

Stories with Moral Lessons

16 Stories with Moral Lessons

16.1 Honesty is the Best Policy

Once upon a time there lived a king who had grown very old. The king had three sons, now he was worried about which of his sons should be his successor. It was very difficult for him to choose the next king among his three sons because he loved them all.

One day an idea came to his mind; he called his sons and said to them, “I am giving each of you one seed that you will plant in a pot and after some time I will see whose plant is the best. The one who has the most beautiful plant will be the next king.” He gave each of them a seed. All his sons went back and planted the seeds in the pots.

After a few months, two brothers had beautiful plants in their pots with lovely flowers and green leaves, except the youngest one whose pot was plantless. Although he cared for his seed and pot very well but no plant grew in his pot. When he saw his brothers' plants, he became very sad and worried about what he would show to his father. One day the king called all the brothers to show their plants to him. “Look father, how beautiful our plants are!”, said the sons who had plants in their pots.

The king asked the youngest son, “Where is your plant? Your pot is empty.” The son replied, “My dear father, I am really sorry, I tried my best but no plant grew in my pot.”

“No! you should not be sorry,” said the king. “Because the seeds I gave to you and your brothers were dead and useless. No plant could be grown with the help of those seeds. Your brothers lied to me. When they saw that their plants were not growing, they planted other seeds in their pots. The plants they have are from other seeds. But you were *honest* and told me the truth, and one of the most important qualities of a king is that he should be honest. So, my dear son, you will be the next king.”

Moral of the Story:

Honesty is the best policy.

16.2 A Friend in Need is a Friend Indeed

Once upon a time, two close friends lived in a village. They were very fond of travelling. One day the two boys went to a forest to see the natural beauty while they walked along the path of the forest. They were so spellbound by the beauty of the forest that they did not notice that they had entered the deep end of the forest.

Suddenly the two boys noticed that they had lost their way in the forest. They knew very well

that the forest was home to various wild animals. So, the two boys promised each other that they would never leave each other's side in times of need.

One of the two boys knew how to climb up a tree, but the other boy did not. The boys started walking through the jungle and searching for a way to get out. All of a sudden, they saw a huge bear coming towards them, and both the boys got frightened.

One friend said to the other, "Dear friend, I'll climb up a tree. As you don't know how to climb a tree, you better run away." The other friend became very disappointed when he heard this. But he was sharp and knew that a bear doesn't eat a dead body. So, finding no other way, he fell flat on the ground like a dead person.

When the boy realized that the bear was close to him, he controlled his breath and then stopped breathing. The bear smelled the body of the boy lying on the ground and thought that he was dead. So, the bear did not injure him and went away searching for something else to eat.

The boy on the tree saw everything. When the bear had gone away, the first boy got down from the tree. The boy went to his friend and asked him eagerly,

"My friend, what did the bear whisper into your ear?"

"He told me that a friend in need is a friend indeed," replied the other boy.

After hearing this, the false friend felt embarrassed and apologized to his friend for his behaviour.

Moral of the Story:

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

16.3 Union is Strength

There was an old farmer who lived in a village. He had four sons, who were lazy and idle. They often quarrelled with themselves. The old man was very much annoyed at that.

So, he called his sons and told them that since his end was near, he wanted to give them a useful piece of advice.

He sent for a bundle of sticks; it was brought. He asked all his sons turn by turn to break the bundle of sticks. All tried hard, but none of them was able to break the bundle.

Then he asked one of them to untie the bundle. This was done immediately. After that, he asked each of them to break the sticks one by one. Now each one succeeded in doing so.

Then the old farmer said to them, "If you live together in peace, none can harm you. But if you are divided, you will lose."

Moral of the Story:

United we stand, divided we fall.

16.4 The Mouse and the Lion

Once upon a time, there lived a lion in the dense rainforest. While he was sleeping by resting his big head on his paws, a tiny little mouse unexpectedly passed by and ran across the lion's

nose in haste. This woke up the lion and he laid his huge paw angrily on the tiny mouse to kill her.

The poor mouse begged the lion to spare her this time and said that she would pay him back some other day. Hearing this, the lion was amused and wondered how such a tiny creature could ever help him. But he was in a good mood and in his generosity, he finally let the mouse go.

