

It is morning Abhishek and Manik are having breakfast.

Mr. Mehra is in the verandha. He has his glasses in his hand.

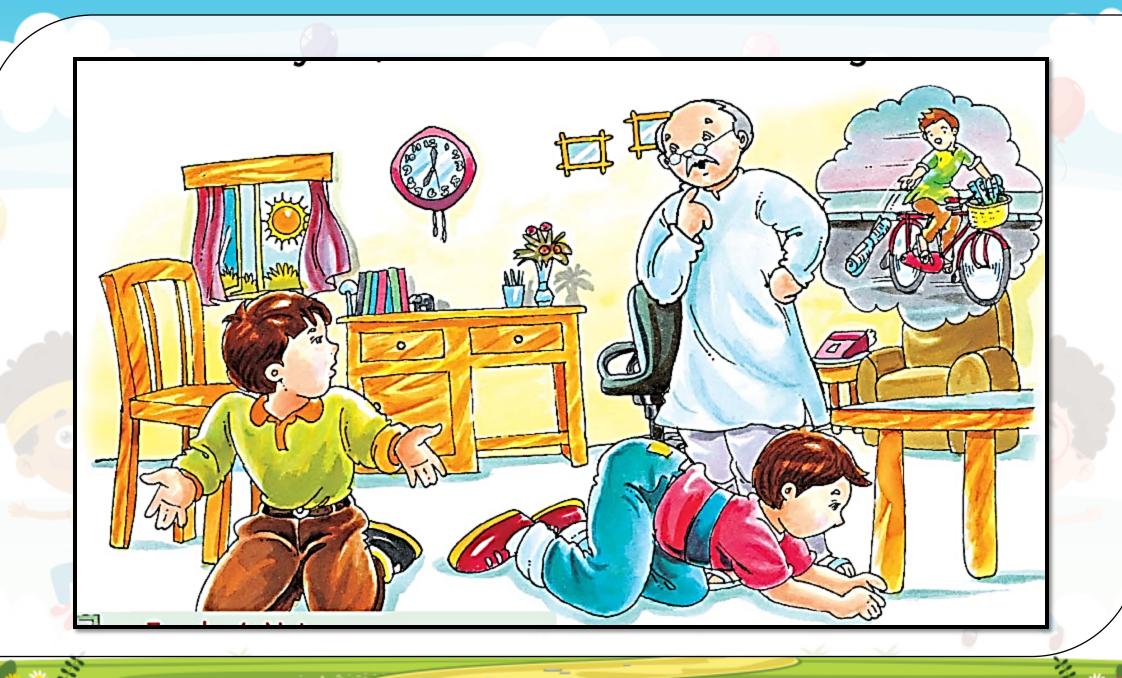
Mr. Mehra: Where is the newspaper?

Manik: On the table, Grandpa.

Mr. Mehra: It is yesterday's. I want today's.

Abhishek: I haven't seen today's newspaper Grandpa.

Manik: May be, the hawker hasn't brought it today.





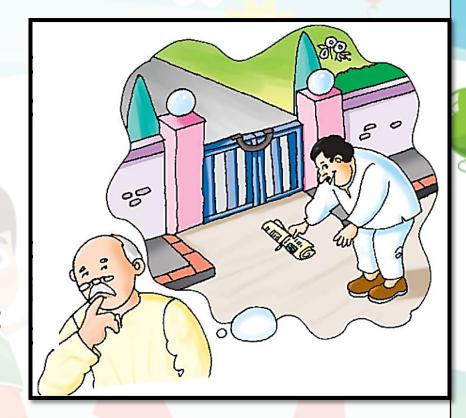
Abhishek: No, Manik, the newspaper man brings it everyday by

6.30 am.

Mr. Mehra: It is 7.30 am. Find out, if Mr Sharma has got his paper today.

Manik: Yes, Grandpa, Mr. Sharma has got his newspaper. He is reading it.

He got it at 6.30 am.



Abhishek: It could be that the hawker has forgotten to give us the newspaper today.

Manik: I did hear the tring ... tring of his bicycle bell.

Abhishek: I think, even I heard that.

Mr. Mehra: Where could the newspaper go then? In a hurry he must have dropped it outside the gate, or may be some one has picked it up.

Manik: Who would pick it up? I don't find the newspaper to be so interesting.

Abhishek: Let's go out and check again. Manik: Grandpa, I can't find it anywhere. Abhishek: In hurry, he must have thrown it in the neighbour's courtyard.



Manik: I have already seen. It is not there either.

Mr. Mehra: Forget it children. I'll borrow Mr. Sharma's

newspaper.

Abhishek: Look Grandpa, what's there in the pomegranate

shrub.

Mr. Mehra: It is my newspaper. The newspaper we were

looking for.

Manik: What a place!

Abhishek: Grandpa now you can read it comfortably and

begin your day.

Mr. Mehra: Thank you children, for being a great help.

Manik, Abhishek: Welcome, Grandpa.

