



The Sweet Thief of Vrindavan

Urvashi



In the sun-drenched, joyful village of Vrindavan, a dark-skinned boy with eyes like lotus petals and a peacock feather in his hair was the center of everyone's world. Little Krishna loved nothing more than the golden, freshly churned butter made by the village milkmaids.



Though his mother, Yashoda, kept the butter pots tied high up near the ceiling, Krishna always found a way to reach them. He gathered his neighborhood friends and whispered a clever plan, his eyes sparkling with delightful mischief.



Stealing into a quiet kitchen, the children formed a trembling human pyramid, wobbling under each other's weight. Krishna climbed to the very top, laughing silently as he tipped over the heavy clay pot to catch the rich, creamy treasure.



The milkmaids returned to find their kitchen in chaos, with paw prints of monkeys and tiny footprints of children coated in white cream. Krishna sat outside, happily feeding the leftover butter to a group of chattering monkeys who praised him as their king.



When Mother Yashoda arrived to scold him, Krishna quickly wiped his mouth and looked up with wide, innocent eyes. He insisted that he was completely blameless and that the naughty monkeys had caused all the trouble.



One sunny afternoon while playing in the courtyard, Krishna playfully scooped up a handful of dark, rich earth and popped it into his mouth. His friends gasped and immediately ran to tell Mother Yashoda about his strange snack.



Yashoda rushed over, her face a mix of worry and sternness, and demanded that her son open his mouth to prove he hadn't been eating dirt. Krishna smiled gently, completely unafraid, and stood ready to reveal a secret.



As Krishna opened his small mouth, Yashoda did not see dirt or mud at all. Instead, she gasped in absolute wonder as she gazed upon the entire glittering universe spinning inside him, filled with swirling galaxies, distant planets, and brilliant stars.



Yashoda rubbed her eyes in disbelief, realizing that her mischievous little boy was actually the divine protector of the world, full of infinite wisdom. The cosmic vision faded, leaving behind only her sweet, smiling child waiting for a hug.



Scooping Krishna into her arms, Yashoda flooded him with love, realizing that his playful pranks were just a way to bring joy to everyone around him. From that day on, the village of Vrindavan celebrated the clever, butter-loving boy who carried the whole universe in his heart.