

TALK THE TALES

MATTER OF TRUST

I was twelve. The cold winter night was silent. Everybody was sleeping. I somehow could not sleep. Suddenly a voice from downstairs disturbed the silence of the house. I was so afraid that I could hear my heartbeat. The slow steps were breaking the silence of the cold night. I wanted to be with my parents and tell them that I had heard someone. I gathered all my courage and went downstairs. To my horror, I could see three masked black figures moving around my house. They saw me....and I screamed. Within a few seconds, my parents were out of their room. The lights were on, and we could see the black dressed men with their masks on to hide their faces. I could only see their eyes.

We all were alerted when one of them put a knife on my mother's neck and asked us to collect all the valuables in the bag. They had brought three bags with them. We shouted and asked them not to harm my mother. My father requested and agreed to get all the money and jewellery in the house. My father held my hand and took me to the adjacent room to fill the bags with the little valuables. My mother was still captive in the Living room. We filled the bags with all the stuff we had. An idea then struck me. We called the masked robbers to the room and asked them to fill the bags themselves. Just when they were busy filling the bags, daddy and I rushed out of the room and locked the robbers inside the small adjacent room. We hurriedly reached our mother, who was gasping for breath. My father called the police. Within a few minutes, we realized that the masked men were my father's friends.

We all were shocked at the revelation and felt our trust was betrayed. I just thought that even friends could not be trusted. It is only faith, love and trust that define a friend. We should be careful while choosing our friends

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