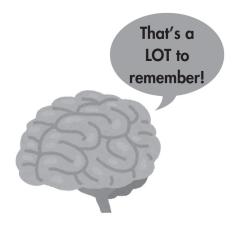
## Contents

Chapter One	6
Chapter Two	12
Chapter Three	17
Chapter Four	26
Chapter Five	29
Chapter Six	32
Chapter Seven	35
Chapter Eight	39
Chapter Nine	47
Chapter Ten	50
Chapter Eleven	54

## **Characters**

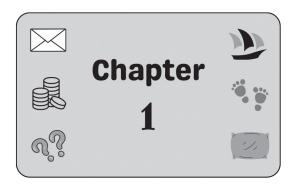
- 1. Nine-year-old Rumaisa
- Aisha (also called Apa) Rumaisa's sixteenyear-old sister
- Mommy and Daddy Rumaisa and Aisha's parents
- Dada and Dado Rumaisa and Aisha's paternal grandparents



## **Before You Begin...**

Here is **A LIST OF IMPORTANT TERMS** used in this text and their meanings:

- 1. **Apa**: A respectful title for an elder sister where Rumaisa lives (Karachi, Pakistan)
- 2. **Eidi**: Money received as a gift on Eid
- Rupees: Pakistani currency. It is also referred to as PKR (Pakistani Rupees). 280 rupees are roughly equal to 1 US dollar.
- 4. **Shalwar Gameez**: Shalwar is like a very breezy form of trouser. It is half of Pakistan's national dress the other half is a Qameez or long shirt.
- Water heater: The boiler that heats up the water, which is then stored in a tank and comes in the tap.
- 6. **Water pump**: The machine that draws water from the main line to ensure water supply in the taps.



One hundred. Two hundred. Two hundred fifty. Three hundred. Three hundred ten.

Suddenly, I hear a **familiar** voice, "**RUMAISA!**" **AIGH!** 

I don't want to be **INTERRUPTED** right now — not in the middle of my **careful** counting.

Now, where was I? Three hundred ten. Three hundred twenty. Three hundred thirty.

"Rumaisa! WHERE ARE YOU?"

"I'm here!" I call out and **PROMPTLY** go back to my counting. **ONLY...** 

I've lost track! Was I at three hundred twenty or three hundred forty?

## UH-OH!

Now I hear footsteps. **QUICKLY**, I shove my Eidi inside the envelope. I barely have enough time to

push the envelope under my pillow before the door opens.

It's Apa, my elder sister. Her real name is **Aisha**, but it's Apa to me.

"Rumaisa!" She sounds **cross**. "Couldn't you hear me?"

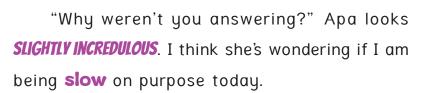
Hey, I'm

here!

"Er, yes, Apa. I could." There is silence.

"So?" Apa raises her eyebrows.

"So what?" I ask



"Actually, I did answer. I said I'm here," I say as **POLITELY** as I can. I don't want her to think I'm being **cheeky** in addition to **slow**.

Apa looks even more **amazed**. "I was expecting that you would at least come outside and ask me why I was calling you," she says **FINALLY**.