

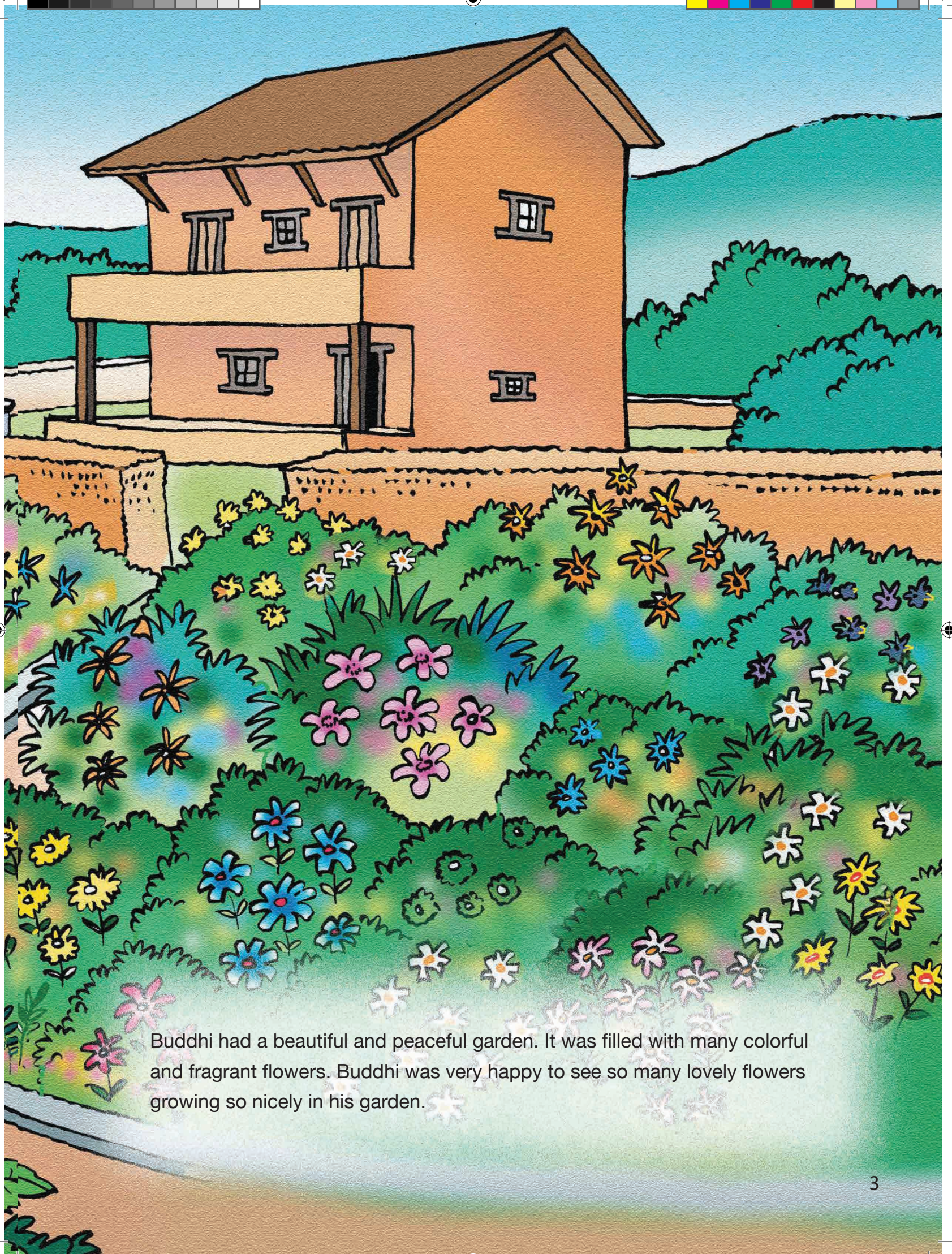
Aarti and Buddhi



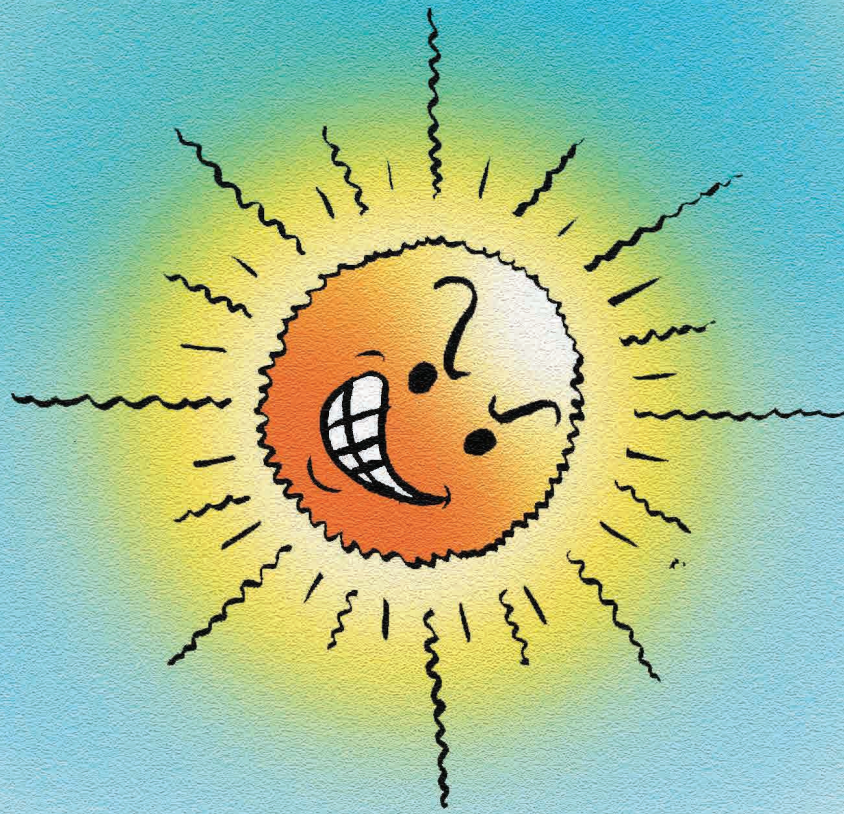
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Buddhi had a beautiful and peaceful garden. It was filled with many colorful and fragrant flowers. Buddhi was very happy to see so many lovely flowers growing so nicely in his garden.



