

Hope – a miracle word

A tiny sapling was looking around with curiosity and was mesmerized to see a gigantic tree near it. It boasted hundreds of sturdy branches and innumerable sub-branches. They were all covered with long leaves. All day thousands of birds would perch on its branches and sing soulful songs as if sitting on the branches of the tree they were beyond all worries. At night the little sapling would hear the fluttering of the wings from the tree and knew that it had offered shelter to many birds during night.

Awestruck, the little sapling always wondered when the birds would sing, sitting on its branches. It longed to offer them shelter.

All day it would gaze at the mighty tree with a deep yearning in its eyes. One day when the tiny plant was lost in its thought, it could hear a melodious song near it. It looked around and was surprised to find a blue bird with brilliant feathers singing, sitting by it, smiling at the sapling happily.

As their eyes met the bird told the little plant, 'Let wind, sunshine, rain and earth enrich you. The day your branches become strong and leafy and promise a safe shelter, birds will automatically come and sing songs, sitting on your branches. Till then allow Nature to make you stronger soon.'

Speechless, the little sapling asked the blue bird, 'How do you know what is going on in my mind?'

'Dear friend,' replied the bird, 'like your feeble branches, once my wings were also weak and powerless though my heart wanted to fly high in the sky. I allowed Nature and Time to make them stronger. So I can feel that agony in others. And it is the greatest lesson I have learnt in life. Happiness and bliss in life can be experienced only when you are strong and kind-hearted.'

The blue bird stopped and they both gazed at the gigantic tree in awe.

In the search for a better self

Finding a seductively fragrant flower, a tiny bee settled on it and sucked its nectar as much as it could. The little bee was cherishing a hope that devouring the nectar from the flower would make its body perfumed. But to its utter dismay, its body exuded no fragrance.

Surprised, it asked the flower, 'I have sucked all nectar from your being, but yet, there is no fragrance in my being?'

And replied the flower, shaking playfully as a gentle wind was blowing, 'Dear friend, my fragrance has nothing to do with my physical being. My existence exudes fragrance for I am peaceful, blissful, silent and complete in my own way from within. Do cultivate these attributes within you, my friend, and one day your being will also spread delightful fragrance around it.'

Colours of a season

One day two young men left their respective home, feeling terribly low and sad. Throughout the day they wandered around the city and incidentally took the same roads and witnessed the same series of events during the entire day.

They saw an old couple of slender means walking together, hand in hand, whispering to each other with smile as though their little world was steeped with love. While walking past a school they watched parents hugging and kissing their children before the kids ran to their classrooms.

Walking further ahead they found two beggars, sitting by the street, smoking the same bidi, sharing with each other. They were discussing something in undertones, laughing heartily as if they were not really unhappy with their life.

And then they saw a mother dog suckling her new-borns, licking their tiny bodies affectionately. Love was exuding from her eyes.

After witnessing love everywhere throughout the day the first young man experienced a strange feeling of confidence within and life at large. He felt that if there was so much love in life he too could lead a better life. That evening found him happy and throbbing with hope.

But witnessing love everywhere throughout the day, the second young man felt even more unhappy, abject and lonelier. He felt as though on this earth everyone was receiving love except for him. That evening found him more dejected and heartbroken than ever before.

An intimate conversation

In a deep forest there was a gigantic tree with myriad branches and leaves. It was the tallest tree in the forest. One day in the pleasant shade of this tree a tiny plant came into being. It used to look at the huge tree nearby with awe. One day the tiny plant summoned all courage and asked the gigantic tree, 'Will you be my friend?'

The giant tree smiled in reply and said, 'Yes, why not, my friend?'

And since that day there was a friendly pact between both the friends. During the daytime the tiny plant would narrate to its friend the stories of ants, butterflies, grasshoppers and other little beings those played all day close to earth. And during the night time the tallest tree would narrate the stories of the moon, stars and clouds to its little friend. None of them ever felt bored of listening to other's stories. And thus their friendship went on for time infinity.

The promise of a Morning

Getting up in the morning I opened the window. Outside, the sunlight fell on everything, throbbing with hope, promising the beginning of a great day.

'What a wonderful beginning of a day. It promises all joy and peace today,' I told myself.

At once someone snapped from outside the window, 'I promise nothing, I visit the earth every day after the sunrise for I enjoy being it here.'

Shocked, I looked outside the window only to find that it was the Morning talking to me.

'Why are you so dry and dull? Why are you spoiling my happy mood?' I asked the Morning.

'I am not at all dry or dull. Rather I am making you cautious for every time your day doesn't go well, you invariably blame the day by saying, ' My goodness, what a cursed day it was. Look, the day should not be blamed for your actions or whatever happens to you. And, after all, I am a part of the day. I must talk on its behalf, isn't it?' replied Morning.

I loved the reply of the Morning and that day I spent hours talking to the Morning until it was the time to leave. However, that day I had no unpleasant encounter to blame the day.

The Mirage Speaks

Asked a desert to a mirage, 'Why do you keep deluding my travellers? What fun do you derive torturing them?'

And replied the mirage, 'I do not delude any traveller of yours. I am rather an indistinct projection of something that indeed exists. And some of those who keep chasing me with an undaunted heart, indeed, find an oasis.'