

Boureima



a child from Burkina Faso (Africa)

"Look out, Boureima! Don't cross the street!!



Don't cross!"...Too late! The moped had already knocked him over.

Only moments ago, everyone had been happy. Yacouba, Boureima's best friend, had just found a can of concentrated milk that had been thrown away. Inside there was still some milk left. This was a real find for these children.

Boureima had been on his way to the traffic circle to add some water. This way the milk would be thin, and there would be more to share.

Then he was hit! He was hurt, and had to be taken to the hospital.

Later that afternoon, in the Courtyard of 100 Trades, the children were sad. They were waiting for Yacouba. He had gone to the hospital with his friend. When he returned, the children bombarded him with questions: "How's Boureima?"



Yacouba explained: "The doctors have to operate on him, but they said that I was too small to sit with him in the hospital by myself."

Roland, one of the biggest children, got up. He went to the courtyard water faucet and washed his feet. Somebody loaned him a clean shirt.

He wanted to go to the hospital so Yacouba could be with his friend.

Yacouba and Roland held their breath when Boureima came out of the operating room. He had a big bandage on his tummy. Being in the hospital is no fun at all!

During this time, the other children got organized and planned to help Boureima.

In a matchbox, everyone put what they could.

Humado gave the money he earned the day before washing dishes in a restaurant.





Rene went to look for his savings. He usually sleeps in the front of the movie theater. The security guard there is his friend. He keeps Rene's money safe.

The children brought the money they had collected to the hospital. Now Roland and Yacouba could take care of Boureima without having to worry about earning their own living.

The other sick people in the room were surprised to see two children looking after a child smaller than themselves.

They started to like these children and began to help them.

When the food was being passed out, one of them made sure that the children were not forgotten.



Another paid attention to the IV in Boureima's arm in case the children accidentally moved it while they were playing.

The social worker from the hospital had an announcement made over the radio. He wanted Boureima's parents to know that their child was injured. But were they listening? Would they be able to come? They lived so far away!



As the days passed, Boureima got better. Everyone in the room was happy.

All the children who knew him wanted to come and visit him.

Yacouba kept some of the hospital food under the bed. He shared it with the others. Each visit became a party!

Sometimes one of the children would unroll their mat beside Boureima's bed. Inside there is no chance of rain! They were able to sleep soundly.

The children teased Boureima: "You see, thanks to you, we get to stay at the 'Eden Park!'" (The most luxurious hotel in town.)



At last the big day had come. Boureima could leave the hospital. The rainy season was approaching...

The men who teach at the Courtyard offered to take Boureima back home to his village. Boureima agreed. He really wanted to return home and help his family.

...He began to worry. With his injury, wouldn't he be a burden for his family? All his friends encouraged him: "Don't worry, when God makes you better, you will be able to help on the farm."

