

Faiyaz's Fables

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To my mother, who taught me to laugh, love, do what I love, and love the accidents that life throws at me.

To my father, who taught me the value of honesty, intention and imagination, and to always ask why.

To my brother, who taught me to think critically, optimally and skeptically.

To my grandmother, who taught me the power of focus, clarity and discipline.

To my friends, who spent their hours arguing with my stubborn, naive self, and still be my friends.

And to myself, for actually listening to them and everyone else life shares with me, and trying my best.

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The Dark and the Bright Firefly

The fireflies would always play at night. Sometimes, however, it became so dark that the fireflies sometimes unexpectedly crashed into each other. They would then get upset and get into an argument.

Most of the fireflies disliked the Dark Firefly the most. The other fireflies could barely see where he was going so they would crash into him all the time. Over time, the Dark Firefly had come to understand that none of the fireflies liked to play with him, so he stopped playing altogether.

However, all the fireflies loved to play with the new Firefly. She was a Bright Firefly. She was so bright, that even in the darkest of nights, all the fireflies could see her. None of the fireflies ever crashed with her, and they always wanted to play when she was playing.

One day, the Bright Firefly noticed the Dark Firefly was not playing. The Bright Firefly stopped playing and asked the Dark Firefly to join them. The Dark Firefly declined and explained that they all hated him because they could not see him. Heartbroken, the Bright Firefly said they could play with only with each other, and she didn't mind if they crashed with each other.

The Bright Firefly and the Dark Firefly then played tag every night. But no matter how much they played, they never crashed. The Dark Firefly, confused, asked the Bright Firefly, "How can you see me? How come we never crash?" The Bright Firefly answered, "You look just as bright as everyone else to me." Shocked the Dark Firefly looked at himself and saw that he could see himself. The light from the Bright Firefly was so bright, that it bounced off the Dark Firefly and made the Dark Firefly look bright.

The Bright Firefly asked if the Dark Firefly could play with them, but they rejected. The Bright Firefly said she would not play with them if they did not let the Dark Firefly play as well. The fireflies then changed their mind and let both fireflies play. The Dark Firefly was very happy. None of the other fireflies crashed with him because the light of the Bright

Firefly was so bright. The other fireflies began to start liking the Dark Firefly. As the Dark Firefly became happier and happier, he got brighter and brighter, and as he got brighter and brighter, the other fireflies liked playing with him more and more. Soon enough, he was as bright as all the other fireflies.

The Horse, the Sun, and the Moon

The Horse enjoyed being in the Sun. It loved the light and the warmth that the Sun gave, and that the trees and grass gave more air when the Sun was out. When the Sun set, the Horse became sad. The Horse doesn't sleep much so its nights were long, dark and cold. It could not see or do much.

One day, the Horse began to chase the Sun so that day never ends. With the everlasting sunlight, the Horse could play, breathe the freshest air, and always feel the Sun's warmth and see its light.

However, over time the Horse noticed that there were somethings that it did not like. The Horse found it difficult to nap during the day. It noticed that it had little time for itself because all other animals were awake during the day. The day was noisy and congested. Overtime, the Horse got annoyed and started hating the Sun.

Then the Horse stopped chasing the Sun, and then began chasing the Moon. The night was quiet. The Horse immersed itself in peace and solitude, but overtime, the cold and darkness began to bother the Horse.

The Horse then stopped chasing altogether. The Horse enjoyed the warmth, air and light of the Sun, and the peace and solitude of the Moon.

The Bird and the Meadow

There was once Bird, flying through the sky. She loved flying, more than anything else. One day, while Bird was flying with her family, a storm had begun. The storm was too powerful and large to escape, and they were trying to evade the hard winds, the winds threw pebbles and branches at them. Bird and her family were hit and unable to fly, were flung to the ground.

When the storm was finally over, the birds were hurt and could not fly. There was too much pain to go fly. The storm pushed them to a meadow, where many worms were dug up from the storm, and the Bird and her family could eat a lot of worms. It was very nice. They did not have to hunt for food. There was so much to eat where the storm had taken them.

Once Bird had fully recovered, it started to fly again. It was soaring in the sky, but when she felt a strong wind, it got scared and did not evade the wind. The wind flung Bird to the ground near the meadow. Bird was once again hurt. Bird was again to injured to fly.

Bird ate the worms and lived happily with family, and slept and enjoyed life. Once Bird was healed, she got ready to fly again, but as she saw a strong wind, she got scared. She decided to stay in the Meadow and stay with her family where it was nice.