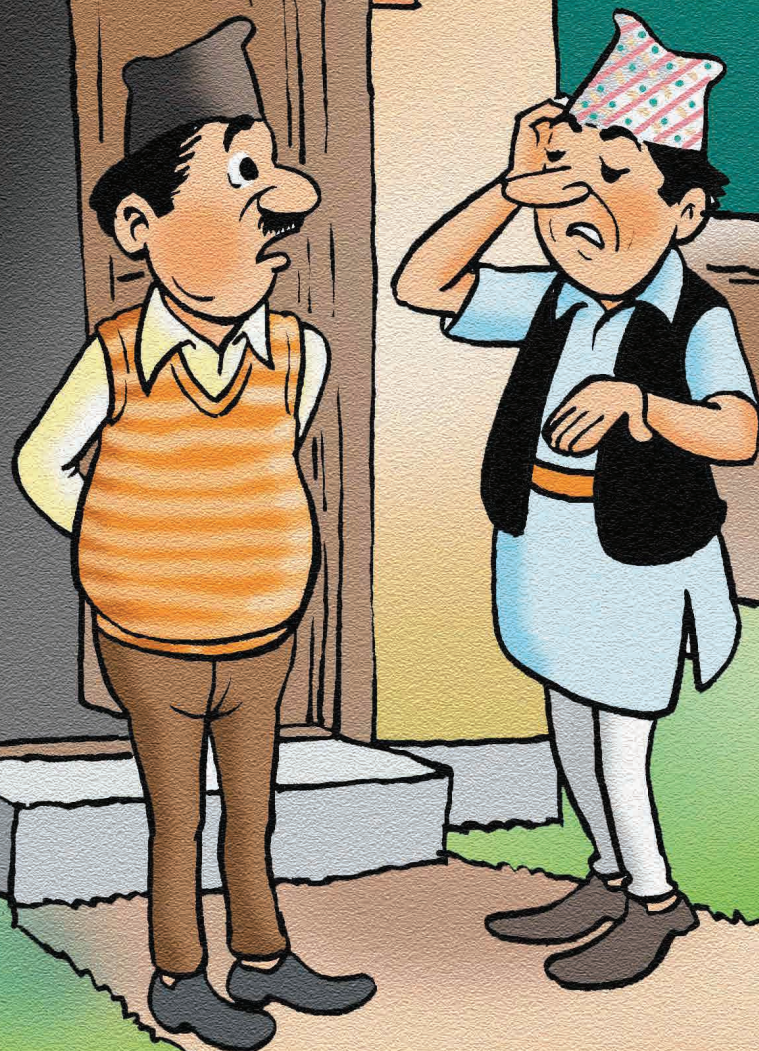
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However, lately the garden was in trouble because it had not rained for more than a year. Without the water that it needed, the flowers in the garden were slowly beginning to wither.

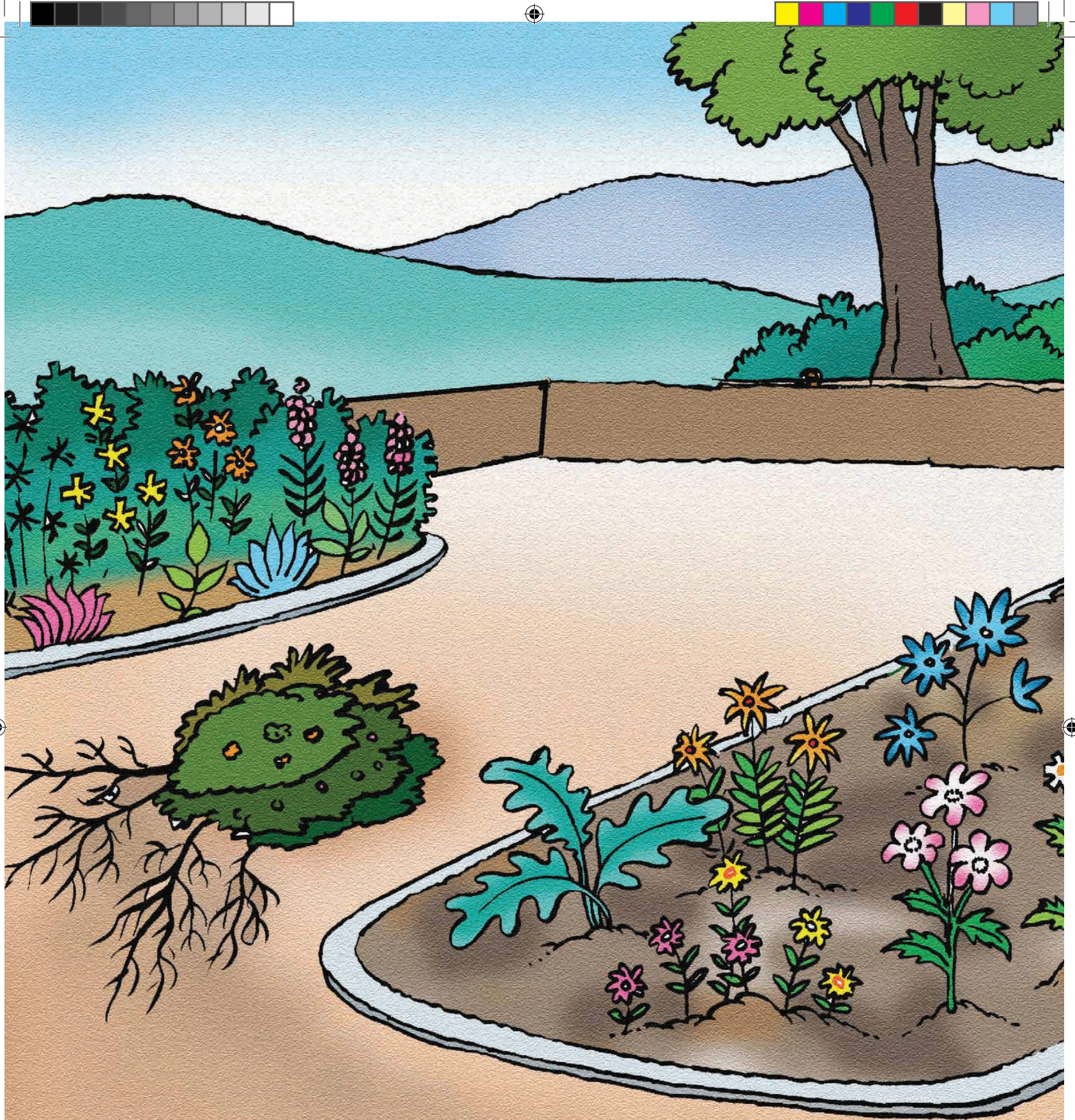


One day, Buddhi decided to visit his friend named Aarti. He always relied on Aarti for all kinds of advice. Buddhi asked him, "Aarti, if you go to my garden, you will see that this drought is drying up and killing all the flowers. Are there any flowers that will never dry and wither and do not need water to live? Please help me."

