

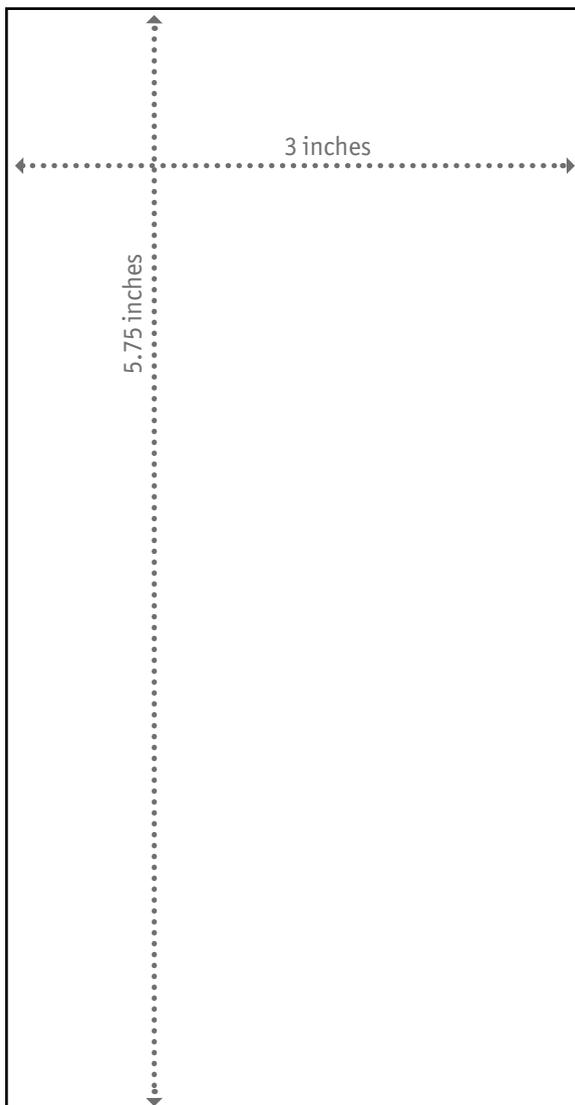


Kahani's Fourth Annual Young Writers and Illustrators Contest

1ST PLACE WINNERS — AGE GROUP 9-11

The Foolish Peacock

Written by Ananth Shastri
Illustrated by XYZ



In the shadow of the huge Himalaya Mountains, is a hut where four year old Taj lives with his father, Nanda and his mother, Parvati.

