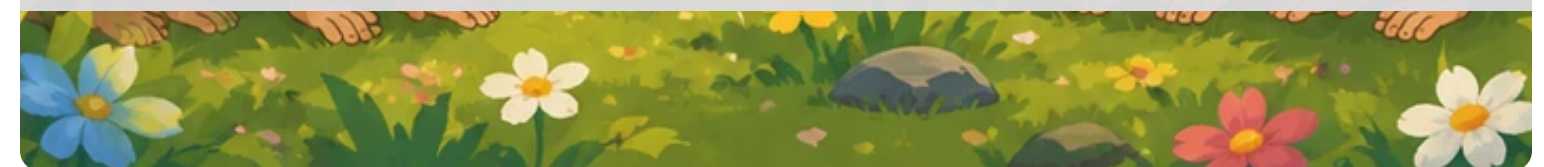




Little Krishna's Magic Flute

sathish guglavath





In the sun-drenched meadows of Vrindavan, two-year-old Krishna steps out into the lush green grass. With a bright peacock feather tucked into his curly dark hair and a small wooden flute in his hand, he smiles warmly at the morning sun. The gentle cows gather around him, sensing the peaceful presence of their tiny protector.



Krishna lifts the polished wooden flute to his lips and plays a soft, sweet note that echoes through the valley. Hearing the beautiful melody, the calves stop grazing and perk up their ears in delight. The entire pasture seems to quiet down, listening to the magical sound of the young boy's music.



A playful breeze sweeps through the trees, carrying the scent of wild jasmine. Krishna laughs as a colorful butterfly lands gently on the tip of his flute. The cows watch with soft, loving eyes, completely charmed by the innocence of their little herder.



As the afternoon heat grows, Krishna leads his gentle herd to the cool banks of the Yamuna River. The sparkling blue water ripples softly as the cows drink their fill. Krishna dips his tiny feet into the water, splashing playfully while the dragonflies dance around him.



Suddenly, a group of mischievous monkeys swings down from the ancient banyan trees. Instead of running away, Krishna shares his sweet fruit with them, offering it with a generous heart. The monkeys chatter happily, bowing their heads to the kind little boy.



A flock of wild peacocks lands in the meadow, attracted by the enchanting music. They spread their magnificent, colorful feathers and begin to dance in rhythm with Krishna's flute. Krishna joins in their dance, his small feet stepping lightly on the soft green grass.



As the sun begins to set, painting the sky in shades of orange and gold, Krishna gathers his herd to head home. He calls each cow by her name, and they follow him trustingly through the glowing twilight. The sound of their brass bells creates a soothing harmony with the evening breeze.



Mother Yashoda waits at the edge of the village, her eyes filled with love and worry for her little one. When she sees Krishna walking safely with the cows, she rushes forward to scoop him into a warm, tight embrace. Krishna rests his head on her shoulder, tired but happy after a long day in the pastures.



Back in their cozy home, Krishna enjoys a bowl of fresh, sweet butter prepared by his mother. He happily smears a little bit on his cheeks, making Yashoda laugh at his adorable, messy face. The night begins to settle over Vrindavan, bringing a quiet peace to the entire land.



Tucked safely in his bed, Krishna holds his wooden flute close as he drifts off to sleep. The peacock feather rests on the pillow beside him, and a gentle smile remains on his lips. Outside, the stars shine brightly, watching over the sleeping child who holds the universe in his heart.