

The Lost Glasses

On Sunday morning, grandmother was in trouble. She had lost her reading glasses and was looking for them all through the house. She searched high and low. She looked through a stack of old newspapers, which was kept in father's room on an old wooden table.

There she found a pair of glasses but they were my father's glasses. She overturned a chest of drawers, but over there all she found was a key and a museum entry coupon. She put her hands into a bucket of dirty clothes kept for washing, but still no glasses. She was getting worried.

There was a whole bunch of letters for her to read through that morning and she had already lost her valuable time looking for her glasses, she said to herself. "Maybe the glasses have gone into the rubbish bin along with the waste paper I threw out this morning".

Grandmother lived in an old house. She ran down the stairs and looked carefully through the rubbish in the bin but here too, she couldn't find her glasses.

While she was downstairs, she heard my younger brother laughing and giggling and she ran up to see what was going on. To her surprise, her grandson was playing with her glasses this whole time in the bedroom. She laughed with joy seeing her grandson so happy.