story.

Father laughed aloud, "How foolish we were!"

We too laughed with him. From that day, we were never careless about our brother.....