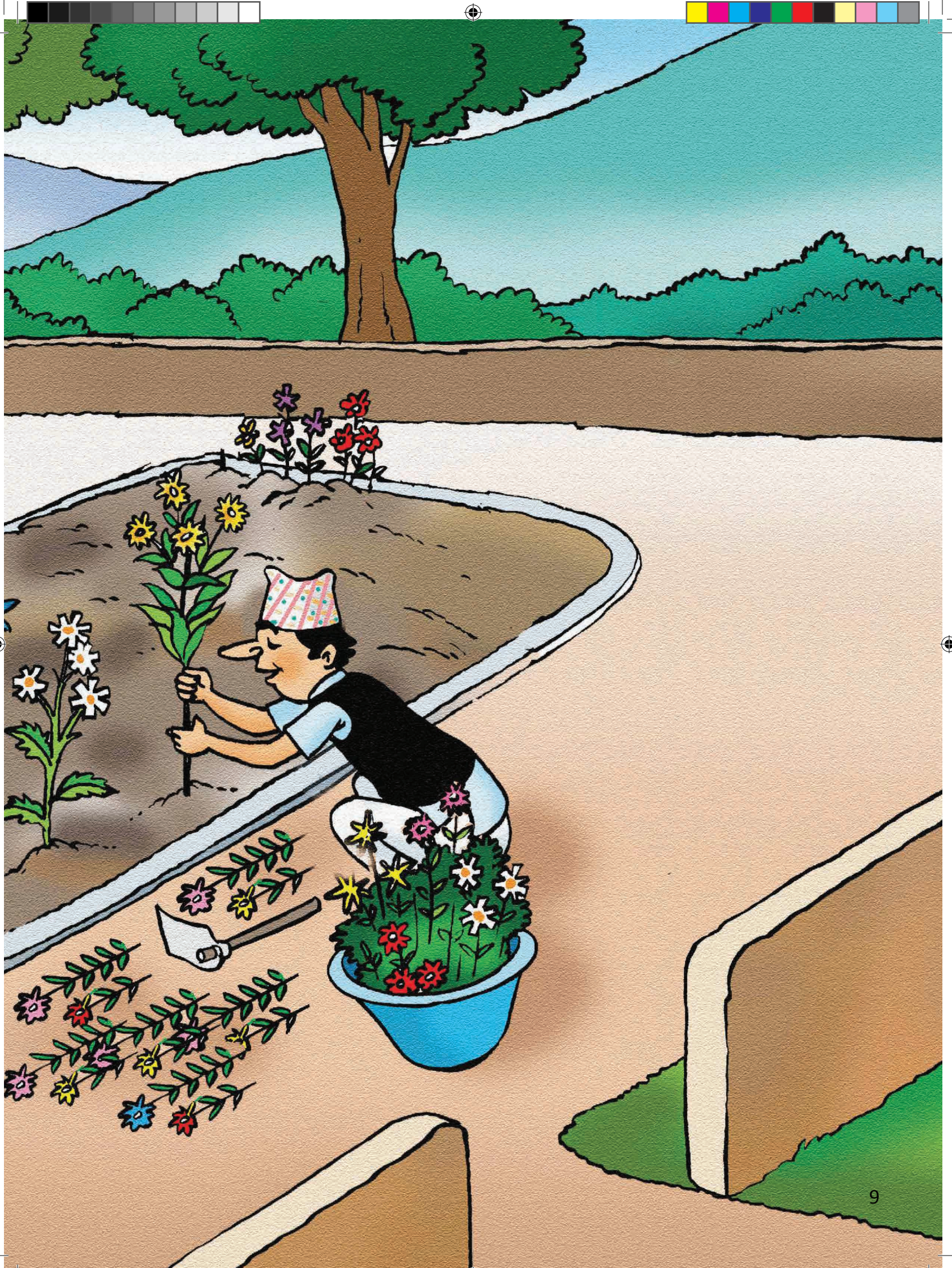


Aarti answered him, "Hmm, I have an idea—you can plant paper or plastic flowers in your garden. Maybe plastic is the best type of flower as they will never wither or dry up. Come to think of it, paper flowers may ruin if you give them water, but plastic flowers cannot be ruined by anything."



