

C O L O R

S T O R Y



SOMANY

COLOR STORY

Cover Page Painting by

Harsh Dhama, IX Standard, Father's Name: Bijender Singh Dhama, Morbi.

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The logo for Somany Ceramics Limited, featuring the word "SOMANY" in white capital letters on a red rectangular background.

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Given the right environment and opportunity, the unbound creative mind of a child draws up unique graphics. This publication endowed to preserve the tradition of storytelling through colorful expressions.

I was enjoyed going through the simple but imaginative compositions in the vibrancy of colors and I am sure you will enjoy it as well.

Cherish the unique blend of colors and words!!!

Enjoy reading!!!!

Shreekant Somany, CMD

I feel extremely delighted to present you "*Color story*" a unique collection of colors, ideas and inspirations, contributed by the little wonders of Somany Parivar. Each painting of this book is contributed by children of our employees on the occasion of Children's day painting competition. On this fun-filled event, excitement of hundreds of children gave wing to their imagination and expressions. To spread inspiration through these beautiful paintings, each art piece of this book is complimented with an enlightening story, a vibrant depiction of moral values and colors of life. I earnestly recommend this book to all budding kids and youth, to learn the most important lessons and values of life through creative and colorful expressions.



Welcome to the colorful world!!!

Enjoy the adventures of young minds!!!

Abhishek Somany, MD



TABLE OF CONTENTS

1-15



Honesty is valued by all, and when we are dishonest, people lose faith in us.

16-30



Many of our natural shortfalls can be replaced by a positive attitude and perseverance.

31-45



Giving without expecting anything in return can often be greatly rewarded.

46-60



A brave attitude is one of the best remedies for misdeed and injustice.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

61-70



Real friends cannot be bought with gifts; it requires affection, attention and generosity.

71-80



It is up to us to live in a sustainable world.

81-90



Envy is the result of not knowing how to appreciate what we already have.

Mahatma Gandhi, honored as the father of India, was a very special person. The following story illustrates one of the reasons for him to be called 'Mahatma' (great soul). Once, Gandhi was on an expedition to collect funds from various cities and villages for an organization to help the poor. He went to several places and finally reached Orissa. He organized a meeting in Orissa. There, he gave a speech to the public, requesting them to give him funds for the organization. At the end of his speech, a very old woman with bent back, tattered clothing, white hair, and shrunken skin got up. She requested the volunteers to allow her to reach Gandhi. However, the volunteers stopped her. She did not give up. She fought with them and reached Gandhi. She touched the feet of Gandhi. Then she took out a copper coin kept in the folds of her saree and placed it at his feet. Then the old lady left the stage. Gandhi very carefully took the coin. The treasurer of the organization for the poor asked Gandhi for the copper coin, but he refused to give it. "I keep cheques worth thousands of rupees," said the treasurer. "Yet you won't trust me with a copper coin!" Gandhi said, "This copper coin is worth much more than those thousands. If a man has several lakhs and he gives away a thousand or two, it doesn't mean much." Yes, the coin might have been the only thing that the poor old woman possessed. She did not even have proper clothes and could not afford good food. Still she gave everything she had. That is why Gandhi regarded the coin as very precious.



Jyotsana Dhama, XII Standard, Father's Name: Bijender Singh Dhama, Morbi

A milkman became very wealthy through dishonest means. He had to cross a river daily to reach the city where his customers lived. He mixed the water of the river generously with the milk that he sold for a good profit. One day he went around collecting the dues in order to celebrate the wedding of his son. With the large amount thus collected he purchased plenty of rich clothes and glittering gold ornaments. But while crossing the river the boat capsized and all his costly purchases were swallowed by the river. The milk vendor was speechless with grief. At that time he heard a voice that came from the river, "Do not weep. What you have lost is only the illicit gains you earned through cheating your customers."



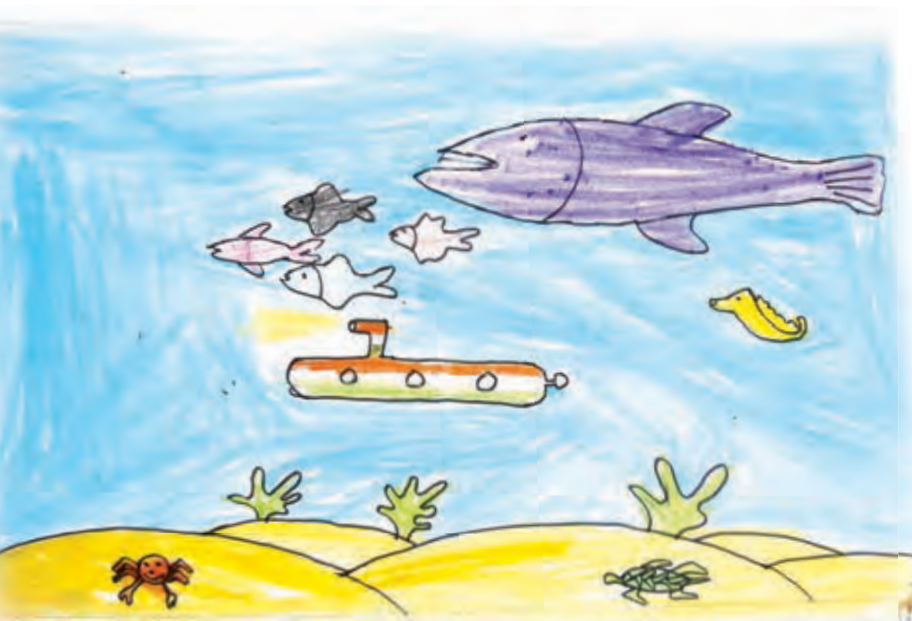
Once upon a time there was a pasture near the edge of a forest. Shepherds of the nearby villages came there with their flocks. While the flocks grazed, the shepherds spent their time playing various games. At the end of the pasture, there was a big tree having a big hollow but with a narrow opening to get in. the shepherds used to put their lunch packets in that hollow. In the afternoon, they took them out and enjoyed their mid-day meals together.

One day a hungry fox happened to come that way. He got the flavour of lunch packets and followed it to reach the hollow. His belly was sunk inside due to hunger. So, he was able to get inside the hollow without much difficulty. He ate up the contents of all the lunch packets. His belly puffed up on both sides and he was not able to come out of the hollow. Soon the shepherds came there for their lunch packets. They found the fox there and gave him a sound beating.



Once there broke a war between the birds and the beasts. Many battles were fought one after the other. If now the birds got the upper hand, the next time beasts were successful.

The bats played a very treacherous role in this war. They sided with whichever side got the better of the other. Thus they were changing their loyalty from side to side. Neither side paid any attention to the bats till the war lasted. But when the war got over, the bats didn't know which side to go. First, they went to the birds. But the birds refused to own them as many birds had seen them fighting for the beasts. Then, the bats went to the beasts. But there also they faced the same situation. So, they were left all alone because of their disloyalty.



Once upon a time, a deer fell ill. So, he came to a grassy patch of land and lay down there. In a day or two, he became so weak that he couldn't even move his body.

Within no time, the news of his illness spread all over and many of his friends came to enquire after his health. Evidently, they were all grass eating animals. They stayed with the deer to nurse him. In a few days, they grazed all the grass of the patch and not even a blade of grass was left there.

In a few days, the deer started getting well. Seeing this, his friends started leaving him one by one and the deer was left all alone. But still he was too weak to get up and move about. As his friends had grazed all the grass of the patch and he was weak to go grazing, he starved to death. Had his friends not grazed the grass in the patch, he would have fed on it and lived.



Once, a farmer had two big and strong oxen by the names of Big Red and Little Red on his farm. He also owned a little pig that used to live with the oxen. The oxen used to work very hard in the farmer's field. The pig did nothing and just idled around.

One day, the farmer fixed his daughter's wedding. He ordered his men to fatten the pig for the wedding feast. And since that day, the farmer's men started feeding a rich diet to the pig. Seeing this, Little Red said to Big Red, "Brother, just look at the good fortune of this lazy pig! He is getting to eat all the delicious dishes without doing anything. Despite working so hard in the fields, we get to eat only some straws and grass." Big Red replied, "Dear brother, do not envy the pig. He is eating the food of death. He is being fattened up for the wedding feast. He would soon be slaughtered by the farmer. It is better to eat dry grass and straws and live long rather than have a rich feast and get killed."



Once upon a time, there lived three big fishes in a lake. They were close friends, but characteristically very different. The first one was very wise. He always did everything after careful thought. The second one was very cheerful, intelligent and resourceful. He would always use his brains to find a solution for any problem. The third one believed in fate. He believed that whatever was to happen would happen and nobody could change it. One day while playing in the water near the shore, the wise fish overheard a fisherman telling another fisherman, "This lake is full of good fishes. Let us come back here tomorrow for fishing." Hearing this the fish rushed to his friends and told them all he had overheard. "Let us leave this lake through this canal and go to another lake," he said. The resourceful fish said, "I will not leave the lake. When the fishermen come, I will find a way to save myself." The third fish said, "I have lived in this lake all my life and will not leave it. Whatever will be, will be." The wise one did not want to take risks and left for the other lake. The next morning the fishermen came and cast their net. The two friends were caught in the net. The resourceful fish thought of a way out. He lay still and pretended to be dead. The fishermen threw him out into the water. The fish who believed in fate kept flipping around in the net. One of the fishermen struck him dead.



Ryokan was a Zen teacher of repute. One day a fisherman saw him walking on the beach soon after a storm. The storm had washed up thousands of starfish on the shore, and they were beginning to dry up. Soon all of them would be dead. Ryokan was picking up starfish and throwing them into the sea.

The fisherman caught up with the teacher and said, "Surely, you cannot hope to throw all these starfish back into the sea? They will die in their thousands here. I've seen it happen before. Your effort will make no difference."

"It will to this one," said Ryokan, throwing back another starfish into the sea.



There was once a lion without a roar. The lion had always been this way; he had never been able to roar. But no one on the plains knew this. Since from an early age he realized he could not roar, he had learnt to talk softly with everyone, and to listen to them. He learned to convince others of his point of view without having to raise the volume levels. This won him the affection and trust of all the inhabitants of the plain.

But one day the lion spoke to a pig that was so stupid and stubborn, that the lion could not find a way to make the pig be sensible. He felt a strong urge to roar at the pig, but the fact that he could not, made the lion feel at some disadvantage. To try to solve this problem, he spent a few months inventing a roaring machine which he could use whenever he might need it. A short while after completing the roaring machine, the stupid and stubborn pig turned up. He annoyed the lion so much that the lion used the machine. It sent out a truly terrifying roar. "GRRRRRRRRRRROAUUUUUUUURRRR!!!" Not only did this give the pig a terrible fright, it also shocked all the animals on the plain. So much so that for months none of them dared to come out. The lion became sad and lonely, and had plenty of time to realize that he didn't need to roar in order get others to pay attention to him. Without knowing it, his lack of a roar had made him good at talking to others and convincing them. So, little by little, using his kind and cordial tone of voice he managed to restore the animals trust in him, and never again did he consider returning to roaring or shouting.



A rich man had a slave. The man was very cruel to him. So the slave became sick of his cruel treatment. He decided to run away from his master. He got a chance and ran away to a forest. There he hid himself in a cave. As he lay there thinking, he heard the groaning of the lion. He was frightened. As the lion came near, he saw that he was limping. The lion approached the slave and held out his paw. The slave saw that his paw was swollen and a thorn was stuck in it. The slave drew out the thorn very gently. The lion was relieved of pain and went away. Afterwards they became friends. By chance the slave was arrested by his master's men. He was brought to his master who ordered his men to put him before a hungry lion. The day for punishment was fixed.

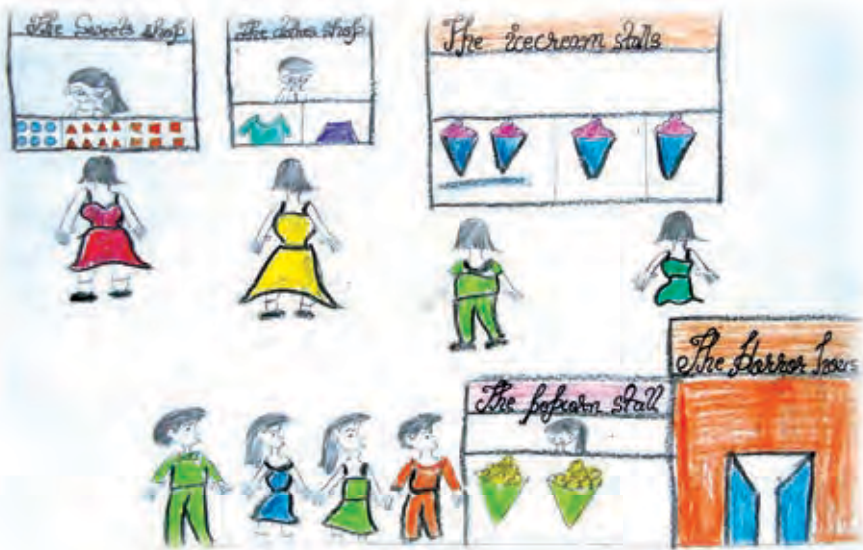
The people of the town were invited to see the wonderful fight. The lion was freed from the cage to pounce upon the slave when he recognized him. He now advanced slowly towards him and began to lick his hands out of love. It was the same lion, his friend. The slave too, patted him. It was a wonderful sight for the people. The lion was given to him as a reward. The slave was set free.





It was a stormy night. A traveller reached an inn. As the hour was very late, he found the door locked from within. He knocked at the door. The gate-keeper responded to the knock, saying, "I have lost the key and the door cannot be opened unless you have a silver key with you." The traveler understood what he meant by the silver key. He immediately slipped a silver coin through the hole, and the door opened. As soon as he got in, he said to the gate keeper, "I have left my box outside, please bring it." As the gate-keeper went out to bring the box, the traveller closed the door behind him. The keeper asked him to open the door so that he may come in. Now the traveller replied from within, "I have lost the key and a silver key is needed to open the door." Soon the coin was pushed again through the hole and the dishonest man was let in.

