



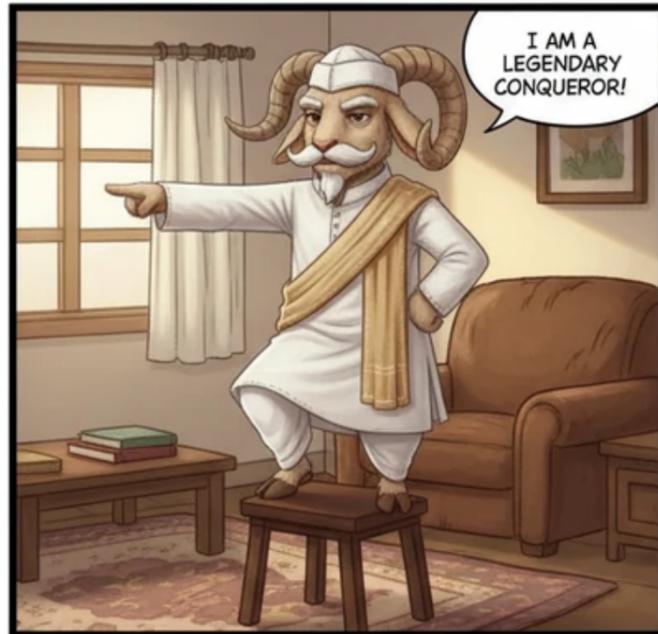
Bakor Patel and the Weight of Ambition

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Bakor Patel stood before his mirror, smoothing his mustache and deciding that his greatness deserved to be captured in stone for all time. He imagined a magnificent monument that would make every passerby stop in awe of his noble stature.



In his living room, Bakor struck a heroic pose atop a wooden stool, pointing toward the horizon with a serious expression. His wife, Shakri Patlani, couldn't help but giggle from the doorway as she watched her husband try to look like a legendary conqueror.



**THE
ADVENTURE
BEGINS!**

A nervous Fox artist arrived with his sketchbook, trembling slightly as he tried to capture Bakor's best side. Bakor insisted on a look of extreme dignity, even as the stool wobbled precariously under his weight.



The work moved to the artist's studio, where Bakor's friends, Waghjibhai Vakil the Tiger and Untadiya Doctor the Camel, dropped by to inspect the progress. They crossed their arms and frowned, insisting that a man of Bakor's importance needed much broader shoulders and a taller head.

Panel 1



Panel 2



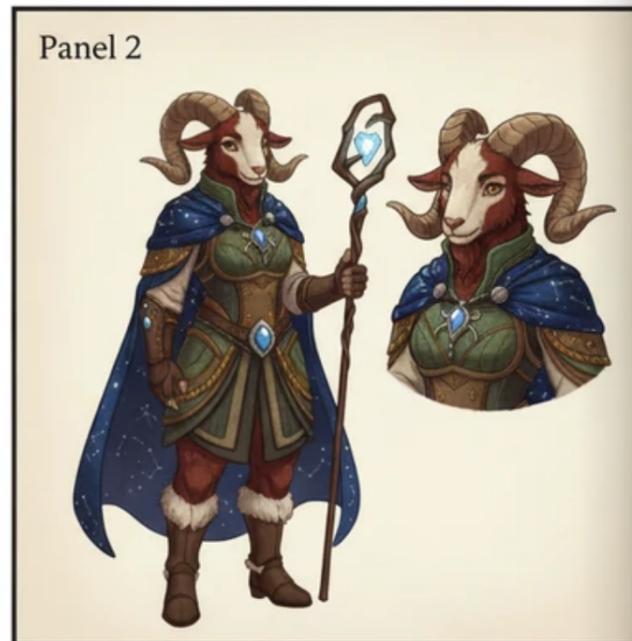
Panel 3



Panel 4



The Fox artist, overwhelmed by the conflicting advice of the Tiger and the Camel, began piling on more and more heavy wet clay. The statue began to swell and grow, losing its resemblance to the real Bakor and becoming a towering giant.



Days later, the monument was so massive that it barely fit inside the studio, looming over the tiny Fox artist like a mountain. It was far heavier than anyone had intended, a solid block of ambition that required a team of elephants to move.



The entire neighborhood gathered in Bakor's garden for the Grand Unveiling, buzzing with excitement and curiosity. A massive red silk cloth draped over the mysterious shape, fluttering in the breeze as Bakor stood proudly beside it.



With a flourish and a wide grin, Bakor pulled the golden cord to release the silk cover. The crowd gasped as a gargantuan, stern-faced version of Bakor was revealed, looking down upon them with an accidental air of menace.





Suddenly, a loud crack echoed through the garden as the stone base buckled under the statue's immense weight. The giant figure tilted forward at a dangerous angle, crashing into the flowerbeds with a thunderous boom that shook the very ground.



Instead of being upset, Bakor laughed and walked over to the tilted, broken remains of his grand monument. He reached up and placed his own Gandhi topi on the statue's jagged neck, deciding that a quirky garden decoration was much better for the soul than a giant ego.