


# Safety Tales For Children

## Good Secrets

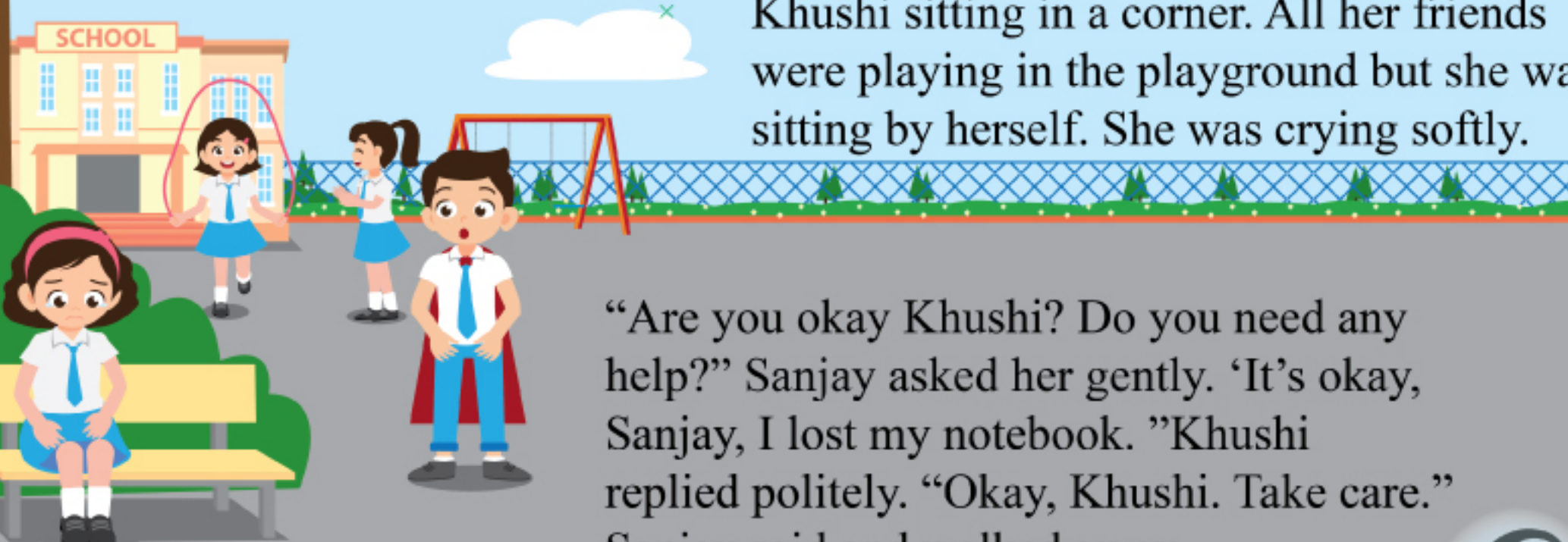
## Bad Secrets





**In** a town called Webipur, there lived a hero, one that wasn't like any other. He didn't dress up in a superhero suit and fight bad guys everyday. Instead, he wore a uniform and went to school. But he did wear a cape around his neck all the time because he was a superhero and his name was Sanjay.

One day at school, he found his friend Khushi sitting in a corner. All her friends were playing in the playground but she was sitting by herself. She was crying softly.



“Are you okay Khushi? Do you need any help?” Sanjay asked her gently. “It’s okay, Sanjay, I lost my notebook.” Khushi replied politely. “Okay, Khushi. Take care.” Sanjay said and walked away.

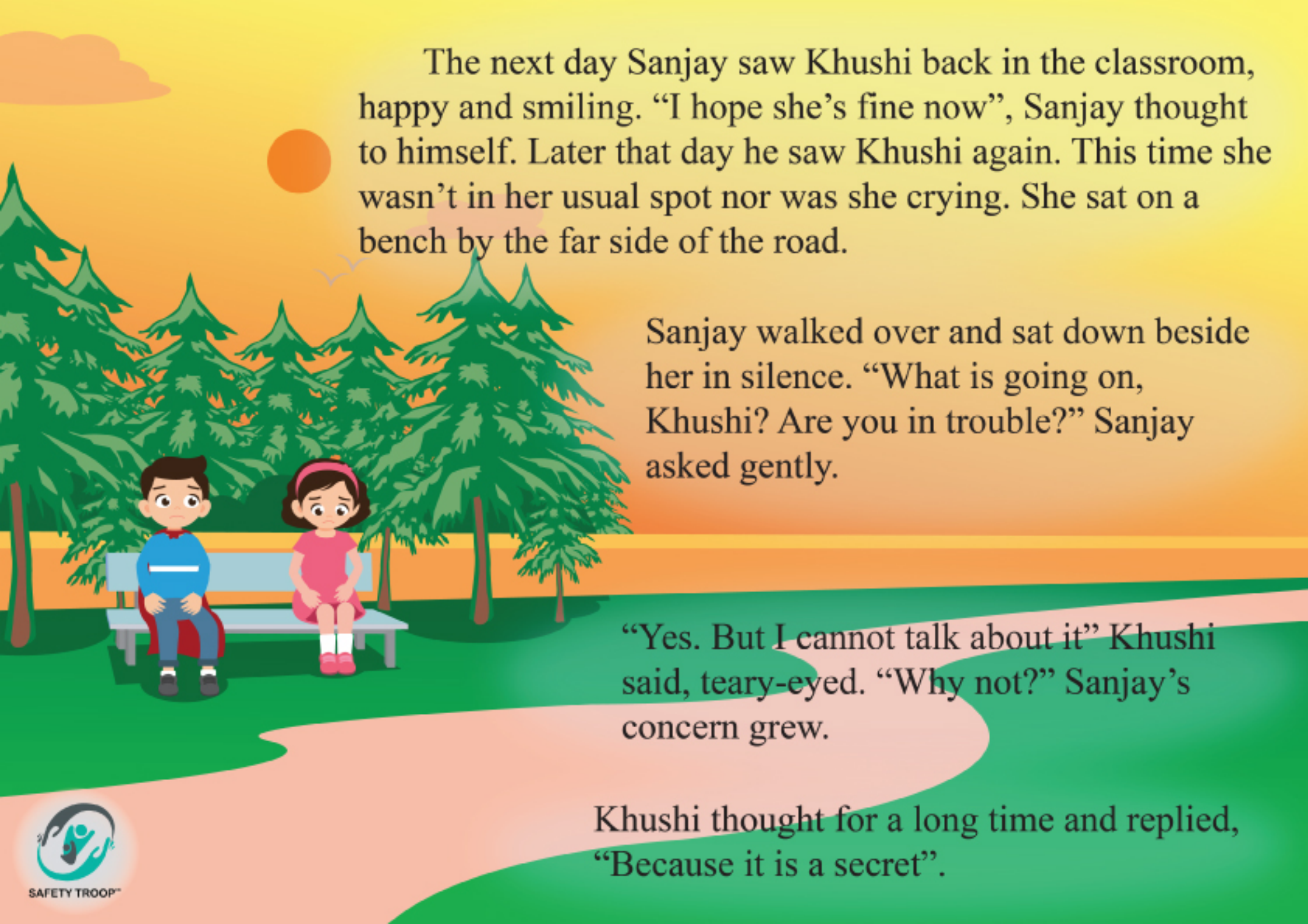
The next day Sanjay saw that Khushi was happy. She was playing and giggling with her friends like she always did. Sanjay joined them and had great fun playing together.