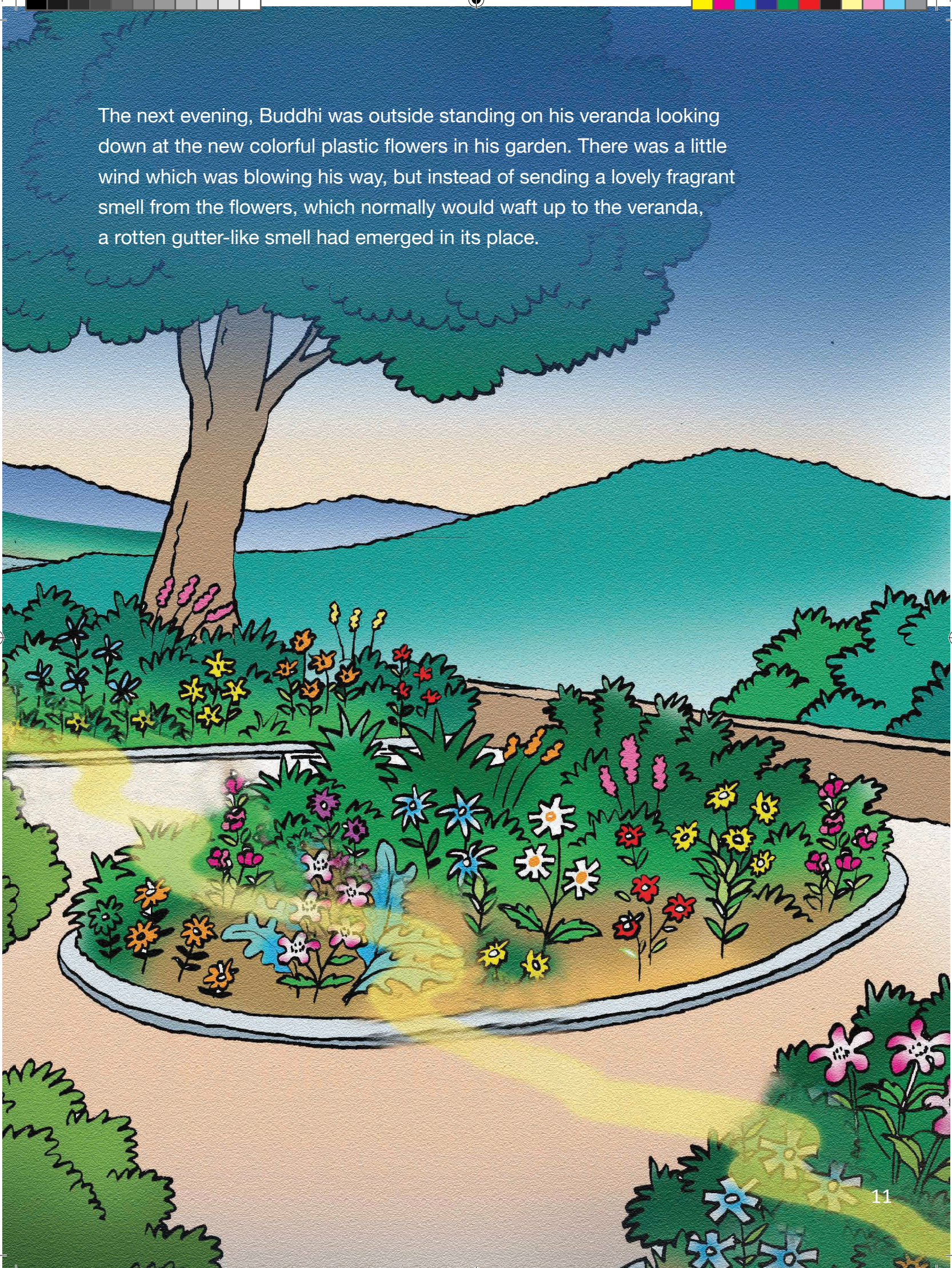


So without thinking, Buddhi took his friend's advice and quickly plucked all the real flowers from his garden, and then bought some beautiful plastic ones to plant in their place. Buddhi thought to himself, *Wow, this was so easy, and now my garden looks great.*

