



The Little Potato's Golden Heart

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Spuddy the little potato sat alone in the corner of the garden, looking down at his brown, dusty skin. He sighed heavily, wishing he could be as bright and colorful as the blooming sunflowers above him.



On a wooden bench nearby, a basket of polished red apples shimmered in the sunlight. Spuddy watched them with wide, envious eyes, convinced that if he were shiny and red, everyone would love him more.



In a desperate attempt to change, Spuddy rolled into a patch of crushed raspberries, trying to stain his skin a bright, fruity red. He looked messy and felt sticky, but he hoped the transformation would finally make him special.



He tried to climb into the fancy apple basket, but he slipped and tumbled back down into the dirt with a heavy thud. He realized he could never be a fruit, and a deep sense of regret began to fill his little potato heart.



Hiding under a large green leaf, Spuddy let out a soft sob as the berry juice began to dry and itch. He felt like a failure for trying to hide who he truly was, feeling more out of place than ever before.



Suddenly, the ground began to wiggle, and Clara the Carrot popped her bright orange head out of the soil. She saw Spuddy's messy coat and sad eyes, and she gently rolled over to sit right beside him.



Clara spoke in a warm, steady voice, explaining that the earth loves them exactly as they are. She told him that while apples live in the air, potatoes and carrots hold the secrets of the deep, nourishing soil.



She showed Spuddy that his strength came from his sturdiness and that he had the power to become something warm and comforting for others. Spuddy listened intently, feeling a spark of hope as he realized his unique value.



With Clara's help, Spuddy washed away the sticky berry juice in a cool rain puddle, embracing his natural, bumpy skin. He realized that his mistake was not in being a potato, but in failing to see his own inner light.



As the moon rose over the quiet garden, Spuddy and Clara rested side by side in the soft earth. He was no longer a sad potato, but a proud one, ready to grow and flourish alongside his best friend.