



*Mice
ate the Iron*

Once, there was a rich merchant named Janardhan.



Unfortunately, his business became very poor and he lost all his money. He was also heavily in debt; so he sold every thing that was in his house.



The only thing left with him was his big iron weighing machine. He did not want to sell it as it belonged to his ancestors. So he went to see his friend Laxminandan who was also a trader like him.

I have a weighing machine which I would like to keep with you. Will you keep it for me till I return?

Of course. I will keep it for you. You can be sure that it will be safe with me. I shall give it back to you when you return.

*Janardhan thanked
Laxminandan and went
on his journey.*



After many years of travelling and doing trade, Janardhan collected a lot of wealth and returned to his old friend Laxminandan





My dear frined, I have come to collect my very dear object - my ancestral weighing machine to start my new business.

I don't know how to tell you this. Something bad has happened.


I kept your weighing machine in the store. There are a lot of mice in the house and they have eaten a lot of things from my house and one day I found that they had eaten your weighing machine too. I am really sorry, but what could I do?



Janardhan was surprised to hear Laxminandan's words.

He is lying to me. Let me teach him a lesson.





Please don't feel sorry about it. If mice ate my weighing machine, what could you do? It was not your fault. This only shows nothing lasts forever. Please forget about it and relax.

As he was going...

I am going to the river to bathe in it. Will you send your son with me to look after my clothes while I bathe in the river? Otherwise, rats will eat my clothes too!

*Laxminandan
was happy*

*He believed me! If I
don't send my son
than he might get
suspicious. Let me
send my son.*



*After taking a bath in the river,
Janardhan took Laxminandan's son to
a nearby cave and closed it with a big
boulder.*






Oh! something very terrible has happened. When I was taking bath, your son was sitting on the bank of the river. Just then, a hawk swooped down and carried him off before I could do anything. Oh ! I am sorry, I could not save your son.



That's a lie ! How can a hawk carry off a twelve year old boy ? You are cheating me ! You are a liar !



I will take you to the king and get the truth out of you.




If you don't believe me than let's go to the king. He will convince you!

You are a liar Janardhan! How can a bird fly off with a boy?



If a mice at Laxminayan's place can eat a weighing machine, then surely, a hawk can carry off a boy.





*What do you mean?
Can you please explain?*



Janardhan explained the whole story. The king then ordered Laxminandan to return the weighing machine to Janardhan and ordered Janardhan to return Laxminandan his son.

MORAL :

One has to use his intelligence in adverse situation instead of getting sentimental.