



The Golden Mango's Lesson

Parthiban Jagadeesan



A father sits on a woven mat on a breezy veranda, his arm wrapped warmly around his young son. The golden hues of the setting sun filter through the leaves of a large neem tree as the father begins to tell a special story.



In a vibrant, sun-drenched village, a young boy named Kavin walks along a dusty path lined with swaying coconut palms. He holds a small, empty basket, looking around with a curious and bright expression.



Kavin spots a magnificent, ripe mango glowing like pure gold on a low-hanging branch of an ancient tree. The sweet aroma fills the air, and Kavin reaches out his hands, captivated by the beautiful fruit.



Just as Kavin takes the mango, an elderly village elder with a kind face and a long white beard approaches him. Kavin looks up, holding the mango close to his chest, feeling a mix of excitement and sudden hesitation.



The wise elder gently explains to Kavin that the tree belongs to the entire village community, and sharing its gifts brings the greatest joy. Kavin listens intently, his eyes widening as he understands the importance of thinking of others.



With a bright smile, Kavin carefully places the golden mango back into his basket and walks toward the village square to find his friends. He is eager to practice the wonderful lesson of generosity he just learned.



In the bustling village center, Kavin sits with a group of cheerful children and slices the juicy mango to share with everyone. The children laugh and celebrate, their faces filled with pure happiness and gratitude.



The elder watches from a distance, nodding with a proud and warm smile at Kavin's selfless action. The community feels closer and happier, blanketed by the warmth of kindness.



Back on the veranda, the father finishes his tale, looking down at his son with a tender smile. The boy rests his head against his father's chest, understanding the deep value of honesty and sharing.



The stars begin to twinkle in the night sky as the father gently tucked his sleepy son into bed. The room is peaceful, filled with the enduring warmth of a beautiful story well told.