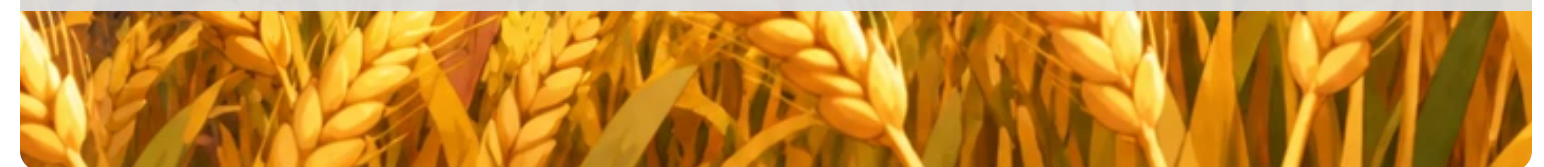




Ramu's Golden Harvest

Bikram Kumar





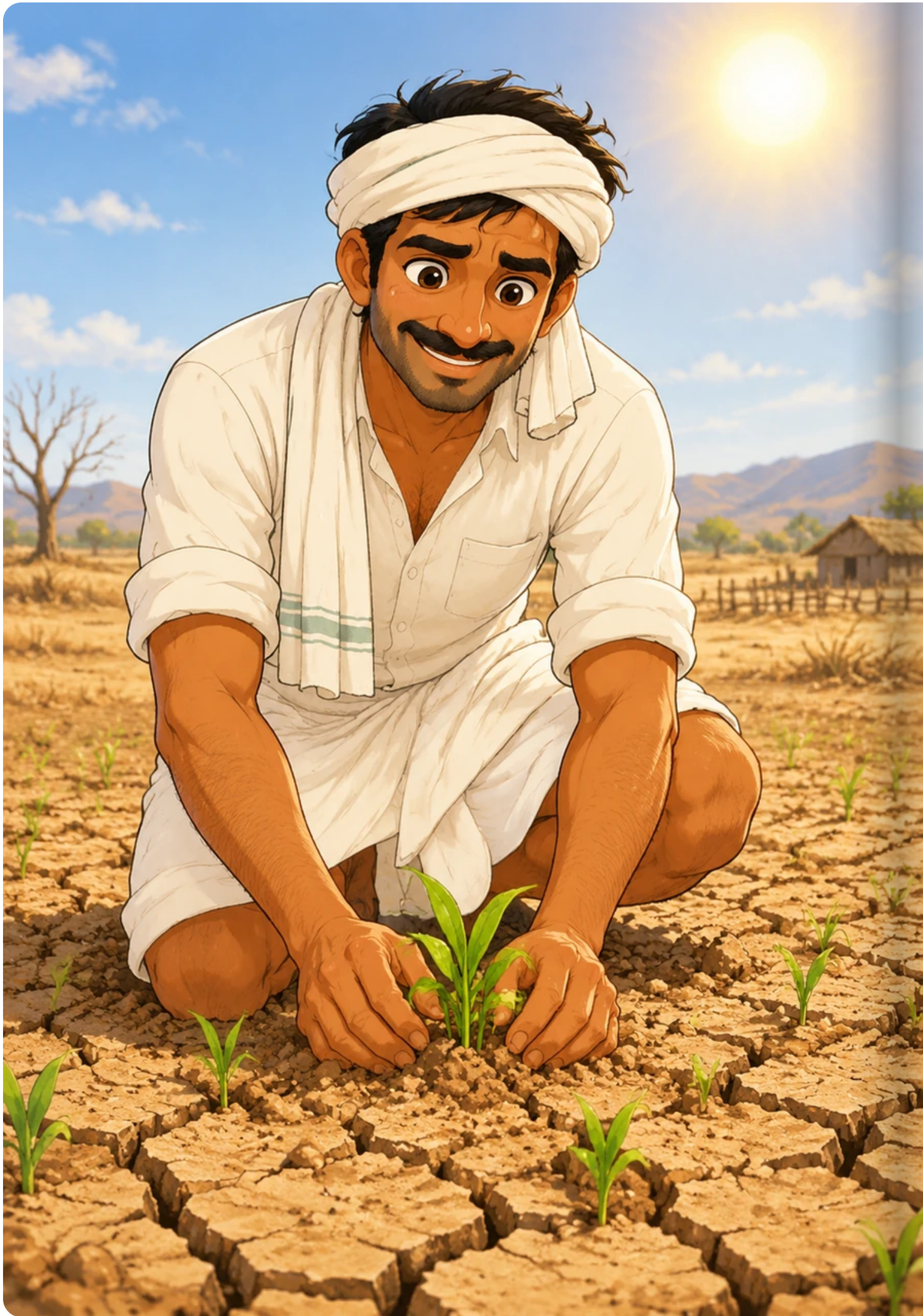
Ramu was a hardworking farmer who lived in a sun-drenched, peaceful village surrounded by rolling green hills. He loved his land deeply and took great pride in nurturing everything he planted with care and joy.



On a bright morning, Ramu carefully buried small seed potatoes into neat rows of rich earth. He smoothed over the soil with gentle hands, looking forward to a bountiful harvest that would nourish his family.



Weeks went by, but not a single drop of rain fell from the cloudless blue sky. The hot summer sun beat down relentlessly, and the earth began to crack with thirst.



While the dry spell made many villagers lose heart, Ramu refused to abandon his field. He looked down at the tiny green sprouts trying to push through the dry dirt and vowed to protect them.



Long before the sun rose each morning, Ramu walked to a distant river to fill heavy wooden buckets with fresh water. He trudged back across the fields, carefully watering every single plant by hand.



Throughout the blazing afternoon heat, Ramu pulled away weeds and built small earthen mounds to shield the delicate leaves. Though his legs ached and sweat dripped from his brow, his patience remained unshakable.



At long last, gentle grey rain clouds gathered across the sky and released a soothing downpour over the village. Ramu stood in his field with arms wide open, grateful that his constant care had kept the crops alive through the drought.



Months passed, and the potato patch transformed into a lush, thriving sea of deep green leaves. The harvest day had finally arrived, and Ramu picked up his spade with quiet excitement.



As Ramu gently dug into the soft earth, his eyes lit up with wonder. Hidden beneath the soil were dozens of giant, perfectly round, golden potatoes in amazing abundance.



Standing proudly beside his overflowing woven baskets, Ramu wiped the sweat from his brow and smiled brightly. He realized that hard work and patience never go to waste—they simply take time to blossom.