How I caught A thief

I was an expert thief catcher when I actually caught one last night. It so happened last night that I went to bed a little earlier and got good sleep. At about midnight, I heard some subdued sounds in my adjoining room. I was my father's room. My father had gone on a one-week tour.

I looked through the crevice in the door; the beams of moon light were entering the room. So, the inside of the room was partially visible.

I was at first horrified to see a thief. He was gathering currency notes from the admiral of my father, the lock of which he had broken open.

My mother was sleeping in my room. I woke her up noiselessly and told her about the thief in a hushed voice.

I took courage and went out in the verandah through the door of my room and locked my father's room from outside.

I also locked the outer gate of the house so that even if the thief came out of the window, the grill of which he had broken to enter my father's room he should not be able to run away.

Thereafter, I rang up the police. The police arrived within a few minutes. The thief was caught. My bravery and presence of mind was appreciated. I was given a prize by senior superintendent of police at an impressive ceremony.