A few days later, a hunter set a trap for the lion while the big animal was stalking for prey in the forest. Caught up in the hunter's net, the lion found it difficult to free himself and roared loudly in anger.

As the mouse was passing by, she heard the roar and found the lion struggling hard to free himself from the hunter's net. The little creature quickly ran towards the lion's trap that had bound him and gnawed the net with her sharp teeth until the net tore apart. Slowly she made a big hole in the net and soon the lion was able to free himself from the hunter's trap.

The lion thanked the little mouse for her help and the mouse reminded him that she had finally repaid the lion for sparing her life before. Thereafter, the lion and the mouse became good friends and lived happily in the forest.

Moral of the Story:

Love and kindness are never wasted.

16.5 The Foolish Stag

Once a stag lived there in a woodland, having smart beautiful figure and twisted horns. The stag was vain and foolish.

One day, he felt awfully thirsty. He went to a nearby brook to quench his thirst. The water of the brook was very cold and clear. He drank water his fill. While drinking water, the stag saw his reflection in the water. He was very happy to see his beautiful antlers and felt very proud of them. When he saw his lean and thin legs, he felt very sorry. He hated his ugly legs.

All of a sudden, he heard a hunter's horse and howls of hounds. He saw a pack of hounds coming towards him. The stag was filled with horror. He wanted to save his life at every cost. He ran very fast to the jungle to save his life. His thin and ugly legs were a great help to him. They carried him far away from the hounds. He reached a dense part of the forest. Thick bushes and trees were growing in that part of the forest. Unfortunately, his beautiful antlers were caught up in a thick bush. He tried his best to get free but all his efforts ended in smoke. Meanwhile, the hounds reached there. His beautiful antlers, of which he was so proud, brought about his death. The hounds fell upon him and tore him to several fragments.

Moral of the Story:

- ***All that glitters is not gold.***
- ***Appearances are often deceptive.***
- ***Pride hath a fall.***

16.6 The King and the Spider

Once upon a time, there was a king in Scotland named Robert Bruce. He ruled Scotland when it was not a part of England. The king of Scotland was very brave and wise. One day, the king of England led his large army into Scotland and drove Robert Bruce out of Scotland. King Robert Bruce refused to give up his own country and gathered a small army group to fight with the king of England bravely.

His small army of brave men fought six times but lost the fight all time. After fighting every battle, the Scottish team was left with nothing except running to save their lives. The army was completely broken and all lost their hopes.

In the end, the Scottish army was scattered and the king could do nothing but run and hide. He ran and hid in the woods and the lonely places among the mountains. With no army left, the king was not getting what to do next. He was wandering alone in the garden, growing weaker and weaker losing hopes day by day.

One day, it suddenly started raining heavily. Looking for shelter, King Bruce found an empty cave. He was very tired and sick at heart. He thought not to try anything again. All was lost.

As the king lay on the cold ground thinking to give up, he suddenly saw a spider spinning her web in the cave. The spider was trying hard to spin her thread from one end of the cave to another. But she kept falling as the thread was short and thin. King Bruce counted that the spider tried six times to make her thread stick to the wall of the cave, but lost every time. He felt extremely sad for the spider.

But the strong spider did not lose hope even after failing six times. She finally succeeded in the seventh attempt. This time she tried to spin the thread from the other side of the cave. King Bruce was surprised by this. Watching this tiny creature trying, again and again, gave the King new hope and a new strength. He cried and said, "If a little spider can bravely do it without losing hope, I can also do it." With this, the king decided to gather his army once more.

When the rain stopped, he came out of the cave and said, "I shall try the seventh time."

King Bruce again gathered all his soldiers and marched to the battlefield. He told them all his plans and asked them to bring more men for his army from his country. The faithful soldiers followed the king and brought back strong men for his army. Soon, there was an army of brave Scottish men around the king. Another battle was fought between Scotland and England.

This time King Bruce of Scotland finally won the battle and got his kingdom back.

Moral of the Story:

- ***Perseverance paves the way for success.***
- ***Try, try again until you succeed.***
- ***No pain, no gain.***

16.7 Greed is a Curse

Once there lived three friends in a city. They were fast friends. One day they decided to go on a picnic in the countryside. They planned their journey and set out early in the morning. They reached the riverside and fixed their encampment. They spent the whole day enjoying the beautiful scenes of nature.

