



"Dengue fever is spread by infected mosquitoes,"

his mom answered from the doorway.

Eymen gasped at the explanation.

A teeny, tiny mosquito had made his dad feel this bad?

It didn't seem possible.

How could something so small take down someone

as big and strong as his dad?

And how could he possibly protect everybody from something so little?

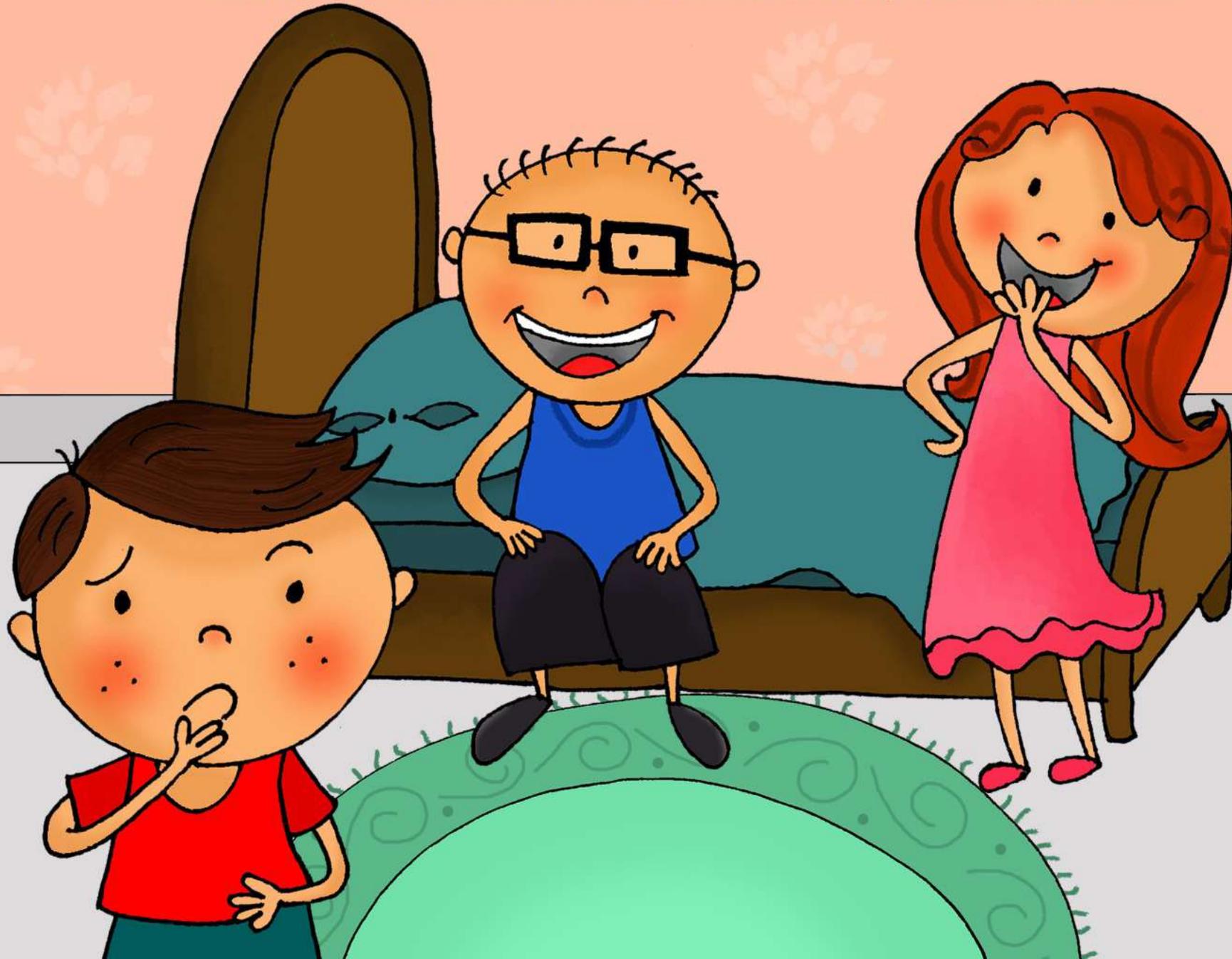
Eymen looked down at his hands to hide his disappointment.

"What is it Eymen," daddy asked as he placed his hand over Eymen's.

*"I'm the man in the house now so I have to protect everybody from
the mosquitoes so they don't get sick. But I don't know how."*

"We already have some precautions to prevent mosquito bites."

Mom and dad looked at each other for a while as they let Eymen's logic sink in. They burst into laughter at the same time. It was obvious to them that there would be many other adventures in store for them with such a resourceful protector in the house.





The next day when Eymen was visiting his dad,

who was doing much better,

his mom entered the room with a confused look on her face.

“Why are all our water bottles in front of the house,

covered in a mosquito net?” she asked.

“It was me, mommy,” Eymen said proudly.

“Those aren’t just bottles of water;

those are the mosquito eggs I captured.

From now on we will never get Dengue fever again.”

"Dad, where would a mosquito lay eggs?"

"They like to lay their eggs in still water,"

dad explained before closing his eyes.

"Now, if you don't mind Eymen, Daddy needs a bit more sleep."





“Oof,” dad groaned. “More than a hundred.”

Eymen couldn’t let that happen! He had thought of ways to protect his family from one single mosquito, but he didn’t stand a chance against a whole army of them. He panicked.

