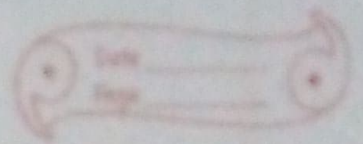


a coconut at a nearby booth. It looked as though he would not move again at all. Raju saw him take out his black purse and start a debate with the coconut seller over the price of coconuts. He had a thick, sawing voice which worried Raju. The way the Green Blazer haggled didn't appeal to Raju either; it showed a mean and petty character. These were the narrow-minded troublemakers who made endless fuss when a purse was lost.

The Green Blazer moved after all. He



stopped before a stall selling coloured balloons. He bought a balloon after an argument with the shop man. He said, "This is for a motherless boy. I have promised it to him. If it has ~~lost~~ holes or gets lost before I go home, he will cry all night and I wouldn't like it at all."

Raju got his chance when the Green Blazer passed through a narrow stile, where people were passing four at a time in order to see a wax model of Mahatma Gandhi reading a

newspaper.

Fifteen minutes later, Raju was examining the contents of the purse. He went away to a quiet spot behind a disused well. The purse contained thirty rupees in cash and a few annas in nickel. Raju tucked the annas at his waist. "Must give them to some beggars," he reflected generously.

The thirty rupees he bundled into a knot at the end of his turban and wrapped this again round his head. It would see him

through the rest of the month. He could lead a clean life for at least a fortnight and take his wife and children to a picture.

Now, it was only left for him to fling the purse into the well. But he found a balloon folded and tucked away inside the purse. "Oh, this he bought..." He remembered the Green Blazer's talk about the motherless child.

"What a fool to keep this in the purse," Raju reflected. "It is the carelessness of parents that makes young ones suffer," he said angrily.

DIARY ENTRY

FEELINGS TOWARDS BEGGARS.

Sunday 3rd October 2021

3:35 pm.

Dear diary

Everybody say that India is emerging as a major economy in the world. But it is true that India has the largest army of poor people, paupers and beggars. Hence, millions of people in India are condemned to ~~be~~ begging. I am shocked ~~to~~ see that hundreds of shabby looking people in rags shouting in woeiful tones, "Baba, give me something for god's sake." No country can become great if its children are condemned to lead such miserable lives. If millions of children live in such inhuman conditions, dirt and poverty, it is a matter of shame for the govt. and the civilized society of India. Every child must have a constitutional right to get proper food, clothes and education. It is true that begging has also become a lucrative profession for some bad characters. They kidnap small children and raise them to beggars. The other side of the story is also true. Millions of hands in this country don't get any

jobs to earn a living. They resort to begging

THE MONKEY AND THE CROCODILE.

Once upon a time a clever monkey lived in a tree that bore juicy, red rose apples. He was very happy. One day, a crocodile swam up to that tree and told the monkey that he had travelled a long distance and was in search of food as he was very hungry. The kind monkey offered him a few apples. The crocodile enjoyed them very much and asked the monkey whether he could come again for some more fruit. The generous monkey happily agreed.

The crocodile returned the next day. And the next one after that. Soon the two became very good friends. They discussed their lives, their friends and family, like all friends do. The crocodile told the monkey that he had a wife and that they lived on the other side of the river. So the kind monkey offered him some extra apples to take home to his wife. The crocodile's wife loved the apples and ~~made her~~ ^{grew curious} to taste the monkey's heart. She persuaded her husband to get the monkey's heart for her or else she would die. The crocodile was in a dilemma but finally agreed. The next day, when he went to the shore, he invited the monkey to his home. The monkey gladly accepted. He sat on the crocodile's back and they started their journey. When they reached the middle of the water, the crocodile started sinking low and told the

monkey of his plan. The monkey did not lose his presence of mind and said that he had left his heart on the tree and that the crocodile would have to take him back. The foolish crocodile took him back to the shore. At once, the monkey leaped on the tree and told the crocodile that he ^{was} the biggest fool on the planet and the monkey had made a mistake in trusting him.

MORAL: Be cautious of who you befriend. Your best friend may be your biggest enemy.