

A Flower

Once on holiday, Mahdi, his parents and his brother went to a garden for a walk. On their way back, Mahdi was keen to return home quickly, as he had not done his homework.

His father asked, “Why did you not bring along your school bag and do your work in while we were at the garden?”

Mahdi said, “I wanted to do it when we returned.”

Father said, “It is important to do your work first before you play. Otherwise you will get too tired to do your homework. But if you do your homework first and then play, when you remember you have no further work to do, you will be able to enjoy yourself fully.”

Mahdi and his family returned home quickly, and Mahdi began his work.

When he was looking for his pencil in his bag, he saw a piece of paper on which there was a painting of a very beautiful flower. He wondered where it had come from. He then took it to his brother Hasan, saying, “Look, I found this painting in my bag, but I do not know who has put it there.”

Hasan said, “Maybe you painted it, but you have forgotten.”

Mahdi said, “No, I have not.”

Hasan said, “Where do you think it came from then?”

Mahdi said, “At first I thought perhaps Ali had painted it and put it there, as he was ill today and did not come with us to the garden. But he does not go to school or know how to paint. It must be an expert’s work. Look how beautifully the branches, leaves and flowers have been painted. When you see it you think it is a real flower.”

While they were talking, their mother came in and gave Mahdi a note.

When Mahdi read the note, he suddenly said, “Did I not say it was painted by an expert; look, Hassan

my uncle came to visit Ali and he painted this for me and put it in my bag.”

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