There had to be a way to protect his mom and his siblings.

Eymen nodded: "And if I find the mosquito that made you sick I can smack it so that nobody will get sick anymore."



"Unfortunately there are many mosquitoes in the world Eymen. Smacking one won't make much of a difference. Especially if the mosquito has already laid eggs."

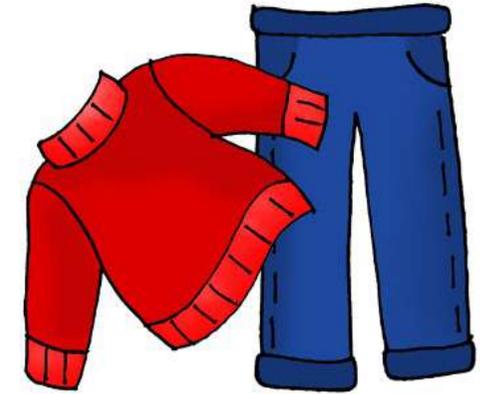


*Eymen hadn't thought about that.
"How many eggs does a mosquito lay?"*

“Excellent idea,” his dad praised him. “How about during the day?”



“Anti-bug spray maybe?”



*Or we could wear long sleeves
and pants so mosquitoes can't
bite us.*



And we can light those smelly candles mommy likes so much.”

Dad chuckled as he let Eymen spitfire tons of ideas at him.

He didn't even pause until he needed to breathe.

“See, there are many ways you can help your mom keep everybody

in this house safe from

Dengue fever.”



*"We can hang mosquito nets!" Eymen said excitedly.
He had seen those before. A gauzy white fabric
that's draped around the bed to keep mosquitoes out.*

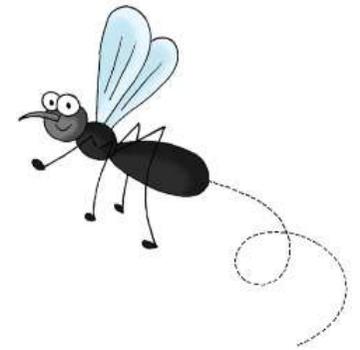


"But that's not enough because you still got sick!"

*Daddy scratched his head the way he always did
when he was thinking very hard about something.*

"Perhaps we can think of some things together.

*I probably got infected in my sleep
so we would need to keep mosquitoes away
when we are safe in our bed."*



He sighed. Protecting his family would be a lot easier if he knew what he was up against.

"Daddy," Eymen asked as he sat down on the side of the bed. "What made you so sick?"

"I have Dengue fever remember," his father said with a horse voice.

"But how did you get it?"

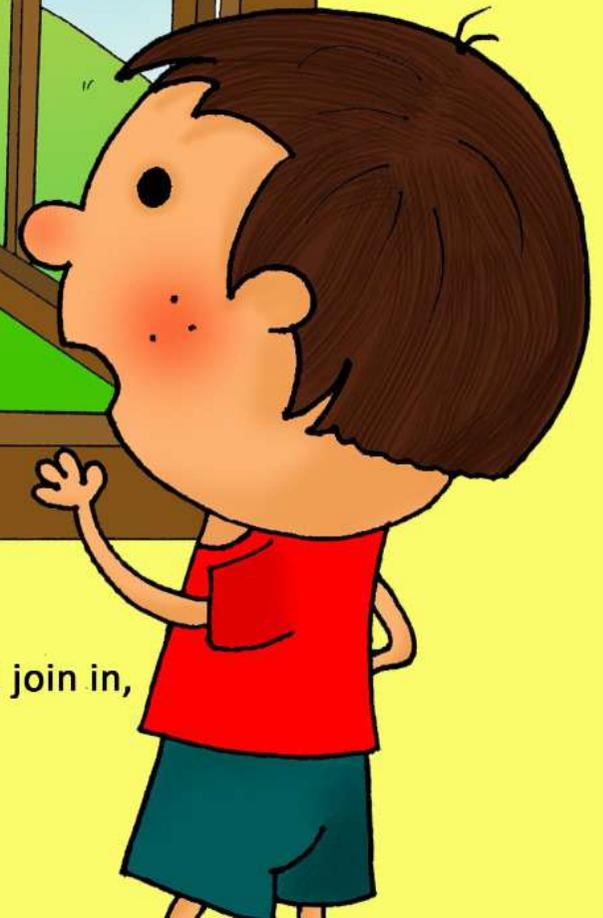
He opened the door and walked into his father's bedroom. Mom had told him that people couldn't infect each other with Dengue fever so it was safe to visit dad whenever he wanted to.



When Eymen was just a little boy his father had told him that he would always do whatever it took to protect him and to keep him safe. Right now his dad struggled even to keep down his food. It was up to Eymen to protect his family now.



Eymen could hear happy kids outside. There was a football game; the kids had teamed up to play against their fathers and judging from the happy cheers the kids were winning. Eymen wished he and his dad could join in, but dad had been in bed for a few days now. It was so weird seeing his dad, who was usually so strong and athletic, confined to his bed while taking the medicine his doctor had prescribed under great protest.



This book is dedicated to all the little warriors out there fighting to protect their loved ones.

About the Authors:

Born in Tokyo but raised in Islamabad, the two sisters, Yuhki and Hikari, have grown up with a love for reading. This love has nurtured their passion for combating disparities in the healthcare system of Pakistan through the power of writing. They hope that you will continue to join and support their mission.

Keep up with their latest activities on:

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