Long time ago there lived a priest who was extremely lazy and poor at the same time. He did not want to do any hard work but used to dream of being rich one day. He got his food by begging for alms. One morning he got a pot of milk as part of the alms. He was extremely delighted and went home with the pot of milk. He boiled the milk, drank some of it and put the remaining milk in a pot. He added slight curds in the pot for converting the milk to curd. He then lay down to sleep. Soon he started imagining about the pot of curd while he lay asleep. He dreamt that if he could become rich somehow all his miseries would be gone. His thoughts turned to the pot of milk he had set to form curd. He dreamt on; "By morning the pot of milk would set, it would be converted to curd. I would churn the curd and make butter from it. I would heat the butter and make ghee out of it. I will then go to that market and sell that ghee, and make some money. With that money i will buy a hen. The hen will lay may eggs which will hatch and there will be many chicken.



These chicken will in turn lay hundreds of eggs and I will soon have a poultry farm of my own." He kept on imagining. "I will sell all the hens of my poultry and buy some cows, and open a milk dairy. All the town people will buy milk from me. I will be very rich and soon I shall buy jewels. The king will buy all the jewels from me. I will be so rich that I will be able to marry an exceptionally beautiful girl from a rich family. Soon I will have a handsome son. If he does any mischief I will be very angry and to teach him a lesson, I will hit him with a big stick. During this dream, he involuntarily picked up the stick next to his bed and thinking that he was beating his son, raised the stick and hit the pot. The pot of milk broke and he awoke from his day dream.



Once there lived a drummer with his son near Varanasi. Hearing that a festival was being celebrated in the city of Varanasi, they both went there to play drums before the crowd. Thus, he earned a great amount of money. While they were on their way back to their home, they had to cross a dense forest fully inhabited with robbers. His son, however, was happy and was excited with his earnings kept on playing the drum continually. The father, however, warned him against the possible attraction of the robbers by the continually drumming. He instead advised his father for the occasional drumming, which could keep the robbers away by thinking that some local chieftain was on a journey along with his armed men. The son did not listen to the advice of his father and kept on drumming in his joyous mood. Soon the robbers heard the sound and caught them. They then beat them and robbed them off whatever they were having. Thus what was gained by the skillful drumming was lost by the excessive drumming.

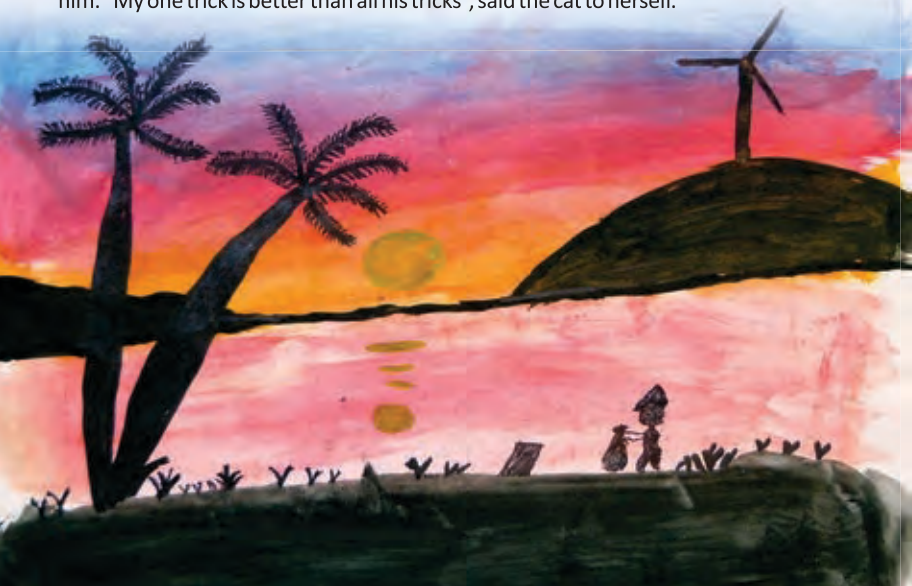


The lion king was busy appointing various animals at different posts. The cheetah had been made the army commander because he was quick to think and the fastest runner. The wise elephant had been made the prime minister. Time passed by and other animals also got their posts. In the end only the rabbit, the tortoise and the donkey were left.

At this, the animals started laughing. The zebra said, "The rabbit gets scared easily and the tortoise takes hours to move an inch. The donkey is a fool. They cannot get any post in the royal court." But the lion king said, "No friends! Please don't tease them. All animals have different and unique qualities. The rabbit will be our messenger because he runs fast. The tortoise can hide and spy on the border posts. The loud voice of the donkey can be used as a bugle call. We must learn to respect everyone." Thus all the animals of the forest learnt a new lesson that day.



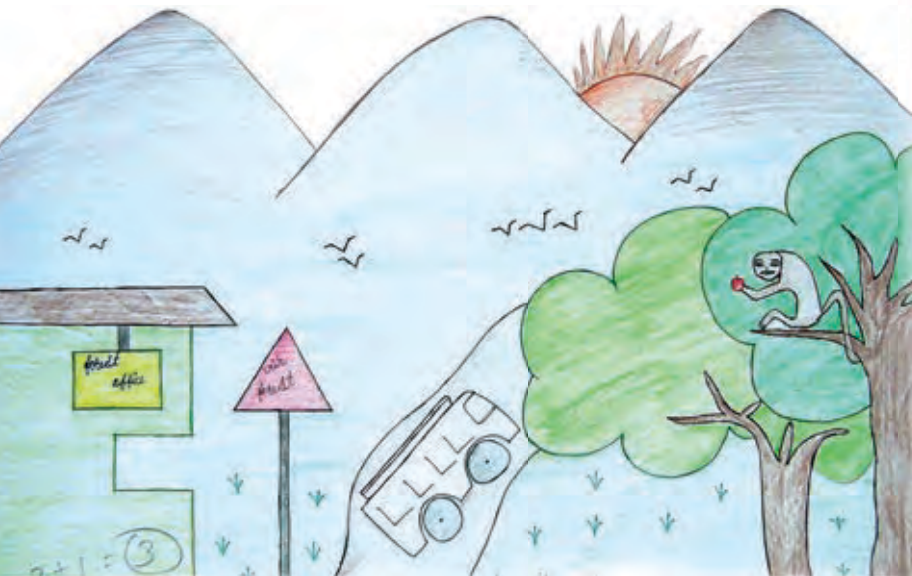
A cat and a fox were once discussing about hounds. The cat said, "I hate hounds. They are very nasty animals. They hunt and kill us". The fox said, "I hate hounds more than you". The cat asked, "How do you save yourself from hounds?" The fox replied, "There are many tricks to get away from hounds". The cat asked "Can you say what your tricks are?" "They are very simple", said the fox. He added, "I can hide behind thick bushes. I can run along thorny hedges. I can hide in burrows. There are many more such tricks". Now it was the turn of the fox to ask the cat about her tricks. The fox asked, "How many tricks do you know?" The cat replied, "I know just one trick". The Fox sneered, "Oh! How sad! You know only one trick? What is your trick?" The cat was about to answer. But, she found a flock of hounds fast approach. She said, "I am going to do it now. Because the hounds are coming". Saying these words, the cat ran up a nearby tree safe from the hounds. The fox tried all his tricks but the hounds out beat him. "My one trick is better than all his tricks", said the cat to herself.



Once there was a potter, who made earthen pots. He had a good business but sometimes people complained that his pots would break easily. Once, he got fed up of hearing the complaints. He prayed to the goddess. When she appeared, the potter said, "Please make my pots unbreakable, so the customers stop complaining." The Goddess blessed the potter and vanished. Now all the pots he made became unbreakable. So the complaints stopped but the customers stopped buying new pots because their old pots were not breaking or getting damaged. The potter prayed to the Goddess again and said, "Mother, forgive me. Please make the pots as before. I tried to go against nature but I was wrong." The Goddess heard the potter's prayers and fulfilled his wish. Now the potter's business flourished as before. That is why it is said that we should accept things as they are.



Once a fairy came to a poor woodcutter and his wife and said, "You have worked hard for so many years. Ask for any three wishes and they will be granted." The couple started to think what they must ask for. The wife said, "Let's ask for a lot of money!" "No, then the dacoits will kill us for the money," the woodcutter said. So the couple said to the fairy that they would think and tell. That night they sat by the kitchen stove thinking what to ask for. The wife said, "I wish we had chicken to eat." and there appeared a chicken on a plate. The woodcutter scolded, "You have wasted a wish. Now stick the chicken to your nose." and the chicken flew and stuck to the woman's nose. The couple got scared now. The wife said, "Let me be free of this chicken," and so the third wish was wasted too and the chicken got unstuck from her nose. The foolish couple did not think before they spoke and lost a chance of becoming rich.



It was a cyclonic season. There was flood everywhere. Many houses drowned in the flood. There was a copper pot and an earthen pot in a house. Both these were washed away in the flood to a river. The copper pot called the earthen pot and said, "My friend, you are made of mud. You are so weak. Please, come near me. I'll save you". The earthen pot replied, "Thank you for your kindness, my friend. But, let me swim to the bank by myself". The earthen pot began to swim towards the bank of the river. As the copper pot tried to swim, water got filled into the pot and the copper pot drowned. But earthen pot reached the bank.



Once, a tortoise went to learn wrestling from the rabbit, an expert wrestler. Soon the tortoise had learnt the art and became an excellent wrestler. One day, a goat started to tease him. The tortoise lost his temper. Soon they got into a physical bout. The expert tortoise wrestled with him. Soon he defeated and injured the goat. The other animals started fearing the tortoise. This made the tortoise feel proud of his strength. Soon he became very insulting towards others. He started to trouble innocent animals. One day, he started teasing the rabbit and challenged him to wrestle with him. After all, the rabbit was the tortoise's teacher. Soon the rabbit defeated the tortoise and threw him to the ground. The tortoise's shell and back were broken. Now the other animals started teasing the same tortoise. Thus the tortoise began to realize that pride has a fall.



This is the incredible tale of a very odd boy. He always wanted what wasn't his: his friends' toys, his cousins' clothes, his parents' books...he ended up being so envious that even the hairs on his head were given to jealousy. One day, it just so happened that a hair on the crown of his head woke up completely green. Now, when the other hairs saw this they became so hugely envious that they too ended up turning green.

The next day, a hair near his hairline was stained by something blue. Seeing this, again all the other hairs ended up blue. So, day after day, the boy's hair would completely change color, driven by the boundless envy his hairs felt. Everyone loved the boy's colorful and ever-changing hair; except the boy himself. He always wanted what other people had, so, of course, he wanted to have hair just like the others had. One day, this angered him so much that he furiously pulled at his hair. One rather thin hair couldn't endure all the pulling, and it let go; falling to the floor with quite a nice smooth flight. Of course, the other hairs saw this, felt envious, and they all let go too. Within a minute the boy was as bald as an egg, and the look of surprise on his face seemed like a bad joke. After many tears and tantrums, the boy understood how all this had happened, and how it had all been a natural consequence of his envy. He decided that, from then on, he would try to enjoy what he had, without becoming obsessed by what others had. Trying to put this into practice he started by making the most of his smooth, shiny, hairless head. He turned it into his own private canvas. From that day on, he took to painting beautiful, colorful scenes on his bald head. People enjoyed these so much that the boy finally developed into one of the world's best - and certainly the world's most original - artists.



Once there were two frog friends. As they grew up, one of the frogs made his home in the rocks and shrubs that grew by the lake in the forest. But, the second frog explored the surroundings for a better place to live in. Soon he found a place just by the edge of a road that ran through the forest. A few months later, the first frog said, "Why don't you come and stay with me near the lake? Many chariots and carts pass on the road. What if someone runs over and killed you?" "Oh! Don't worry about me. I am used to the carts now. I know how to avoid them and I don't like the boring lake." So the second frog stayed by the road. One day as luck would have it, a horse cart came down the road. The frog could not hop away from the road in time so he was crushed under the cart's wheel. The first frog felt sorry. He thought, "One should always be prepared for the worst time. My friend lost his life because he was overconfident. He thought he would never be harmed on the road."



The Rainbow Fish was the most beautiful fish in the entire ocean, for he had shimmering, colorful scales. All the fish admired him, but the Rainbow Fish rarely played with them. One day, a little blue fish asked the Rainbow Fish if he might have one of his shiny scales. The Rainbow Fish became annoyed and yelled at the little blue fish. Word of the incident spread through the sea, and soon no one would pay any attention to the Rainbow Fish. With no one to admire him, the Rainbow Fish felt sad, so he sought the counsel of a wise octopus. The octopus advised the Rainbow Fish to share his scales with the other fish. She warned that he would no longer be the most beautiful fish in the ocean, but that he would be happy. Naturally, the Rainbow Fish doubted this advice. But when the little blue fish returned and asked again for a scale, the Rainbow Fish hesitantly removed one of his smallest scales and gave it to the little fish. A new and peculiar feeling came over him. Soon, other fish appeared, and, one by one, the Rainbow Fish gave away his shiny scales, until he was surrounded by the shimmering from all the fish with whom he had shared. Finally the Rainbow Fish had only one shining scale left. His most prized possessions had been given away, yet he was very happy. "Come on Rainbow Fish," they called. "Come and play with us!" "Here I come," said Rainbow Fish and, happy as a splash, he swam off to join his friends.



Once, there was a large forest. A variety of trees and plants grew there. There were oak, seesham, walnut, apple, neem and peepal trees. Among them, there was one tree which had a crooked trunk. Its branches were also crooked and grew haywire. It had no colourful flowers or juicy fruits and its leaves were dull and limp. The other trees used to tease him, "Hello, you ugly fellow, how do you feel today?" The poor tree would think, "Why did God make me ugly? Why can't I be like the other healthy trees?" One day, a woodcutter came to the forest. He said, "What a crooked and ugly tree. It's no use for me. Let me cut down the trunks of these straight trees." So, all the trees were cut down other than the crooked tree. Then the crooked tree thought, "I now feel that whatever God does, he has a reason behind it. We must not blame God for all troubles. My ugliness saved my life after all."



Once there was a poor man. He owned a monkey. The monkey used to display a variety of tricks. He worked hard the whole day. The people who watched him would throw coins for him. He would collect them and gave them to his master. Once, the master took the monkey to the zoo. There he saw a caged monkey. People were feeding him fruits and biscuits. The monkey thought, "This caged monkey is lucky. He does not need to work hard to get food. He is having free food here." That night, he went to live in the zoo's cage. He loved the rest and the free food for a few days. Then he started getting bored. He had to wait for the visitors who would come to see him in the cage. After a few weeks, the monkey got fed up of such a life. He ran away from the zoo and came back to his master who welcomed him warmly. The monkey realized that it is hard to earn a living but sitting idle can be even more hard and dangerous.



In a far away kingdom, there was a river. This river was home to many golden swans. The swans spent most of their time on the banks of the river. Every six months, the swans would leave a golden feather as a fee for using the lake. The soldiers of the kingdom would collect the feathers and deposit them in the royal treasury.

One day, a homeless bird saw the river. "The water in this river seems so cool and soothing. I will make my home here," thought the bird. As soon as the bird settled down near the river, the golden swans noticed her. They came shouting. "This river belongs to us. We pay a golden feather to the King to use this river. You can not live here." "I am homeless, brothers. I too will pay the rent. Please give me shelter," the bird pleaded. "How will you pay the rent? You do not have golden feathers," said the Swans laughing. They further added, "Stop dreaming and leave once."



The humble bird pleaded many times. But the arrogant swans drove the bird away. "I will teach them a lesson!" decided the humiliated bird. She went to the King and said, "O King! The swans in your river are impolite and unkind. I begged for shelter but they said that they had purchased the river with golden feathers." The King was angry with the arrogant swans for having insulted the homeless bird. He ordered his soldiers to bring the arrogant swans to his court. In no time, all the golden swans were brought to the King's court. "Do you think the royal treasury depends upon your golden feathers? You can not decide who lives by the river. Leave the river at once or you all will be beheaded!" shouted the King. The swans shivered with fear on hearing the King. They flew away never to return. The bird built her home near the river and lived there happily forever. The bird gave shelter to all other birds in the river.



An old Grandfather said to his grandson, who came to him with anger at a friend who had done him an injustice, "Let me tell you a story." "I too, at times, have felt great hate for those who have taken so much, with no sorrow for what they do. But hate wears you down, and does not hurt your enemy. It's like taking poison and wishing your enemy would die. I have struggled with these feelings many times."

"It is as if there are two wolves inside me; one is good and does no harm. He lives in harmony with all around him and does not take offense when no offense was intended. He will only fight when it is right to do so, and in the right way."

"But the other wolf... Ah! The tiniest thing will send him into a fit of temper. He fights everyone, all the time, for no reason. He cannot think because his anger and hate are so great. It is helpless anger, for his anger will change nothing."

"Sometimes it is hard to live with these two wolves inside me, for both of them try to dominate my spirit." The boy looked intently into his Grandfather's eyes and asked, "Which one wins, Grandfather?" The Grandfather smiled and quietly said, "The one I feed."



One day Thomas Edison came home and gave a paper to his mother. He told her, "My teacher gave this paper to me and told me to only give it to my mother." His mother's eyes were tearful as she read the letter out loud to her child, "Your son is a genius. This school is too small for him and doesn't have enough good teachers for training him. Please teach him yourself." Many years after Edison's mother had died, Edison had become one of the greatest inventors of the century. One day he was going through the old closet and he found a folded letter which was given to him by his teacher for his mother. He opened it. The message written on the letter was, "Your son is mentally ill. We cannot let him attend our school anymore. He is expelled." Edison became emotional reading it and then he wrote in his diary, "Thomas Alva Edison was a mentally ill child whose mother turned him into the genius of the century."



On a roadside stood a tall and big banyan tree. It was a home to many squirrels and birds. Just by its side stood the green leafy mango tree. It bore sweet, juicy mangoes. Many people would rest under the shady tree and enjoy its sweet fruits too. No one ever paid much attention to the old banyan tree.

The mango tree had grown proud of its appearance. One day it said to the banyan tree, "See how important I am. Everyone eyes me with greedy looks. People like my tasty fruits. No one asks for you because I am the best!"

"Don't feel so proud," the banyan tree said. "It's just the law of nature. Every tree has its own place in the nature." Next day the king's soldiers came and picked all the mangoes of the mango tree. They picked them so roughly that they broke many branches and leaves too. After they left, the mango tree looked ugly and was in pain. The banyan tree said, "See how your proud beauty has ruined you, while I am standing here safe and sound."



One night a clever farmer was returning home from a cattle fair. He bought a buffalo from there. As he passed through a dense forest, a dacoit came in front of him. He had a thick stick in his hand. He said, "Hand over all that you have."

The farmer got scared and gave his money to the dacoit. As he turned to go, the dacoit said, "Give me the buffalo too. Why are you taking it away?" The farmer handed over the buffalo's rope to the dacoit. Then the farmer said, "You have taken everything of mine. Can you give me your stick?" "Why do you need it?" the dacoit enquire "My wife will be pleased that at least I got a stick from the fair."

The dacoit gave the stick to the farmer happily. Immediately the clever farmer started beating the dacoit with the stick. The dacoit ran off to save his life leaving the buffalo and the farmer's money behind. So the clever farmer saved himself and his belongings too.



There was a big tree at the edge of a dense forest. The tree was deeply rooted in the ground and its strong branches spread out majestically. It also had a very thick trunk. The tree was very useful as it provided shade to the passerbys and saved them from the scorching heat of the sun. It also acted as a shelter to a large number of tiny creatures living in the forest and was always buzzing with activity. There was a small plant that was growing at the foot of the tree. The plant was very slender and delicate and would bend over with the slightest of the breeze.

One day the big tree and the plant were having a chat. The mighty tree looked at the little plant and said, "Why are you so tiny and fragile? Why don't you spread your roots deep into the ground and raise your head up in the air, like me?" The tiny plant smiled and replied, "I don't think that is necessary, in fact, I think that I am safer this way." "Safer?" asked the big tree, mocking the plant. "You think you are safer than I am? Do you know how deep my roots are and how strong and thick my trunk is? Even if two men



Tried to hold hands together, they won't be able to cover my trunk. Who could ever uproot me from this ground?" And then the tree turned away from the little plant with great pride. The tree was not aware that soon it would end up regretting its own words. One evening, the forest was struck with a huge hurricane. The hurricane was so strong that it uprooted and hurled almost all the trees in the forest. The forest was completely destroyed and the big tree was uprooted and thrown at a distance. Once the storm had passed, the villagers came out to inspect the damages caused by the storm. They saw that all the huge trees that once stood there mightily were now simply reduced to stumps. The forest was filled with broken trees and scattered branches everywhere. The little plant, however, was not destroyed. It was twisted and turned and completely bent with the force of the hurricane. But when the storm had passed, it stood up again. The mighty tree, though, was destroyed forever.



In a small village, there lived a potter. He had a donkey. Everyday his donkey would carry soil from the field to his house. Since the field was quite far off, the potter would rest under a tree midway, tying his donkey nearby. One day, the potter forgot to take the rope with which he tied the donkey every day. When he reached the tree, he thought, "How do I tie this donkey today? He might run away if I sleep." "The potter decided to tie down holding the donkey's ears so that the donkey would not run away.

But this way neither the donkey was comfortable nor the potter was able to take rest. A saint, who happened to be passing by, saw the potter holding on to the donkey's ears. Then the saint wanted to know what the problem of the potter was. When the potter told the saint what the problem was, the wise saint said, "Take the donkey to the place where you tie him every day. Pretend to tie him using an imaginary rope. I assure you he won't run away." The potter did what the saint had said.

He left the donkey and went to take a nap. When he woke up, to his surprise and relief, he found the donkey standing in the same place.

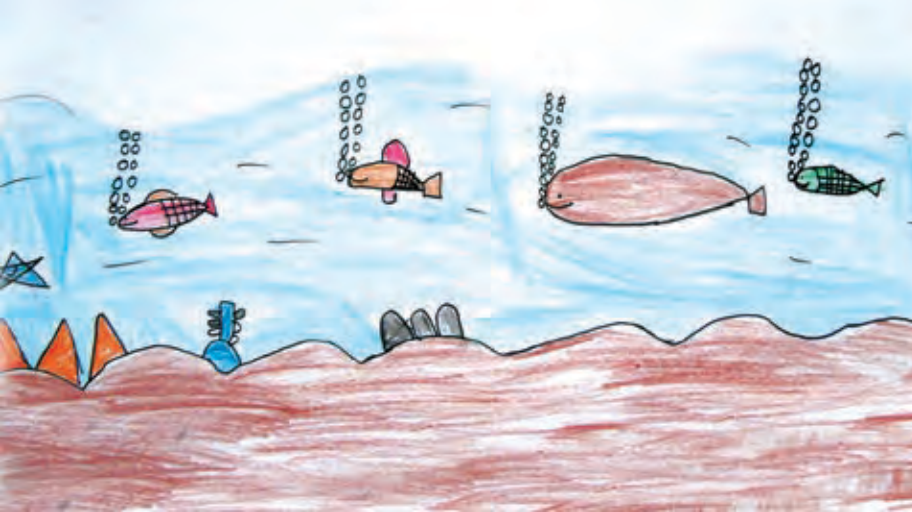
Soon the potter prepared to leave for home. But the donkey did not move. "What is wrong with this donkey!" exclaimed the potter in frustration. Luckily, the potter saw the wise saint again. He ran up to the saint and told him about the donkey's strange behavior. The saint said, "You tied up the donkey, but did you untie him?"

Go and pretend to untie the rope with which you had tied the donkey." The potter followed the saint's advice.

Now the donkey was ready to leave for home. The potter understood that donkey was the bonded donkey. The potter thanked the wise saint and went home happily with his donkey.



Once upon a time there was a lion that grew so old that he was unable to kill any prey for his food. So, he said to himself, I must do something to stay my stomach else I will die of starvation. He kept thinking and thinking and at last an idea clicked him. He decided to lie down in the cave pretending to be ill and then who-so-ever will come to inquire about his health, will become his prey. The old lion put his wicked plan into practice and it started working. Many of his well-wishers got killed. But evil is short lived. One day, a fox came to visit the ailing lion. As foxes are clever by nature, the fox stood at the mouth of the cave and looked about. His sixth sense worked and he came to know the reality. So, he called out to the lion from outside and said, How are you, sir? The lion replied, I am not feeling well at all. But why don't you come inside? Then the fox replied, I would love to come in, sir! But on seeing, all foot prints going to your cave and none coming out, I would be foolish enough to come in. Saying so, the fox went to alert the other animals.



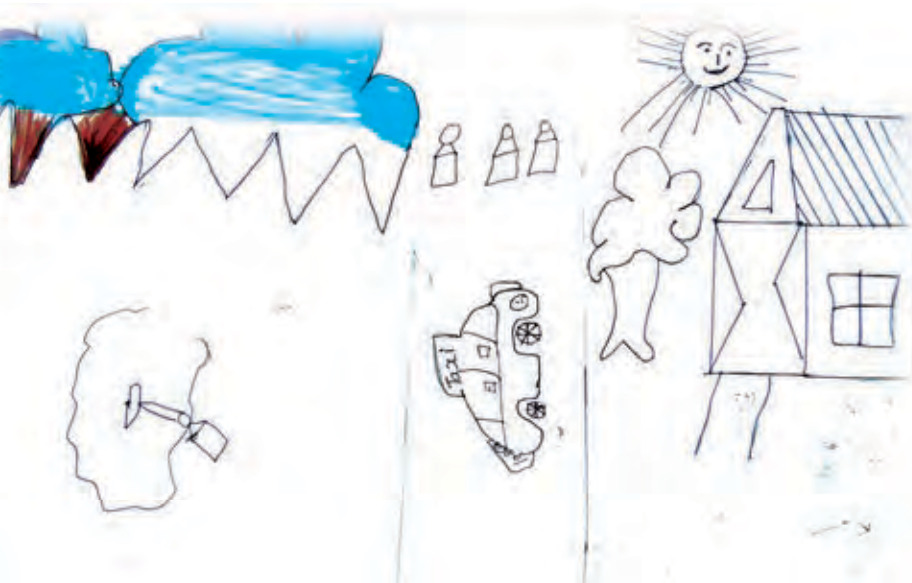
One day Emperor Akbar and Birbal were taking a walk in the palace gardens. It was a nice summer morning and there were plenty of crows happily playing around the pond. While watching the crows, a question came into Akbar's head. He wondered how many crows were there in his kingdom. Since Birbal was accompanying him, he asked Birbal this question. After a moment's thought, Birbal replied, "There are ninety-five thousand four hundred and sixty-three crows in the Kingdom". Amazed by his quick response, Akbar tried to test him again, "What if there are more crows than you answered?" Without hesitating, Birbal replied, "If there are more crows than my answer, then some crows are visiting from other neighboring kingdoms". "And what if there are less crows", Akbar asked. "Then some crows from our kingdom have gone on holidays to other places".



Ramchand and Premchand were neighbours. Ramchand was a poor farmer. Premchand was a landlord. Ramchand used to be very relaxed and happy. He never bothered to close the doors and windows of his house at night. He had deep sound sleeps. Although he had no money he was peaceful. Premchand used to be very tense always. He was very keen to close the doors and windows of his house at night. He could not sleep well. He was always bothered that someone might break open his safes and steal away his money. He envied the peaceful Ramchand. One day, Premchand call Ramchand and gave him a boxful of cash saying, "Look my dear friend. I am blessed with plenty of wealth. I find you in poverty. So, take this cash and live in prosperity." Ramchand was overwhelmingly happy. He was joyful throughout the day. Night came. Ramchand went to bed as usual. But, to-day, he could not sleep. He went and closed the doors and windows. He still could not sleep. He began to keep on looking at the box of cash. The whole night he was disturbed. As soon as day broke, Ramchand took the box of cash to Premchand. He gave away the box to Premchand saying, "Dear friend, I am poor. But, your money took away peace from me. Please bear with me and take back your money."



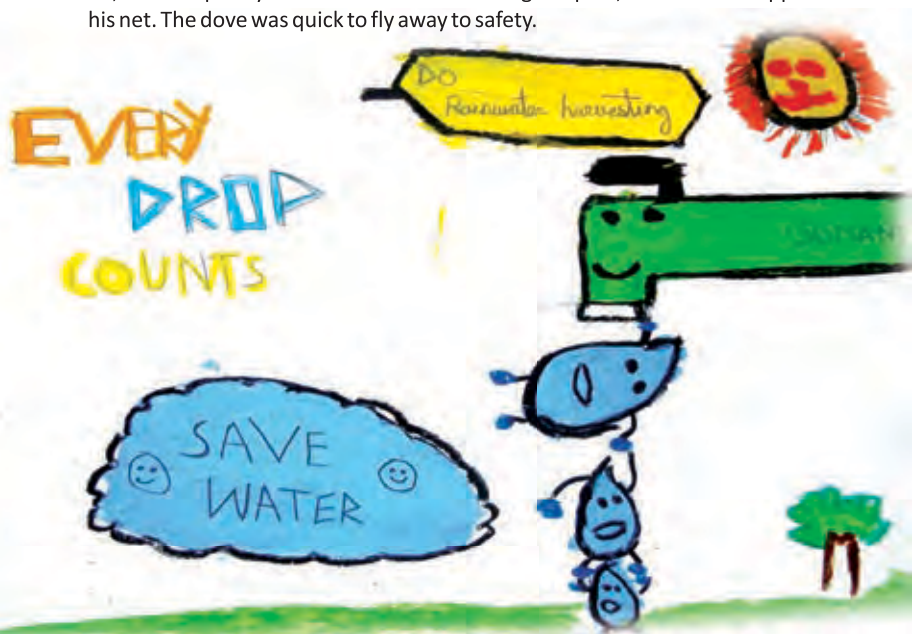
One day, an old man was having a stroll in the forest when he suddenly saw a little cat stuck in a hole. The poor animal was struggling to get out. So, he gave him his hand to get him out. But the cat scratched his hand with fear. The man pulled his hand screaming with pain. But he did not stop; he tried to give a hand to the cat again and again..Another man was watching the scene, screamed with surprise, “For god sakes! Stop helping this cat! He's going to get himself out of there”. The other man did not care about him, he just continued saving that animal until he finally succeeded, And then he walked to that man and said , “Son, it is cat's Instincts that makes him scratch and to hurt, and it is my job to love and care”.



Once a fox was roaming around in the dark. Unfortunately, he fell into a well. He tried his level best to come out but all in vain. So, he had no other alternative but to remain there till the next morning. The next day, a goat came that way. She peeped into the well and saw the fox there. The goat asked “what are you doing there, Mr. Fox?” The sly fox replied, “I came here to drink water. It is the best I have ever tasted. Come and see for yourself.” Without thinking even for a while, the goat jumped into the well, quenched her thirst and looked for a way to get out. But just like the fox, she also found herself helpless to come out. Then the fox said, “I have an idea. You stand on your hind legs. I’ll climb on your head and get out. Then I shall help you come out too.” The goat was innocent enough to understand the shrewdness of the fox and did as the fox said and helped him get out of the well. While walking away, the fox said, “Had you been intelligent enough, you would never have got in without seeing how to get out.”



One hot day, an ant was searching for some water. After walking around for some time, she came to a spring. To reach the spring, she had to climb up a blade of grass. While making her way up, she slipped and fell into the water. She could have drowned if a dove up a nearby tree had not seen her. Seeing that the ant was in trouble, the dove quickly plucked a leaf and dropped it into the water near the struggling ant. The ant moved towards the leaf and climbed up onto it. Soon, the leaf drifted to dry ground, and the ant jumped out. She was safe at last. Just at that time, a hunter nearby was about to throw his net over the dove, hoping to trap it. Guessing what he was about to do, the ant quickly bit him on the heel. Feeling the pain, the hunter dropped his net. The dove was quick to fly away to safety.



Maharaja Ranjeet Singh has been one of the greatest king in India. Once he was on tour visiting his kingdom in night in camouflage. During visit, a beggar recognised him and he bowed in front of Maharaja to pay respect. Maharaja, in response to the beggar, bowed even more to him and paid him a bagful of money. When Ranjit Singh moved on, his general curiuosly asked him, "Sir, you are such a great Maharaja. Why did you bowed in front of that beggar?" Then Ranjit Singh said, "That beggar was poor and illiterate. When despite this fact, he knew how to pay respect to others; I am much more educated than him, so I should have shown much more respect to him. And that's exactly what I did."



Once Ahmed was called upon to recite in front of the class. He had hardly begun when the teacher interrupted with an emphatic, "No!" He started over and again the teacher thundered, "No!" Humiliated, Ahmed sat down. The next boy rose to recite and had just begun when the teacher shouted, "No!" This student, however, kept on with the recitation until he completed it. As he sat down, the teacher replied, "Very good!" Ahmed was irritated. "I recited just as he did," he complained to the teacher. But the instructor replied, "It is not enough to know your lesson, you must be sure. When you allowed me to stop you, it meant that you were uncertain. If the world says, 'No!' it is your business to say, 'Yes!' and prove it. The world will say, 'No!' in a thousand ways. 'No! You can't do that.' 'No! You are wrong.' 'No! You are too weak.' 'No! It will never work.' 'No! You don't have the experience.' 'No! It can't be done.' And each 'No!' you hear has the potential to lessen your confidence bit by bit until you quit all together. Though the world says, 'No!' to you today, you should be determined to say, 'Yes!' and prove it!"



This parable is told of a farmer who owned an old mule. The mule fell into the farmer's well. The farmer heard the mule praying or whatever mules do when they fall into wells. After carefully assessing the situation, the farmer sympathized with the mule, but decided that neither the mule nor the well was worth the trouble of saving. Instead, he called his neighbors together, told them what had happened, and enlisted them to help drag dirt to bury the old mule in the well to put him out of his misery. Initially the old mule was afraid! But as the farmer and his neighbors continued digging and the dirt hit his back, a thought struck him. It suddenly dawned on him that every time a shovel load of dirt landed on his back, HE WOULD SHAKE IT OFF AND STEP UP! This he did, blow after blow. "Shake it off and step up... shake it off and step up... shake it off and step up!" He repeated to encourage himself. No matter how painful the blows, or how distressing the situation seemed, the old mule fought fear and just kept right on SHAKING IT OFF AND STEPPING UP! It wasn't long before the old mule, stepped successfully over the wall of that well! What seemed like it would bury him actually helped him ... all because of the manner in which he handled his difficulty.





Once upon a time, there were four friends in a village. Three of these four friends were learned in all sciences, but had no common sense. The fourth friend by the name of Subuddhi was not much learned in scriptures or sciences, but had common sense. He was quite practical in his approach towards life and knew what was good or bad for him.

One day, the three learned friends thought

that there was no use of their learning, unless it brought them money to fulfill their needs. They decided to travel to all distant towns and cities in order to try their luck. They didn't want to take their fourth friend with them, as he was not learned. However, they agreed to take him along with them, taking into account that he was their friend since childhood.

After this, the four friends set out on a long journey. One day, during their journey, they had to cross a dense forest. While passing through the forest, they saw a heap of bones lying under a tree. On seeing the heap, one of the learned friends said, "Friends, this is a good opportunity to test our skills. I think these bones are of a certain animal. Let us bring it to life using the knowledge we have acquired."

The first friend said, "Fine. I will use my skills to assemble the bones into a

skeleton". Then he chanted some mantra and ordered all the bones to come together forming a skeleton. When the skeleton was ready, the second friend chanted some other mantra, commanding flesh and blood to fill the skeleton and skin to cover it. Now, it looked like a lifeless lion.

As the third learned friend stood up to do the final act of putting life into the lifeless body of the animal, the fourth friend shouted, "Stop! This looks like the body of a lion. If it comes to life, he will kill all of us." The friend, who was to put life into the body of the animal said, "You are a fool. What do you know in the field of learning and knowledge? Do you think I will lose this opportunity to test my learning?"

Ignoring what the fourth friend had said, the learned friend started chanting the mantra to bring the animal back to life. The fourth friend shouted, "Wait a minute" and quickly climbed up a tree nearby. The three learned friends

laughed on the act of their friend. The third friend put life in the lifeless body of the lion. The lion sprang to life and killed all the three learned men. The fourth friend safely went back to his village.



After the abduction of Sita, Lord Rama along with this army of monkey and bears starts making a bridge over the sea that would connect them to Lanka. Lord Rama was proud to see the passion, dedication and energy level of his army towards the construction of the bridge. A little squirrel was picking up a pebble in her mouth and putting it near the boulders. She did it repeatedly and effortlessly.

Just then, a monkey noticed her and started making fun of her. He told her to stay away lest a boulder crush her. Hearing this, everyone started making fun of her. The squirrel was in tears. Lord Rama was noticing all this from a distance. Upset, the squirrel went to Lord Rama and complained about everyone to him. Lord Rama then demonstrated to the Army how the pebble thrown by the squirrel has worked as the connector between the two boulders. Even her contribution is as valuable as the other members of the army.



Once upon a time, there was a hungry fox that was looking for something to eat. He was very hungry. No matter how hard he tried, the fox could not find food. Finally he went to the edge of the forest and searched there for food. Suddenly he caught sight of a big tree with a hole in it. Inside the hole was a package. The hungry fox immediately thought that there might be food in it, and became very happy. He jumped into the hole. When he opened the package, he saw slices of bread, meat and fruit in it! An old woodcutter had placed the food in the tree trunk before he began to cut down trees in the forest. He was going to eat it for his lunch. The fox happily began to eat. After he finished eating, he felt thirsty and decided to leave the hole and drink some water from a nearby spring. However, no matter how hard he tried, he could not get out of the hole. Do you know why? Yes, the fox had eaten so much food that he became too big to fit through the hole! The fox was very sad and upset. He told himself, "I wish I had thought a little before jumping into the hole."



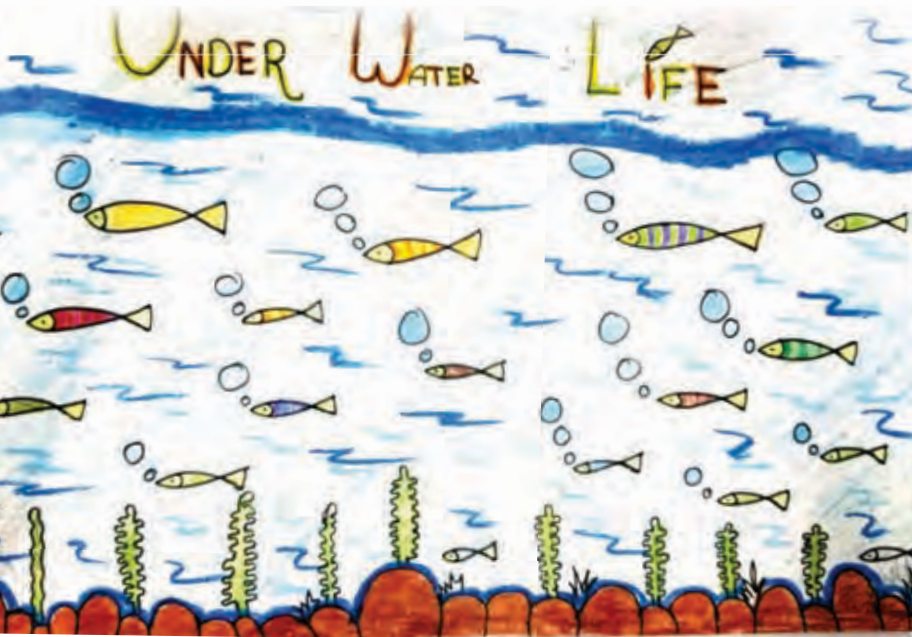
Once upon a time, there lived a generous and kind-hearted king. But the people weren't happy with their king because the king was very lazy and would not do anything other than eating and sleeping. He spent days and weeks and months in his bed either eating something or sleeping. One day, the king realized that he couldn't even move his body, not even his foot. He became very fat and his enemies made fun of him, calling him 'fatty king' etc. The king invited expert doctors from various parts of his country and offered them generous rewards to make him fit. Unfortunately, none could help the king gain his health and fitness. One fine morning, a holy man visited the country. He heard about the ill-health of the king, and informed the minister at the palace that he could easily cure the king. Hearing these promising words, the minister became very happy. He requested the king to



meet the holy man to get rid of his problem. The holy man resided at a distant place. Since the king could not move his body, he asked the minister to bring the holy man to the palace, but the holy man refused. He said that the king had to go to him, in order to get cured. After strenuous efforts, the king met the holy man at the latter's residence. The holy man complimented the king saying that he was a good ruler, and said that he would soon regain his health. He asked the king to come for treatment the next day. He told the king also that the king would be treated only if he came on foot to the holy man's residence. The King was unable to walk even a few steps on the road, but aided by his followers, he reached the holy man's place. Unfortunately, the holy man was not available there and his devotee requested the king to come and meet him the next day for treatment. This was repeated for two weeks and the king never met the holy man, and never had any treatment. Gradually, the king realized that he felt a lot lighter, lost a considerable amount of weight and felt more active than before. He realized the reason why the holy man asked him to reach his place by walking. Very soon, the king regained his health, and the people were very happy in his kingdom.



There was a man who made a living selling balloons at a fair. He had all colors of balloons, including red, yellow, blue, and green. Whenever business was slow, he would release a helium-filled balloon into the air and when the children saw it go up, they all wanted to buy one. They would come up to him, buy a balloon, and his sales would go up again. He continued this process all day. One day, he felt someone tugging at his jacket. He turned around and saw a little boy who asked, "If you release a black balloon, would that also fly?" Moved by the boy's concern, the man replied with empathy, "Son, it is not the color of the balloon, it is what is inside that makes it go up." The same thing applies to our lives. It is what is inside that counts. The thing inside of us that makes us go up is our attitude.



Kabir, the poet - saint was humming a doha (a couplet) as he sat weaving in his hut. It is natural for saints to revel in divine thoughts, even while engaged in work. Suddenly, the front door of his hut was thrown open and there stood a thug, "Quick, show me a place to hide, the policeman is after me!" demanded the invader rather rudely. Kabir calmly pointed to rolls of cotton huddled together and said, "There! There you will be safe!". Soon the policeman followed asking, "I am trying to nab a thief, I saw him running in this direction. Did you see him?" Kabir, in his unique style, casually pointed to the rolls of cotton. The policeman, looked at Kabir's face and thought that Kabir was lost in his own world, like saints are. So he did not take him seriously and left hurriedly. After sometime, the thief appeared safely from the rolls of cotton and angrily asked Kabir, "You are a saint. You are supposed to protect anyone who takes shelter in you, even if he be a sinner. Why did you disclose my hiding place to the police?" "My dear friend," Kabir spoke to the robber affectionately. "I spoke the truth since I was sure that only truth was capable of protecting you. If I had spoken a lie, it would have landed both of us in trouble. Truth alone saves us in the long run. Falsehood leads to loss and sorrow." The thief gave up his wrong ways and became Kabir's disciple.



Once a teacher took the student to the chocolate factory to let him know what greed is. The chocolate factory was next to the school. Upon reaching the factory the teacher asked the student to pick one chocolate that he likes the most. But there was a rule. As the student pass through the factory, he was not allowed to turn back. He must pick the chocolate as he go forward only.” The student went to the chocolate factory. As he walked through, He saw the one chocolate wrapped nicely, he instantly liked it but he wondered that he may find much bigger one further. So, He walked further, then he saw another chocolate. But again, he thought the same. When he started to reach near the end of the factory, he couldn’t see any chocolates as big as the one he didn’t pick earlier and started to regret his decision of letting it go. Finally, he gave up. He went back to the teacher with an empty hand and gave an explanation of what he did. The teacher told him, “You did like the one chocolate very much but still you kept looking for a bigger one. And later you realized that what you let go off was the best chocolate you could find there. That my dear is called Greed.”



There was once a land in which the sound of a magic trumpet could be heard everywhere. The music ensured that there would be happiness and joy for all. However, one day, the trumpet disappeared, and everyone in that land ended up feeling sad. No one did anything, except for a little girl who went off, determined to find the trumpet. She asked everywhere, and then someone took her to see the wise old man of the mountains. The man told her that the trumpet was in the Well of Shadows, and he gave her a violin which might turn out to be useful. When the girl arrived at the Well, she found some musicians next to it. They were playing sad tunes, and she went over to play with them. However, on hearing such sad music, the girl realized that no one, including the trumpet, would want to come out of the well to be greeted by that kind of atmosphere. So she started to play the cheeriest, happiest music she could. She didn't give up, and even managed to cheer up the other musicians.

Together they improved the atmosphere around the well so much that the trumpet came out, more joyful than ever. And, once again, happiness returned to that land. Thanks to this, the girl realized the value of offering joy to others, it being the best remedy for those who are sad. And from that day onwards, in that land, anyone who saw someone looking sad would send them their happiest smiles, along with a little music.



There was once a young man who liked puppets so much that he became an apprentice to a master puppet-maker. Sadly, the young man was very clumsy, and his teacher and the other apprentices were always telling him he had no ability when it came to making puppets, and that he would never amount to anything. Even so, he enjoyed it so much that he worked day after day to improve. Despite his efforts, they would always find something wrong with the puppets he had made, and they ended up throwing him out of the workshop. He wasn't going to give up, so the young man decided that from then on he would spend all his time making just one kind of puppet. On he went, and whenever he found a fault in his puppet he would abandon it and start again right from square one. The years passed, and with each new attempt his puppet became a little bit better. By now, his puppet was much better than anything his old fellow apprentices could make, but he kept making improvements, seeking perfection. Living like that, the man wasn't making any money, and many people laughed at how poor he was. By the time he was an old man, his puppet was truly wonderful. So much so, that finally one day, after so many years of work, he finished work on his puppet, and said: "I can't find anything wrong with it. This time it is perfect", and for the first time in all those years, instead of abandoning his puppet, he put it up on the shelf, feeling truly satisfied and happy. And the rest is history. That perfect puppet came to life, had a thousand adventures, and gave that old man - whose name was Geppetto - more joy than any other famous puppet-maker ever got from any of their creations.

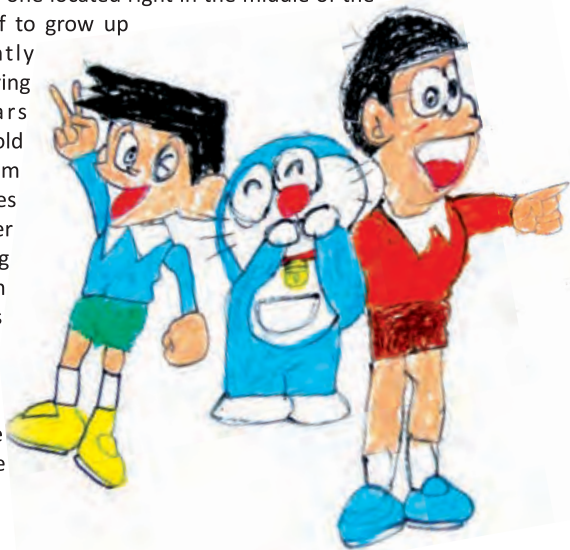


Once upon a time, there was a colorless tiger. All his shades were greys, blacks and whites. So much so, that he seemed like something out of an old black and white movie. His lack of color had made him so famous that the world's greatest painters had come to his zoo to try to put some color on him. None of them succeeded, as the colors would always just drip down off his skin. Then along came Van Cough the crazy painter. He was a strange guy who travelled all about, happily painting with his brush. Well, it would be more accurate to say that he moved his brush about, as if to paint; because he never put any paint on his brush, and neither did he use canvas or paper. He painted the air, and that's why they called him Van Cough. So, when he said he wanted to paint the colorless tiger, everyone had a good laugh. When entering the tiger's cage he began whispering in the animal's ear, and moving his dry brush up and down the tiger's body. And to everyone's surprise, the tiger's skin started to take on color, and these were the most vivid colors any tiger had ever had. Van Cough spent a long time whispering to the animal, and making slight adjustments to his painting. The result was truly beautiful. Everyone wanted to know what the painter's secret was. He explained to them that his brush was only good for painting real life, and that to do that he needed no colors. He had managed to paint the tiger using a phrase he kept whispering in its ear: "In just a few days you will be free again, you shall see." And seeing how sad the tiger had been in his captivity, and how joyful the tiger now seemed at the prospect of freedom, the zoo authorities transported him to the forest and set him free, where never again would he lose his color.



There was once a forest made up of tiny trees that were all growing up together. They had been planted by a very old labourer who took care that they would all grow up to be straight and healthy. However, the area was battered by strong winds, and the little trees preferred to avoid the bothersome breezes, so they bent their trunks and branches to shelter themselves. The old man, knowing they could never grow well like this, set about straightening them out, and spent many hours tying their slim trunks to supporting posts, hoping his beloved trees would understand he was doing this for their own good. But those naughty trees had no desire to put up with all that wind. It mattered not to them that the old man would promise them that when they were tall and upright the air wouldn't bother them a jot. They always got by by bending and twisting themselves, hiding from the wind. Only one of those trees, one located right in the middle of the forest, forced itself to grow up

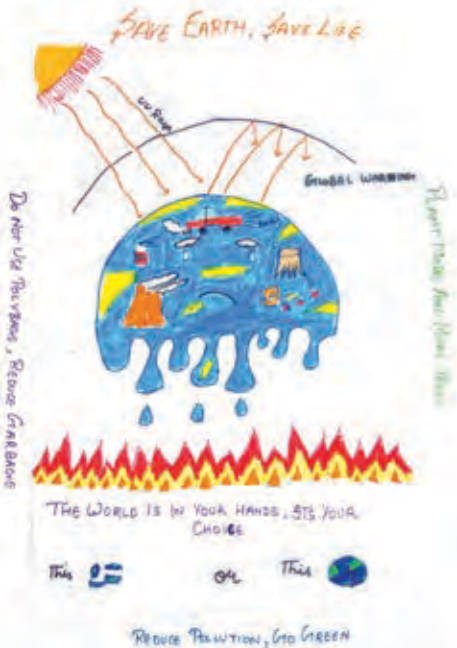
straight, patiently bearing the annoying gusts. The years passed, and the old man died. And from then on the trees could grow however they liked, bending and crouching from the wind just as they pleased, with no one bothering them about it. All, that is, except the single straight tree



In the centre of the forest, which remained determined to grow up just as a tree should. But as the forest grew, and the trees got thicker and stronger, they began to hear cracks from inside. Their branches and trunks needed to keep growing, but the trees were so twisted that the inexorable growth they were experiencing only brought them pain and suffering, even more than the suffering they had avoided by staying out of the wind. Each day and night, in the depths of the forest, one could hear the cracking and snapping of the trees, and it sounded like groans and sobbing. And around that area the place became known as the wailing forest. And it was a place with a special charm since, right in its centre, surrounded by thousands of short, knotty, twisted trees, raised one impressive tree that was long and straight like no other. And that tree, the only one that never creaked or cracked, continued growing and growing, without a worry for the capricious wind and its accomplice, the breeze.



The rain gods had been smiling the whole night. The roads were muddy and the potholes were filled to the brim. It was the day for the market and Raju the farmer was riding his cart along the country road. He had to reach the market early so that he can sell his hay. It was very difficult for the horses to drag the load through the deep mud. On his journey suddenly the wheels of the horse cart sank into the mire. The more the horses pulled, the deeper the wheel sank. Raju climbed down from his seat and stood beside his cart. He searched all around but could not find anyone around to help him. Cursing his bad luck, he looked dejected and defeated. He didn't make the slightest effort to get down on the wheel and lift it up by himself. Instead he started cursing his luck for what happened. Looking up at the sky, he started shouting at God, "I am so unlucky! Why has this happened to me? Oh God, come down to help me." After a long wait, God finally appeared before Raju. He asked Raju, "Do you think you can move the chariot by simply looking at it and whining about it? Nobody will help you unless you make some effort to help yourself. Did you try to get the wheel out of the pothole by yourself? Get up and put your shoulder to wheel and you will soon find the way out." Raju was ashamed of himself. He bent down and put his shoulder to the wheel and urged on the horses. In no time the wheel was out of the mire. Raju learnt his lesson. He thanked God and carried on his journey happily.



A wealthy man requested an old scholar to wean his son away from his bad habits. The scholar took the youth for a stroll through a garden. Stopping suddenly he asked the boy to pull out a tiny plant growing there. The youth held the plant between his thumb and forefinger and pulled it out. The old man then asked him to pull out a slightly bigger plant. The youth pulled hard and the plant came out, roots and all. “Now pull out that one,” said the old man pointing to a bush. The boy had to use all his strength to pull it out. “Now take this one out,” said the old man, indicating a guava tree. The youth grasped the trunk and tried to pull it out. But it would not budge. “It’s impossible,” said the boy, panting with the effort. “So it is with bad habits,” said the sage. “When they are young it is easy to pull them out but when they take hold they cannot be uprooted.” The session with the old man changed the boy’s life.



Once upon a time, there was an ant that was fed up with being an ant. She didn't enjoy it at all: the rules seemed overly strict, she was tired of having to wait in really long queues, and she hated having to do just exactly what everyone else was doing - following orders. She wanted to be like the ladybirds and the beetles, and live a free and unworried life. The ant tried hard to make her dream a reality, and then finally, one windy day, she grabbed onto a big leaf that came flying past, and up they both went, higher and higher. When she was so high up that she could no longer make out the insects on the ground, she couldn't believe what came into view. Raised up from out of the surrounding foliage was the magnificent anthill, which was visible from afar. There was no sign of any beetle or ladybird nests; or anything else made by other insects. There was only the anthill. And the ant realized that it had been precisely those rules, the spirit of self-sacrifice, the obedience and effort of all the ants working together which had enabled them to build something so much greater than any other insect could. And finally, she felt very proud to be an ant.



A rich man had only one son. The son fell into the bad company. He developed many bad habits. The man was much worried about the habits of his son. He tried his best to mend his habits but he could not succeed. One day he thought of a plan to teach his son a lesson.

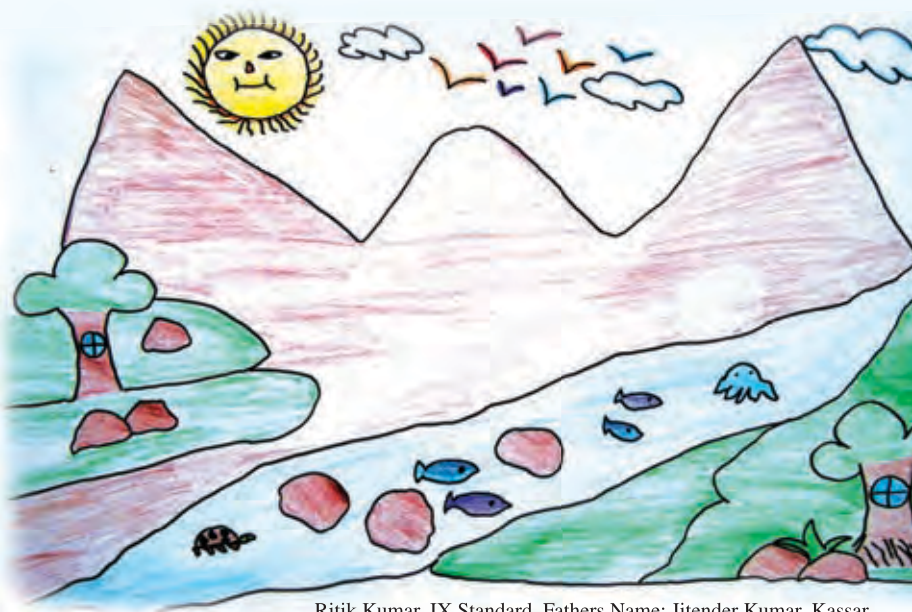
He went to market and purchased some fresh apples and a rotten one. He came back to his home and called his son. He asked his son to put all the apples along with the rotten one in the basket. The son did the same. After some days father asked his son to bring the apples. As he opened the door of basket he was surprised to note that all the apples had become rotten. He felt sad. At this his father told him to see how one rotten apple had spoiled all the rest. In the same way one bad companion could spoil all others. The father's advice had the desired effect. The boy gave up bad company and became good again.



There was once a kangaroo who became an athletics champion. However, with this success he became arrogant and nasty, and he spent a lot of time making fun of others. His favorite target was a little penguin whose walk was so slow and clumsy that it often prevented him from even finishing the race. One day the fox, who organized the races, let everyone know that his favorite for the next race was the poor penguin. Everyone thought it was a joke, but still the big-headed kangaroo got very angry, and he ridiculed the penguin even more than usual. The penguin did not even want to take part in the race, but it was a tradition that everyone must do so. On the day of the race, he approached the starting line in a group which was following the fox. The fox led them up the mountain, while everyone made fun of the penguin, commenting on whether he would roll down the mountain or just slide down on his fat belly. But when they reached the top they all shut up. The top of the mountain turned out to be a crater that had filled with water, making it into a lake.



At this point, the fox gave the starting signal, saying: "First to the other side wins". The penguin, excited, waddled clumsily to the water's edge. Once he was in the water, though, his speed was unbeatable, and he won the race by a long distance. Meanwhile, the kangaroo barely managed to reach the other side; tearful, humiliated, and half drowned. And although it seemed like the penguin was waiting to make fun of the kangaroo, the penguin had learned a lot from his suffering, and instead of ridiculing the kangaroo, he offered to teach him how to swim. For the rest of the day the animals enjoyed themselves, playing in the lake. But the one who enjoyed himself the most was the fox, who, with his cleverness, had managed to bring the kangaroo down a peg or two.



A King who had no children announced a competition to decide who would be made a Prince and heir to the throne. The boy, who passed all the tests, although excellent, was impatient, and that worried the King. So the King decided to test the boy, taking him to the forest with a dog, and pointing him to a great treasure in the centre of the woods. The King left the boy with the dog, saying that if, upon his return, the boy and the treasures were still there, waiting for him, then the boy would receive the Kingdom. The boy accepted the challenge, but soon he grew impatient, and despite the dog's warnings, the boy entered into the forest. As soon as he did so, the treasure disappeared. And so, the boy lost both the treasure and the chance to inherit the Kingdom.



A long, long time ago a little boy was walking through a park. In the middle of the park there was a tree with a sign on it. The sign said "I am a magic tree. Say the magic words and you will see." The boy tried to guess the magic words. He tried abracadabra, supercalifragilisticexpialidocious, tan-ta-ra, and many more... but none of them worked. Exhausted, he threw himself on the floor, saying: "Please, dear tree!" and suddenly, a big door opened in the trunk. Inside everything was dark, except for a sign which said "Carry on with your magic." Then the boy said "Thank you, dear tree!" With this, the inside of the tree lit up brightly and revealed a pathway leading to a great big pile of toys and chocolate. The little boy brought all his friends to the magic tree, and they had the best party ever. This is why people always say that "please" and "thank you" is the magic words.

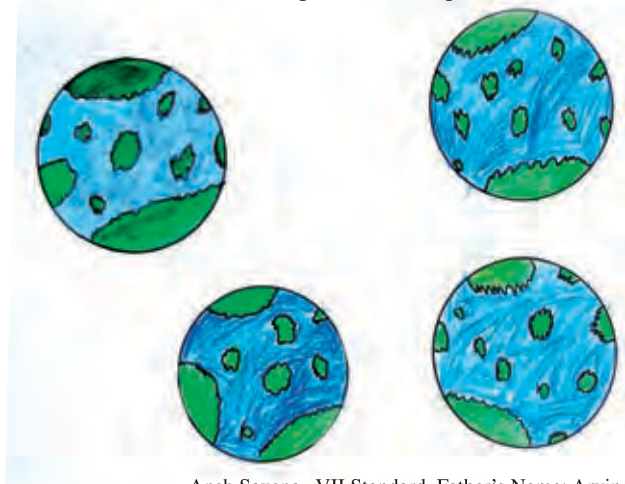


Once upon a time, a juggling clown came to a village. The clown went from town to town, earning a little money from his show. In that village he began his act in the square. While everyone was enjoying the show, a naughty boy started to make fun of the clown, telling him to leave the village. The shouts and insults made the clown nervous, and he dropped one of his juggling balls. Some others in the crowd started booing because of this mistake, and in the end the clown had to leave quickly. He ran off, leaving four of the juggling balls. But neither the clown nor his juggling balls were in any way ordinary. During that night, each one of the balls magically turned into a naughty boy, just like the one who had shouted the insults. All except one ball, which turned into another clown. For the whole of the next day, the copies of the naughty boy walked round the village, making trouble for everyone. In the afternoon, the copy of the clown started his juggling show, and the same thing happened as the previous day. But, this time, there were four naughty boys shouting, instead of one. Again, the clown had to run off, leaving another four balls behind. Once more, during the night, three of those balls turned into copies of the naughty boy, and one turned into a clown. And so the same story repeated itself for several days, until the village was filled with naughty boys who

would leave no one in peace. The village elders decided to put an end to all this. They made sure that none of the naughty boys would disrespect or insult anyone. When the clown's show began, the elders prevented the boys even making a squeak. So the clown managed to finish his show, and could spend that night in the village. That night, three of the copies of the naughty boy disappeared, and the same happened until only the clown and the original naughty boy remained. The boy, and everyone in the village, had been shown just how far they could go. From then on, instead of running visitors away, that village made every effort to make sure that visitors would spend a nice day there. The villagers had discovered just how much a humble travelling clown can teach with his show.



A young Queen was given a special present from a great wizard. It was a magic chest which would bring happiness to the whole kingdom whenever it was opened in a place where there was a spirit of generosity. The Queen travelled all over her kingdom, looking for the most generous people. When she had collected them all, she opened the magic chest. However, nothing whatsoever happened. That was, until one day when, returning to her castle, the Queen saw a poor little boy begging. The Queen would have given the boy some money, but she didn't have any with her. So the boy asked her if she could give him the old chest she had, so he could sell it for a little money, in town. At first the Queen hesitated, because she had been told the chest was magic. But on seeing how poor the boy was, she gave it to him. The boy took the chest and opened it. Immediately, all the most wonderful things one could imagine started flying out of the chest, accompanied by the sound of singing: "Why look for it in others? Goodness always starts in yourself", went the song. And as well as enjoying all the wonders of the magic chest, the Queen learned to set an example in virtue, and she became the best Queen ever to reign over that kingdom.



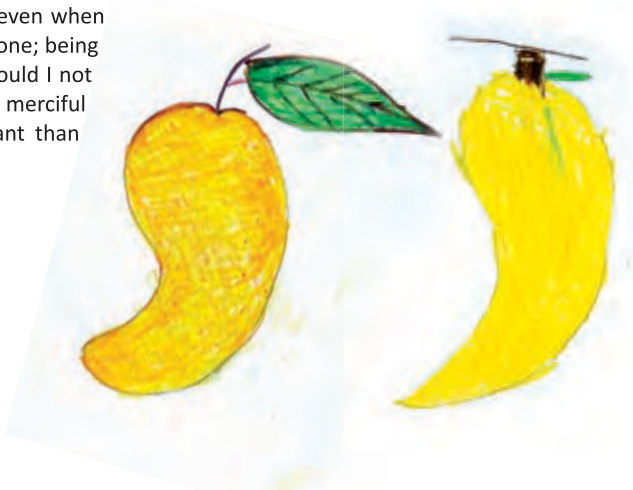
Once, in a lovely garden, lived the most beautiful butterfly in the world. She was so pretty, and had won so many beauty contests, that she had become vain. So much so, that one day, the cheeky cockroach got fed up with her showing off, and decided to teach her a lesson. She went to see the butterfly, and in front of everyone she told her that she wasn't really that beautiful, and that if the butterfly won contests it was because the jury had been bribed. In reality, the cockroach was the most beautiful. The butterfly was furious, and with laughter and disdain told the cockroach, "I'll beat you in a beauty contest, with whichever jury you yourself choose." "OK, I accept. See you on Saturday," answered the cockroach, without waiting for a reply. That Saturday everyone went to the beauty contest, the butterfly arriving completely confident of victory until she saw who was on the jury panel: cockroaches, worms, beetles, and nits. All of the judges preferred the creepy-crawliness and bad smell of the cockroach, which easily won the contest. The butterfly was left sobbing and humiliated, wanting never to enter another beauty contest in her life. Fortunately, the cockroach forgave the butterfly for her vanity, and they became friends. Sometime later the butterfly even won the Humility Contest.



The forest wolf spent his nights howling at the moon. He was making fun of her, of how old she was, how slowly she moved, and how little light she had. In the same forest, when the howling had stopped, the little hedgehog would come out to console the moon. One day, both the wolf and the hedgehog were far from home and were caught unexpectedly by a great storm. When the storm subsided, both animals were lost. As the moon came out, the wolf began his usual howling, while the hedgehog was feeling sad and frightened at being lost. Before long the hedgehog heard a voice calling him, but he couldn't see anyone around. It was the moon, who was so grateful for the hedgehog's constant help and advice, that she wanted to help him find his way home. So the moon gathered up all her light into one single ray, to help show the hedgehog how to get back safely. The hedgehog arrived home in the early hours, while the wolf remained lost, out in the darkness, and scared to death. Only then did he realize that all his rudeness to the moon had been pointless and cruel. The moon didn't shine for him until the wolf asked for forgiveness for his bad attitude, and promised not to bother anyone again like that.



Once Chhatrapati Shivaji (who was a famous King in India during the reign of Aurangzeb), was riding in his horse in the forest for hunting. While he was going, suddenly a big stone hit his head. Being a king, he became extremely angry, thinking who had the audacity to throw a stone at him. He was looking around to see who did this, but he could not see anybody. Slowly, an old woman came in front of him and told that it was she who threw the stone. When he asked her the reason, she said, "I am sorry my Lord. I wanted to pluck those mangoes from this tree, but I could not reach them. Hence I threw a stone to hit them. But unfortunately it hit your head. Please forgive me." Normally Shivaji himself or any other person would have become angry and punished the offender. But, Shivaji got a nice realization. He thought, "If a tree, which is not a highly prominent living entity, can be so tolerant and merciful to give sweet mangoes even when hit by anyone; being a King, should I not be more merciful and tolerant than the tree?"



Prateek Jha, LKG Standard, Father's Name: Amit Kumar Jha, Morbi

Aenglikha Sharma. KG-A Standard

A king had a large orchard. He had got a variety of fruit trees planted there. He employed a skilled gardener to take care of the fruit trees. One day, the gardener would pick the ripe and juicy fruits from the various trees and gather them in a basket. Every morning when the royal court was in session, the gardener would go and give the fruits to the king. One day, the gardener collected some cherries and took them for the king. The king was in a bad mood. When he picked a cherry to taste, it was sour. So he vent out his anger on the gardener. In anger, he threw a cherry at the gardener. It hit him on the forehead but the gardener said, "God is merciful!" The king enquired, "You must be hurt and angry but you say God is merciful. ". Why?" The gardener said, "Your Majesty, I was going to bring pineapples for you today. But I changed my mind. If you had thrown a pineapple at me, I would have been badly hurt. God was merciful for having changed my mind."



When George Washington was a small boy he lived on a farm with his family. His father had an orchard of fine fruit trees. He had planted a cherry tree and had told everyone to be careful and not harm it while it was growing. One day, little George was gifted a new hatchet. He was very excited and wanted to try it out. So he started cutting and chopping anything that he saw. In his excitement, he also chopped down the cherry tree without realising it. Soon enough, his father found the cherry tree cut down and was very angry. He demanded to know who had done it, but no one knew anything about it. Finally, he asked George. George trembled with fear but decided that he should not lie. He gathered his courage and said, "I did it with my hatchet". His father asked, "But why did you cut the tree when I had told you to be extra careful with it?" "I was playing with the hatchet and I did not think. I'm extremely sorry, father. I will always think before I act." Although George's father was sorry to lose his cherry tree, he was glad that George was brave enough to tell the truth and to take responsibility for his actions. He said, "I am happy that you told the truth. Truth is a quality of God. You must always practice it." George never forgot his father's words. With his qualities and love for truth, he went on to become the President of USA.

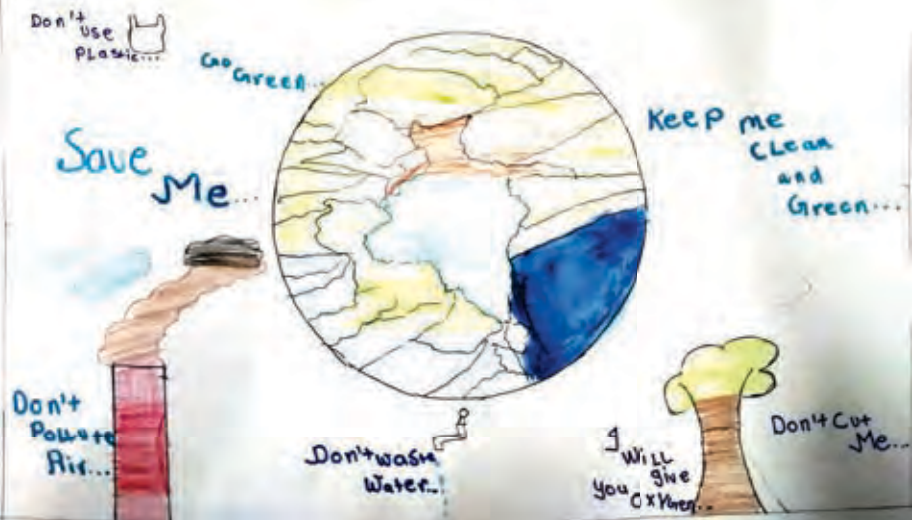


A garden in wonderland was filled with tulips and sunflowers. All the visitors were amazed at the beauty of tulips. They spoke of the elegance, charm and colours of the flowers. Sadly nobody noticed the sunflowers. This made them gloomy. A sunflower said to another, "Nobody cares about us. We look dull and plain yellow!"

Time passed and the sun was about to set. As was its nature, the sunflower turned towards the direction of the sun. Seeing this, a little boy asked his mom, "Mom, why do sunflowers follow the sun?" The mother replied, "Dear, sunflowers are magical. Once the sun was sad and said he wouldn't get off bed because no one praised his good work. So, God sent sunflowers down on earth and said to the sun, "See, these sunflowers will always praise you and follow you. Sunflowers save the world by keeping the sun happy!" Hearing this, the sunflowers beamed with joy and pride.



Penguin, Reindeer and Fox were great friends. One day, Penguin and Reindeer found a load of fruit, and decided to keep it a secret. On the way, they met Fox, who seeing them so happy, asked them why. They told him they couldn't say, because it was a secret, but Fox asked them to trust him, so they told him about the fruit. When they arrived at the village, Fox forgot about his promise, and told everyone. When Penguin and Reindeer returned to the place where they had found the fruit, the animals of the village had already been there and eaten it all. That same day, Penguin and Reindeer found another place full of food, and the same thing happened again with Fox. Angered by these betrayals, they decided to teach Fox a lesson.



The next day they told Fox that they had found a lake so full of fish that no effort was needed to catch them. Fox again told everyone in the village about this. The next day, Fox came by, covered in cuts and bruises. After telling all the animals about the lake full of fish, everyone, including even the polar bears, had gone there. But, not finding anything, they felt deceived, and had given Fox a good beating. Fox learned that keeping people's trust is very important, and that to get it in the first place you have to earn it with loyalty and always keeping your word.

Penguin and Reindeer devised another trick for Fox but, as he was no longer a bigmouth, he did not betray them, and Penguin and Reindeer regained their faith in Fox, thus forgiving him.



Once upon a time all the spirits set about building two palaces; a palace of truth, and a palace of lies. Every time a child told the truth, a brick was created for the palace of truth. The spirits of truth would then take it and add it to the growing walls. In just the same way was the palace of lies built. Each brick was created when a child told a lie. Both palaces were impressive - the best in the world - and each group of spirits worked hard to try to make sure that their own palace was the best. So much so that the lying spirits, who were much more tricky and deceitful, sent a group of spirits to the world to get children to tell more and more lies. These spirits were successful, and started getting many more bricks. As a result, their palace became bigger and more spectacular. But



One day, something strange happened in the palace of lies. One of the bricks turned into a cardboard box. A little later another brick turned into sand, and then another turned into glass, and smashed. And so, little by little, it became clear that whenever a lie was discovered, the brick that it had created changed its form, was crushed, and finally disappeared. In this way, the palace of lies became weaker and weaker, and in the end it completely fell to pieces. At this, everyone, including the lying spirits, understood that you cannot use lies for anything. They are never what they appear to be, and so you never know what they will turn into.



There was once a fairy who was learning how to be a fairy godmother. Most magical and wonderful, she was the kindest and cleverest of all fairies. However, she was also a very ugly fairy. And no matter how much she showed her wonderful qualities, it seemed that everyone was determined to believe that the most important thing about a fairy was her beauty. In the fairy school they ignored her, and every time she flew off on a mission to help a child or anyone else in trouble, before she could say a word they were already screeching and yelling at her: "Ugly! Get out of here!" Despite her being little, her magic was very powerful, and more than once she had considered using it to make herself beautiful. But then she remembered what her mother had always told her: "My dear, you are what you are; and never doubt that you are this way for a very special reason..." But then, one day, the witches of the neighboring land invaded and destroyed the country, putting all the fairies and wizards in prison. Our fairy, just before being attacked, put a spell on her own clothes and, helped by her ugly face, she managed to pass for a witch. That way she was able to follow the witches back to their den.

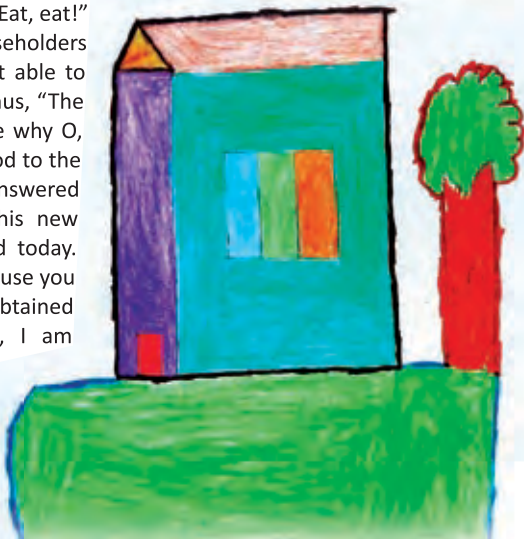
Once there she used her magic to prepare a big party for everyone, decorating the cave with bats, toads and spiders. While the party was in full swing, the fairy hurried off and set free all the fairies and wizards who had been imprisoned. When all of them were free, they worked together on one big spell which succeeded in trapping the witches inside the mountain for the next hundred years. And for the next hundred years, and more, everyone remembered the great bravery and intelligence of the ugly fairy. And from that day on no one in that land ever saw ugliness as a disgrace. Whenever someone ugly was born, people were filled with joy, knowing that for that new person great things lay ahead.



Once a poor Brahmin went to the king and said, “Your Majesty, last night, I dreamt that you have been crowned as the king of the kings.” The king felt very happy to hear this. So he gave thousand gold coins to the Brahmin. The Brahmin accepted the royal gift and left the palace. On the way home, he passed through a small forest. He was busy counting the coins when one of them fell and rolled into the thick undergrowth. He searched for it for hours and soon it was evening. The king passed by the woods on a walk. When he learnt that the Brahmin is searching for a coin since morning, he took away the bag of gold coins and said, “You have wasted your full day for just finding a single gold coin! A greedy man like you does not deserve this.” But the clever Brahmin said, “Your Majesty, I was searching the coin because I want no one stepping on a royal gift.” The king was impressed by the clever reply and gifted a hundred coins extra to the Brahmin.



There was Pundit in the village. He was well-versed in all Scriptures. He knew everything, but, he was poor. He did not have a house. He used to get his meals also with great difficulties. Even his clothes were very much worn out. So, the Pundit used to beg for his meals. He went from House-to-House begging. "Please give me alms". On seeing his old clothes many people were thinking that he is mad. So, saying "Go Away" they shut the door. For many days he did not even eaten. Once somehow he obtained new clothes. A rich man gave those clothes to the Pundit. Wearing those new clothes he went to beg as before. To the very first house he went, the householder said, "Sir, please come in. Please have your food in our house". Saying thus, with great respect, he took the Pundit inside for food. The Pundit sat down to eat. Varieties of soups, Sweet meals, and Sweet foods were served for eating. Having prayed first, the Pundit took a sweetmeat with his hand and began to feed his new clothes saying, "Eat, eat!" On seeing that all the householders were surprised and were not able to understand. So, they asked thus, "The clothes do not eat right? The why O, Great Pundit, do you offer food to the clothes?" Then that Pundit answered thus, "Indeed because of this new clothes you offered me food today. Yesterday itself in this very house you asked me to go away. Since I obtained food due to these clothes, I am grateful to them. This is why I am feeding them." The householders were a little ashamed.



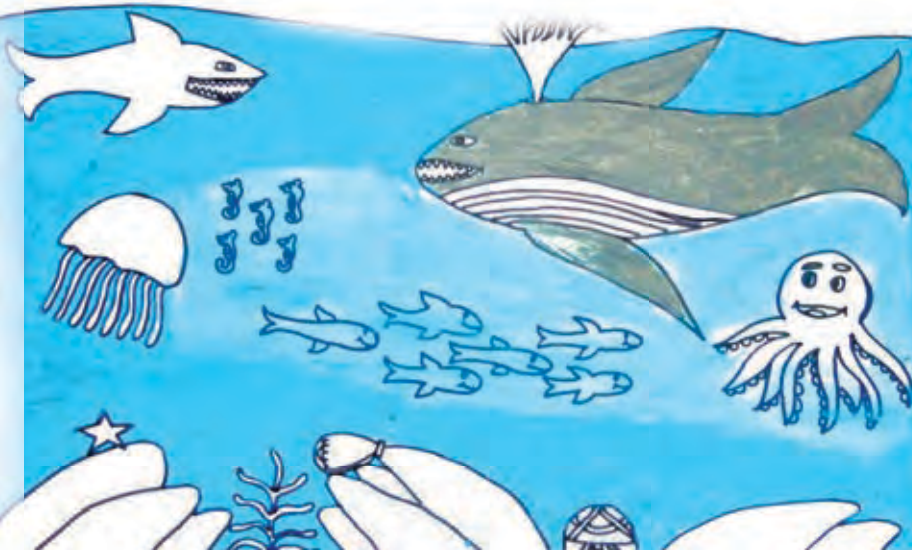
Once, there was a mouse that had his hole near a pool in a thick forest. A frog often came out for basking in the sun. Within no time, they became buddies.

But the friendship of a frog and mouse is highly undesirable because the frog's home is in water and the mouse on land.

One day the frog said to the mouse, "Let's bind ourselves together with a string so that we may never get separated."

The mouse agreed. So, both tied themselves together leg-to-leg. Though on land, it went quite well, but in the pool, it was tragic for the mouse. The frog swam about delightfully in the pool dragging the mouse with him. Soon, the mouse drowned and his body floated on the surface of the pool.

A kite hovering in the sky saw the dead mouse it swooped down to carry it off. Up went the frog as well and became the kite's meal.



Once upon a time, there lived a dhobi in a village. He had a donkey and a dog as his pets. The dog guarded his master's house and accompanied him wherever he went. The donkey used to carry the load of clothes. The dhobi loved his dog very much. And the dog, whenever, he saw his master, would bark a little and wag his tail. He would raise his front legs and put them on the chest of his master. And the dhobi would pat his dog in return, for his loving gesture.

This made the donkey jealous of the dog's fate. He cursed his ill fate; 'What a bad luck I've. My master doesn't love me in spite of my putting in hard labor. Now, I must do what this dog does to please my master.'

So, the next time, when he saw his master coming, he ran towards him. He brayed a little and tried to wag his tail. He raised his front legs and put them on his master's body.

The dhobi got frightened to see his donkey's abnormal behaviour. He thought that the donkey might have gone crazy. So he picked up a lathi and beat up the donkey till it fell on the ground.



Here was once a jar of fresh, clean water. Every drop of water in the jar felt immensely proud of being so clear and pure. Day after day they would congratulate each other on how clean and beautiful they were. That was, until one day when one of the drops got bored with his ultra-clean existence. He wanted to try what it was like being a dirty drop. The other drops tried to talk him out of it, but he stuck to his guns. Hardly realizing, when the drop came back all dirty he turned all the other drops in the jar into dirty drops too.

They tried to get clean again, but couldn't. They tried everything to shake off the dirtiness. Finally, much later, someone dipped the jar in a fountain, and only when a lot of clean water entered the jar, did the drops regain their old transparency and purity. Now they all know that if they all want to be nice clean drops, then each and every one of them has to stay clean, even if they find it difficult. Putting right the mistake of one single drop entails a lot of work for everyone else. The same happens with us and our friends. If we want to live in a jar of clean water, each one of us will have to be a clean drop. None of us should try being the dirty drop that spoils everything. How about you? What are you? A clean drop?



A Queen Bee from Hymettus flew up to Olympus with some fresh honey from the hive as a present to Jupiter, who was so pleased with the gift that he promised to give her anything she liked to ask for. She said she would be very grateful if he would give stings to the bees, to kill people who robbed them of their honey. Jupiter was greatly displeased with this request, for he loved mankind: but he had given his word, so he said that stings they should have. The stings he gave them, however, were of such a kind that whenever a bee stings a man the sting is left in the wound and the bee dies.



Rumble and Mumble were two brothers who looked completely different from each other. Rumble was well built while Mumble was small and thin. Rumble often teased Mumble, "Here comes Mumble Mouse!" However, Mumble kept quite because he was wise. One morning, Rumble went to gather fruits with his friends. Without noticing a hole, he fell into it. The other boys tried their best to pull him out but he was too heavy. Then one of them suggested, "Let's call Mumble." Rumble shouted, "What can Mumble do? He is so small. A boy from the group said, "Mumble is wise. He will figure out a way to help you." When Mumble came, he said, "Let's dig a canal from the nearby stream and direct it to the hole. When the hole will start filling up with water Rumble can swim and come up." Thus Rumble was rescued. He felt ashamed and apologized to Mumble. From that day on he never teased Mumble.



John and James were best friends. They fought for many reasons, but never gave up their friendship. They went in search of a job and visited many places to earn some money. They passed through various places, villages, towns, forests, and beaches. They supported each other throughout their journey. One day, they reached a desert. They had a very little food and water. John said that they should save the food and water for later use. However, James disagreed. He wanted to drink water, as he was very thirsty. They quarreled with each other for water. John slapped James, and they walked in silence. James wrote on the sand, "My best friend slapped me!" Finally, they reached an oasis. They were very happy, and had a lot of fun in the water. While they both were bathing, James was a bit careless and began to drown. John rushed to him and saved him. James hugged his friend and thanked him. They had a little nap and decided to leave the place. When they were about to leave, James carved something on the rock. It was "My best friend saved my life!" He said to John, "When you slapped me, I recorded it on sand. The wind would have blown it away by now. However, when you saved my life, I recorded it on rock. It will remain there forever." We have to forget the bad things and cherish the good things done to us.



Once, a king's army was going back after a battle. Their food supplies got finished. The king asked his soldiers to go to a nearby village and get the grains. Some soldiers and their commander entered the village and met a farmer. The commander asked him, "Dear farmer, can you lead us to this village's largest field?" He took them to a large field. The commander ordered his soldiers, "Cut and collect all the grains." At this, the farmer got scared, He said, "Sir, come and I'll show you another field."

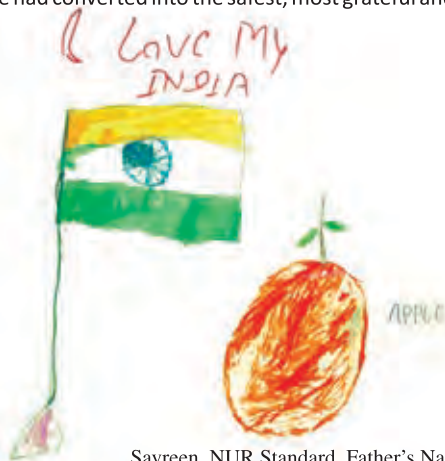
The soldiers went with him to a small field. They collected the grains from that field. The commander asked the farmer why he led them to this field. The farmer replied, "That field belongs to someone else. How could I let you destroy it? This is my field and here I can allow you to do, what I wish." The king learnt of the farmer's kind concern for others and paid him handsomely for his grains.



