

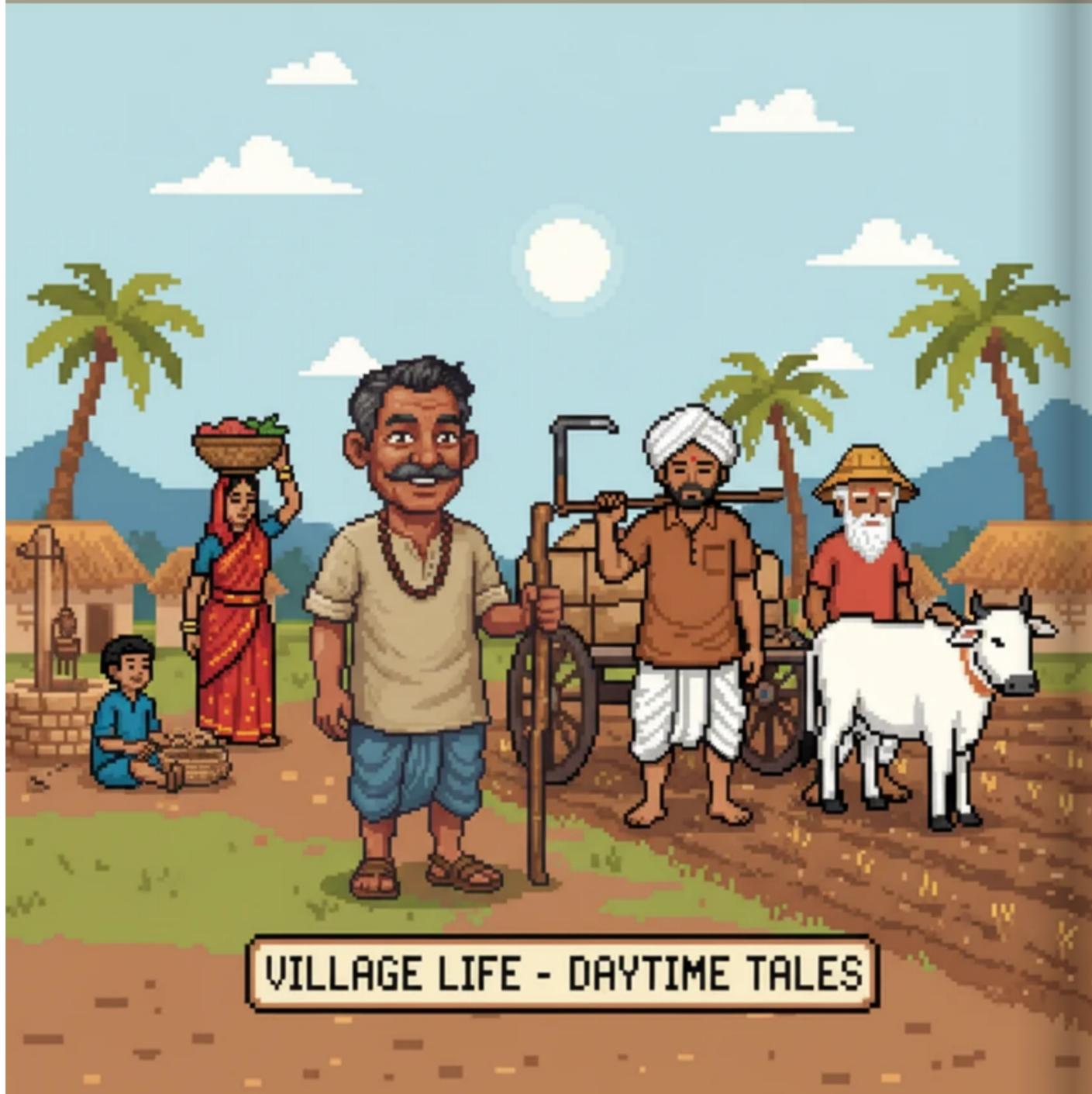
THE WELL OF WISDOM



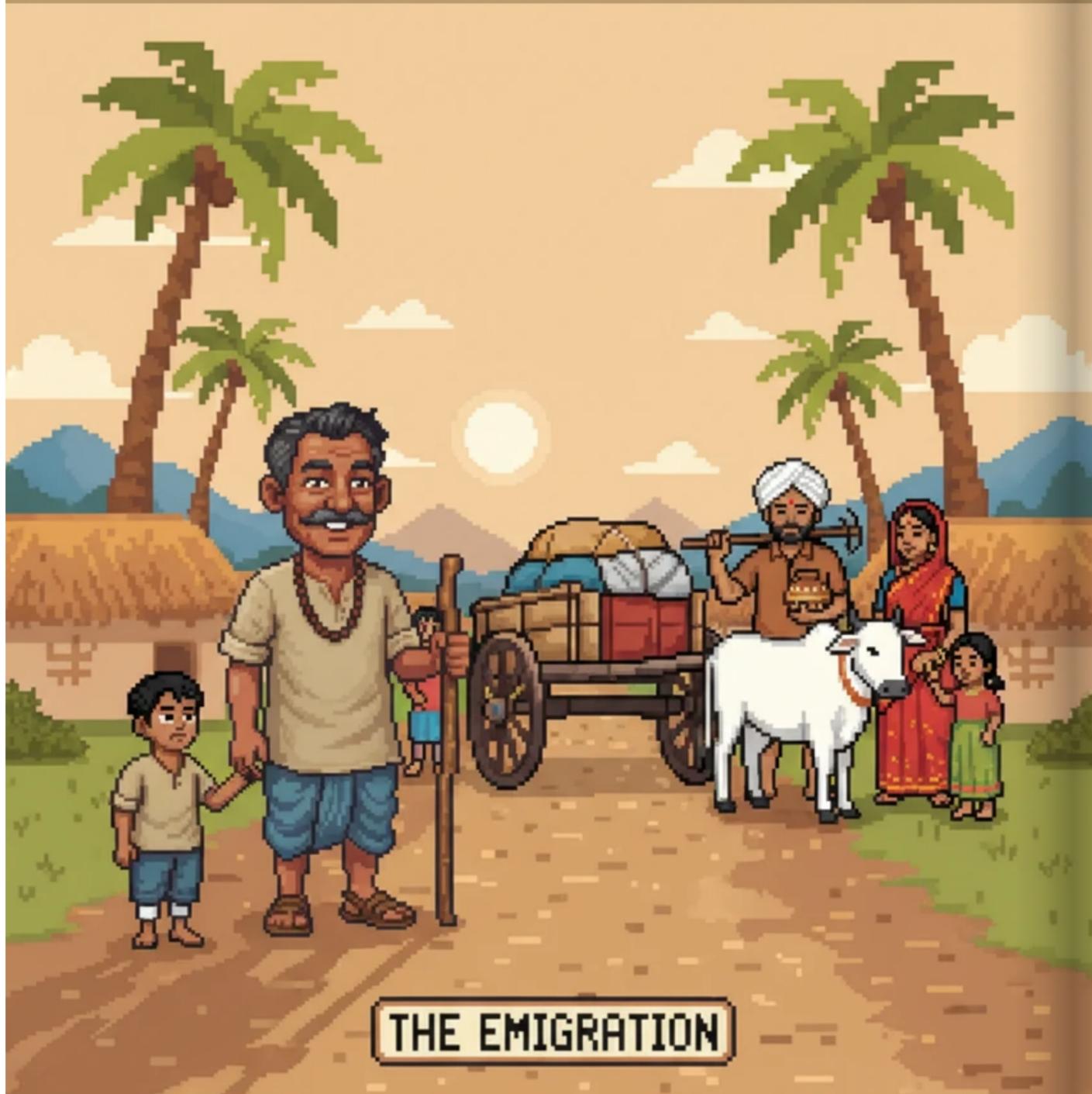
The Well of Wisdom

Srikanth salla

A RAMAYANA FOLK TALE



In a sun-drenched village nestled between rolling hills, lived a kind man named Ramayya. He spent his days working in the fields, observing the secrets of the soil and the patterns of the sky with a quiet, thoughtful smile.



Because Ramayya had never gone to school, some villagers whispered and laughed when they saw him with his simple tools. They believed that only those who could read big books and write long letters possessed true knowledge.