At noon, as they were returning to their camp, they found a bag full of gold. They were very happy to have such a huge treasure. They decided to share this gold equally among themselves. Now they felt hungry. One of them was sent to a nearby village to bring food. As he was gone, the other two friends decided to kill him and to have more share in gold. Their greedy nature would not think of any other option.

The friend who went to the village to bring food was greedy too. He poisoned the food to kill the other two friends and to have all the gold himself. As soon as he came back, the other two friends killed him. Then they ate the food with peace and delight. After eating the poisonous food, they met their fate. The gold was still there. It was of no use to them.

Moral of the Story:

Greed is a curse.

16.8 As You Sow, So Shall You Reap

Once a camel and a jackal became fast friends. They used to wander together on the bank of the river. They helped each other in finding food. One day, there was a shortage of food in their area. The camel suggested going to the other side of the river in search of food. The jackal agreed. The river was deep and wide. The jackal did not know how to swim. The camel asked the jackal to get onto his back and they crossed the river.

Wading through the deep water, the camel reached there the other bank. There was a melon field on that bank of the river. Both friends entered the field and began to eat melons with delight. The jackal was soon filled. He began to howl. When the camel asked to stop this but the jackal told that howling after the hearty meal was his habit. Despite the request of the camel, the jackal did not stop howling.

The owner of the melons reached and thrashed the camel with a heavy bushy stick. The camel was hurt. They started their journey back to the other bank of the river. The jackal was enjoying his ride on the camel. The camel reached the middle of the river, he dived into the water. The jackal began to shout. He requested the camel not to do so. But the camel told that bathing after the hearty meal was his habit. The camel dived deep and the jackal was drowned in the river.

Moral of the Story:

- ***As you sow, so shall you reap.***
- ***Tit for tat.***

16.9 Look Before You Leap

Once there was a hunter who had a very faithful dog. The dog had a special attachment to the hunter. He had saved him from wild animals many times. One day the hunter's wife was not at home and he had to go out hunting, leaving his five-year-old son alone at home for the watch of the dog. His son was too young for the hunter to take him along for hunting.

In his absence, a wolf entered the house and made its way to the baby's room. He was about to kill the baby when the dog sprang upon him and both had a hard fight. Finally, the dog killed the beast and saved the baby from any harm.

When the hunter returned home in the evening, the dog met him at the door. He saw the dog's snout red with blood. As usual, the dog started licking his feet. The hunter entered the house and saw more smudges of blood in the yard. He thought the dog had killed the child. He flew into a rage, picked up his gun and shot the dog to dead. On entering the baby's room, he found his child safe and sound. A dead wolf was lying by his side. The man realized his mistake. He felt very sorry for what he had done, but crying over spilt milk was no use.

Moral of the Story:

- ***Look before you leap.***
- ***Haste makes waste.***

16.10 The Thief and His Mother

Once upon a time, a boy stole a book from another child in his class. When he got home, his mother saw the book and asked her son about it. The boy fearfully told the whole thing to his mother; after knowing the whole thing, his mother encouraged him more instead of scolding him.

The boy's courage increased significantly after getting encouragement from his mother. After a few days, the boy stole some expensive clothes from a shop. He gave those clothes to his mother, and his mother praised those clothes and his work a lot.

After a few years, that boy turned into a young man. But his habit of stealing had not gone; now, he was stealing things of more value than before.

But one day, he was caught red-handed while stealing. The police officer caught him and presented him to a court, where he was sentenced to long imprisonment.

When the young man was being taken to jail, his mother started crying seeing him. The son looked at his mother and said, "I want to talk to my mother about something." When the young man got closer to his mother, he quickly bit her ear with his teeth. The mother sobbed in pain, and shocked and angry, she slapped him. And asked, "Why did he bite her ear?" Hearing her, the son said, "If you had slapped me after stealing the book for the first time, I would not have gone to jail today, and I too would have been living like a decent person."

Moral of the Story:

Nip the evil in the bud.