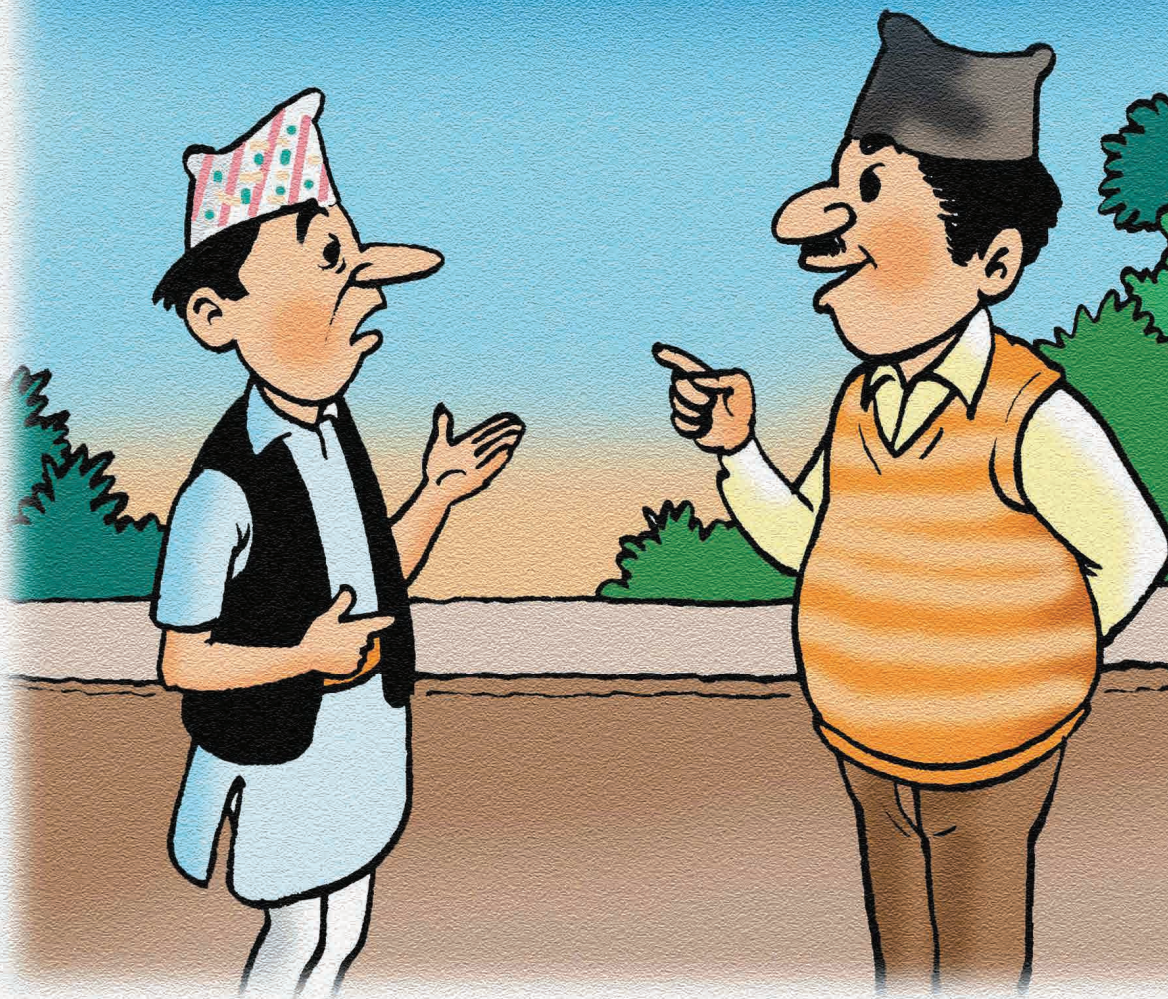




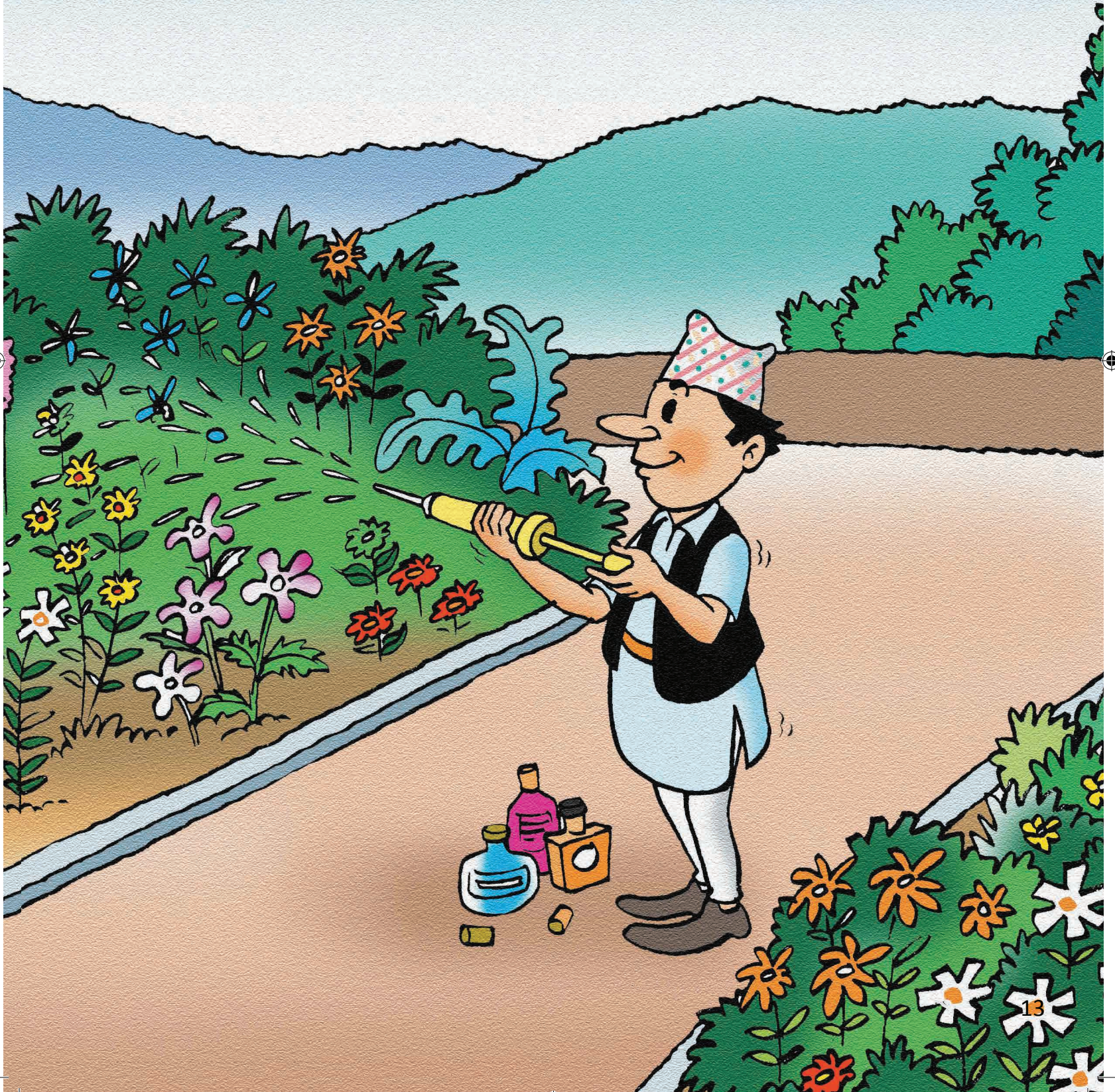
The next evening, Buddhi was outside standing on his veranda looking down at the new colorful plastic flowers in his garden. There was a little wind which was blowing his way, but instead of sending a lovely fragrant smell from the flowers, which normally would waft up to the veranda, a rotten gutter-like smell had emerged in its place.



So the next morning, Buddhi again went to visit his friend Aarti's home to ask his advice. Buddhi asked him, "My garden has indeed become beautiful with all the new colorful flowers, but the flowers just do not smell sweet and lovely like they used to, and a strong gutter smell has come in its place. Aarti do you have any idea?" "Well, my friend, I suggest that you bring some perfume and spray it all over," answered Aarti.



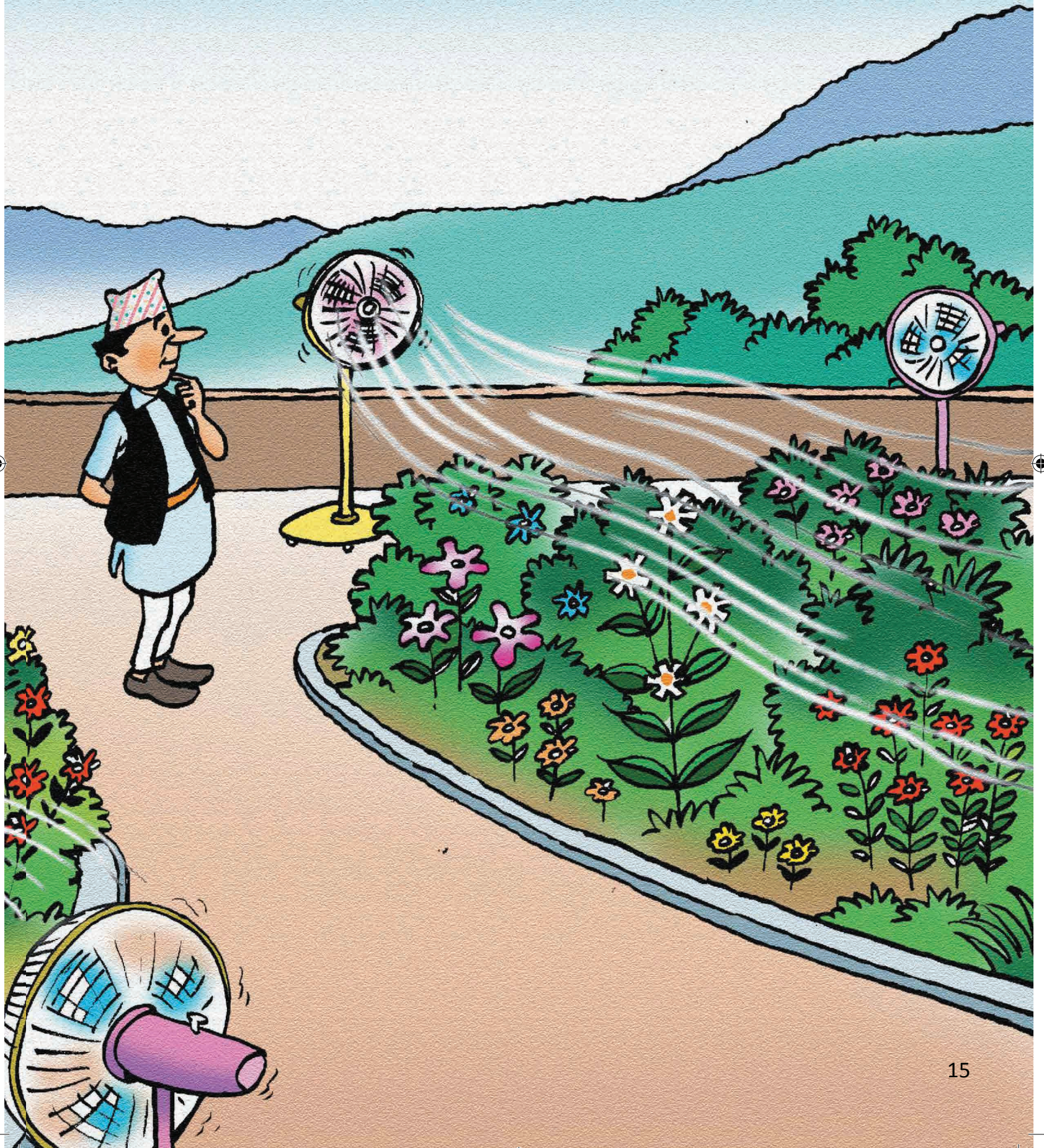
Buddhi again took his friend's advice and the next day he filled his water piston with perfume that smelled like the flowers and sprayed it all throughout his garden.