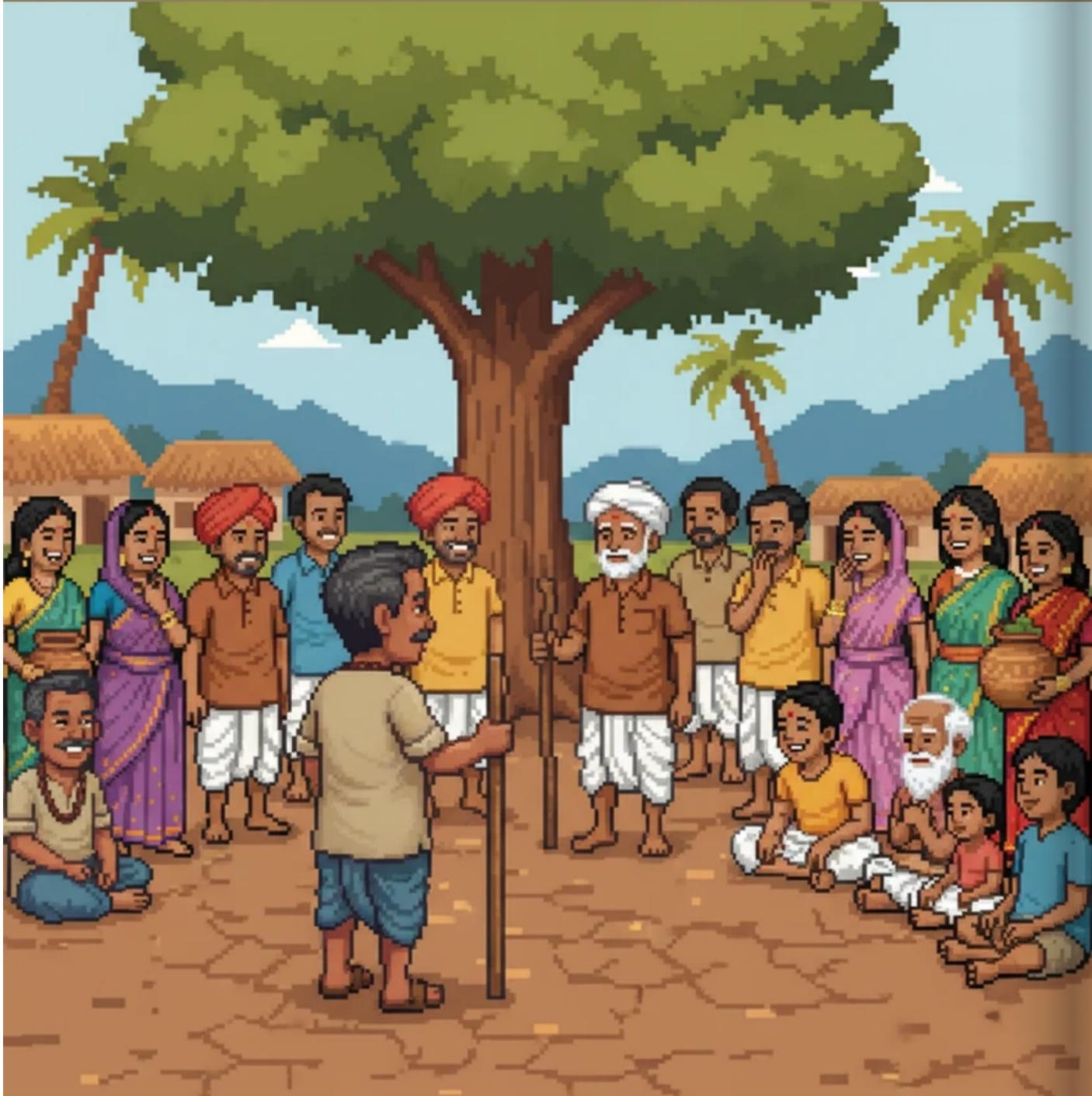
One year, the clouds vanished and the earth began to crack under a relentless, baking sun. The once-flowing stream turned into a dusty path, and the village wells slowly ran dry, leaving everyone worried for their future.