16.11 The Hare and the Tortoise

Once upon a time, there lived a hare and a tortoise in a jungle. The hare could run very fast. He was very proud of his speed. While the tortoise was slow and consistent.

One day the tortoise came to meet the hare. The tortoise was walking very slowly as usual. The hare looked and laughed at him.

The tortoise asked, "*What has happened?*"

The hare replied, "*You walk so slowly! How can you survive like this?*"

The tortoise listened to everything patiently and felt humiliated by the hare's words.

The tortoise replied, "*Hey friend! You are very proud of your speed. Let's have a race and see who is faster.*"

The hare was surprised by the challenge of the tortoise. But he accepted the challenge as he thought it would be a cakewalk for him.

So, the tortoise and hare started the race. The hare was as usual very fast and went far away. While the tortoise was left behind.

After a while, the hare looked behind.

He said to himself, "*The slow tortoise will take ages to come near me. I should rest a bit*".

The hare was tired from running fast. The sun was high too. He ate some grass and decided to take a nap.

He said to himself, "*I am confident; I can win even if the tortoise passes me. I should rest a bit.*" With that thought, he slept and lost track of time.

Meanwhile, the slow and steady tortoise kept on moving. Although he was tired, he didn't rest.

Sometime later, he passed the hare while the hare was still sleeping.

The hare suddenly woke up after sleeping for a long time. He started running very fast with his full energy. But it was too late. The slow tortoise had already touched the finishing line. He had already won the race. The hare was very disappointed with himself while the tortoise was very happy to win the race with his slow speed. He could not believe his eyes. He was shocked by the results.

At last, the tortoise asked the hare, "*Now who is faster?*" The hare had learned his lesson. He could not utter even a word. The tortoise said goodbye to the hare and left that place calmly and happily.

Moral of the Story:

Slow and steady wins the race.

16.12 The Crow and the Pitcher

A crow, half-dead with thirst, came upon a pitcher which had once been full of water; but when the crow put its beak into the mouth of the pitcher he found that only very little water was left in it, and that he could not reach far enough down to get at it. He tried, and tried, but at last, had to give up in despair.

The crow saw some pebbles lying on the floor. A thought came to him, that if he threw the pebbles into the pot, the water in the pot would rise. He took a pebble in his beak and dropped it into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped it into the pitcher. Then he took another pebble and dropped that into the pitcher. He kept on doing it continuously and with each pebble, the water rose a little higher until at last, he saw the water mount up near him, after casting into a few more pebbles, he was able to quench his thirst and in that way, he saved his life.

Moral of the Story:

- ***Necessity is the mother of invention.***
- ***A good use of our wits may help us out.***
- ***Little by little does the trick.***

16.13 A Stitch in Time Saves Nine

Once upon a time a merchant earned a large sum of money by selling his goods. He had to go a long way to reach home. He went to an inn to get his horse. Stablemen brought his horse and said, "Sir, your horse has lost a shoe nail. You better hold up and have it put in." The vendor stated, "Sad! I have no time now. Also, one nail pretty much in a shoe does not make a difference much." Saying along these lines, he got on his horse and jogged it towards his goal. After some time, another nail from the shoe of the horse fell off. The horse started to limp. Being in a rush, the shipper did not stop to repair the harm. After some time, the horse started to amaze. Soon murkiness of the night won all over the place. This further diminished the speed of the horse.

The dimness was falling. He was getting late. Finally, he got down and drove the horse. Meanwhile, a posse of criminals showed up from the timberland. The dealer couldn't dash away his horse and spare his cash. He was helpless before the thieves. They whipped him altogether and grabbed his cash. The trader returned home with a faltering horse and exhausting take. His imprudence had taken a toll a substantial cost.

Moral of the Story:

A stitch in time saves nine.

16.14 A Rolling Stone Gathers No Moss

Once upon a time some birds and animals gathered in a forest to choose their king. The birds wanted to make a ruler out of them, while the animals insisted that an animal should be the king.

They discussed the matter for several days but could not reach any conclusion. At last, they began to fight. The bat played a strange role in the war between the birds and the animals.