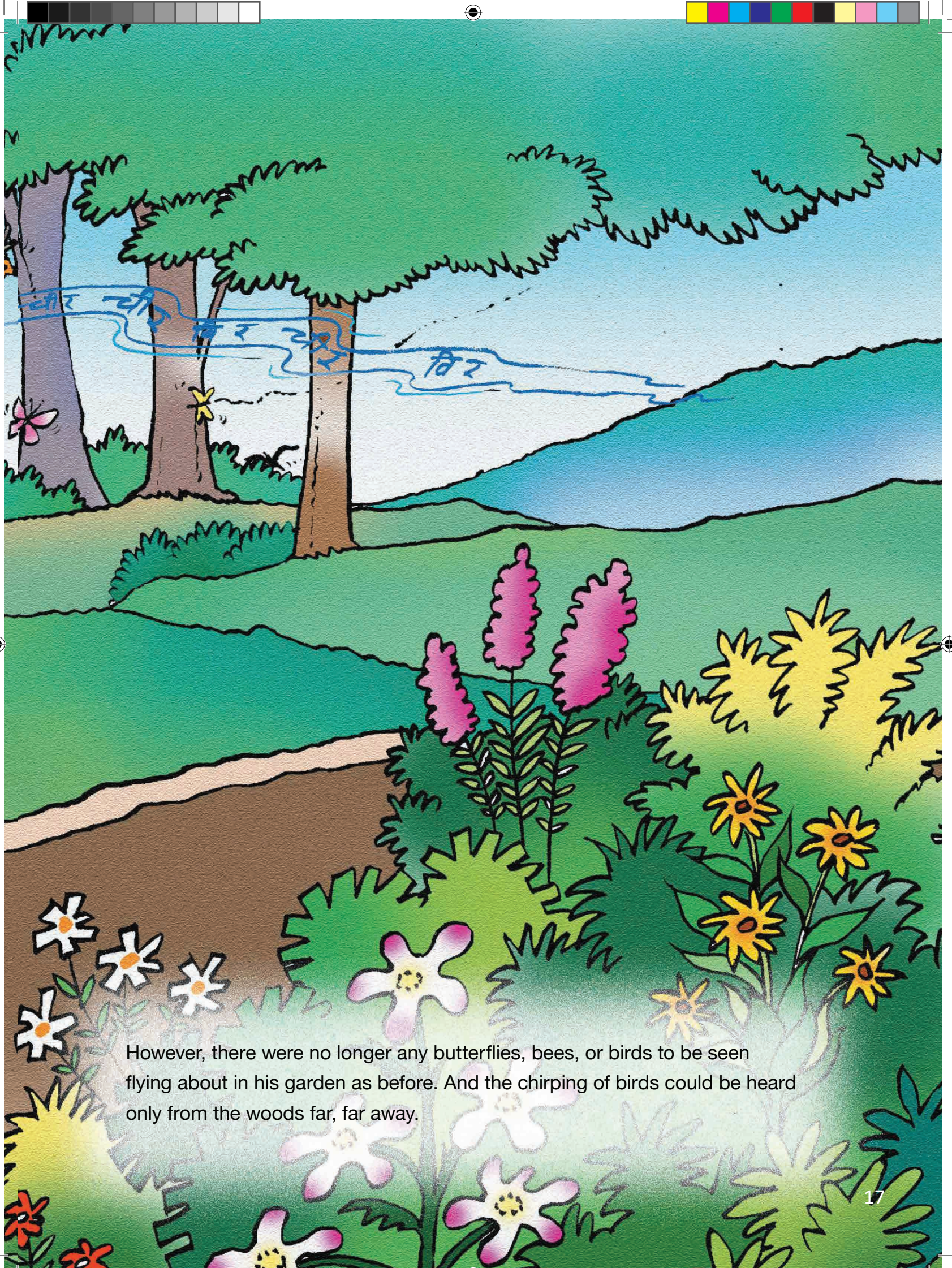
Unfortunately, again there was no fresh scent coming from the garden. So again he went to Aarti and asked him, "The flowers still have no aroma. What shall I do my friend?" Aarti answered, "Well, you see Buddhi, if there is no wind, there will be no smell. Why don't you run an electric fan on the flowers? That will bring you the sweet smell of the perfumed flowers and that will change the smell in the garden."



Buddhi went to get his electric fan and turned it on so that the smell of the perfume would spread throughout the garden and make it smell nice again.





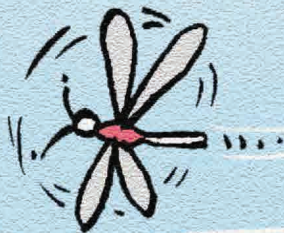


However, there were no longer any butterflies, bees, or birds to be seen flying about in his garden as before. And the chirping of birds could be heard only from the woods far, far away.





Buddhi yet again continued to follow Aarti's advice. He bought toy butterflies, birds, and bees to fly around in his garden. His neighbors and others also visited his garden to see all the new flowers and toy creatures.

