

I told my story  
THE WISE OLD MAN

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Once there was an old poor man named Andrew who lived in a small hut in a village. After the death of his wife he was staying alone as he had no children. Though Andrew was old, he was healthy and strong. He was always busy in helping his neighbours in one way or another and in return they used to give him food. As he was polite and humble, everybody liked him and nobody refused him for anything. He liked children very much and they used to address him "Baba".

One day when he was sitting alone in his hut he started thinking in his mind. "Day by day I am getting older and within a short time I shall die. After the death of my wife, the people of this village have been helping me a lot by giving me free food. In return I must do something good for them so that the people of this village can remember me after my death."

After some time Andrew started nodding his head with a smile on his face. He started murmuring, "It's wonderful! I must do it." The following day he said to all the children, "Whenever you eat any fruits, please do not throw away the seeds but bring them to me."

Within a few days the children brought seeds of mangoes, papayas, oranges, plums, peaches, lemons and many other fruits. After drying them in the sunshine for few weeks, he planted all these seeds near his hut and asked the children to help him in making a fence ground so that they could not be spoiled by anybody. Everyday he ~~was~~ watered them regularly. Within a few days, the soil was covered with small seedlings of different fruits. Then he waited for the long rains.

On arrival of long rains he became very happy and started planting the seedlings at a distance of about two hundred metres on both sides of a road leading to a town. On seeing him planting these seedlings the children helped him in planting and fencing the seedlings. Within a week they finished the work of planting the seedlings on the whole road. For a year he looked after these plants properly.

After two to three rainy seasons people were happy to see different types of fruit trees growing on both sides of the road. After few years the trees were covered with fruit. But there was no Andrew to see the fruit on the trees.

Everyone, young and old, rich and poor who travelled on the road

stopped to take rest under the shade of these trees and to eat some of fruit. While eating these fruit they praised Andrew for his noble work. Andrew was no more but the trees were there to tell the travellers about the noble work of Andrew. In this way Andrew became immortal.