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Aruta and the golden ring

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Aruta and the golden ring

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Aruta was now a happy girl.

She could rest, play and go to school just like many children in her village.



Aruta was an orphan living with her aunt. The aunt was a wicked woman.

She sent Aruta to hawk items when other children went to school.



Aruta also did all the house chores.

She had no time to play. Aruta had no friends.



The wicked aunt would see the hawking tray without wares but full of money.

She did not know what to ask Aruta to do next.



Aruta returned home with the ring. Before her aunt would wake up she would command the ring to do all the chores.

The compound would be swept, the dirty plates washed and the pot full.



One day, Aruta went to fetch water in the river.

She saw a shiny golden ring in the water. She picked it up.



Aruta handed over the ring to the herder who brought his cattle to drink. "Here is your ring, sir. I found it in the water," Aruta said.

The herder returned the ring to Aruta. "Take it. It's yours."



"No, my aunt will say I stole it from someone," Aruta declined.

"It's a gift from a good spirit. Anytime you need things done, command it," the herder said.