

The Jokester By Vartika Srivastava

One night after supper, I was sitting in my parent's room solely to use their tv before hit the haystack. In a sudden distant corner I heard some squeals like that of a mouse. Knowing the possibility of a mice being present in the room I was petrified. My parents were in another room not so far from me which a point to note. I saw the small mice trying to climb my parent's bed and I screamed continuously for the voice to reach my parents even if they act out of irritation they could hear me. After a few minutes I realised they wouldn't ever come to the room so while I was shedding tears, I ran jumping off the bed straight out the door into the hall of my house. I ran into the room my parents were sitting in and I explained everything. At first, they were terrified upon seeing my horrid condition, my father stood up to go check out the mice himself. After that I blacked out- I woke up to my father holding that little rat by its tail above my head and for a moment my heart came out of my body for a second and I broke into tears again. My parents started laughing upon seeing how bad I was crying. After I cooled off, I asked my parents why they didn't come into their own bedroom when I was practically screaming for help as if my life depended on it and my mother no joke replied with a straight face- "I thought you were enjoying yourself so much you started to scream to release the happiness". And that day on I never once thought of relying on my parents in such tense situations

