

LITTLE KIDDO....

The bell has finally rung....

Little kiddo felt relieved hearing it. He can go home and happily play with his toys. .

He packed his stuff and left the next minute his teacher left. Parents were waiting for their children outside the gate beaming at them. His friends ran towards their parents at the site of them.

But nobody picks up our little kiddo. His parents are busy making money. He walks home all by himself. He turned right after he came out of school.

It is a narrow road with greenery smiling and welcoming him on the either side of the road.

A butterfly is flying. He followed it and he fell on the road... He should have focused on road. He woke up.

But the surrounding started slowly turning into grey.

No flowers.

No leaves.

No butterfly.

Only mud.

Confused kiddo continued walking....

After a while he saw someone sleeping on the road. Little kiddo reached him and said, "Mister, wake up! You are blocking my way.." He didn't move.

He heard a soft but malicious voice from behind.
Oye! Kiddo, waking him up? Huh? She sighed.

How dare you do that? after killing him with your very hands.. Her voice is now high pitched and filled with anger and hatred..

These words hit him like a cane on the back. He turned behind and said, " I think you are mistaken miss, I never killed any one."

I'm mistaken? Um-humm!! You need proof now? Look around she said, Moving to her right.

There laid a number of dead mutilated bodies whose body parts were mixed covered in mud.... His family lying beside them also covered in mud weeping bitterly.....

Kiddo was terrified.
Catch him, she shouted.

Kiddo started running, he ran as fast as he could..

He forced his little body to run fast. He felt as if he was dragged back by an invisible force.

He is panting now..

Panting..

Still running... With fear

He reached his house and locked the door shut.
He was now left alone... In the empty house
All by himself and fear.....

Children,
Try to understand the fear mentioned by Little kiddo..
It is the feeling of loneliness.... and being framed
abandoned....