



The Golden Crown of Kannada

Prakruthik putti



High above the rolling green hills of Karnataka, the magnificent palace of Vijayanagara shimmered in the golden morning sunlight. Inside the grand durbar hall, King Vikram and Queen Malathi sat upon their carved sandalwood thrones, listening carefully to the songs of the visiting village children.



Queen Malathi loved walking through the vibrant palace gardens, where jasmine flowers filled the warm breeze with sweet fragrance. She would often share sweet jaggery treats with the little peacocks that danced near the sparkling fountains.



One bright afternoon, a breathless messenger arrived from a distant village carrying a basket of golden mangoes. The village was facing a dry spell, and the people needed the royal wisdom of the King and Queen to bring back the rains.



Without a moment's hesitation, King Vikram donned his travel cloak and prepared the royal chariot for a journey across the river Kaveri. Queen Malathi gathered ancient seeds and water jars to plant new hope in the parched earth.



As they traveled through lush green paddy fields and coconut groves, local villagers welcomed the royal couple with joyful drumming and colorful flower garlands. Children ran alongside the chariot, cheering happily for their beloved rulers.



Arriving at the dry village square, Queen Malathi knelt down in the reddish soil to plant the very first rain-flower seed with her own hands. King Vikram took a golden shovel and began helping the villagers dig a fresh channel for the river water.



Suddenly, dark monsoon clouds gathered over the hills, bringing a cool, refreshing breeze that swept across the dry valley. Thick raindrops began to fall, dancing on the emerald leaves and filling the empty wells with crystal-clear water.



That evening, under the shelter of a giant banyan tree, the villagers lit glowing earthen oil lamps to celebrate the return of prosperity. King Vikram and Queen Malathi sat among the families, sharing warm milk and listening to folk tales by the fire.



The next morning, before returning to the grand palace, the village children presented the Queen with a handmade crown woven from wild jasmine and fresh green leaves. The Queen smiled warmly and placed it gently upon her head as a symbol of unity.



Back in the palace throne room, the King and Queen placed the jasmine crown in a special glass case to always remember their wonderful journey. Every evening, they told this heartwarming story to all the children of the kingdom, inspiring them to always help one another with love and kindness.