

**INDIAN SCHOOL MUSCAT
PRIMARY SECTION**

Story No. 7 and 8

Name:

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Std. IV Sec.

Story No: 7

THE GREEDY MAN

Once there was a miser named Sonamal. One day, he went to the market to buy a coconut. There the miser asked the coconut vendor, "What is the price of coconut?" "Five rupees each sir!" said the vendor. "It's too much price for a small coconut. Would you give me in four rupees?" asked Sonamal. "No sir! However, if you can walk ahead for a kilometre, there you will certainly get it in four rupees," said the vendor humbly. Sonamal thought, "Never mind, if I have to walk a kilometre to save one rupee.

Sonamal walked ahead for a kilometre. There he saw a coconut vendor. He asked the price of coconut. "Four rupees each sir," said the vendor. "Four rupees? No, No! I can pay you only three rupees," said Sonamal. "No sir, I can't give a coconut in three rupees. But if you walk a kilometre ahead, you will certainly get a coconut in three rupees," said the vendor. The greedy Sonamal walked down for another kilometre. He saw a coconut vendor there and asked the price of coconut. "Three rupees each," said the vendor. "Three rupees? No, No! I can pay only two rupees; you should walk a kilometre ahead. There you will get it in two rupees," said the vendor.

The miser Sonama; thought, "Money is very precious. If I can save a rupee by walking for just a kilometre ahead then I must walk down". So Sonamal walked ahead for a kilometre. Now he was on the beach. A number of coconut vendors were there.

Sonamal asked the prices of a coconut. "Two rupees each sir," said the vendor. "Two rupees? No, No! I will pay you one rupee per coconut!" said Sonamal. "Sir, you will never get a coconut in one rupee. Why don't you climb up on one of these trees and pluck a coconut for nothing?" replied the vendor. The advice appealed to Sonamal. He climbed up a tree, held a coconut with both his hands and tried to pluck it. But while doing so, he lost his balance and fell down on the sandy beach.

Sonamal got a coconut. However, at the cost of his fractured back and scratches on his body.

Moral: GREED HAS NO END.

IT OFTEN LEADS US TO MISDEEDS AND SUFFERINGS.

Story No. 8

OLD STRIPES

One day a tiger met a buffalo in a field. “You are big and strong, yet you allow a puny creature like man to yoke you to a plough. What power does he have over you?” said the tiger to the buffalo.

“He has intelligence,” said the buffalo. “What is intelligence?” asked the tiger. “That I do not know but I’ve heard it being said that it is this intelligence that gives him power over all animals,” replied the buffalo.

“Where can I get some of this intelligence?” asked the tiger. “You could ask my master,” said the buffalo. “Here he comes.”

The buffalo’s owner, a farmer, was startled to see the tiger. It was too late to run so he stood where he was. “We were discussing intelligence,” said the tiger.” Can you tell me what it is? Better still, could you get some for me?”

“Why not?” said the man, relieved that he was not going to be attacked. “I’ve kept my intelligence at home. I’ll get some for you. Don’t go away.”

“I won’t, I won’t!” said the tiger. “I hope you won’t pounce on my buffalo while I’m gone.” “Nonetheless, I’ll tie you if you don’t mind,” said the farmer.

“Oh, all right,” growled the tiger. The man tied him securely to a tree. “Now go and get it!” said the tiger. “Wait a minute,” said the man. “I think I have my intelligence with me after all!” “You have!” said the tiger, greatly excited.” Show it to me!”

The man picked up a heavy stick and began to beat the animal with it. “What are you doing?” screamed the tiger. “Showing my intelligence,” said the man. “This will teach you never to trespass my property again!”

The tiger broke free and ran but not before he had got a severe thrashing. That is how, say the storytellers, tigers got their stripes. They are the marks of beating the tiger got that day, long ago when he was outwitted by a man.