Nama : Salman Faris

Rombel : RPL XII-1

~ Short Story ~

### Of All Types

Stories show life as it might be, should be, shouldn’t be, never could be. Basic social values, skills, wisdoms and all show up here but so do all sorts of other things on many different levels.   
  
It’s no accident that the founders of religions have been storytellers. Christ had his parables, Mohammed had his teaching of tales and the Buddha had his Jataka Tales.   
  
It’s also entirely natural that the many of the first great books that form the cornerstones of literary cultures across the world have been books of stories brought together from oral tradition - **The Panchatantra** from India which became **Kalila & Dimna** in the Arab world, The Alif Layla wa Layla (**Arabian Nights**), **The Decameron**, The **Fables of Aesop**, Homer’s **Odyssey** and **Iliad** to name but a few.   
  
English literature more or less begins with Chaucer’s **Tales of Canterbury**, essentially a book of stories told on the road. All of which is very interesting and intriguing.

Nama : Sanjaya

Rombel : RPL XII-1

~ Short Story ~

**Home Alone**

Let us enjoy reading this one of Modern Stories of **Home Alone** .   
  
It was a dark and stormy night.   
  
I was alone at home and about to go to bed, when I saw a scary shadow figure at my window.   
  
"Who’s there" I shouted.   
  
Suddenly there was a flash of lightning followed by thundershower.   
  
I saw a lion’s face followed by a scary thunderous roar at the window. It looked like the lion from the local circus that had been announced missing on the television news channel. I felt very scared. I ran to my bed and pulled my blanket over my head. I started to shout for my parents but there was no reply. Then I remembered they were at a late night party.   
  
I peeped out of my blanket but it was too dark to see anything. Then I heard footsteps.   
  
They were getting louder and louder. Soon the footsteps died off.   
  
The grand father clock struck 12. I went back to bed and tried to sleep, but couldn’t. I felt too frightened. I sat up my mind full of scary thoughts. After some time passed, finally I fell asleep.   
  
I woke up only after eight in the morning and switched on the TV news. I was excited to see the lion was already trapped in the wee hours of the morning by the ring master of the circus. I felt very much relieved after the news.   
  
Later I narrated the whole incident to my parents.   
  
They were dumb shocked and decided in future not to leave me alone at home during night.

Nama : Alif Firmansyah

Rombel : RPL XII-1

~ Short Story ~

### Sleepovers

Let us enjoy reading this one of Modern Stories of **Sleepovers**.   
  
Daisy is the new girl at the school. Most of her classmates are friendly, except for bossy, stuck-up Chloe. Having Chloe as a friend is hard work, but having her as an enemy would be far worse.   
  
So when Chloe issues the great sleepover challenge, Daisy is desperate to take part.   
  
"Guess what!" said Amy. "It's my birthday next week and my mum says I can invite all my special friends for a sleepover party."  
  
"Great," said Bella.   
  
"Fantastic," said Chloe.   
  
"Wonderful," said Emily.   
  
I didn't say anything. I just smiled hopefully.   
  
I wasn't sure if I was one of Amy's special friends. Amy and Bella were best friends. Chloe and Emily were best friends. I didn't have a best friend yet at this new school.   
  
Well, it wasn't quite a new school. It was quite old, with winding stairs and long polished corridors and lots and lots of classrooms, some of them in Portakabins in the playground.   
  
I still got a bit lost sometimes. The very first day I couldn't find the girls' toilets and went hopping round all playtime, getting desperate. But then Emily found me and took me to the toilets herself. I liked Emily so much. I wish she could be my best friend. But she already had Chloe for her best friend.   
  
I didn't think much of Chloe.   
  
I liked Amy and Bella though. We'd started to go round in a little bunch of five, Amy and Bella and Emily and Chloe and me. We formed this special secret club. We called ourselves the Alphabet Girls. It's because of our names. I'm Daisy. So our first names start with A B C D and E. I was the one who spotted this. The secret club was all my idea too.   
  
I always wanted to be part of a special secret club. It was almost as good as having a best friend.

Nama : M Restu Inyasdi Kahvi

Rombel : RPL XII-1

~ Short Story ~

## A Little Friend

Let us enjoy reading this one of Modern Stories of **A Little Friend** .   
  
That was a bad day for our Mr. Lion King. During his chase to catch a rabbit he sprang into a small bush from where he came out not with the rabbit but with a large thorn in his palm.   
  
