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One day, my friends Anusi, Simon and I were sitting in the verandah. We were talking about films, songs and so on. At that time, I saw my cousin Sothro coming by bicycle.

“Hey, brother!”, I called him. Please give your cycle to us for a ride..”.

He gave the cycle and went away.

First Anusi ran and took the cycle and said, “I’ll ride first!”

“OK”, I agreed.

“I’ll sit at the back”, Simon said happily. I was scared to sit because I had never sat on a cycle before.

Anusi started riding and started going very fast.

“Vow! What a cool and fresh air!” Simon was shouting joyfully. “Ride, faster, faster!.....”

I was clapping happily. In a few seconds, they had gone very far.

I felt very bored and sat down for a while.

“DDHaam!...!” I heard a frightening sound.. “Aaahh! Yoooo...Ohhh!”

‘Its Anusi and Simon!...’ I thought and ran towards that direction.

“Anu..! Simon..!... Where are you?” , I shouted loudly.

“Aaahhh!.....” I heard the cry again. I looked around. I peeped into the ditch on the road side.

“Ohh..!...” There they were both, lying on the ground, with the bicycle over them.

I ran to them and lifted the cycle. I gently helped them to stand up. They were crying but laughing too!

With Anusi on my right shoulder and Simon on my left, we started walking slowly back. Their knees were bleeding.

We reached home with much difficulty. I told my parents what happened. They were very worried and gave them first aid.

“From today, don’t play roughly!” my mother warned.

“Anoo\*, we’ll not do it again,” I promised.

“Sorry, Auntie.”, said Anusi and Simon.

“OK, then”, replied my mother.

After a few days, we took the bicycle back to my cousin Sothro. He did not recognize it, because the cycle was completely damaged!

I still remember that day and laugh a lot with Anusi and Simon.

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\* *Anoo* is mother in Mishmi Language

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