



The Babul Tree

Babul Tree grew in a forest, among a grove of mango trees. Babul Tree was sad because he looked different than the mango trees. He looked around him at the beautiful mango trees and began to cry. Snow Partridge landed on Babul Tree's branches. "Why are you sad?" asked Snow Partridge? "I'm ugly," said Babul Tree. "The mango trees are beautiful and I'm not."

"Well I certainly don't think you're ugly. I think you have strong, straight branches that point toward heaven." said Snow Partridge, "But if you're sad, I must grant you one wish."

"Really?" said Babul Tree. "Oh, please Snow Partridge, I wish I had big, shiny leaves like the mango trees. Then I would be beautiful"

The next morning Babul Tree woke to find himself covered with big and shiny leaves, like the mango trees. He was admiring his leaves

when a goat came into the forest and ate up all of his leaves.

Babul Tree began to cry. Rain Quail landed on Babul Tree's branches. "Why are you sad?" asked Rain Quail. "I'm ugly. A goat has eaten all of my leaves," said Babul Tree. "The mango trees are beautiful and I am not."

"Well, I certainly don't think you're ugly. I think your cool shade provides a resting place for the animals." said Rain Quail, "But if you're sad I must grant you one wish."

"Really?" said Babul Tree. "Oh, please Rain Quail, I wish I had golden leaves that no goat could eat. Then I would be beautiful."

The next morning Babul Tree woke to find himself covered with gold and glittery leaves. He was admiring his leaves when a thief came into the forest and stole all of his leaves.

Babul Tree began to cry. Grey Nightjar landed on Babul Tree's branches. "Why are you sad?" asked Grey Nightjar. "I'm ugly. A thief has stolen all of my leaves," said Babul Tree. "The mango trees are beautiful and I am not."

"Well, I certainly don't think you're ugly. I think your bark gives medicine to the people of the village," said Grey Nightjar. "But if you're sad, I must grant you one wish."

"Really?" said Babul Tree. "Oh, please Grey Nightjar, I wish I had glass leaves that no thief could steal. Then I would be beautiful."

The next morning Babul Tree woke to find himself covered with glass and sparkling leaves. He was admiring his leaves when a mighty wind blew through the forest and shattered all of his leaves.

Babul Tree began to cry. Cuckoo landed on Babul Tree's branches. "Why are you sad?" asked Cuckoo. "I'm ugly. My leaves have shattered and fallen away," said Babul Tree. "The mango trees are beautiful and I am not."

Well, I certainly don't think you're ugly. I think you are magnificent," said Cuckoo. "But if you're sad, I must grant you one wish."

"Really?" asked Babul Tree. "Oh, please Cuckoo, I wish I had branches that point to heaven, and leaves that give shade to the animals, and bark that gives medicine to the people of the village. Then I would be beautiful."

The next morning Babul Tree woke to find himself exactly as he was meant to be. He was admiring his leaves when Peacock landed on his branches. "Why are you happy?" asked

Peacock. "I'm beautiful," said Babul Tree. And he began to laugh.

We should accept us as we are and be satisfied.