

*Listen Podcast  
to The Next Level!*



# The Golden Plate

Once upon a time in a place called Seri, there came two salesmen of pots and pans and hand-made trinkets. Since they both had the same items to sell, they wondered how they can both sell it in the same village and earn well! “Oh Sundar, how can we sell the same item to the same person? If they buy from you, why will they buy it from me again?” “If I may interrupt? I have an idea. Why don't both of you divide this town in half. You take your things to sell in one half and you take the other. Once each one of you is done with an area, the other can go and try selling his items there too!” “That's a brilliant idea!” “Thank you so much for helping us!” Thus Mahesh and Sundar began on their separate routes and started calling out to the villagers. “Pots and pans! Pots and Pans! Take your trinkets and shine with them!” Not far away a little girl listened to the salesman screaming. She hurried inside to call her Grandmother out. “Grandma! Someone is selling shiny trinkets! I want a bracelet! Please buy me one!” “Oh, child! I wish I could! But we don't have any money! How will we buy it!” “Um... Can't we sell that ugly plate to buy the bracelet?” “Oh! This thing? This is covered in black soot! Who will trade this for a bracelet?” “Oh, let's try Grandma! Please!” “Okay. We can try.” Soon, Mahesh approached the little girl's house. “Yes! Over here! I want a bracelet!” Mahesh saw the little girl's torn clothes and at once decided to ignore her. “Don't waste my time, little girl. You can't buy this.” “But you have to tell me the price first, don't you?” “Okay! It's for coins! Give me it and buy your bracelet” “Umm, four coins... Umm” “We are so sorry. We don't have money to give you. But if you come inside, I can offer you something to trade for.” “Ah! Fine! But make it quick! I have to go and sell these things to those who have money to buy them!” The house was in a terrible condition. The walls

were falling apart, the roof was patched to cover holes and there were mice all over the place! "What! They are so poor! What on earth can they offer me! The mice!" "Sire, I only have this plate to offer you. My granddaughter really wants a bracelet. Please accept this?" "Oh! This black ugly thing! How deep is it covered in black ash! Let me rub it, I hope it's at least copper!" As Mahesh rubbed the plate, the ash came off and a little part of the plate started to shine... "Ha! What!" It was a golden plate! "What happened? Is something wrong? Can you buy this?" Mahesh was a greedy man. He thought to himself. "This is pure gold! this must be worth hundreds and thousands! I should go quietly and come back later. They will be convinced that this plate was worthless and will give it to me even for free! Oh! I was just wondering how could you offer this useless plate to me! This is not worth anything! There's no value in this, I don't want it!" "Oh! Please don't say this! It will break my granddaughter's heart! Can't you find a way to give us one bracelet!" "Hahaha! One bracelet! I can't give you even half a bracelet for this useless thing. You've wasted enough of my time. I will leave now!" "He is a rude man! I don't want anything!" As Mahesh disappeared in the market, Sundar came to the same place to try his luck. "Pots, Pans and Trinkets! Pots, Pans and Trinkets! Hello, little girl! Would you want to buy something?" "I don't have money to buy anything from you!" "Oh! You must have something? Don't be sad! let's do one thing. You tell me what you have and I will try to trade. Deal?" "Um... Okay. I want a bracelet but I don't want it for free! I have an old plate that I can give you. Would you want to have a look at it?" "Ha-ha. Of course! How else will we deal?" "I don't know if it would be of any use, but here it is." Sundar knew that the plate was not worth much. But he was a generous and honest

man. He didn't want to break the little girl's heart. He had already made up his mind to trade the old plate for a bracelet. To make the trade look real, he decided to examine the plate first. "Hmm... Okay... Let me try and rub the black ash. What! This is the golden plate! Miss, this is worth more than everything I have! It's worth thousands! I don't have enough to buy this!" "Oh! Really? I am an old lady. I don't understand money. You seem to be honest and kind. Why don't you take this and give my granddaughter a bracelet?" "A bracelet? You can have more than a thousand bracelets! Wait a minute. I can give you every pot, pen, trinket and every last coin I have in return for this plate! But please let me keep eight coins to be able to cross the river and my balancing scale, with its cover to put the golden plate in." The old lady was very happy, she now had many earthen pots and pans and her granddaughter had many shiny trinkets. They happily waved goodbye to Sundar. Sundar was also very happy to have found the golden plate. He knew his life was about to change for good! Not far behind was Mahesh who also thought the same. But little did he know that his dreams were long gone! "Gold! Gold! I'm going to be rich! I am sure the old lady has by now given up all hope. She will readily give me the golden plate for free! This is real salesmanship! I know you would be waiting for me outside! Hmm... Okay. I've changed my mind. I can't see a little girl like you sad! I will buy your golden... uh... I mean that black ugly plate. But I can't give you your bracelet. Let me think..." "Thinking what, Mister? We don't need anything from you! We already sold our golden plate to a wise and honest salesman!" "What? Where? How? Who?" "You are rude! And now you are late too! He gave us everything he had except eight coins and his balancing scale! He must have already crossed the river by now!" "What! No!

My money!” But the little girl was right! Mahesh indeed was late. Sundar had already crossed the river. Mahesh exploded with rage and started jumping up and down, waving his hands in the air! He was filled with hatred for Sundar. He was screaming. But Sundar was far ahead. He could not hear a word. “Come back at once! That's my money!” “Oh that's Mahesh! He is jumping with excitement! He is waving at me! Maybe he knows about what happened. Look how happy he is for me! Hey! Thank you! I am happy too! Goodbye now!” “My... money...” Sundar was gone and Mahesh was there, on the ground, regretting his actions... “If only he had not been greedy, the golden plate would have been with him” Remember, Honesty is the best policy!