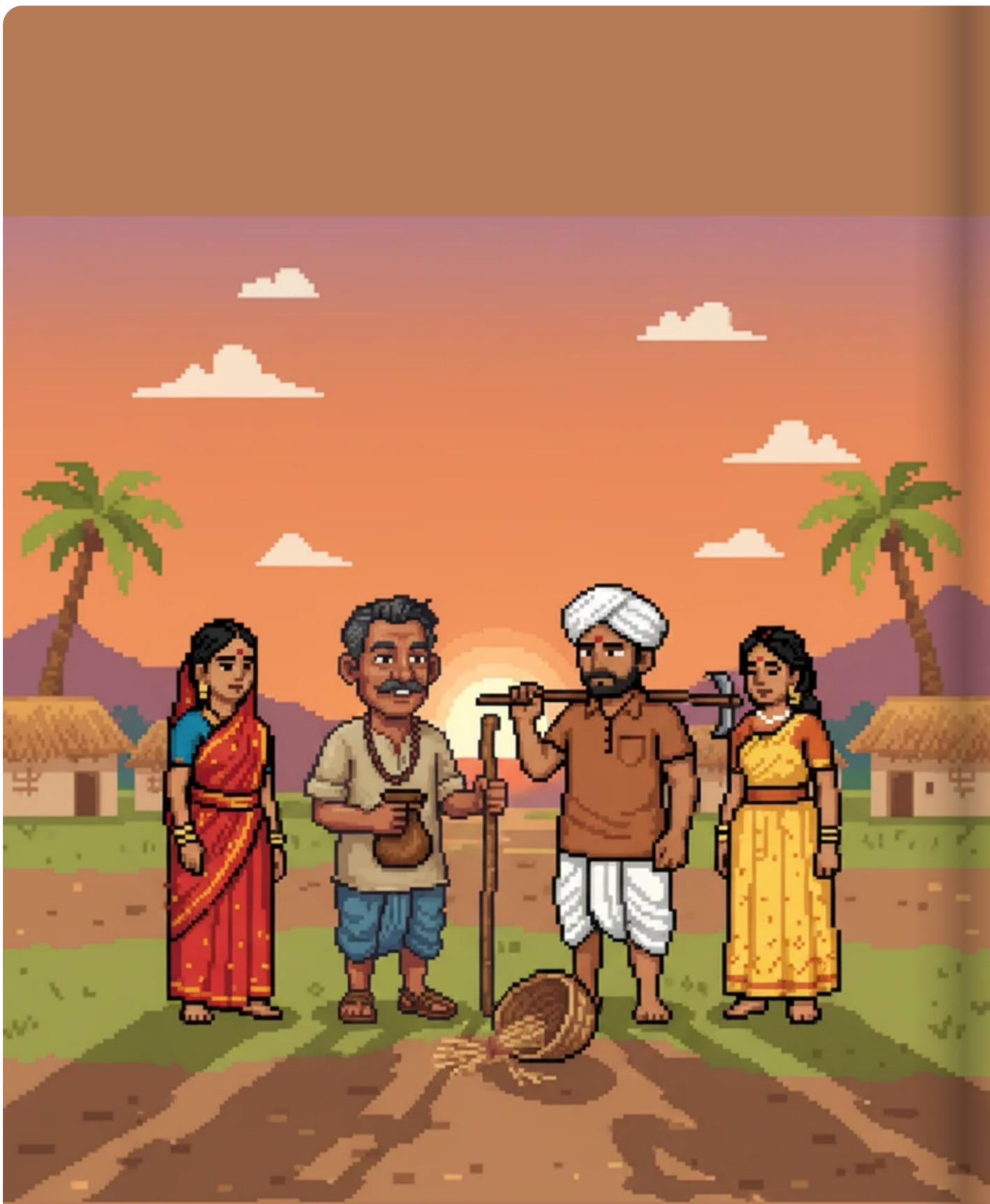
The village elders and the most educated scholars gathered under the great banyan tree to find a solution. Despite their long debates and complicated maps, no one could think of a way to bring the water back to their thirsty land.



