



Autobiography of A Bag.

I am a blue bag, made in a small factory in Pakistan that produces exclusive bags under the Silver Star brand. After passing the Manufacturer test, i was brought into Islamabad by Road Along with a few hundred of my friends in various shapes and sizes in big departmental store.

One day I found myself hanging in a bag shop. Suddenly, a young girl, about eight years old, walked into the shop.

Her name is Sidra. She told her mother that she needed a new school bag because her previous bag had given way. So, her mother asked sidra to choose a bag that she liked. Sidra looked at the shelf and saw me. She took me down and placed me on the counter.

When I looked around, I could see lots of beautiful things. It was Sidra's house. Then, sidra came running towards me holding books and stuff in her hands. After putting everything neatly in me, I did not feel so empty.

The next day, sidra carried me to school. I met some new friends, which are bags. After using me for a few months, I had a hole at the bottom. Sidra did not want to use me anymore. She threw me into the rubbish dump. I was so sad that a tear rolled down my eye.

After a few hours, I saw an old woman walking towards me. She picked me up and brought me into her house. She used a very thick cloth to sew the hole in me. Then she gave me to her grandson. His name was Moeen. They were very poor. He carried me to school every day. He used me for years. Through this experience, I have learnt something – being with a rich person is not the best, being with a caring person is the best.

****Best Of Luck****