

Essay on Lost in The Post

My nephew's eighth birthday was approaching. He was excited about it and had indicated what he would like for his presents. I promised to make him a kite. It would be a cheap and useful present, for I also promised to teach him how to fix it. The other members of the family promised various presents on condition that he behaved himself and did as they stipulated, like studying hard, keeping himself clean, etc.

Well, Timmy, my nephew that is, had a wonderful birthday party. He had satisfied all the conditions that were imposed on him and as a result, he received the wonderful presents that were promised to him, except for one.

My sister, who is studying in England, had promised, through the telephone, to send Timmy a radio-controlled car by post. Wow, that would be the best present of all! So, Timmy waited eagerly for the present every day. He would come home from school and inquired whether his present had arrived. However, it had not.

For two weeks Timmy was filled with excitement and expectancy about the forthcoming present. He waited and waited but it never arrived. Even when his birthday finally came and went, the long-awaited present still did not show up. The disappointment showed clearly on his face.

He had other presents to play with. He had received an electronic watch, a convertible robot, a friction-powered tractor, a set of his favorite comics, books and other assorted things. He even learned to fly the huge red kite I made for him. However, this happiness was not complete without receiving the radio-controlled car. He had expected it so much for so long. The waiting caused him agony.

After a month of waiting, Timmy had to face the fact that the present must be lost in the post. Otherwise, he would have received it. My sister had carelessly sent it by ordinary post. She should have sent it by registered post. So, the next time she rang up I explained the situation to her. I told her how Timmy felt and how he waited in vain for the present. Being the understanding girl that she is she said she would buy another radio-controlled car and send it by registered post this time. The only thing was that I should not let Timmy know, just in case it got lost again, which was unlikely. Anyway, it would save Timmy another round of waiting and expecting.

A week later the present arrived. It was a Saturday morning and Timmy was playing outside the house when the postman stopped in front of the main gate. Imagine Timmy's happiness when he held the present in his hands. He ran into the house shouting "It has arrived; it has arrived; it was not lost in the post after all!" I smiled. I supposed that he did not have to know the truth.