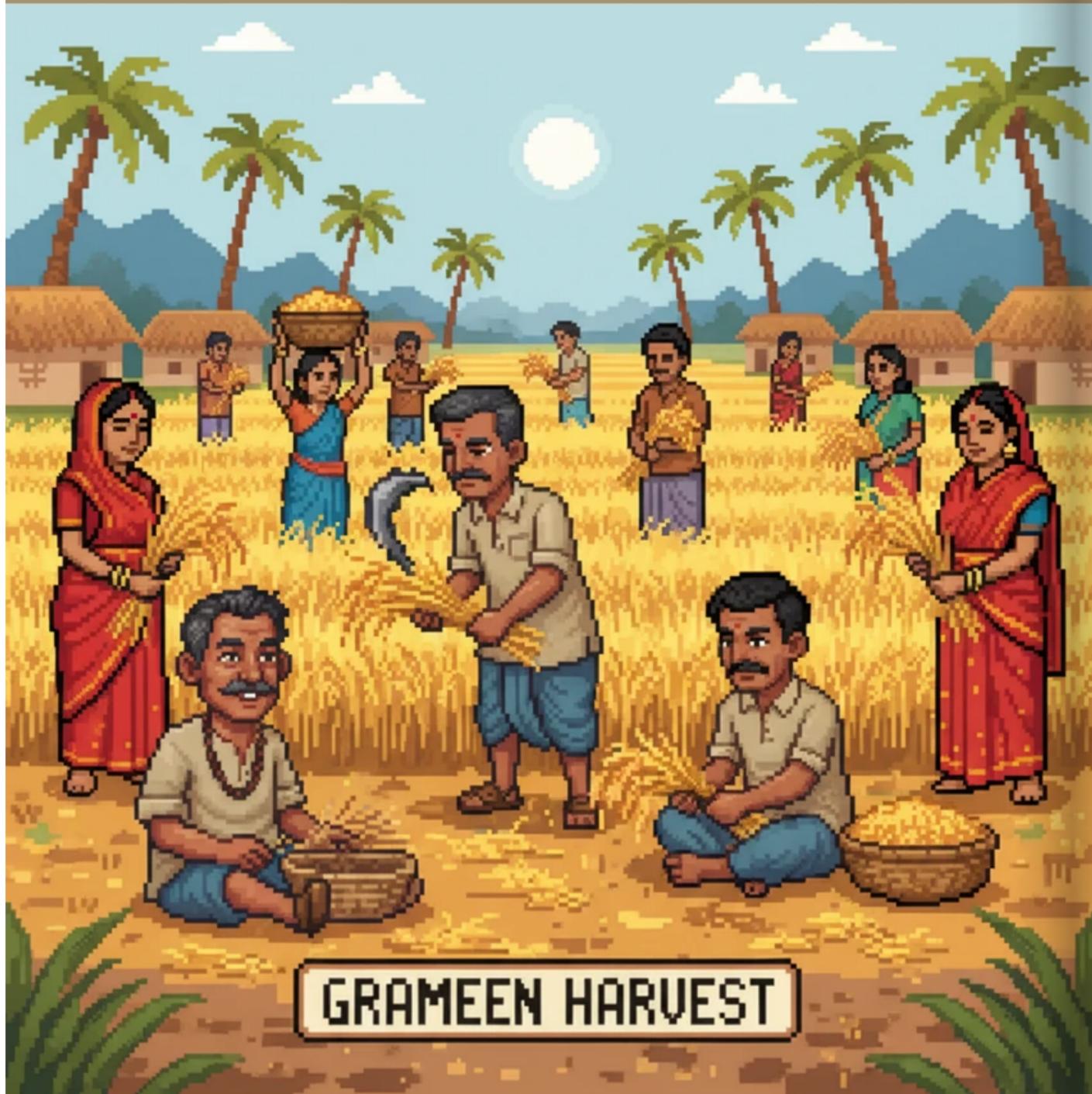
During a sudden, brief rain shower, Ramayya stood alone and watched the precious water rush away into the parched dirt. He realized that the village was letting its most valuable treasure slip through its fingers every time it rained.



Ramayya approached the village council with a humble suggestion to dig small pits and storage tanks to catch the rain. At first, the crowd chuckled, wondering how an uneducated man could solve a problem the scholars could not.