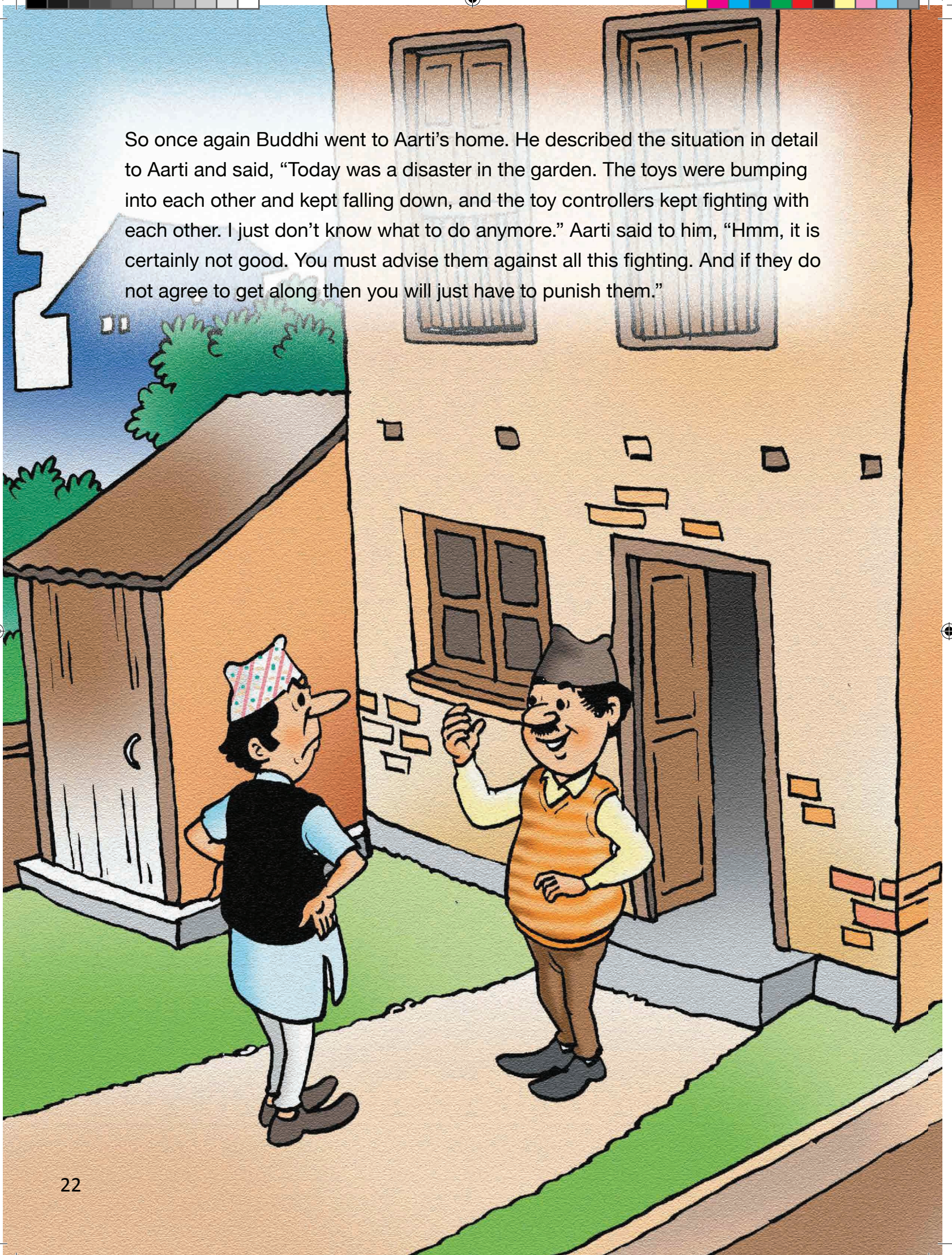




However, all was not going as planned and there were many problems in the garden. The moving toys kept bumping into each other, and the people who were controlling them were constantly quarreling with each other.



So once again Buddhi went to Aarti's home. He described the situation in detail to Aarti and said, "Today was a disaster in the garden. The toys were bumping into each other and kept falling down, and the toy controllers kept fighting with each other. I just don't know what to do anymore." Aarti said to him, "Hmm, it is certainly not good. You must advise them against all this fighting. And if they do not agree to get along then you will just have to punish them."



Buddhi was a bit surprised by Aarti's suggestions and finally had begun to start thinking twice about all the advice Aarti had given him. "Punishment should also be given to you. Your suggestions have destroyed my garden. Fake flowers, fake fragrance, fake wind, fake butterflies, and fake birds. My garden is now artificial. You are the one who suggested I waste money for all these phony things, and now look at my garden."

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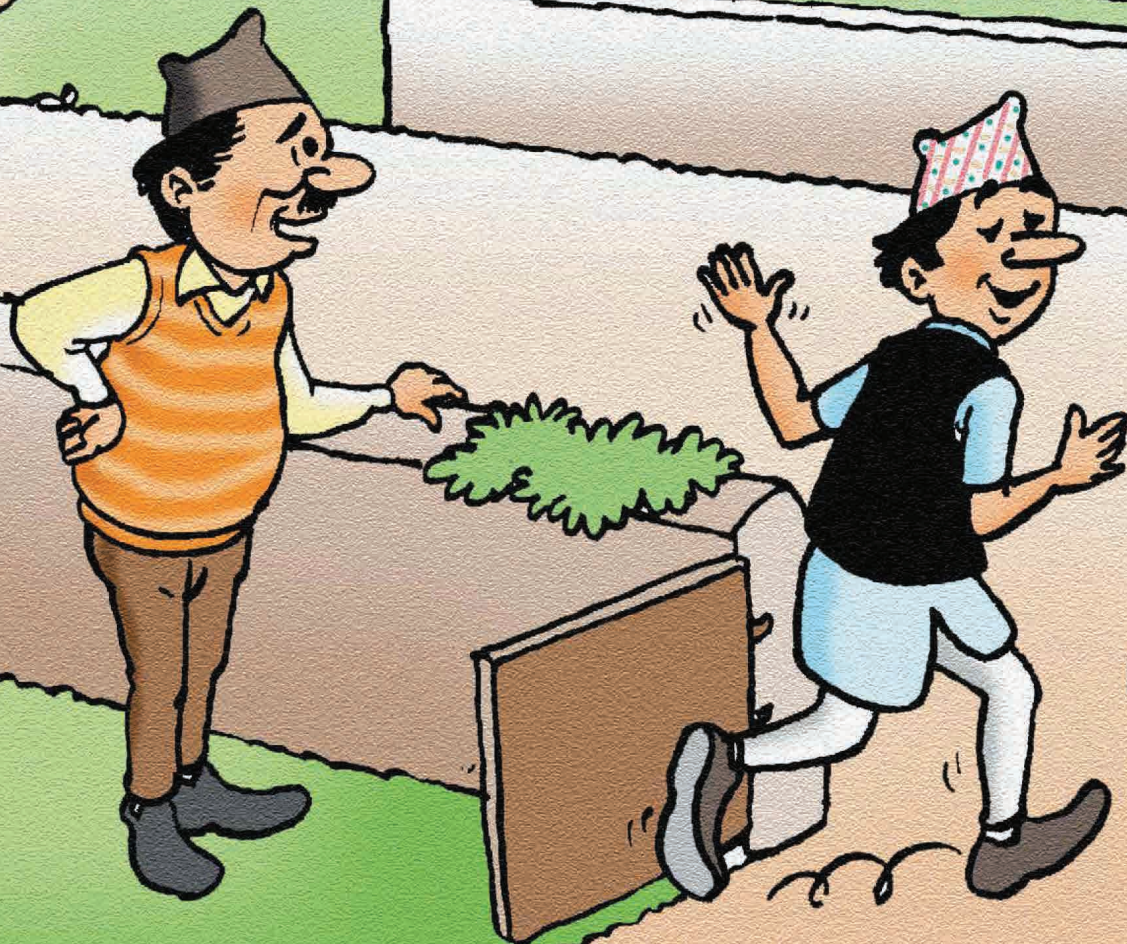
Aarti quickly piped in, "Suggestions should be taken from everyone, but one should decide what to do on his own. If someone says to you that the crow has taken your ears, it doesn't make sense for you to run after that crow."

