



## My treasure.. my life.

It was a misty morning  
My mother woke me up from  
out tent. Colourful sarees were  
hanging around as I opened by  
my eyes.

The most beautiful and colourful  
out of all tent were ours.

From by birth

Stories were told about  
the refugees of a tragedy.

What is refugees? What tragedy?

Curious was my life in that way.

Early in the morning I jumps  
from the floor to do my work.

walking with a stick and a plastic  
cover ~~was~~ <sup>was my</sup> ~~and~~ job.

It was as beautiful as everything.

I went for searching treasures..

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I didn't know what the treasures were..

How does it look? round, oval, colourful?

My grandmas has told me a treasure's waiting me.



It may be behind you or may  
be past you, she said.

But I find nothing each day.

But I searched each day.

Enjoyed my life searching for it.

Walking back home, came my  
father patted me and said:

"You are not to stay here  
You are to achieve heights."

At that night,  
words of my father flew around  
my head as buzzing honeybees.

Why had he said that?

What heights?

Top of a mango tree!? No..

Then what..

No idea..

Began the next day by  
the rising of the sun

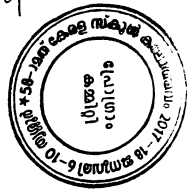
As usual I started galloping around..

.. for my hidden treasure.

There was a narrow path  
which I never had seen.

Grasses were thickly grown. The path was unseen!

But I found it out.



The birds chirped  
 The leaves danced  
 The squirrels quarrelled.  
 off through the way  
 I began to move .. walked and walked  
 all along and all alone.

As I move far I saw a river.  
 flowing in the stream.. the <sup>water</sup> drops  
 were like crystals.  
 Our rivers were dirty and polluted.

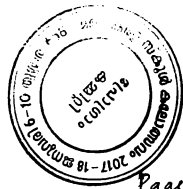
It was for the first time I was  
 enjoying the nature's unimitated  
 beauty.

It was such an ecstasy!

Anxious I was to move forward  
 to know what happening there.  
 Felt as if this was something great.  
 I walked with my grandma's and father's words  
 in my mind.

Through the dark trees leaves the  
 sunlight was seen.

At the end of this path  
 a barred road was seen.  
 children dressed in beautifully than me <sup>had</sup>  
 By looking at them, the colour of my dress, faded away.



Kids with colourful bags, books,  
shoes.. none of my things were like that theirs.  
There were tall buildings which touched the clouds.

My types of vehicles.

Was it a vision or a waking dream?

No... it was reality.

Everything around me seemed to be changed except me.

Ran I back to my home back.. Screamd aloud  
" I found my treasure ". Grandma you really found it?

Yes, I did screamd loudly.

Have you got the heights my dear!

Yes dad not the top of mango tree but that magical world.

Even I want a colourful bag, books, shoes like  
them! I want to live my luxurious life.

We all had a life like that

with luxuries all around

fate was so cruel it brought us here.

Now you have to achieve the heights  
not the top of the mango tree but real heights  
of your life

Here in the end is the beginning of  
my life! .