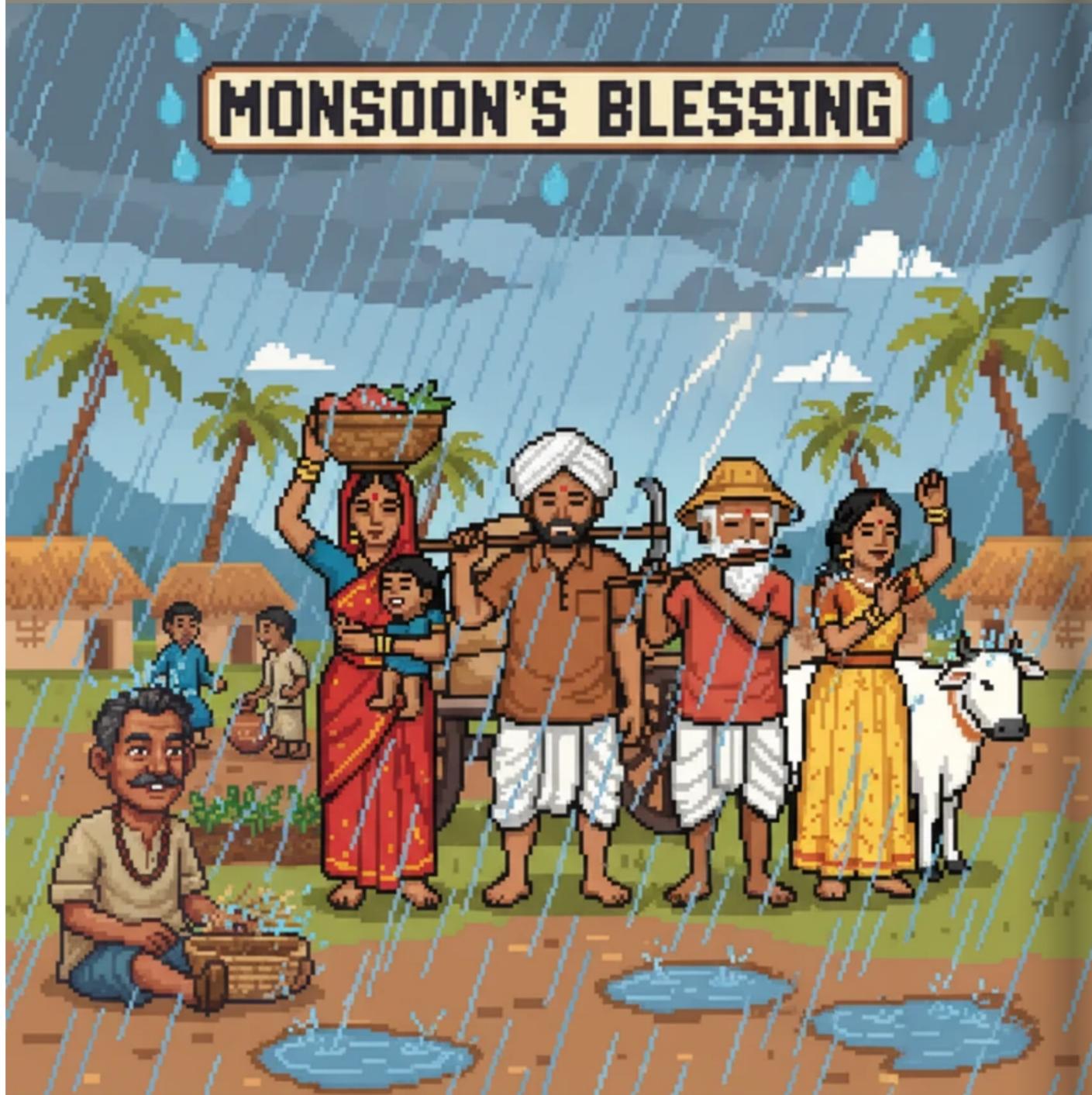


With great patience and a gentle smile, Ramayya knelt in the dust to draw a simple diagram of his plan. He explained how the earth could act like a giant sponge if they only gave the water a place to stay instead of letting it run away.



Inspired by his conviction, the villagers finally picked up their shovels and worked side-by-side under the hot sun. They dug deep pits and built sturdy tanks across the landscape, following Ramayya's practical and steady guidance.

MONSOON'S BLESSING



When the monsoon rains finally arrived, the new tanks filled to the brim, and the water soaked deep into the thirsty ground. Soon, the village wells were overflowing again, and the dry fields turned a vibrant, joyful green.



The villagers gathered to celebrate their harvest and gave a special seat of honor to Ramayya. They realized their mistake and understood that true wisdom is found in experience and observation, not just in the pages of a book.