

A Birth day Party

My birthday falls on first of April. That is why I celebrate it privately. If I invite my friends to a tea party. They do not take it seriously. The first of April is called a fool's day and everybody remains on his guard lest somebody should make a fool of him. This year I received protests from a number of friends and class fellows that Never invited them on my birth day. At their repeated suggestions, I decided to invite them on my next birth day. About a week before the birth day, I extended invitations to them. At first they hesitated in accepting the invitation, but they did it at long last.

A day before the birth day they all came to me during the recess and asked me if I was not making a fool of them. When one another's eyes and went away smiling. On coming home. I requested my father to make arrangements for twenty five guests. He gave me a hundred rupee note and told me to arrange the party as I liked. I went to the market and ordered sweetmeats and fruit.

Next day my sisters decorated the whole house. I asked them to invite some of their class fellows also who could give us a few items of music and dance. They promptly did so and chalked out an interesting programme for the evening.

The sweetmeats, fruit and cold drinks arrived. Tables were nicely laid. My sisters, my younger brothers and I stood at the but I persuaded him to cancel it and to remain at home. My mother also put on a beautiful silken sari and seated herself in the drawing room. My sisters were by no means less eager to receive their friends. The whole thing looked so festive.

It was 5:30 p.m. when we posted ourselves at the gate and up to 7:30 no body turned up. My mother got restive and called me to find out the cause of the delay. It was now eight and neither any of my friends nor any of the friends of my sisters had turned up. My parents felt angry, and seeing that eatables would go waste told us to invite the neighbours to the party. We went to so e of our neighbours and invited them to join us on my birth day party. When we reached home my mother had re-arranged the whole thing and was waiting for the neighbours but nobody would turn up. It was now 10 p.m. and finding no guest turning up, we decided to celebrate my birthday as usual in private. What a pity it is to be born on the 1st of April.