

Reader's story

A close call

This is a story about my childhood. I was living in Ethiopia. My friends and I were eleven years old.



Went to play near the mountain

One afternoon, it was very hot. We were happy because it was Friday. We didn't have school the next day.

We went far away from our street to play. We went to play skipping rope near the mountain.

Our parents had told us never to go to the mountain.

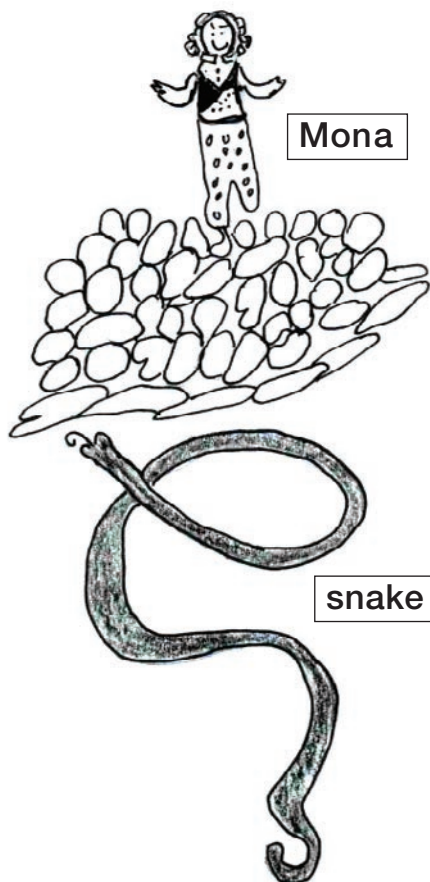


➤ More on page 2

Mona started to yell

Suddenly, Mona started to jump up and down on some rocks. She was yelling.

We thought she was happy. But she was screaming because a snake bit her!



Man helped Mona

A man was nearby. We told him about the snake.

He asked, “When did the snake bite her?” We said, “Just now.”

The man helped Mona. Then he asked, “Where are her parents?”

One of my friends said, “She lives way down there.”



man

Took Mona home

The man carried Mona home. Our parents were not happy with us!

—Art and story
by Ayida Mussa,
Calgary

Africa map: Nola Johnston