Didi’s Scooty
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Didi bought a bright yellow scooty. We were both so happy, as it was a beauty!
Didi said, ‘Let’s go to the Monkey Temple.’ Our journey began, and at first it seemed simple.
Riding the scooty was so much fun Under blue skies and the golden sun!
But a crooked nail almost ruined our day. We stared at it and found nothing to say.
We shoved the scooty with all our might Keeping the Monkey Temple always in sight.
We pushed and pushed until we were weary, when a little monk saw us from his monastery.
With a cheerful smile upon his face, He helped us till we were far from his place.
Along came a tourist, friendly and tall. She said, ‘Life is beautiful when we help all!’
Next came a porter who offered his help. Though he carried a large load himself!
Then a lady police officer walked by. She said, ‘You look tired. Let me give it a try!’
Finally to a garage our scooty we rolled. It was owned by a mechanic with a heart of gold.
In no time at all he patched up our wheel. We soon rode off with a honk and a squeal.
The view from the temple was really quite good. If you haven’t yet been there, you definitely should!
We walked down from the temple with smiles on our faces. Then musicians arrived who play around places.
I hugged my Didi and said, ‘The nail I don’t mind, Since we met many people who were helpful and kind!’
Original Story

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