

Restore a lost child

One day you were walking along a lonely road. You came across a weeping lost child. Describe your meeting and how you restored the child to his or her parents

One afternoon I was going to meet a friend of mine who resides in Model Town. The road was lonely. Hardly could a passerby be seen. I had just passed the Ramjas College when I saw a girl sobbing and weeping. It flashed upon my mind at once that the child was lost one.

A number of probabilities came to my mind about the circumstances in which the child might have been lost. Its parents might be living somewhere in the University area and the child might have come away from its home with a desire for sightseeing. It might have come with its parents to meet some friend of theirs and it might have come out when they were busy in talks to see the surroundings and then when they might have lost the way. Whatever the case might be the child must be restored to its parents.

First of all, I tried to comfort the child. I picked it in my lap and tried to know its name. The child only sobbed, then wept more loudly and felt all the more uneasy. It made me unhappy. Fortunately, I had a packet of sweets with me. I offered some sweets to the child in an affectionate love. At first it was unwilling to have anything, but at last it has in and the taste of the sweets made it quiet. The child was four years old and could answer questions of enquiry. It made things easy for me.

I came to know from the girl that her name was Uma and she came of a Bengali family. Her father was a doctor in Subzi mandui. She had been brought there by an unknown person, but when she started weeping, he left her there and ran away having left her all alone. She was so much fear stricken that she could not speak further. I thought that they might have tried to find her way back home but she might have become confused on account of heart and that was why she was standing and weeping there.

For some time past there had been several cases of the child lifting in the city and story of the being abducted, could not be untrue. I took her with me to make her reach home. Fear assailed my mind also. My footsteps shook with fear lest her lifter should come with his helpers and take away the child from me.

Soon I saw of a gentleman coming from behind. I stopped him. He was a Professor. He recognized the child and said that the doctor, i.e. girl's father was his friend. That gave me a great relief. We had hardly gone a few hundred steps further when we saw a gentleman and a lady coming from the front. They turned out to be the

girl's parents. I related the whole story to tell them that I had met their friend, a professor, when I had been coming back with the child. It was through them that I knew the child. They felt highly thankful to me. After the child had way to meet my friend in Model Town. Before I left the child's parents wished to reward me but I declined to accept it thankfully and turned my footsteps towards Model Town.