**The** **Candle**

It was a gloomy yet cheerful day and the sun was about to hide below the horizon and the fleeting colours of dusk were fading away. It was the third day of Diwali and just an hour before we had guests incessantly arriving at our place and sooner or later they were all gone and at last mother could step out of the house. My dad was off to work and I was all alone with my grandpa who was now over the hills. I was serenely doing my homework.

Not much after that I heard some mild upheaval in the kitchen but I neglected the commotion. I was writing an essay and was determined to embellish it with such accented words that it would become the masterpiece of my collection of articles. My mind was in the world of words, thinking out of the box. I was unable to hear the further commotion so I continued writing.

After about a half an hour I came out in the kitchen as I was parched. As I gulped a massive sip of water, my eyes fell upon some gleamy object lying on the floor near the dining table. I proceeded further to have a clearer look. I saw the aluminium coat a candle torn and a half eaten candle. I was completely perplexed at what I saw. I was tired wondering why would somebody do this. Then I rushed to my grandpa and asked him whether he has eaten the candle. He told, he had not eaten a candle but he had eaten a sweet which was rotten so he left the half sweet on the table itself. I could conjecture what had happened and my obstreperous laugh made my grandpa bewilder.

I had left the disk-candle box along with the other sweet boxes on the dining table by mistake. My grandpa has a weak eyesight so he assumed the candle as a sweet and its aluminium base as the sweet coating. And the biggest coincidence was that unfortunately he picked up the candle whose wick was broken.

At first it seemed chuckle some to me but then, when I thought over it, I realized that the candle may turn out hazardous for my grandpa I quickly dialled my mom and asked her to call the doctor but even she couldn’t stop mocking. After she could hold her horses, she told the doctor what had happened and the doctor said that if my grandfather is fine and nothing unusual is happening to him then there’s no need to worry and fortunately he was okay! What an experience it was!