If the birds seemed to be winning, it would go over to their side and say, "I am with you with my heart and soul. I am a bird because I fly like you." However if the animals seemed to be winning, the bat would take no time in changing its side. It would switch over its loyalty to

animals and say, "I am with you. I am an animal because I give milk to my young ones like you." This behaviour of the bat cast a slur on its face.

At last, the war came to an end and the animals carried the day. The lion was made the king of the forest. The bat went to congratulate the victor. The animals turned it out of the court saying, "You are not an animal because you fly." It then flew over to the camp of the birds. They also turned it out saying, "You are not a bird because you give milk to your young ones." Since that time, the bat has become a symbol of duplicity. It shows its face neither to animals nor to birds. It comes out only in the dark.

Moral of the Story:

A rolling stone gathers no moss.

16.15 An Arab and His Camel

An Arab was travelling to a village in the middle of a desert. He had his only camel for company. As night fell, the Arab quickly put up a tent. While it was very hot during the daytime, the desert would get extremely cold at night. The Arab crawled into the tent, spread a mat and lay down on it. Soon it was dark, and the Arab found his eyes drooping.

Someone outside called out to him, "Friend, it's cold out here. Can you please take me into your tent?" It was the camel, who was shivering in the cold.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Camel. This tent is so small and you are so huge," said the Arab. "There's no room for the two of us here in this tent."

"I understand. I will only put my head inside the tent," pleaded the camel.

The Arab agreed. The camel put its head inside the tent and said, "Thank you."

"Goodnight, friend," said The Arab as he closed his eyes.

"My friend, it's getting colder," said the camel. "Let me bring my neck, just my neck, into the tent," pleaded the camel.

"All right, friend," mumbled the Arab, as he was feeling very sleepy.

So, the camel put his neck into the tent, with the rest of its body outside.

A few minutes later the camel spoke with its voice trembling with cold. "Friend, you know how delicate my hump is. I think there's enough space here for my hump."

The Arab did not want to speak lest it should wake up, "Hmm," he grunted.

Taking it as his consent, the camel pushed himself into the tent by an inch and the hump was inside.

Sometime later, the camel said, "My friend..." There was no reply from The Arab, who was in deep sleep.

"Why disturb the good fellow," said the camel to himself, "Surely, he won't have any objection if I drag my tummy into the tent."

As dawn broke, the Arab woke up all cold and shivering. He opened his eyes and saw the stars in the sky. He sat up saying aloud, "*Wasn't I sleeping in my tent last night?*" His eyes fell on the tent. He poked his head inside and was taken aback to see the camel sleeping peacefully

there. The camel's tail was the only portion of its body outside the tent. The Arab woke up the camel. He said, "Is this how you repay my kindness?" The camel gave a big smile showing off all its teeth. It replied, "*You said yes whenever I asked you if I could bring a part of my body inside the tent. After some time, I did not want to disturb you. So, I decided to bring my back portion inside.*" The Arab kept his hands on his head and said, "*This is why people say that one should not be too kind to others. We will lose all we have if we do so. I have learnt my lesson today.*"

Moral of the Story:

Give him an inch, and he will take an ell.

16.16 The Bee and the Dove

Once a bee was playing on the bank of a river. A strong wind was blowing. It threw the poor creature into the water of the stream. The strong current of water carried away the tiny helpless bee. She realized that her death was quite near.

Now on the bank of the stream, there was a tree. On that tree, there lived a dove. The dove saw that the petty bee was in the grip of the current. She wanted to help her. She plucked a leaf from the tree. She dropped this leaf quite near the bee. The bee sat on it, dried her wings and flew away to safety. She thanked the dove for her act of kindness.

Now many days passed. A hunter came to the same stream. He drank water. Then he lay to rest in the cool shade of the tree. His eyes raised upwards. He saw the dove resting in the branches of the tree. He aimed at her. The bee who was playing nearby saw this. She at once flew to the hands of the hunter. She stung the hunter very powerfully, due to which he missed his target. The dove flew away to a far-off place. She was saved because of the urgent help of the tiny bee. The dove thanked the bee for this kind act. Thus, the bee paid the debt of the dove's favour.