After a long time, Bird missed flying. She wanted to fly again, but her family said no. They said she would get hurt and that it was nice and safe there. But Bird was restless. One day, she told her family she must fly and flew to the sky. There was a strong wind. Bird was scared, but maneuvered the wind. Bird was happy. Bird would fly most of the day, and came back down to rest, eat and see her family. Seeing Bird, other brothers and sisters of Bird flew too, but some remained.

One day, Bird wanted to go on a trip and fly far away. When Bird came back the next day, she saw only some of her brothers and sisters. They said that Cats came and tried to eat them. Her family had tried to fly away, but some were too heavy to fly, or were scared and were knocked back by the wind. The wind pushed them back to the ground. Bird and her

remaining brothers and sisters mourned and then flew away.

The Traveller and the Three Farmers

A Traveller happened upon three identical farms that were right next to each other, each filled with a wide variety of fruits and vegetables. The Traveller inquired the owners and learned that they were brothers who had just inherited their lands from their prolific father. Aware that the farms were just big enough only to sustain a single person, the Traveller did not stay for long and continued with his travels.

Years later the Traveller came across the same land. However, this time he saw a big farm, a farm that looked exactly the same as he had seen it years ago, and an enormous farm much bigger than both the other farms combined. Curious, he went to visit the big farm first.

The Traveller noticed that the owner had a wife and a child now. The owner said that he had worked very hard to grow his farm. He had earned enough to sell the extra produce and provide for his wife and child, but the farm is so large that he has to work very hard just to maintain it. When the Traveller asked him why he worked so hard, the owner answered, “I want to be the most successful and the most happy I can be.”

The Traveller then went to the farm that had not changed. The Traveller saw that the owner still lived alone. The Traveller asked why he continued to live the same life, to which the owner replied, “I enjoy eating, and the farm provides enough food for me.”

Finally, the Traveller went to the largest farm. He saw that the owner had started a large family, and the children often helped in the farm, but the owner did a tremendous amount of work day to day. The owner said they had plenty of food and urged the Traveller to stay and eat with them. The Traveller asked the owner why he worked so hard, to which he replied, “I love farming.”

The Sloth, the Fox, and the Dog

The Sloth, the Fox, and the Dog were friends. One day, they discovered a cave and they all entered. After some walking they arrived at the end and happened upon a tall tree with 4 berries on the ground next to it. They each ate one berry and it was absolutely delicious! Then a bird appeared from the tree and ate the remaining berry.

They then noticed that the end of the cave had 2 more cave openings. Hoping to find more, the Fox and the Dog went into their separate openings hoping to find more berries, but the Sloth remained to eat the berries that would fall from the current tree.

After more walking both the Fox and the Dog noticed more cave openings within the paths they chose. They both started making a map as they explored. In their exploration, they both found many trees. Some trees had many berries on the ground, some had a few. The Fox started counting the berries and marking the the number of berries found on the map. The Dog after having explored his side of the cave, marked the path to the cave that had the most berries.

The Fox and the Dog then went to the tree with the most berries on their side and ate them. They returned to the first tree with the Sloth. They told the Sloth there are more berries, but the Sloth did not care.

The next day, they returned to the cave. The Fox went to its side of the cave and went to the tree with the most berries. While eating the berries, the Fox counted them and noticed that there were less berries than what he had marked on the map and became upset. The Dog looked at his map and followed the path to the tree with the most berries and ate them and was very happy. They then returned to the first tree. The Fox told the Dog that he was frustrated because there were less berries this time. The Dog could not remember if he ate more berries than last time; he was just happy that he had a path to show him where to get the most berries.

The Fox and the Pride of Lions

The Fox became close friends with a pride of Lions. It began to hunt, eat and sleep with them as if they were all family. However, being smaller and weaker than the rest of the Lions, the Fox was not always able to catch the animals it hunted with the Lions.

The Fox grew very hungry a few times and asked the Lions for meat, but the Lions were big and needed more food than the Fox. They refused to share and told the Fox that it didn't need much food. The Fox knew this was true, and dealt with its hunger.

One day the Fox was extremely hungry and the Lions again refused to share their food. The Fox noticed one of the Lions had a lot of food, and then stole the food. The Fox enjoyed its meal, but then all the Lions roared and banished the Fox.

Separated from the Pride of Lions, the Fox began hunting smaller animals like it was used to. It was happy because it wasn't hungry as often, but it did feel lonely. One day the Fox got lucky and got a lot of food from hunting. It saw that another Lion was unable to hunt any food for itself and the Fox came and shared its food with the Lion.

The Lion was shocked that the Fox that shared the food was the same Fox that stole their food. The Lion gratefully ate the food that the Fox shared. The Fox gave more to the Lion than itself.