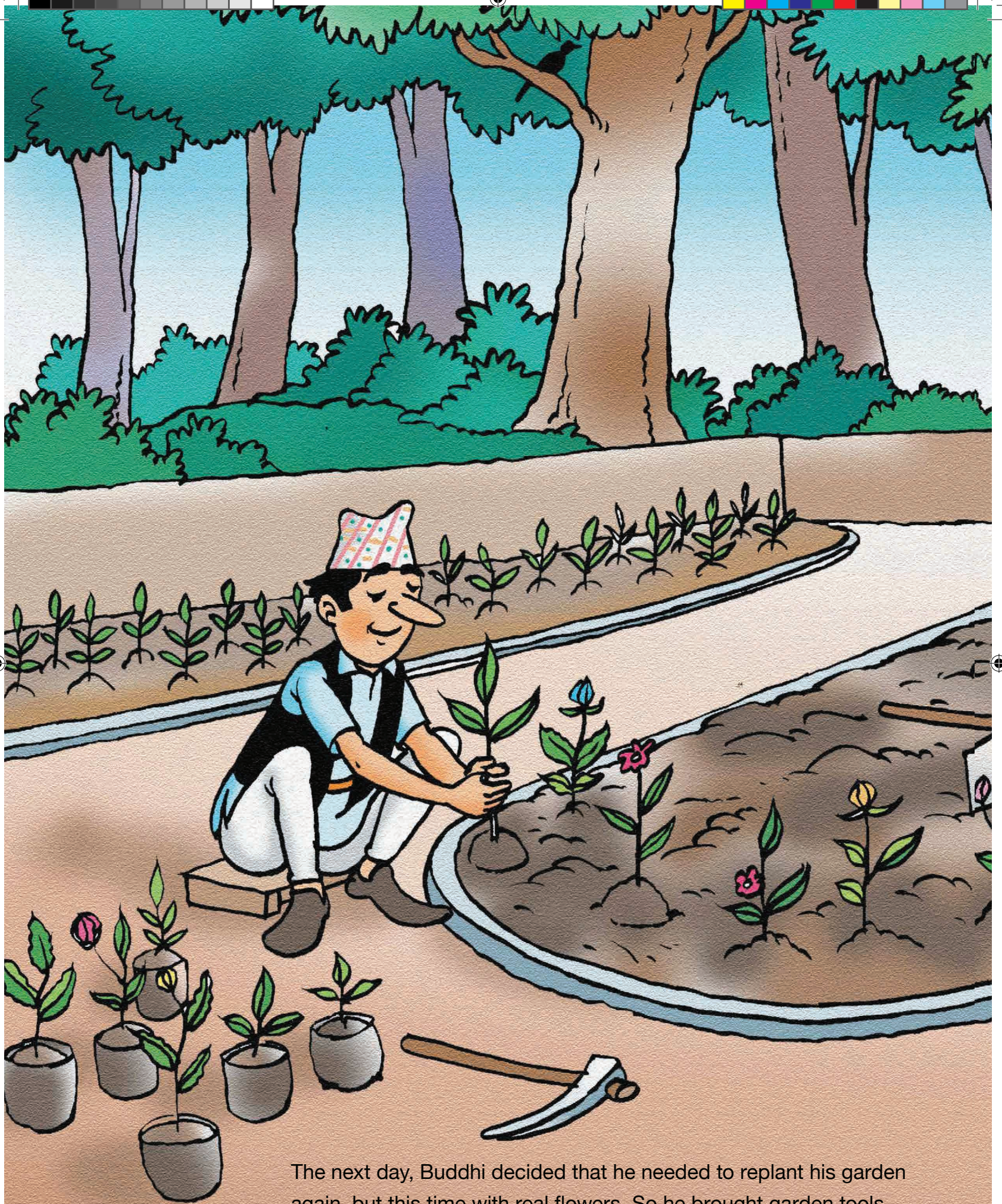


Buddhi was startled at what Aarti had said, but at the same time he came to an important realization. He realized that flowers both blossom and wither, and that was natural. *It was my fault I planted artificial flowers and went against nature*, he thought to himself.



Seeing Buddhi pondering so deeply, Aarti asked him, "What are you thinking about, my friend? Do you need any more advice?" Buddhi replied, "No, I don't need any more. I have finally realized all I need to know."





The next day, Buddhi decided that he needed to replant his garden again, but this time with real flowers. So he brought garden tools and started planting flowers once again.

Buddhi happily cared for and watered the new plants every day.





After several days, Buddhi's garden was again filled with colorful flowers and chirping birds, bees, and butterflies. He was amazed to see so many sweet smelling natural flowers, and was thankful to nature for this gift.



Aarti paid a visit to Buddhi's home. Buddhi welcomed him and showed him his garden that was overflowing with beautiful and fragrant flowers once again. They embraced and wished happiness to each other.

