

SAFE AND THE BURGLAR...



A true story

Saifee and the Burglar

Saifee had just fallen asleep after staying up late studying for his exams. He had decided not to accompany his wife, Salma, her parents and her brother on a short trip away, as Saifee needed to catch up with some work that weekend.

It was a stormy night outside. The wind was buffeting against the single-glazed windows of the flat above the shop where Saifee and Salma lived, causing Saifee to stir from his slumber.

Sleepily, Saifee opened his eyes. He was just about to pull the blanket over his head to block out the sound of the howling wind when he

heard the familiar CREAK CREAK ... coming from the stairs leading up to the flat.

Saifee sat up in bed and listened hard. Yes, there was the CREAK CREAK ... again and a gentle thud of footsteps coming up the wooden stairs outside.

Who could that be? Salma wasn't due back until the morning. Saifee's heart was pounding hard now and his head raced...thief, burglar!

Saifee jumped out of bed, adrenaline pumping through his body and ran quietly to the door. He was thankful that Salma wasn't home as she would have been terrified.

Saifee positioned himself next to the door and waited. He reached for the cricket bat that

Salma always kept near the door for self-defence but he couldn't find it. Where was it? He needed something to protect himself from the prowler heading his way. Saifee's hands were still fumbling around trying to find something he could use to strike the burglar with but all he could find was a cushion! Too late, the door was already being pushed open.

Saifee pounced on top of the figure in black that had just stepped inside, muffling their face with the cushion. The burglar struggled hard but Saifee held firm. "Mmmm....Mmmmm," the burglar tried to shout through the cushion.

In the ensuing struggle, Saifee somehow managed to pull the hat away from the burglar's head. Saifee released his grip a bit as

his hands felt long hair tumbling down the burglar's head. As the cushion fell away from the intruder's face, Saifee heard a familiar voice.

"It's me, it's me," it stammered.

Horrified, Saifee pulled away from the figure crouching before him and Saifee hit the light switch. There in-front of him stood a very dishevelled Salma!

"What are you doing here? I almost killed you!" cried Saifee at his wife. "I thought you were a burglar!"

"We came back early," stammered Salma.

Suddenly, in burst Salma's brother. "Why didn't you signal from the window, Salma?"

asked her irate brother. “We were waiting outside in the car for you to wave before we took off.”

Saifee and Salma both started chuckling. “I would have done,” replied Salma to her brother, “if Saifee hadn’t jumped me.”

“What?” said her bewildered brother.

“I thought she was a burglar,” clarified Saifee.

All three of them started laughing.

“It’s a good thing I didn’t have the cricket bat in my hand,” said Saifee to Salma, “or this misunderstanding could have turned out much worse!”