The Lion was happy and roared to the rest of the Lions telling them how the Fox helped them. The Lions welcomed the Fox and made sure that the Fox was well-fed. When the Fox could not find food with the Lions, it hunted smaller animals alone. It grew hungry less often, but whenever the Fox was very hungry after its hunt, the Lions would share what they had to the Fox.

The Dog, the Baker and the Reasons of Ravens

The Dog was loved by all, especially the Baker. The Baker one day baked a big loaf of brown bread for the Dog and the Dog took it home. Then a Reason of 10 Ravens appeared and asked if they could eat it. The Dog let them eat it and then went back to the Baker everyday, who would then bake the Dog more bread.

Later a separate Reason of 20 Ravens appeared and asked if they could eat it with the 10 Ravens. The Dog let them. The Reason of 20 Ravens asked if the Dog could get sourdough bread instead. The Dog went to the Baker everyday and asked the Baker for sourdough bread. The Baker was more than happy to help the dog, and baked sourdough bread everyday.

After some time, a Reason of 15 more Ravens appeared and asked the Dog if they could eat with the other Reasons. The Dog let them also join. This Reason of Ravens wanted brown bread, and the original 10 agreed. The Dog then asked the Baker to bake brown bread again, and the Baker was confused but did as the Dog pleased.

Sometimes the Reason of Ravens that liked Sourdough were more, and sometimes the Reason of Ravens that liked brown bread were more, and the Dog asked the bread accordingly. But the Baker could not understand why the Dog kept changing its mind but thought it better not to ask.

The Tribe and the Strange Village

Once there was an old traveling tribe that saw a big village that appeared empty. It was one unlike anything they saw. One of the tribesman was excited and said he wanted to go scout the village. After some hours, he came back and said, "There weren't many people. I only saw one person. I looked at him and he smiled at me. I think he was very nice. I think everyone there is probably nice, we should go meet them."

The next day, one other tribesman said, "I think it is still too dangerous for all of us to go down. Let me go alone." and went to the big village. After some time, he came back and said, "It was very empty, but I saw someone, and he was very angry. I think he is bad. We shouldn't go. They are dangerous."

The two tribesman started arguing that the other was wrong. Then a third tribesman said, "I am sad. You guys are fighting. You are my friends. Stop fighting. I will go." After sometime, he came back and said, "It was very empty, but I saw a very sad man. I looked at him and I could feel his pain."

The next day a child from the tribe snuck into the village. After some time, he came back. His tribe was very worried. The child said, "It's okay, I didn't see many people. But I saw another kid. We waved at each other. I made a friend there!" But it was getting late so I ran back.

The next day, the mother of the child, curious, went to the village. She came back saying, "I didn't see anyone accept a beautiful woman. But I was nervous and I ran away."

Another tribesman, eager to see the beautiful woman, when to the village the next day, but came back looking disappointed. He said, "I didn't see anyone there except a tall, strong, but ugly looking man."

The tribe was aware then there were many people in the village. A nice man, an angry man, a very sad man, a child, a beautiful woman, and a tall ugly man. They looked around and suddenly got shivers. They knew there was something strange about that place and decided

they should stay away. But sometimes, the jolly man would sneak out to smile at the man he saw, and the child would go down to wave at the child he saw, and the man who saw the sad person would go down and just stand in front of the man he saw, to give him company, showing him that he understood how he felt. Sometime, the lustful man would go, always to come back disappointed unable to see the beautiful woman, and only see ugly men.

The distrustful man always stayed away, knowing that they were all wrong. The village was bad, like the angry man he saw. The woman also stayed away, jealous of the woman she saw with all her beauty.

The Oracle and the Sky

There was once a wise man who lived within the mountains. Often traveling to gain wisdom far and wide. When he returned, his fellow people would ask him what he had learnt and always asked for his advice and what they should do. Over the years, he would grow old, and lost all his teeth and could no longer speak. He then lived alone in the mountain. They called him the Oracle.

There was a long drought in the village, and people were suffering. They cared for the old Oracle, and asked a young boy to go up and bring food to him regularly. One day, there was a great rain, that revived the crops. The boy came running back from the mountain once the rain was gone, saying they saw something amazing in the sky in the mountain. Something he had not seen before. The villagers wanted to know what it was. Maybe it was a signal for what they should do to get rain.

One villager walked to the mountain, and asked the Oracle what he saw, but the Oracle could not speak. “Was it red?” The man asked. The Oracle nodded. In their village, they knew red meant love. He went to the village and gave charity to the poor, and helped in the community center.

The same day at a different time, another villager went to visit the Oracle. He asked the Oracle, “Was it green?” The Oracle nodded. The villager went back down, and worked very hard at the farm, because green meant hard work and nature.