He cried for help. He tried his best to pull out the thorn. He shook his hand, tried to pull out the thorn with his mouth etc. but all his efforts was in vain. The thorn began to smile at Mr. Lion.   
  
Then he asked other animals for help. But they all feared the lion. So no animals came to help him.   
  
At last the lion approached the clever fox. The king asked, “Can you pull out the thorn please. I am suffering very much with pain."  
  
The fox said, “I am not very expert in this task. But I have a little friend who is very expert in this work. I will surely ask him to help you. But I have some demands."  
  
“What are your demands?" asked the king.   
  
“It is not just food or money Your Majesty! You should allow me to give you five kicks on your back!" the fox said.   
  
The lion king asked with surprise and anger “Do you want to kick me? Don’t you know who I am?"  
  
“I know! I know! But it is not my need to remove thorn from your palm. If you don’t want I am going. Good Bye" said the fox.   
  
“Hey! Wait! Wait!" said the lion and he began to think for a moment “I am suffering with the pain of the thorn. It has to be pulled out. Let him kick me five times. I just want to remove the thorn. After taking the thorn I will eat up his little friend."  
  
The fox then began to kick the Lion King with his permission. One, two, three… like that. The fox called his little friend.   
  
There comes a little porcupine. He pulled out the thorn with great ease. The pain in the palm of the lion was reduced. But his mind became filled with anger, grief and disappointment. What to say! He was very much disappointed in thinking how he can take revenge for the five kicks he got from the fox. How can he eat the porcupine with thousands of quills? At last he had to bow down before the great intelligence of the clever fox.

Nama : M Ilham Fadillah

Rombel : RPL XII-1

~ Short Story ~

### A Mysterious Memory

Let us enjoy reading this one of Modern Stories of **A Mysterious Memory** .   
  
Though it is one of the faded memories of my life today, there are times when I remember his face clearly, especially his eyes. As he had yellow spots on his eyes we called him spotty. He would have been a stray dog, until, he came to me.   
  
I was seven years old. My dad had just got transferred to Nasik. We had shifted into a rented house. The house was surrounded by lots of bushes and vines. It was raining very heavily on the day we shifted.   
  
I went out and felt those refreshing raindrops with a cool breeze on my face. It was a cold dark night. We had our meal and went to sleep.   
  
Somehow in the midnight I heard a loud thud outside the main door. I mustered courage and peeped out through the window adjoining the door and I was really amused with what I saw outside.   
  
There was a small puppy lying on an old rug which my mother had put outside the door. It was wet and shivering. At first it was difficult to see the little one. It had a black body which was darker even than a black rainy cloud. It was the yellow spots on its eyes, which made me realize its presence.   
  
It was trying to get inside the curved rug to avoid the chilling air outside and it had managed to get in as I could see only his head outside the rug.   
  
I saw that the flowerpot kept on the window sill had fallen down. I felt pity for poor soul. I went in and came out with an old towel. I went near the innocent one and held it in my hand and wiped the puppy till he had become

dry. I took it inside and made a bed for him with a woolen rug and a small pillow. He seemed very comfortable in his new bed as he went to sleep immediately.   
  
The next day morning, everyone in the family came to know about the unusual guest. “Shall we keep him with us?" I questioned my mom.   
  
Like any other parents would, my parents first totally refused my idea but I and my sister convinced them to keep Spotty.   
  
Slowly Spotty got easily mingled with everyone and became one of the family members. We got used to all his small habits and pranks.   
  
Days passed on and one evening when Spotty returned from his long walk, he appeared very exhausted. He came to my room and sat near me. It was then I saw that his hind leg was injured and was bleeding. I called out my mother and she quickly tied a bandage around his leg and gave him food to eat.   
  
I was very upset. But the next day, Spotty was up to his usual pranks though he limped a bit.   
  
After this incident my relation with Spotty became more intense. I really admired him a lot for his courage.   
  
Almost a year later, one midnight we heard Spotty barking breathlessly. We came out and saw that he was barking continuously heading somewhere.   
  
After some time Spotty became quite. I patted him on his back and came inside. The next day morning, my heart skipped a beat when I didn’t see Spotty. I searched for him in each and every corner but he was nowhere. And this time he had gone and would never come back. I cried and waited for him. We waited for one long week. But there were no signs of him.   
  
Then one day my Dad got transferred to Mumbai. We shifted back to Mumbai. What would have happened to Spotty? Would he have died? These were the only questions in my mind, but they all remained unanswered forever.