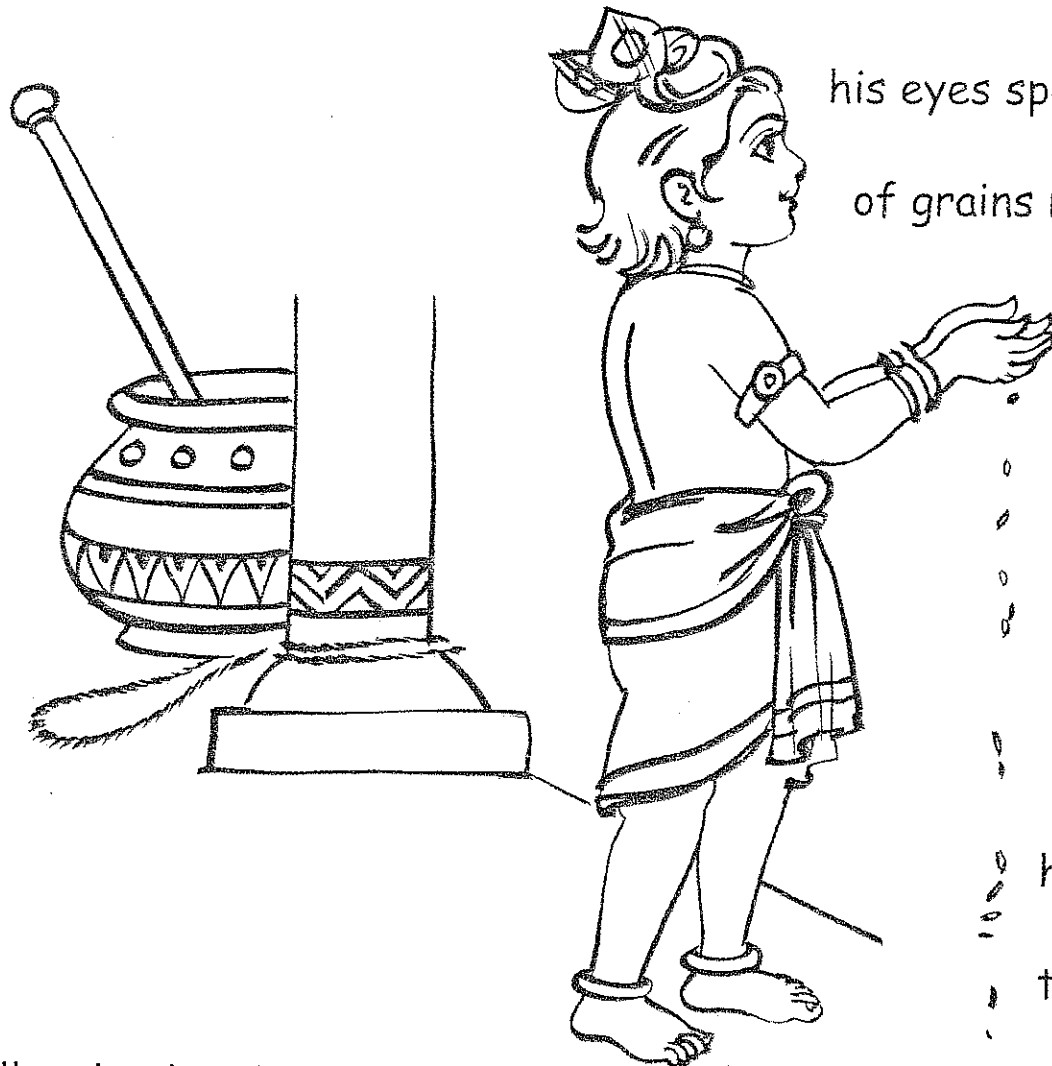


One day, Krishna was playing in the courtyard with Balarama and his other friends. They heard a fruit seller shouting, "Jamuns for sale". They stopped playing and rushed to the fruit seller.

"These are my favourite fruits but how do I buy them? I have no money", Krishna said to himself. He looked around, suddenly



his eyes spotted a heap of grains nearby. He

picked up a handful and went to the fruit seller.

By the time

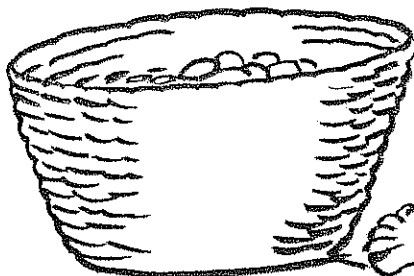
he reached the fruit

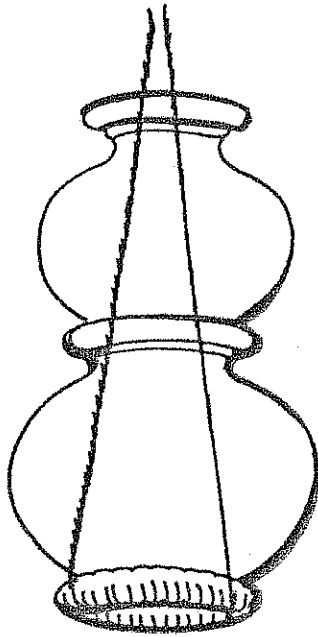
seller, his hands were only half full, as, much of it had spilled along the way.

Holding out the remaining grains to the fruit seller Krishna said, "Lady, please give me some fruits in exchange for these grains".

Feeling sorry that he had only a small amount

left, Krishna said, "I picked up a handful but, on the way most of it dropped. This is all that I have"





The fruit seller was pleased with the little boy's simplicity and honesty. His smile and tinkling anklets melted her heart.

She was so pleased with him that she said,
"My child! You do not have to give me any grains.

You can have as many fruits as you wish. Please keep those grains with you. Take as many jamuns as you want". Krishna's eyes almost popped out with excitement. "Thank you so much", he said. Quickly he dropped whatever grains he had in his hands into her basket and opened his hand to receive the fruits. The fruit seller filled Krishna's cute little palms with as many jamuns as they could hold.

She was so happy with the little boy that she was not interested in selling anymore for the day. So she packed up and returned home early. As she was emptying her basket she could not believe her eyes. The grains that Krishna dropped into the basket had turned into gold. "Oh! The Lord himself came in person to bless me. I am so lucky", she thought.

This was Krishna's way of showing that anyone who offered him anything with love and affection would be blessed with a lot of happiness.

