

1. DEFINING NARRATION

STOLEN



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'So where did I exactly place it?' I thought as I sat on the mosque's marble stairs. Close to the water cooler?

No, I just came walking from there right after I had called my wife, telling her that I'd be home soon. Where were my sandals! Stolen?

Now let me be clear, I'm not that parsimonious...stingy sometimes but sandals are not something coated with gold or silver. This wasn't about gold or silver. This wasn't about that, this was about decency; basic manners.

I read my first Jumma Prayer in three months and someone steals my sandals! Right after re-establishing my trust in humanity I'm betrayed? Unacceptable, reproachful, disgusting! I changed colours like a chameleon, more distressed than angry about my situation. How will I walk cross the road barefoot? Especially, when my car is right under the shade of the thorny keekar tree. Oh God! Would you bestow one chance to get my sandals! My leather sandals? I saw them clearly now, their brown soles being mercilessly traded over by the cracked heels of the shady looking teen in shalwar Kameez which was coloured stale brown like old bread. Such grievous inhumanity!

He was only a single run far. So, I darted at him, utterly ignorant of my feet. How could anyone steal my shoes? I was going to make him pay, I thought. My eyes already photo editing his hands on to pages of my Matric textbook declaring penalty for stealing. I zapped through the dense crowd of worshipers

As they put their green plastic caps back into the basket and stood directly under the sun.

The heat re-ignited my anger and I relished it. Shoes or no shoes. I was going to catch him and take my sandals back. That would matter little as my anger enveloped the pain; my brain ignorant of my delicate feet rubbing over the gravel bared by the potholes. The sinister kid kept walking at a slow pace, so no one was to doubt him. I could wager that he smiled how he stole poor prayers shoes, but I was no standard poor passion became so strong that I could almost feel the hot straps of my sandals on my feet. Saying a prayer and remembering that this was the person who had stolen my shoes, I leapt, leapt like a

JF knocking out an MIG.

We both fell down on the dust covered sidewalk, my whole body pinning him down. I didn't care if my glasses and my wallet had fallen out. We both stumbled up like drunkards. With a slur I spoke, "You stole my shoes! You Thief!".

With the innocence of an infant he spoke out, "...But you are already wearing them mister".

I looked down, much relieved to find, I had been wearing my sandals. Slightly embarrassed for curing outside the mosque. Then another realization took me as I put my hands into my pocket! My wallet...Stolen!

Glossary:

Parsimonious: Miser

Chameleon: Lizard that changes colour

Slur: Mumble

Brainstorming for the Sample Narration 'STOLEN':

Do you find it interesting?

What are the few things that you find interesting in it?

Why do we write a narration?

What is the purpose of this narration and who do we write for?

Why will you write your own narration?

Define 'Narration' in your own words. What narration is all about?
