

## A Poem about a Day When I was Very Sad

One day my father was very  
sick. I left him in the  
morning and I went to school.  
On that day there were  
competitions of football.  
I was supposed  
to go home and  
eat lunch but I stayed. I told  
the child of my uncle that when  
you reach home my uncle has  
to buy food for me to  
eat. But my cousin refused.  
When he refused I went home.  
Whenever I passed they told  
me that my father has died.  
When I reached home I found  
that it was the truth.  
I started crying as if I was  
a child of five months old.

I was very gloomy in my face.  
I did not even talk to another person.

- Dan Niwagaba, P-5