

The Lark and It's Young Ones

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A child went up to a lark and said: "Good lark, have you any young ones?"

"Yes, child, I have," said the mother lark, "and they are very pretty ones, indeed." Then she pointed to the little birds and said, "This is Fair Wing, that is Tiny Bill, and that other is Bright Eyes."

"At home, we are three," said the child, "myself and two sisters. Mother says that we are pretty children, and she loves us."

To this the little larks replied, "Oh, yes, OUR mother is fond of us, too."

"Good mother lark," said the child, "will you let Tiny Bill go home with me and play?"

Before the mother lark could reply, Bright Eyes said, "Yes, if you will send your little sister to play with us in our nest."

"Oh, she will be so sorry to leave home," said the child, "she could not come away from our mother."

"Tiny Bill will be so sorry to leave our nest," answered Bright Eyes, "and he will not go away from OUR mother."

Then the child ran away to her mother, saying, "Ah, every one is fond of home!" □