



Didi and the Colorful Treasure

By Mala Kumar and Manisha Chaudhry

Once there were some children. They lived at the edge of a city. They lived near a huge garbage dump. The garbage dump was very big. It stretched as far as you could see. The children did not go to school. They ran around in the dump all day. Some collected plastic bottles. Others sorted out pieces of cloth. All of them knew many things about the garbage.

One day, Didi came to the dump. She had a red dupatta. Didi looked at the children running around. Then she looked for a place to sit. She opened her bag and took out something. The children were curious. They moved a bit closer. Didi had lots of colorful books. The books had stories inside them. The children moved closer and closer.

Didi started coming every day. The children stopped roaming in the dump when she came. They sat with her and listened to the stories. Soon they could read some letters and some words. Before long they were reading stories too.

“The children decided to make Didi’s place look good. Someone brought a chair from the dump. Someone else found a piece of carpet. Someone else brought some curtains. Soon Didi’s place looked good.”





One day Didi did not come. The next day too Didi did not come. The children waited and waited. They read the books by themselves. And they read the books to each other. One day the children found Didi's address in a book. They set off to look for her. They carried a bag of books. The children could read the bus name. They looked for her road number. They could do all this because Didi had taught them.

The children looked for her house. They looked up and down each lane. But they could not find it. Just as they were coming back, someone saw a red dupatta. It was hanging on a hook near a window. There was Didi lying in bed. She looked very sick. Her eyes were sad and she did not smile. The doctor had given her medicines. But somehow she was not getting better.

The children ran to Didi. They hugged her and they kissed her. They brought her books to her. Didi sat up and the children read to her. Her eyes began to shine and her smile came back.

Now Didi comes every day again. And the children do too. You can see them every evening. You can hear them laughing. You can hear them reading. You can tell they are having so much fun. The children, their Didi and the books.

THE END

Click below to follow us:

