

A Short Story : The Foolish Fish

This Short Story **The Foolish Fish** is quite interesting to all the people. Enjoy reading this story.

In a huge pond, there lived many fish. They were arrogant and never listened to anyone. In this pond, there also lived a kind-hearted crocodile.

He advised the fish, "It does not pay to be arrogant and overconfident. It could be your downfall." But the fish never listened to him. "There is that crocodile, advising us again," they would say.

One afternoon, the crocodile was resting beside a stone near the pond, when two fishermen stopped there to drink water.

The fishermen noticed that the pond had many fish. "Look! This pond is full of fish. Let's come here tomorrow with our fishing net," said one of them. "I am surprised we have not seen this place before!" exclaimed the other.

The crocodile heard all this. When the fishermen left, he slowly slipped into the pond and went straight to the fish. "You all had better leave this pond before dawn. Early morning those two fishermen are going to come to this pond with their net," warned the crocodile.

But the fish just laughed and said, "There have been many fishermen who have tried to catch us. These two are not going to catch us either. Do not you worry about us, Mr. Crocodile," they said in a mocking voice.

The next morning, the fishermen came and threw their net in the pond. The nets were big and strong. Very soon all the fish were caught. "If only we had listened to Mr. Crocodile. He had only wanted to help. For our arrogance we have to pay with our lives," said the fish.

The fishermen took the foolish fish to the market and sold them for a good profit.

A Short Story : Foolish Imitation

This Short Story **Foolish Imitation** is quite interesting to all the people. Enjoy reading this story.

Long ago, a hawk lived on the top of a hill. At the foot of the hill there was a banyan tree on which a crow used to perch everyday. The crow was very foolish. He would imitate everyone.

The hawk atop the hill would fly down everyday in search of food. The crow watched the hawk circling in the air for long hours and swooping down when he saw his prey. The hawk gifted with eyes that could see long distances would spot his prey from the hill top and then fly down to pounce upon the prey.

The crow watched the hawk thinking, "Hunh! If the hawk can do that, I too can. What does he think? One day, I will show the hawk that I can do the same thing."

A few days later, as the hawk was circling in the air, the crow decided to do the same. Suddenly a baby rabbit came out of the bushes. The hawk saw it and the crow too saw the rabbit.

Before the crow could move, the hawk swooped down, caught hold of the rabbit in his strong sharp talons and flew away. "Swoosh!" was all the crow heard as the hawk disappeared in the sky with his prey. "Hmmp! That is no great skill," thought the crow, angrily.

Next moment he spotted a big fat mouse coming out of a hole. Without wasting time, the crow swooped down. Like the hawk he tried to catch the mouse in his claws.

But the mouse saw the crow and moved away, the crow crashed against the hill. "Eeeaaa!" cried the crow in pain.

Just then the hawk came flying down. "I hope, now you know it is not easy to hunt and it is not easy to imitate, either," said the hawk and flew away.

There after, the crow never imitated any one in its life. It lived happily with the god-given abilities.

A Short Story : Bad Temper

There once was a little boy who had a bad temper. His father gave him a bag of nails and told him that every time he lost his temper, he must hammer a nail into the back of the fence.

The first day, the boy had driven 37 nails into the fence. Over the next few weeks, as he learned to control his anger, the number of nails hammered daily gradually dwindled down. He discovered it was easier to hold his temper than to drive those nails into the fence.

Finally the day came when the boy didn't lose his temper at all. He told his father about it and the father suggested that the boy now pull out one nail for each day that he was able to hold his temper. The days passed and the boy was finally able to tell his father that all the nails were gone.

The father took his son by the hand and led him to the fence. He said, "You have done well, my son, but look at the holes in the fence. The fence will never be the same. When you say things in anger, they leave a scar just like this one. You can put a knife in a man and draw it out. It won't matter how many times you say I'm sorry. The wound is still there."

A verbal wound is as bad as a physical one.

Friends Forever : African Stories

Let us enjoy reading this one of African Stories of **Friends Forever**.

A mouse and a frog were friends. Every morning the frog would hop out of his pond and go to visit his friend who lived in a hole in the side of a tree. He would return home at noon.

The mouse delighted in his friend's company unaware that the friend was slowly turning into an enemy. The reason? The frog felt slighted because though he visited the mouse everyday, the mouse on his part, had never made an attempt to visit him.

One day he felt he had been humiliated enough. When it was time for him to take leave of the mouse, he tied one end of a string around his own leg, tied the other end to the mouse's tail, and hopped away, dragging the hapless mouse behind him.

The frog dived deep into the pond. The mouse tried to free himself but couldn't, and soon drowned. His bloated body floated to the top.

A hawk saw the mouse floating on the pond's surface. He swooped down, and grabbing the mouse in his talons, flew to the branch of a nearby tree. The frog, of course, was hauled out of the water too. He desperately tried to free himself, but couldn't and the hawk soon put an end to his struggles.

In Africa they have a saying: 'Don't dig too deep a pit for your enemy, you may fall into it yourself'.



Moment of Madness: A Chinese Story

Let us enjoy reading this Chinese Story of **Moment of Madness** .

There lived a man in the state of Qi who loved gold above everything else. Nothing else could excite him as much as the sight of gold.

One day while passing a jeweler's shop he saw a man handling a bar of gold. He rushed in, grabbed the gold and ran.

But he was soon caught.

"Why did you steal the gold in front of so many people?" asked the judge.

"Your worship," said the man, "when I saw the gold I became blind to everything else. I did not see the people around."



Butterfly Lovers : A Chinese Story



Let us enjoy reading this Chinese Story of **Butterfly Lovers**.

Long ago in China, at a time when girls were expected to stay at home and learn household work while the boys went to school, a girl named Zhu conceived a desire to study.

Her family was wealthy and Zhu was pampered but her father did not want to go against tradition. When she pestered him he told her if she got admission into a school he would not stop her from studying. He was confident that no school would admit a girl.

But Zhu was resourceful. She disguised herself as a boy and managed to get admission into a school in the city of Hangzhou, where her aunt lived.

Every morning she would put on her disguise and go to school.

There was a boy named Liang in her class. The two were drawn to each other, and in course of time became good friends. As the months and the years passed they became inseparable companions, and Zhu realized that she was in love.

She wanted to stay with Liang the rest of her life. She thought of a plan. She told Liang that when they finished school, and he had got a job he should come to her house and ask her father for her sister's hand.

Liang readily agreed. He too did not want to lose Zhu. If he married her sister they could continue to meet.

After finishing school, Liang lost no time in taking up a job, and when he had saved enough to get married he hastened to Zhu's house.

Zhu saw him coming, and was overjoyed. It was a year since they had parted and she had missed him terribly. Unable to restrain herself she rushed out shouting, "I'm your friend, as you can see I'm a girl, I cannot live without you!"

Liang was dazed by the revelation, but soon recovered and caught Zhu in a warm embrace. Suddenly everything had fallen into place. Now he knew why he had felt such a strong love for Zhu.

Zhu took him to her father who listened attentively to what Liang had to say, but when the young man asked for Zhu's hand, he shook his head.

Sound Advice : A Chinese Tale

Let us enjoy reading this Chinese Story of **Sound Advice**.

A young man was working in the family garden when his older brother called out to him to come in and have lunch.

"Wait a minute!" shouted the younger brother. "I'll hide the spade and come!"

When he came in, his brother scolded him for his indiscretion.

"Did you have to shout like that for the whole world to hear?" He said, testily. "What is meant only for my ears should be heard by me alone!"

After lunch the young man went back to the garden to continue his work, but returned almost immediately.

"I have something to tell you," he whispered to his brother, "Somebody has stolen the spade!"

—A Chinese Tale



Why Cats Chase Rats : A Chinese Story

Let us enjoy reading this Chinese Story of **Why Cats Chase Rats** .

Thousands of years ago, the Jade Emperor of China organized a race for animals. The first 12 animals to finish were to be given a place in the Chinese Zodiac, and have a year named after them.

The cat and the rat, both late-risers asked the ox to wake them at dawn on the day of the race.

Came the day. The ox tried to wake the cat and the rat, but without success. They would open their eyes, turn to the other side and go back to sleep. The race was about to start. Unwilling to leave them, the ox coaxed them onto his back and started running. The rat woke up just as the ox was crossing the last hurdle, a river. The sly rat knew that he could never beat the cat in the race. He took the chance fate offered him and pushed the cat off the ox's back. When the ox reached the other side, the rat jumped off and scampered to victory, just ahead of the ox. The tiger came third, but he cheated. He crossed the river by using the backs of the animals swimming across as stepping stones, leaping from one to another.

So the 12-year cycle of the Chinese Zodiac begins with the rat. After him comes the ox who is followed by the tiger. After them come the rabbit, dragon, snake, horse, goat, monkey, rooster, dog and pig, in that order. The cat, it must be noted, has no place in the zodiac. She wasn't among the first twelve. In fact she was lucky to finish, having almost drowned in the river.

So is it any wonder that cats chase rats? They can never forget the humiliation heaped on their ancestor by a tricky rodent!



A Short Story :

The Rightful Owner

This Short Story **The Rightful Owner** is quite interesting to all the people. Enjoy reading this story.

One day, the cow fell ill and stopped giving milk. Thinking she would never recover, Gopal drove her out of his house. "Now my owner does not need me. I will never return to him," thought the sad cow and ran away.

On the way, the hungry cow fell unconscious. Dharma, a kind-hearted farmer noticed her and brought her to his house.

After a few days the cow recovered. Dharma thought, "I wonder who this cow belongs to." But he was unable to find the owner. Soon, the cow gave birth to a calf and started giving milk again. Dharma fed her well and looked after the calf, too. By selling the cow's milk, Dharma became a wealthy man. Everyone wanted to buy Dharma's cow's milk. The cow's fame spread everywhere.

Gopal too came to know about this event. "I wonder if that cow is the same one I had driven away," thought Gopal. When Gopal went to Dharma's house, he found that it was indeed his cow. "That cow belongs to me," said Gopal. But Dharma refused to return the cow.

"I will take the help of the Village Administration," shouted Gopal. And next day, the Village Administrator heard this case. Immediately, the Village Administration Council assembled. Every one was eager to know what the judgment would be. "Let the cow decide for herself who she wants to live with," said the Village Administrator.

So the cow was placed between Dharma and Gopal. The cow was asked by the Village Administrator to live with the person whom she wanted to live with. The cow walked away from Gopal and started licking Dharma's hand. She knew the difference between Gopal's selfishness and Dharma's kindness. The Village Administrator handed over the cow to the rightful owner, Dharma.

A Short Story : Advising A Fool

This short story **Advising A Fool** is quite interesting to all people. Enjoy reading this short story.

On a mango tree in a jungle, there lived many birds. They were happy in their small nests. Before the onset of the rainy season, all the animal of the jungle repaired their homes. The birds also made their homes more secure.

Many birds brought twigs and leaves and others wove their nests. "We should also store some food for our children," chirped one of the birds. And they collected food, until they had enough to see them through the rainy season. They kept themselves busy preparing for the tough times.

Soon the rains came. It was followed by thunder and lighting. All the animals and birds stayed in their homes.

It continued raining for many days. One day, a monkey wet in the rain came into the forest. He sat on a branch, shivering with cold, water dripping from its body.

The poor monkey tried his best to get shelter, but in vain. The leaves were not enough to save him from the rains. "Brrr! It is so cold!" said the monkey.

The birds were watching all this. They felt sorry for the monkey but there was little they could do for him. One of them said, "Brother! Our small nests are not enough to give you shelter."

Another bird said, "All of us prepared for the rainy season. If you had, you would not be in this piteous situation."

"How dare you tell me what to do?" said the monkey, growling at the bird. The monkey angrily pounced on the bird's nest, tore it and threw it on the ground. The bird and her chicks were helpless.

The poor bird thought, "**Fools never value good advice. It is better not to advise them.**"

A Short Story: The Arrogant Swans

This Short Story **The Arrogant Swans** is quite interesting to all the people. Enjoy reading this story.

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.

A Short Story : The Holy Snake

This Short Story **The Holy Snake** is quite interesting to all the people. Enjoy reading this story.

Long ago, in a small village lived Vishnudutta, a poor Brahmin farmer. He worked hard but was not able to earn much. His son, Somadutta was always asking for more money. "Be satisfied with what you have, my son," Vishnudutta would say.

One day, Vishnudutta was resting in his field after work. Suddenly, he noticed a snake on the nearby mount. On seeing Vishnudutta, the snake coiled and sat up with a raised hood. "It looks so calm and peaceful. May be it is a deity," thought Vishnudutta. He brought a bowl of milk from his house and offered it to the snake.

Next morning, when Vishnudutta came to collect the bowl, he found a gold coin in it. "I am sure this is a holy snake," he thought. After that it became a regular practice for him to offer prayers and milk to the snake. And every morning he got a gold coin in the bowl near the mount. This made Vishnudutta a rich man.

Once, while Vishnudutta was away, his son Somadutta had to keep the bowl of milk near the snake. As usual, after some time, there was a gold coin in the bowl near the mount. Somadutta thought. "I guess there is a treasure of gold coins beneath this mount. If I can kill this snake and dig under the mount, I will get all the gold!" With gold on his mind, Somadutta tried to kill the snake. The snake bit Somadutta and managed to escape.

When Vishnudutta returned, his wife told him everything. "I always warned you against greed," said Vishnudutta to his son. Then he ran towards the holy snake. With folded hands, he asked for forgiveness and offered milk to the holy snake.

But this time the holy snake did not accept it. "I spared your son's life because of your kindness. You will have to pay for his greed. I shall not help you any more," said the snake and disappeared.

A Short Story : The Cunning Bats

This Short Story **The Cunning Bats** is quite interesting to all the people. Enjoy reading this story.

Many years ago, the members of the jungle did not have any King. The animals said, "The lion must be the King of this jungle." While the birds said, "The Hawk must be the King." There were many discussions and debates, but no final decision could be taken.

The bats were cunning. They approached the animal and said, "Since we too are animal, we would like our dear lion to be the King. He is surely the most powerful among us." And the animals thought that the bats were on their side.

The bats then went to the birds. "Since we are birds, our dear Hawk must be made the King of this forest. He is so royal and dignified," they said. And the birds thought that the bats were on their side.

A few days went by. One day the birds came to know that the cunning bats were not honest. They informed the animals about this. "So the bats think they are clever, let us teach them a good lesson," said the animals.

So, the next day, the birds and the animals made peace with each other. The lion was made the King. The newly crowned King addressed to the bats, "You must choose the group to which you belong." The bats thought. "We must join the animals because the lion is the King."

"We are animals!" the bats announced. "But you have wings. No animal has wings. You must join the birds," said all the animals. "Bats have babies. They do not lay eggs. And birds lay eggs. Since, the bats give birth to young babies without eggs, they can not be birds," said the birds.

The bats felt helpless. They just stood there, not knowing what to do.

Since then, the cunning bats have been hiding during the daytime in deserted places. They come out for food only at night when others are asleep.