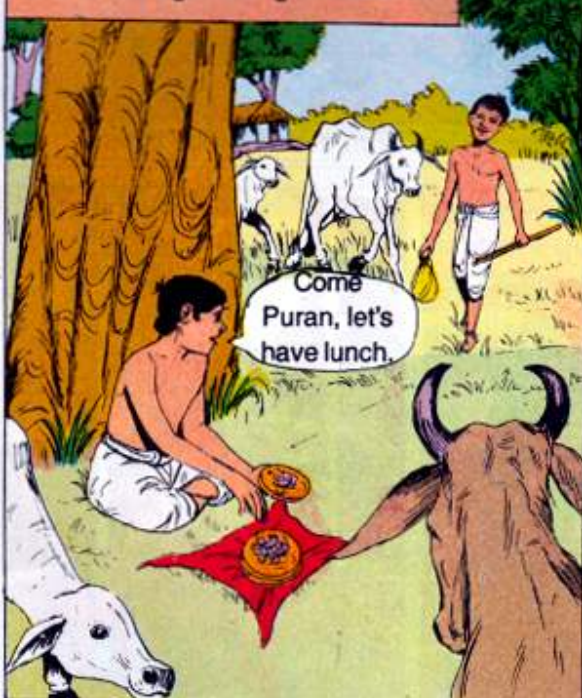


# SHALIBHADRA

This story is more than 2500 years old. Near Rajagriha lived a widowed milkmaid with her son. One morning—



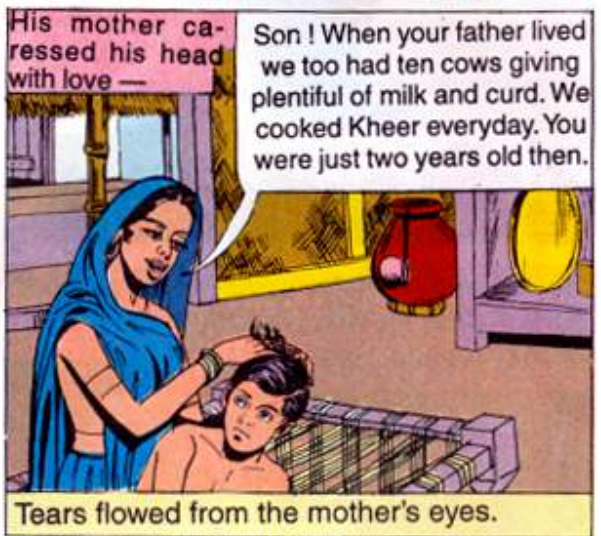
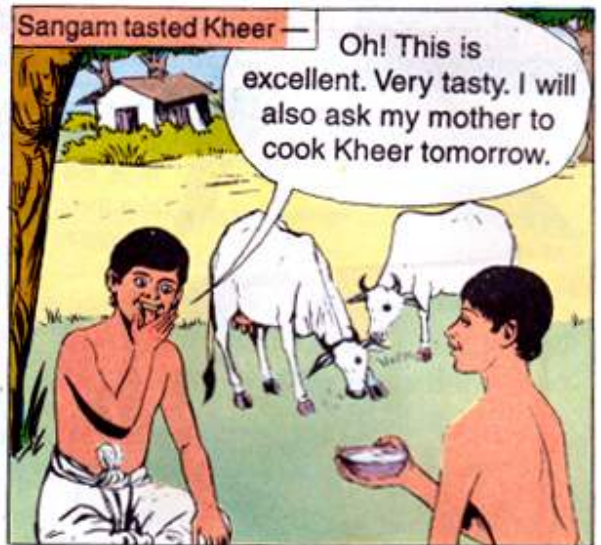
Soon it was noon. Sangam sat down under a tree to rest. He was joined by another cow-herd of his age. Sangam said —



Puran also took out his lunch-bag —



\* A popular pudding of rice cooked in milk.



The mother lost her temper. She slapped the boy and shouted—



OOOOM...  
OOOM... OOM

Do what you like!  
Worthless rogue!

Sangam started crying. Neighbours came and asked—



Dhanno ! What  
is the matter ?  
Why is Sangam  
crying ?

What can I do.  
Their is not a  
grain in the house  
and the tramp  
says he wants  
Kheer. How  
do I get it ?

Another woman came—



Hey ! He is a kid,  
we should grant his  
wish. Here, I have  
brought some milk.

Yes ! I will  
bring some  
rice.

And I  
will give  
sugar.

The neighbours brought the required things.  
Dhanno came to console Sangam —



Come my son!  
You are lucky.  
God has send  
everything needed  
for Kheer. I will  
cook now. Stop  
crying and get up.

Sangam got up laughing. He washed his face and sat down with a plate. While waiting he stared at the stove —



Mother! Is  
the Kheer  
ready? How  
long will it  
take ?

Don't be impatient,  
it is not ready yet.

Enough now.  
Come serve  
it. I want to  
eat now. I  
can't wait  
anymore.

