

Aunt Mary

Until his last birthday, Miles used to think Aunt Mary was a kind person.

Miles lived with his warm-hearted mother in a one bedroom flat right in the centre of an estate. He was very good at school-work and wanted to be a footballer when he grew up.

He gave a hug to his mother everyday before she went to her work. He knew it always made her happy. She worked at a little market in the other side of the city. She had a sister called Mary. Every year he would go to visit his Aunt Mary just before his birthday. He was 12 years old, soon to be 13. He loved his Aunt Mary, she was rich and always took him to lots of exciting places. She lived in a beautiful cabin on the sea front in Scarborough. At night you could hear the waves crashing on the rocks.

Each year, on his birthday, Aunt Mary always bought him lots of expensive gifts – they were really cool. She always knew what was the latest game to buy for him.

It was spring again and he kissed his mother goodbye as he got ready to go to Aunt Mary's cabin. He couldn't wait to see her again. She always had some treat that he found amusing. It was only a few days to go before his birthday. He wondered where she might take him this time and what wonderful gift he was going to get.

He felt sorry for his mother – she worked so hard but could never afford to buy him anything more than a simple card for his birthday. In fact, she was saving to send him to college because she wanted to give him a good education, but he didn't know this.

Aunt Mary had gone to the shop and he didn't know why but he felt this desire to go exploring around the cabin. Aunt Mary had always told him that he could not go into her room. He

thought she might have hidden his present in there. All of a sudden he remembered that once when he opened one of her cupboards she got really cross – he had never seen her so angry. But this didn't stop him looking this time.

He stood on some shoeboxes and his hand went to open the cupboard and then he slipped. A lot of things fell out on top of him. Strange, there was a large sack – it was half open and he peered inside. He saw his name. Was this his years birthday present? He grabbed the bag, sped down the hall way and into his room. He wanted to get it back safe to the special room that Aunt Mary had made up for him, so nobody could see what he was doing. He slammed the door shut, sat on the bed and began to empty the sack. He did stop to think for a second that he should not be doing this.

Can you imagine his surprise when he found a bundle of cards with his name on them. They were already open. Slowly he took each card and letter out. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he read the cards. They all said: 'Happy Birthday from Uncle Edward. I hope you enjoy spending the money'. He felt terrible.

Aunt Mary had never told him who Uncle Edward was. Aunt Mary must have been taking the money out and keeping it all for herself. No wonder she was rich. He thought that Aunt Mary was very unkind, especially as his mum worked very hard and could not afford much.

Just then the door whooshed opened. It was Aunt Mary...

By Umman Gill, November 2008