Moral of the Story:

- ***One good turn deserves another.***
- ***Kindness never goes unrewarded.***

16.17 The Little Fish

Once there was an old fisherman who lived in a small village near a river. Once he caught a small fish. "Please let me go," the fish pleaded, "Put me back into the water. I am very small now. But after some time, I shall grow much bigger. You can catch me again then." The old fisherman was amused to hear the fish speaking. The fisherman smiled and replied, "You will grow larger no doubt; but, perhaps, I may not be able to catch you again." Saying this, he put it into his basket and took it home. His wife cooked it very nicely and both ate it with much relish.

Moral of the Story:

- ***A bird in hand is worth two in the bush.***

- *A small gain is worth more than a large promise.*

16.18 The Hen that Laid Golden Eggs

Once upon a time, there lived a cloth merchant in a village with his wife and two children. They were indeed quite well-off. They had a beautiful hen which laid an egg every day. It was not an ordinary egg, rather, a golden egg. But the man was not satisfied with what he used to get daily. He was a get-rich-quick kind of person.

The man wanted to get all the golden eggs from his hen in a single go. So, one day he thought hard and at last thought of a plan. He decided to kill the hen and get all the eggs together.

So, the next day when the hen laid a golden egg, the man caught hold of it, took a sharp knife, chopped off its neck and cut its body open. There was nothing but blood all around & no trace of any egg at all. He was highly grieved because now he would not get even a single egg.

Moral of the Story:

- *Haste makes waste.*
- *Greed is a curse.*
- *It is useless to cry over spilt milk.*
- *Contentment is a great blessing.*

16.19 The Wolf and the Lamb

Once upon a time, a wolf went to a stream to drink water upstream. He saw a lamb drinking water downstream at some distance. On seeing the lamb, the wolf's mouth began to water. He wanted to eat him with relish. But he found no ground for it. He, at once, hit upon an idea.

He said to the lamb, "Why are you making the water muddy?" The lamb said, "How can it be? The stream flows from you to me, not from me to you." The wolf got angry at it and said, "Then, why did you abuse me last year?" The poor lamb said, "Sir, I was not born last year.

I am only six months old. How could I abuse you?" "Then it must be your father or mother." Saying this, the wolf attacked the lamb, tore it into pieces and devoured it to his fill.

Moral of the Story:

Might is right.

16.20 King Midas and the Golden Touch

Once upon a time in ancient Greece, there lived a king named Midas. He had a lovely daughter whom he lovingly named Marigold. Although King Midas had immense wealth in his kingdom's treasury, he was always dissatisfied and unhappy. He was always greedy for more wealth and wished he had more gold in his treasure.

One day as he was counting gold coins and admiring his treasure rooms, a fairy appeared before him who offered the king a wish for some of his good deeds. Without wasting any time, King Midas quickly wished that everything that he touched should turn into gold. The fairy granted his wish promptly and disappeared.

King Midas was delighted about his wish being granted. He went and touched an apple tree in his garden. To his excitement, the tree turned into gold instantly. He was so thrilled that he went on touching random things all around him, which turned into gold immediately. His joy knew no bounds and he was overwhelmed with excitement. Soon he was hungry and he returned to his palace to eat some food. However, though he was starving, he was disappointed that he could not eat anything as whatever he touched turned into gold instantly. Seeing him frustrated and troubled, Marigold came running and threw her arms around her father to comfort him. But to his dismay, even his daughter turned into gold as he touched her. King Midas' face turned pale and his heart sank with unbearable pain and grief. He was horrified upon seeing his daughter turn into a gold statue. He cried in anguish and regretted his wish for the golden touch. In no time, he realised his greed was his biggest ever flaw and begged the fairy to take back his wish.

Soon the fairy appeared before him and felt pity for his condition and took back the golden touch wish from him. Further, the fairy instructed King Midas to take a dip in the pond of his palace and sprinkle that water on all those things which he wanted to change back into the previous condition. He blindly followed the instructions and soon his daughter, Marigold was back to normal life when he sprinkled the water on her. Thereafter, he was elated to get back his beloved daughter and promised to stop being greedy henceforth.

Moral of the Story:

Don't be greedy in life, be happy with what you have.

16.21 The Boy Who Cried Wolf

Once there was a shepherd who was feeling bored as he sat on the hillside watching the village sheep. To amuse himself he took a great breath and sang out, “Wolf! Wolf! The wolf is chasing the sheep!”