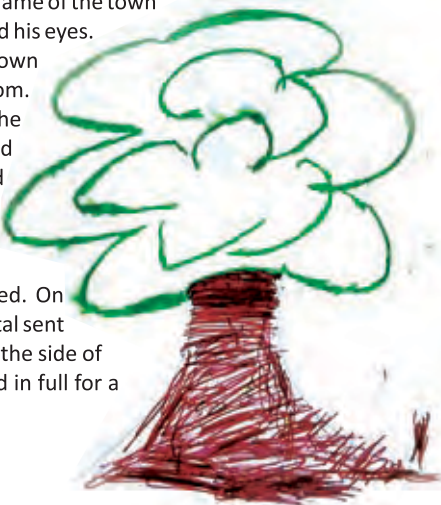
Once upon a time, a greedy, rich man hired a great mathematician. The rich man wanted the mathematician to find the best way for him to make the greatest profit in everything he did. The rich man was building a huge safe, and his greatest dream was to fill it with gold and jewels. The mathematician was shut away for months in his study, before finally believing he had found the solution. But he soon found there were some errors in his calculations, and he started all over again. One night he appeared at the rich man's house, with a big smile on his face: "I found it!" he said, "My calculations are perfect." The rich man was going on a long journey the next day, and didn't have time to listen. He promised the mathematician he would pay him double his wages if he would take charge of the business while he was away, and put the new formulas into practice. Excited by his new discovery, the mathematician was delighted to accept. When the rich man returned, months later, he found that all of his possessions had gone. Furious, he went to ask for an explanation from the mathematician. The mathematician calmly told him what he had done. He had given everything away to people. The rich man couldn't believe it, but the mathematician explained it further. "For months I analyzed how a rich



Man could gain the maximum benefit, but what I could do was always limited. There's a limit to how much one man can do by himself. Then I understood the key was that many people could help us to achieve the aim. So the conclusion was that helping others was the best way to get more and more people to benefit us." Disappointed and furious, the greedy man stormed off, desperate at having lost everything to the hare-brained schemes of a madman. However, while he was walking away disconsolately, several neighbors ran over, worried about him. All of them had been helped when the mathematician shared out the rich man's fortune. They felt so grateful to him that they offered him the hospitality of their houses and anything such a special man might need. The neighbors even argued over who would get to help him. Over the next few days, he saw the full results of what the mathematician had calculated. Wherever he went he was received with great honor, and everyone was willing to help him in whatever way they could. He realized that his not having anything had given him much, much more. In this way, he managed to quickly set up flourishing businesses, but this time he followed the brilliant mathematician's advice. No longer did he keep his riches in a safe, or anything like it. Instead, he shared out his fortune among a hundred friends, whose hearts he had converted into the safest, most grateful and fruitful of safes.

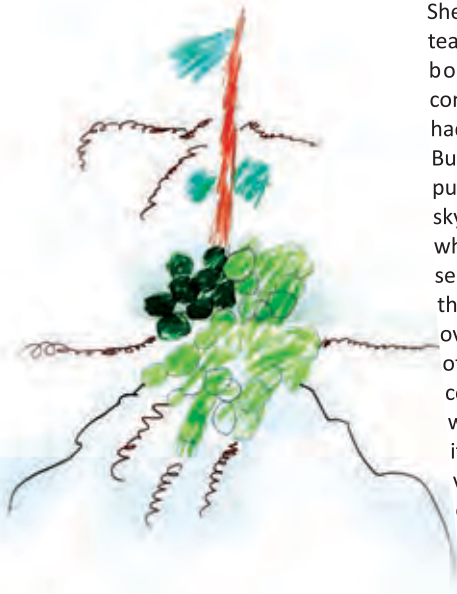


One day, a poor boy who was selling goods from door to door to pay his way through school, found he had only one thin dime left. And he was hungry. He decided he would ask for a meal at the next house. He knocked at a door. However in hesitation instead of a meal he asked for a glass of water. The girl thought he looked hungry so she brought him a large glass of milk. He drank it slowly, and then asked, "How much do I owe you?" "You don't owe me anything" she replied. As Howard Kelly left that house, he not only felt strong physically, but his faith in God and humanity also became stronger. He started to study and work harder. Eventually, he graduated as a doctor and started working in a hospital. One day a young lady, who was suffering from a rare illness was admitted to his hospital. The local doctors were unable to diagnose her illness. So, they finally sent her to the big city, where they called in specialists to study her rare disease. Dr. Howard Kelly was called in for the consultation. When he heard the name of the town she came from, a strange light filled his eyes. Immediately he rose and went down the hall of the hospital to her room. Dressed in his doctor's gown he went in to see her. He recognized her at once as the girl who had given him a glass of milk years back. From that day he gave special attention to the case. After a long struggle the lady was cured. On the day of her discharge the hospital sent across her bill for settlement. On the side of the bill Dr. Kelly had written: "Paid in full for a glass of milk"



Once upon a time, there was a bird made of stone. She was a beautiful creature, and she was also magic. She lived near the entrance to a picturesque forest between two mountains. The bird was so heavy that she had to walk along the ground. Despite this, though, she enjoyed looking up at the trees every day, dreaming of one day being able to fly and enjoy viewing the beautiful countryside from up high. But that dream disappeared after the great fire. All that was left of the trees were charred stumps, and any plants and animals that lived there had gone. The stone bird was the only form of life able to survive the fire, but when she saw what had become of the forest; she was overcome with sadness, and couldn't stop crying. She

cried and cried for hours, then days. She cried with such feeling that her tears were wearing away her stone body. Finally the body was completely worn away and the bird had turned into a puddle of water. But when the sun came out, that puddle of tears evaporated into the sky and became a happy little cloud which could fly over the trees and see everything below. Since then, the little cloud has travelled all over the world, enjoying the views of all the forests and beautiful countryside. And remembering what destruction fire brought to its own forest, the cloud is now very careful to pour its rain down on any tree it sees burning.







“A child is an uncut Diamond”





“Life is a great big canvas, show all the paint on it you can”



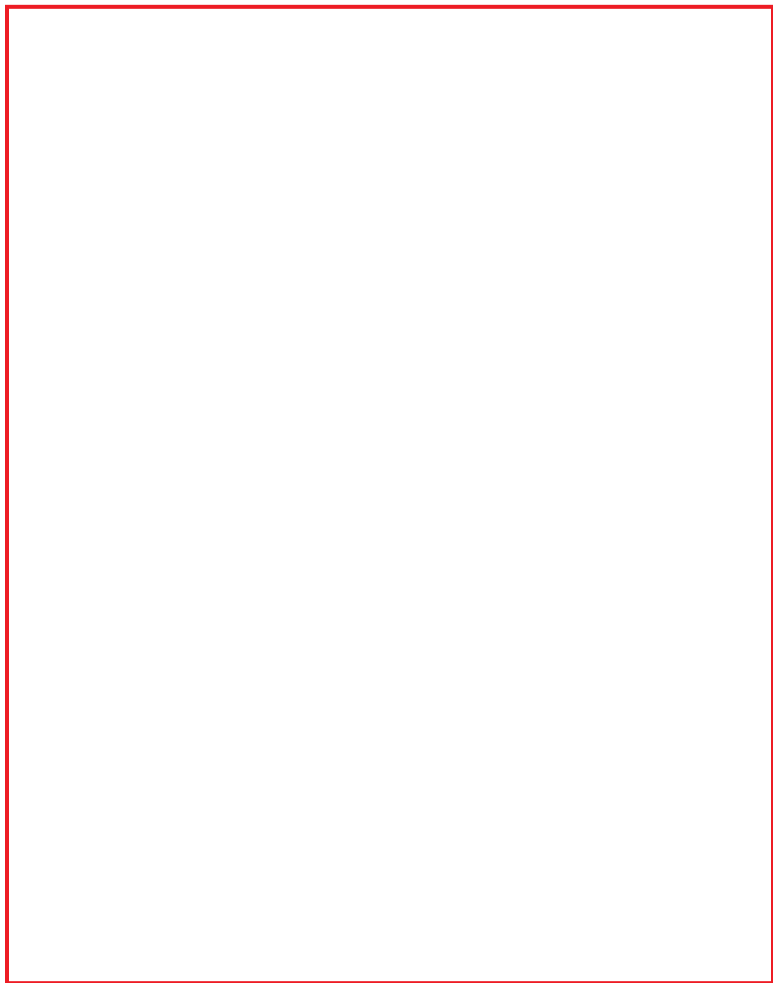


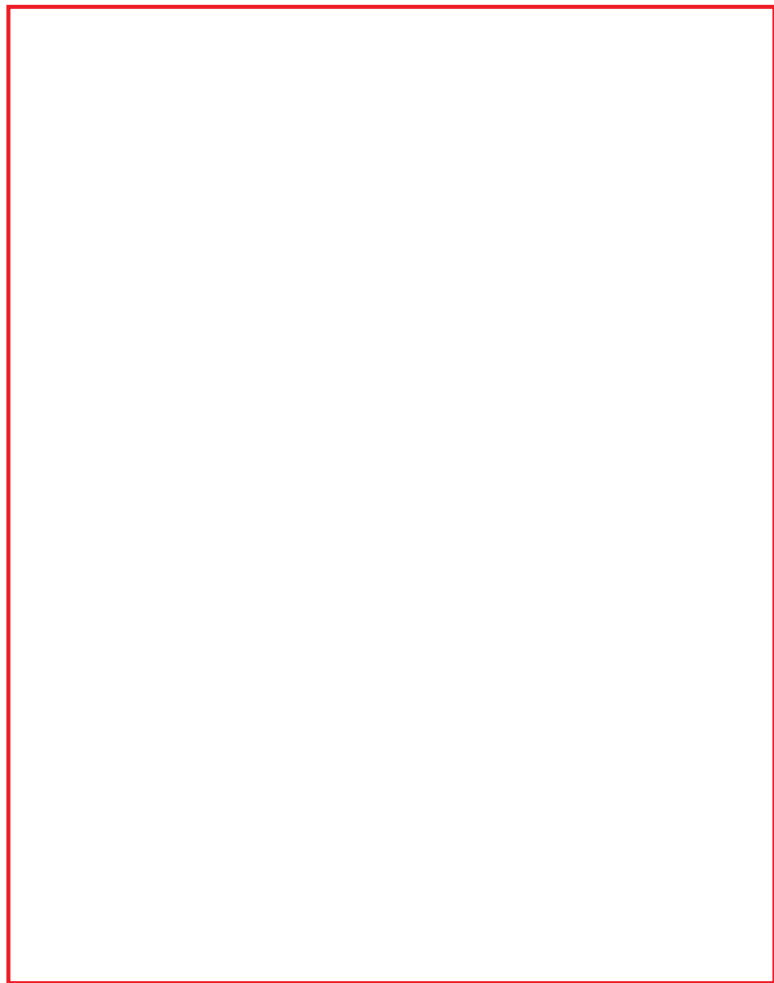
SHARE YOUR STORY

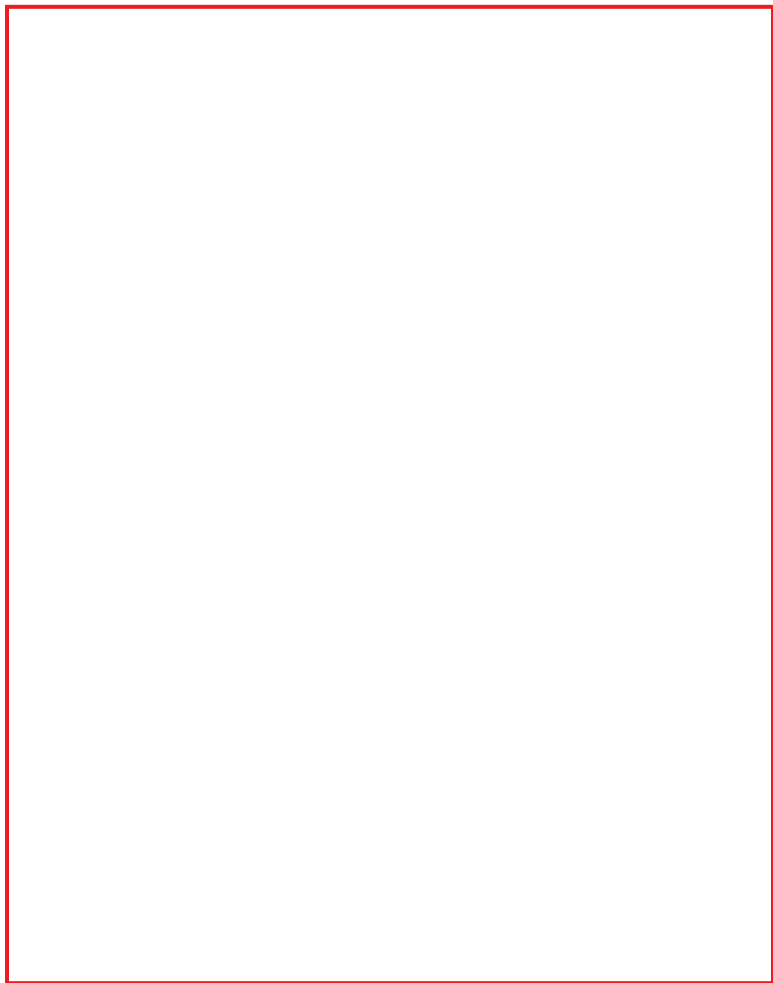
Got a story to share? This is the place...Children, put on your creative hats!! We love to hear from you, write and illustrate an original inspirational / motivational story and send it to us before 20th September 2017 to

Somany Ceramics Limited,
F-36, Sector- 6, Noida-201301, Uttar Pradesh. Ph: 0120-4627900.

Don't forget to mention your name, age, father's name and address.







This book is a beautiful memory of Children's Day celebration conducted on 12th Nov, 2016 at Somany. On this annual children's occasion, a fun-filled painting competition was organized for our employees' children across all offices of Somany. The brimming enthusiasm and excitement of hundreds of children participating in this painting competition, sparked the idea of capturing their magical artworks in this beautiful book, "Color Story"- an inspiring blend of colors and stories. Each art work in this book is contributed by children of our employees, making it a unique reflection of creativity, innocence and originality. With this book, we want to introduce our children to character building values and encourage them to read value-nurturing stories that have been explored in-depth for their effect on impressionable young minds.

Let's draw inspiration through these beautiful paintings and value building stories.

- Biju Sebastian, Vice President (Corporate-HR)



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