

Leave me alone with my book – PLEASE!: Branka Kringas

'There goes Mrs Savic with her new hat. Huh! It's not a new hat. She probably got it out of the box with the mothballs she bought when she was very young.'

My sister Lilika who was eight years old was sitting at the open window looking over the front garden and onto the street. She was commenting on the people walking along.

'Lilika, please stop talking. I would like to read my book,' said my twelve-year-old self.

She stopped talking but only for a short time. Then she said, 'You would like to hear this. There is a postman at the letterbox.' I jumped up and ran to the front door thinking Dushko might have written to me.

A few days ago, Dushko, a young boy about a year older than me who lives around the corner, had sent me a poem. The poem that he sent me had six lines. Each line started with a capital letter which was painted blue. If you read from the top to the bottom it said 'Branka.' I was so impressed. I had been hoping for days to get another one.

I went through the front door. When I was at the steps Lilika was shouting 'April li li li' (April Fool's Day).

I sat on the steps for a moment being cross at myself for forgetting that it was the first of April. I went into the kitchen towards the back door and as I was walking, I got an idea. I screamed with all my might. Lilika ran into the kitchen; my mother followed her and then a neighbour squeezed through a hole in the fence. I pretended I was scared and said M M Mouse. There was a panic as the three of them tried to get out of the kitchen.

And I called out April li li li.

I walked through the backdoor with my book underneath my arm. And my nose in the air. I crossed the backyard, climbed my beloved walnut tree, sat on the favourite branch and with complete isolation and tranquillity I read my book.