Mebo sat under the cart, leaning back against the wheel. The rain thudded down onto the canvas, drilling into the ground. The horses under the tree shook themselves, sending showers of water flying.

The tribe had to take shelter through the storm. There was a real danger of being struck by lightning if you travelled while it was still raining. Nervously, Mebo glared out at the others crowded under the trees, huddled around the fire. They were laughing and he could see the kettle was steaming. Soon they would be drinking the delicious hot peppermint tea. Intriguingly, He watched Szabo sharing out the slices of barrabith, grinning as he did so. Mebo shuddered.

All morning Mebo had been in a bad mood. He had woken just before dawn when everyone was still asleep. He had seen Szabo crawl up to where the clan’s geld was kept in a great timber chest. He had watched Szabo steal. Of course, he should’ve said something, called out loud. However he had been so shocked that he had frozen like a statue, not knowing what to say or do.

He had carried the secret all morning like a heavy stone weighing down his spirit. Szabo, his favourite brother, was a common thief. No one was allowed to take from the geld chest without permission of the tribe. Sadly, he peered through the threads of rain as worry nagged at his mind. Should he tell the others?

Later that afternoon, the rain thinned. Swiftly, they saddled up the horses and soon the cart was lumbering along down through the forest towards the next town. Mebo wandered along, trailing far behind the cart, moodily staring at his feet as he walked.

“What’s up little brother?” Szabo stood beside him, grinning. “Why the worried frown?” Miserably, Mebo stared back at his brother. “This will cheer you up,” Szabo smiled kindly, taking the money from his pocket. “We all decided that you needed a new pipe to play – that old one you use is beginning to sound like a cat screeching. I’ve been asked by the tribe to buy a new one for you at the next town.”

“That’s great!” Mebo stammered, blushing. What a fool he had been to mistrust his own brother!