

Market Day



by
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Every Thursday is market day. Azmi goes there every week. His wife tells him what to buy. She writes a shopping list so that he doesn't forget anything.

This week she wants some fresh fruit and vegetables.

'Find some nice *lam yai*. There are lots of them at the market now so they're quite cheap and very juicy.'

'Yes, dear,' said Azmi. 'Anything else?'

'Yes, I want to make some cakes so get some pandan leaves.'

'Yes, dear,' said Azmi. 'Anything else?'

'Yes, I want to make some soup so get lots of green vegetables.'

So, Azmi got on his bicycle and rode to the market. When he got there, he found all the things his wife wanted and put them in his old basket.

He had to bargain with the market hawkers but he always got a very good price. 'My wife will be pleased with me,' he thought.

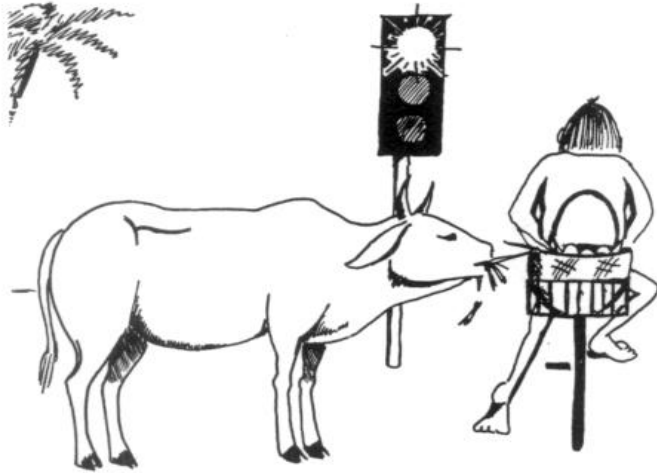


When he had found everything he needed, he found his bicycle and set off for his village called Sungai Baru. He put the basket on the rack at the back of the bike.

‘It’ll be safe there,’ he thought.



There was one set of traffic lights between the market and his village. When Azmi got there, the light was red so he had to stop. He waited about three minutes before the light changed to green. He didn't see the hungry cow eating his vegetables!

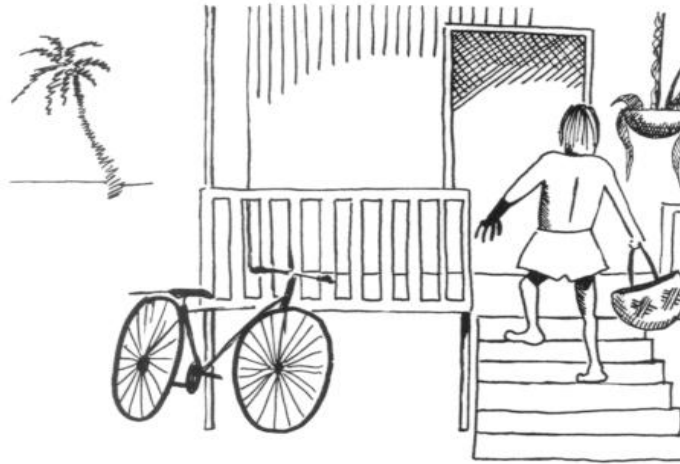


There weren't any more traffic lights before he reached his village, but the road was not very good. There were lots of stones and holes on the road.



He enjoyed riding over the stones. It was good fun. But he didn't notice the fruit jumping out of the basket. Before he reached his village, there wasn't anything left in the basket. It was empty.

When he arrived home, it was just getting dark. He put his bike outside the house and went inside.



'I'm home!' he called, as he climbed the stairs and entered the house.

'I've bought some delicious fruit and vegetables. Look!'

When he showed his basket to his wife, there wasn't anything inside.

'Well,' said his wife, 'where are these delicious fruit and vegetables?'

Show me what you bought.' She was very angry with her husband.



Azmi looked inside the basket. He didn't understand what had happened.

'Where are all the things I bought?' he asked himself.

That evening Azmi took a torchlight out into the fields to find some food. Instead of delicious vegetable soup and pandan cakes, they ate tadpole soup and sour spring onions.