The villagers came running up to the hill to help the boy drive the wolf away. But when they arrived at the top of the hill, they found no wolf. The boy laughed at the sight of their angry faces.

“Don't cry 'wolf', the shepherd,” said the villagers, “When there's no wolf!” They went grumbling back down the hill.

Later, the boy sang out again, “Wolf! Wolf! The wolf is chasing his sheep!” To his naughty delight, he watched the villagers run up the hill to help him drive the wolf away.

When the villagers saw no wolf, they sternly said, “Save your song for when there is really something wrong! Don't cry 'wolf' when there is no wolf!”

But the boy just grinned and watched them go grumbling down the hill once more.

Later, he saw a real wolf prowling about his flock. Alarmed, he leaped to his feet and sang out as loudly as he could, “Wolf! Wolf!”

But the villagers thought he was trying to fool them again, so they didn't come.

At sunset, everyone wondered why the shepherd hadn't returned to the village with their

sheep. They went up the hill to find the boy. They found him weeping.

“There really was a wolf here! The flock has scattered! I cried out, “Wolf!” Why didn't you come?”

An old man tried to comfort the boy as they walked back to the village.

“We'll help you look for the lost sheep in the morning,” he said, putting his arm around the youth, “Nobody believes a liar...even when he is telling the truth!”

Moral of the Story:

A liar will not be believed, even when he speaks the truth.

16.22 A Wise Counting

Emperor Akbar was in the habit of putting riddles and puzzles to his courtiers. He often asked questions which were strange and witty. It took much wisdom to answer these questions. Once he asked a very strange question. The courtiers were dumb folded by his question.

Akbar glanced at his courtiers. As he looked, one by one the heads began to hang low in search of an answer. It was at this moment that Birbal entered the courtyard. Birbal, who knew the nature of the emperor, quickly grasped the situation and asked, “May I know the question so that I can try for an answer.”

Akbar said, “How many crows are there in this city?”

Without even a moment's thought, Birbal replied, “There are fifty thousand five hundred and eighty-nine crows, my lord.”

“How can you be so sure?” asked Akbar.

Birbal said, “Make your men count, my lord. If you find more crows, it means some have come to visit their relatives here. If you find less number of crows, it means some have gone to visit their relatives elsewhere.”

Akbar was pleased very much by Birbal's wit.

Moral of the Story:

A witty answer will serve its purpose.

16.23 The Blue Jackal

Once there was an adventurous jackal who frequently strayed into the village looking for food. The village was filled with dogs that scared the jackal. Although he was scared of the dogs, the jackal loved food and travelled to the village again and again.

One day, as he was going to enter a house, he heard the barking of the dogs. He was shocked to find a gang of dogs running towards the house. They looked violent and caused the jackal to panic. He ran and tumbled into a tub of blue dye. The dogs couldn't see him and they ran another way.

Now the jackal was completely blue from head to toe. He appeared very different from any other animal. The jackal was pleased as no one would be able to recognize him and he could easily fool anyone in the jungle.

Just like he had thought, everyone in the jungle was surprised to see such an unusual animal. The small animals, the lion and the tiger all asked who he was and who had sent him. "I have been sent by God Himself to look after you. I will now be the king of the jungle," said the jackal.

The lion protested saying that he had always been the king of the forest.

"From now, that must change and all of you must serve me," said the jackal happily.

All animals started to obey him and said, "What he would like them to do?"

"Bring me lots of food," said the blue jackal promptly.

The animals quickly scurried and returned with lots of food for the jackal.

He had so much food that he gave his leftovers to the other animals and told them that they had to serve him fresh food every day.

He even threw out the pack of jackals from the forest because he knew that they could identify him someday.

The blue jackal was very happy with himself for fooling the entire forest and was happy to be away from the city dogs.

But one day the banned pack of jackals was walking around the forest and howling loudly.

The blue jackal began howling out of habit too.

Because of this mistake, the other animals quickly identified him as a jackal and unmasked his true identity.

Moral of the Story:

- ***Be true to yourself and don't pretend to be someone you are not.***
- ***Every action has an opposite reaction.***
- ***Tit for tat.***