

The Babul Tree



The babul tree grew in a forest, among many mango trees. The tree was sad because it looked different than the other trees. It looked at the beautiful mango trees and began to cry.



Snow Partridge landed on the babul tree's branches,

"Why are you sad?"

asked Snow Partridge.

"I'm ugly!"

said the 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 towards heaven."

said Snow Partridge,

"But if you're sad, I will grant you one wish."

"Really?"

said the babul tree.

"Oh, Snow Partridge, I wish I had big, shiny leaves like the mango trees. Then I would be beautiful."



The next morning the tree woke up to find itself covered with big and shiny leaves, just like the mango trees. It was admiring its leaves when a goat came and ate them all.



The babul tree began to cry. Rain Quail landed on the babul tree's branches.

"Why are you sad?"

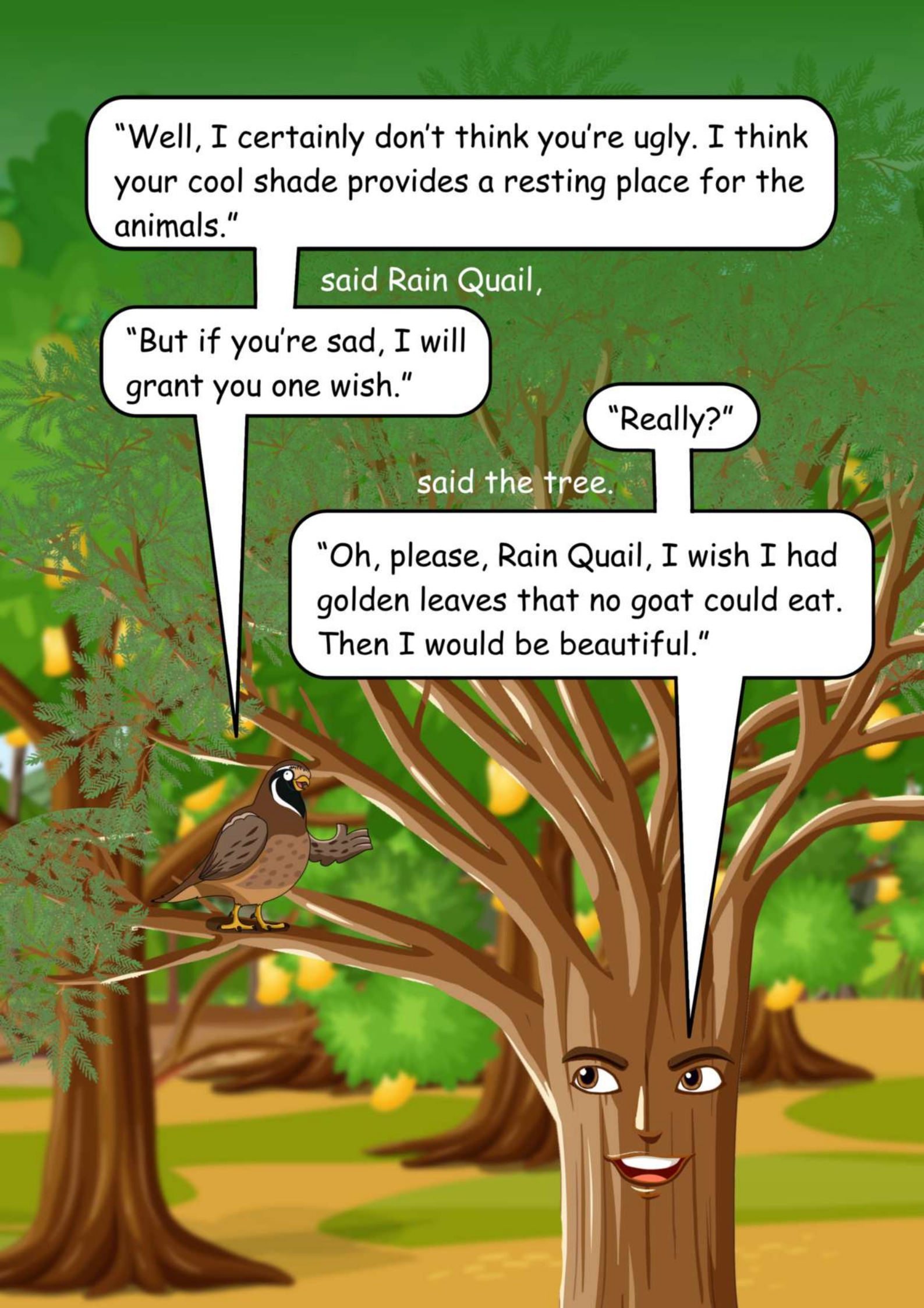
asked Rain Quail.

"I'm ugly. A goat has eaten all of my leaves."

said the 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 will grant you one wish."

"Really?"

said the tree.

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

The next morning the tree woke up to find itself covered with gold and glittery leaves. It was admiring its leaves when a thief came into the forest and stole them all.



The babul tree began to cry again. Grey Nightjar landed on its branches.

"Why are you sad?"

asked Grey Nightjar.

"I'm ugly. A thief has stolen all of my leaves."

said the 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 shall grant you one wish."

"Really?"

said the tree.

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



The next morning the tree woke up to find itself covered with glass and sparkling leaves. It was admiring its leaves when a mighty wind blew through the forest and shattered all of them.



The babul tree began to cry. Cuckoo landed on the 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 will grant you one wish."

"Really?"

asked Babul Tree.

"Oh, please, Cuckoo, I wish I had branches that point towards heaven, 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 the babul tree woke up to find itself exactly as it was meant to be. It was admiring its leaves when a peacock landed on its branches.

"Why are you happy?"

asked the peacock.

"I'm beautiful!"

said the babul tree
and began to laugh.



We should accept
ourselves and be
satisfied.

