Short Story: When Lions Come To Town

Level: A1-A2

My grandfather says that fear is a wild animal that you create in your head.

"You should take a stick and chase it if you don't want it to pester you," he often tells me when I am scared in the middle of the night and I run to him for comfort.

"Go back to bed and don't be afraid of things that don't exist. Now let me sleep."

I eventually mumble an apology to *sekuru* and drag my feet to my room. The bed always looks sinister and I make it a point to sleep on the floor.

Sometimes, I get so scared and I become sweaty. Shadows lurk in the dark and I just cannot think straight. I try to be brave like *sekuru* and I never run to him again.

Later, when things get really bad, I imagine what I will do the following day with my best friend,
Limbani. His name means 'be strong' in our Chichewa language and I want to be so strong that the lion
in my head will take fright and escape. He will be so surprised of my strength that he will take flight like
the *impalas* he usually hunts in the wilderness.

ADVERBS OFTIME

FREQUENCY	SCHEDULE	SEQUENCE	POINTSOFTIME
ALWAYS	DAILY	EARLIER	THEN
USUALLY	WEEKLY	BEFORE	YESTERDAY
FREQUENTLY	BI-WEEKLY	LATER	NOW
OFTEN	MONTHLY	AFTER	CURRENTLY
RARELY	BI-MONTHLY	NEXT	TODAY
HARDLY EVER	YEARLY	EVENTUALLY	TONIGHT
NEVER	BI-YEARLY	FINALLY	TOMORROW

Limbani will be proud of me too. He is a good friend and I look up to him. We play together all the time when we are not at school. His parents own a grocery store. From time to time, his father gives us sweets when we run different kinds of errands for him. Occasionally, he makes us work with him in the store. It is generally a privilege and customers are surprised to see us counting well and giving the correct change. We rarely make mistakes.

Today, I have a master plan because I am fed up of being constantly harassed by the lion in my sleep.

Moreover, grandfather has had enough of me bursting into his room, shouting as if a pride of lions were on my heels.

Therefore, tonight, I will not be taken unawares. They say that the best defence is attack. I am not afraid now. If the lion thinks I am weak and he can just pick on me, he will be in for a big surprise. It will surely remind him of this African proverb: If you think you are too small to make a difference you haven't spent a night with a mosquito.

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If the lion comes after me tonight, I'll be like a mosquito.

First, I have already prepared a pack of books that I have placed on my bedside table. I will read these until I feel sleepy enough to turn off the lights. The lion only makes his visits in the dark because he is afraid of the light.

Secondly, I have put the biggest stick I could find in one corner of the room. If he sees me branding it, he will be scared and he will bolt for his life.

Next, if sticks don't scare him, I have a torch that I will turn on as soon as he tries to attack me. Lions cannot stand brightness. This will scare him off and he will never think of stepping into my house again.

Finally, I know that if everything does not work according to my plan, I can always go to grandfather.

He is courageous, despite his old age, and he will keep me safe. He **ALWAYS** does.

And thinking of it, lions don't really come to town, do they? They stay in the jungle and do not visit human beings willy-nilly.

My lion will stay home with his family tonight and I will sleep like a baby.