But three days later, Sanjay found Khushi sitting in the same corner again, her cheeks red with crying.

Sanjay walked over to join her, but when Khushi saw Sanjay coming, She wiped her tears and left in a hurry.





The background of the page is a colorful illustration of a park at sunset. The sky is a gradient of orange and yellow, with a large orange sun and a few birds flying. In the foreground, a boy in a blue shirt and red cape and a girl in a pink dress are sitting on a light blue bench. They both have sad expressions. Behind them are several green pine trees. The ground is green grass with a pink path leading towards the bench.

The next day Sanjay saw Khushi back in the classroom, happy and smiling. “I hope she’s fine now”, Sanjay thought to himself. Later that day he saw Khushi again. This time she wasn’t in her usual spot nor was she crying. She sat on a bench by the far side of the road.

Sanjay walked over and sat down beside her in silence. “What is going on, Khushi? Are you in trouble?” Sanjay asked gently.

“Yes. But I cannot talk about it” Khushi said, teary-eyed. “Why not?” Sanjay’s concern grew.

Khushi thought for a long time and replied, “Because it is a secret”.



Khushi remembered the word “SECRET” as it was stuck in her mind all the time. A few days ago, her parents had told Khushi that their neighbour Mr. Sunil had offered to watch over her in the evenings when her parents went to work.

Since then she had been spending her evenings at Mr. Sunil’s house till her parents came home. Mr. Sunil appeared to be a nice and gentle man. He bought her chocolates, her favourite snacks, and let her watch her favourite cartoons.

She was beginning to like him.





This is when Mr. Sunil invited Khushi to play a card game.

“Whenever one loses, the winner gets to poke the other person,” Mr. Sunil had told her.

It seemed fun, she played, she won, she poked his face several times. She was enjoying the game until Mr. Sunil started winning.

Whenever he won, he poked Khushi in her private places. She felt uncomfortable but Mr. Sunil kept touching her in her private parts.





Every evening, Khushi waited for her parents to arrive and take her home. Before she left, Mr. Sunil would whisper, “The card game is our secret, do not tell this to anyone”.

Khushi tried to make excuses to avoid going to Mr. Sunil’s house but nothing worked. At times, she’d wonder if she should tell her mom but she was scared of what would happen next.

What if her parents refused to believe her?

What if she got punished for leaking the secret?





Now, when Sanjay asked her

“Is the secret hurting you?”, she thought and nodded YES. The poor girl couldn't control her tears and she started crying, “I am afraid of leaking the secret” she cried. Sanjay put a hand on her shoulder.

“Khushi, please stop crying”, he said.  
“You don't have to tell me your secret, but if it is affecting you, you should tell your parents about it.”

Khushi looked up in hope as if those were words she had been waiting to hear. “There are two kinds of secrets, Khushi. There are good secrets and there are secrets which hurts you or someone else, you shouldn't keep it a secret,” Sanjay said.





“But secrets are meant to be kept,” Khushi said, hopelessly. “No, Khushi. No all secrets are meant to be kept. Tell your parents, I am sure they will take care of you,” Sanjay said. Khushi felt hopeful again, she said “Okay, Sanjay”. “Sanjay, will you stay here till my parents come?” she added and Sanjay nodded cheerfully. They sat together till Khushi’s parents came looking for her.

Khushi told her parents her secret and just as Sanjay said, they took care of her. She was called brave and powerful.

That changed Khushi’s life forever.



Sanjay helps his friends in tough situations and that is why he is a superhero and loved by everyone.





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END*



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