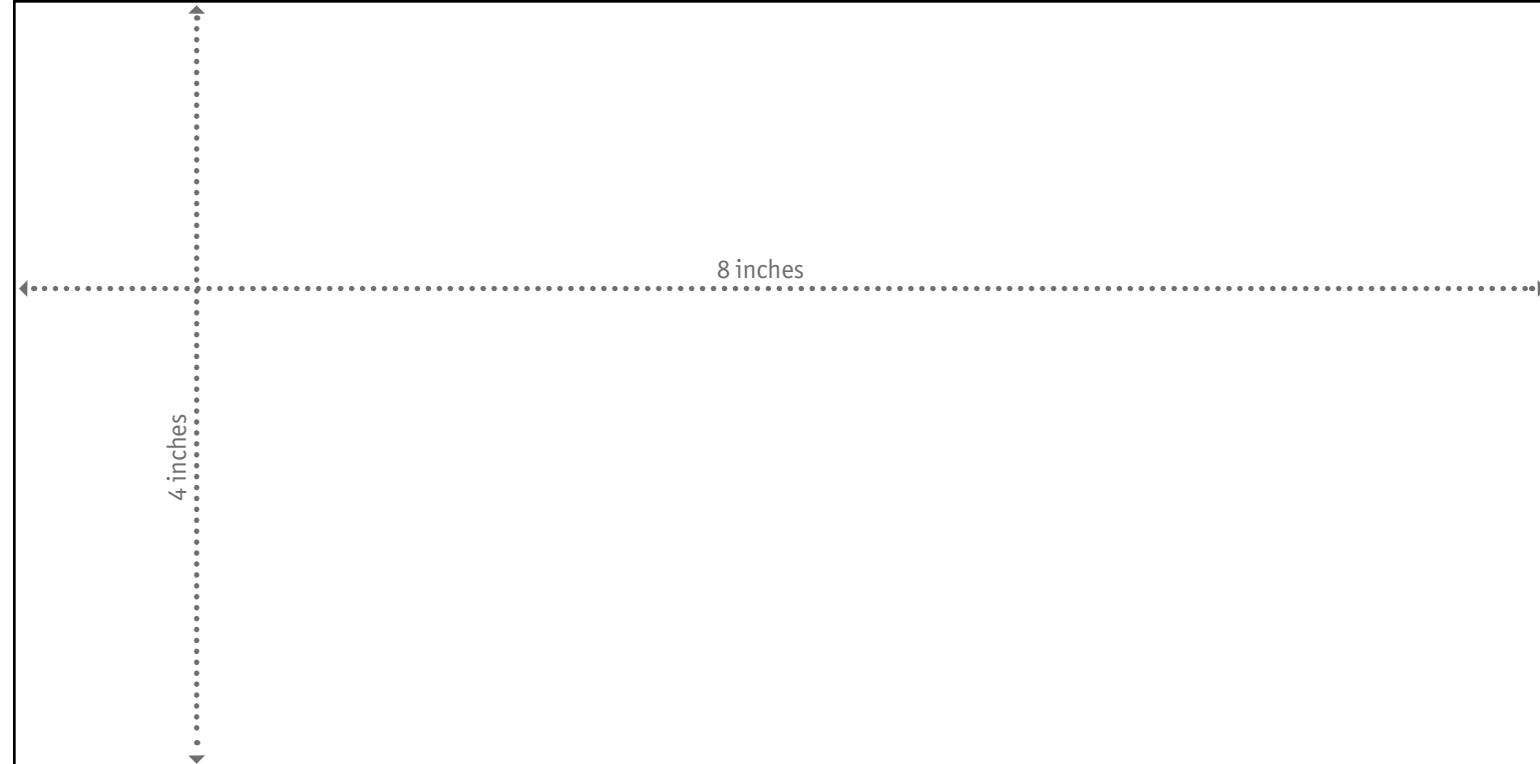
“Nanda, what can we do? Taj is running a high fever, and he is not getting better. The doctors have done everything they know how to do and he still will not wake up,” Parvati cried.

“There is a legend that says if we sweep the puja room with a broom made of peacock feathers, the gods will help cure Taj,” said Nanda.

“Peacock feathers!” said Parvati. “Where will we get peacock feathers?”

“I will get them from the arrogant peacock that lives on Mount Everest. It is said he has the most beautiful iridescent blue feathers. I will leave in the morning,” said Nanda.

Nanda hiked over steep faces, ice falls, and had trouble breathing in the thin air. He went on because it was urgent that he should save Taj. At last he reached the abode of the peacock.



“Please peacock, give me three of your elegant feathers so I can help my child,” pleaded Nanda.

“I don’t give my pulchritudinous feathers away. I am the grandest peacock in all of Asia. There is no other that surpasses me in beauty and elegance. Go away and leave me alone to preen,” screeched the peacock.

Nanda hid behind a tree and hatched a plan to get the feathers from the vain peacock. “I will trick him into giving me the feathers. I will let his vanity get the better of him,” Nanda muttered under his breath.

The next day, Nanda came upon the peacock strutting in the forest.

“Back again?” sneered the peacock.

“I am not here to ask for your feathers. I have already received three beautiful feathers from the peacock on the other side of the mountain near the ice fall. They are stunning and shiny. I am taking them to the town square where they will be on display for all the children of the town to admire,” said Nanda.

“But that cannot be true! I have the most beautiful feathers. I will prove it by giving you three to take to the town square,” exclaimed the peacock.

So the foolish peacock gave Nanda three of his most beautiful feathers.

Nanda rushed to the local broom maker who made a broom from the feathers. Nanda and Parvati hurriedly swept the floor of the Puja Room. Taj slowly opened his eyes and groggily said, “Where am I?” 🌸

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