

Annoying mosquito

Ursula Nafula

English





Knock!
Knock!



“Who is there?”
I ask sleepily.



“It is me,”
a shrill voice says.



“Who is ‘me’?”
I ask.



“I told you,
it is o-n-l-y m-e,”
the same voice says.



“I don’t know anyone called, ‘o-n-l-y m-e,’”
I reply.

I check that my
mosquito net is
tucked in
around my bed.



“Well, my name
is Amos.”

The voice sounds
more shill than before.
It is very close to my ear.



“Amos who?”
I ask as I look
under the net.



“Amos Quito,”
the voice finally says.

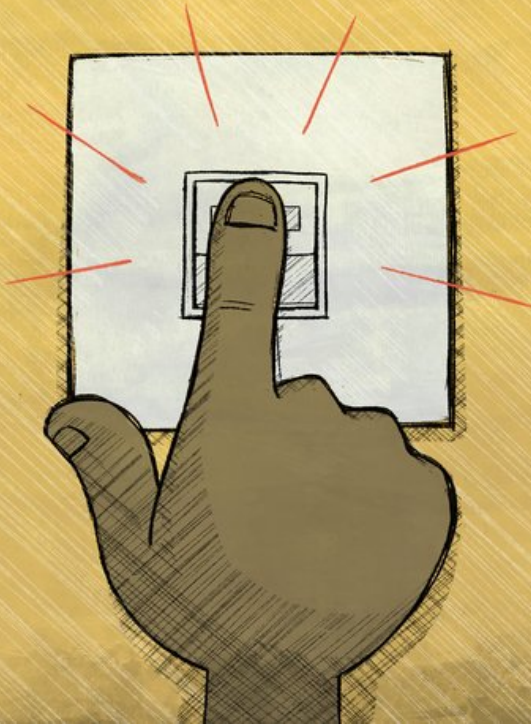
I feel a bite on my ear.



“Ouch!”

I jump up and
begin to search.

“You will pay for this!”
I shout.



Angrily, I get out of bed and switch on the light.



I declare war on
the annoying
Amos Quito!

Annoying mosquito

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