

The Theft

Gregorios held the finely woven mat in front of him. “This isn’t so bad, Andreas. I can have it fixed for you by late afternoon.” He brought the mat to his wooden bench. Only moments after Andreas had left the shop, the front door tinkled again and Nikos ran in.

“Papa! I need two mats. Ari and me are making kites!”

“No.”

“But Papa! This is the best wind day of the year. We need them!”

“Look around, Nikos. Do you see a kite shop? No. I sell mats. Now go play some other game with your friend.” He turned back to his bench.

By late morning, the repair was mostly accomplished, and Gregorios felt he deserved a cup of Turkish coffee at the café across the street. When he returned an hour later, he put his apron back on, but before he resumed work, he noticed that two mats were missing. He sighed and hunched over his repair. It never occurred to him that someone in his village might have stolen them. He knew that when the mats are away the kites will play.

