







As I've mentioned before, we have to pick up Ester today. We've been waiting outside of her art class building for ten minutes, but there's still no sight of her. I'm getting super bored, so I'm pulling tiny pieces of threads out of my car seat.

All of a sudden, my mom jumps two feet up. She hits her head on the roof of the car and screams: "What? Is it this late already? Where in the world is she that long?!" Now, be honest – wouldn't you think it's funny, too? She gets out of the car to go look for my sister. Of course, no one seems to be bothered by the fact that I've been stuck in this car seat, in our non-moving car, for the past twenty minutes. My mom looks for her cell phone in her

purse. She didn't even notice when my matchbox car and some snotty tissue fell out of her bag. She finally finds the phone and puts it to her ear. Then she looks at the screen and frowns. I think she may even say a few bad words.

Then, pretending to be all calm, she gets back in the car and turns on the engine. Her cell phone beeps as soon as she plugs it in. She just got a text message.





HOW ARE YOU, SWEETHEART?

HOW ARE YOU BEEN DRESSING WARMLY?

HAVE YOU BEEN DRESSING WARMLY?

AND EATING? WE MISS YOU ALL SO MUCH.

YES, YES, DAD, EVERYTHING IS OK, I JUST WANTED TO...

.. NEVER MIND, MY FRIEND IS CALLING ME. GOTTA GO. SAY HI TO EVERYONE. BYE.

OK, BYE THEN.



ARE YOU GOING TO BRING SOMETHING FOR DINNER?

WE JUST WALKED INTO A DELI. WE'LL BE HOME SOON. IS MATT HOME YET?



I THINK THEY'RE JUST RINGING THE DOORBELL.



Arthur is four years old, goes to kindergarten, likes spaghetti and his best friend Rene. He lives in a large family that's alive with constant bustle caused, among other things, by the fact that his siblings sometimes leave home. Yes, even for the night! However, they always return in a few days. And so on and on. But as if that wasn't enough – today, today the younger of the sisters disappeared!



