

Arjan's Home

Arjan did not remember much about the ride home. Back at his desk, his eyes drooped with sleep as he looked at the picture of Khushi, now back on Guru ji's gloved hand.

"Arjan, what have you been up to?" his mom came bursting into his room. "Your dad and I have been waiting for you to join us for dinner. You are always listening to music and do not respond."

Arjan followed his mom to the dining table. She had made mattar-paneer and rice, his favorite Indian dish. His two-year-old sister, Bani, was playing with her food. Her hands and face were all messy. Arjan wondered how much practice she needed to find her mouth. Right now, she seemed to think it was all over her face.

It seemed like a long time since he had seen his family. He wanted to tell them how much he loved them. He wanted to say that he was glad he lived in such a fine home. But he sat down quietly at the table.

"What's up, buddy?" asked his dad. "Are you daydreaming again?"

"No, I am thinking about my visit to Guru Gobind Singh ji's court." *Oops! I shouldn't have said that.*

"I want to go to Guru Gobind Singh ji's court, too" echoed Bani. These days she wanted to do everything that Arjan did.

Arjan's parents looked at each other. "There he goes again," whispered his dad.

"I want to go to Guru ji's court, too," Bani kept chanting.