The next day different villager went up to the Oracle and asked, “Was it Yellow?” The Oracle nodded. The villager went down and began singing and dancing and praising life, because that was what yellow meant in their culture. He brought cheer to the people.

The next day a different villager went up to the Oracle and asked, “Did it have blue?” The Oracle nodded, but this time, the Oracle had a wide grin on his face as he was nodding. Satisfied, the villager turned around to go back to the village, but before he left, he thought for a second. He turned around and asked, “Did it have red?” The Oracle nodded. “Did it

have green?” Again, the Oracle nodded. “Did it have yellow?” Again the Oracle nodded. “Did it have black?” The Oracle suddenly changed expression and shook his head. The villager let out a relieved sigh. The villager walked back down, happy knowing that they were all doing what they were supposed to. That they were all right.

The Parrot and the Songs

Once upon a time, a Parrot was born in the Forest. There he learnt to sing and chirp like the other parrots. It was very sweet and melodious. He loved singing with everyone.

Still young, he then migrated around the world with his parents. When they travelled to the mountains, the wolves sang differently. They sang with howls. Their music was also different; very harmonic and sombre. The Parrot learnt how to howl their songs, and loved to sing with them.

Then the Parrot migrated to the savannah, and met the lions. The lions sang by roaring, and their music was also very different; very slow but majestic. He also loved their music and learnt to sing like them.

Then the Parrot migrated to the plains and met Eagles who loved to whistle. Their music was very conversational. The Parrot learnt their music as well. This same way, the Parrot then learnt the majestic hums from the camels in the dessert, and the entrancing trumpets of the elephants in the mangroves. All very different, but the parrot loved them all.

When the Parrot grew up, he decided to migrate again and meet his old friends. He met the wolves and sang with their howls. Then the Parrot showed the other music he learnt, but the wolves did not like it. They wolves said the music was not proper, nor magical or enjoyable. It did not ring the same truth the music they were used to. But when the Parrot showed the songs to the cubs, they seemed to enjoy them more.

When the Parrot migrated to other places to see his friends, he same thing happened. The Lions, Eagles, Camels, Elephants all said the same thing as the Wolves: they didn't like the music of the other places and they were not magical and did not ring true. But the children seemed to like the music more.

To the Parrot, all music was magical, and each style from each animal and land rung its own truth. The Parrot spent the rest of its life traveling and meeting new animals and their music.

The Pigeon, the Sea Lion and the Flock of Seagulls

Once there were a Flock of Seagulls that would drop shells and rock at all the other animals that they did not like. This hurt a lot of animals so they complained to the Sea Lion. The Sea Lion made a rule that no animal can drop objects from the sky, and if they did the Sea Lion would eat the animal.

All the other animals were very happy now, because most of the Seagulls stopped dropping rocks and shells from the sky.

One day, there was a hungry Seagull that was struggling to find food. The Pigeon saw this and was able to find food and carried it and dropped it to the Seagull and the Seagull happily ate it. However, all the other animals told the Pigeon that he was bad for dropping something to the sky. The Sea Lion roared at the Pigeon and said the Pigeon will be eaten as punishment. The Pigeon pleaded that the Seagull was hungry and needed food. The Sea Lion forgave the Pigeon but said that the Pigeon should not break the rules anyway and disrespect the authority of the Sea Lion. The Sea Lion said that the rules brought peace to everyone.

The Pigeon noticed that some animals still struggled to find food, so the Pigeon secretly dropped food to the animals when they were hungry. Sometimes, other animals noticed and told the Pigeon he was bad and did not care about the rules. But the Pigeon continued secretly dropping food, hoping that the Sea Lion would never find out.

The Hill and Valley Mountain Goats

Once there were several Mountain Goats traveling together. Along they way, they saw that the path ahead was blocked, so they had to walk around it. On one side, there was a hill and on the other side was the valley, but both ended up in the same place.

The Goats argued about which path was better and went separate ways. At first the Goats in the Hill struggled a lot climbing the hill, and the Valley Goats laughed and sneered at the Hill Goats. The Hill Goats said the Mountain Goats was stupid for choosing the harder way. Many of the Hill goats changed their mind and went to follow the Valley Goats. Their lives became much easier. But some of the Hill Goats remained.

Half way though, the Hill reached it's peak, and the Valley reached it's trough. The remaining Hill Goats then found it much easier to go down the Hill. They became very strong from climbing the Hill. The Valley Goats now struggled to climb the Valley for the remaining path. They became too weak from walking such an easy path. Many of the Valley Goats wanted to give up, but they were stuck because now they had to walk up either way, even if they wanted to go back.

The Hyena and his Daughter

There once was a young Hyena that loved to listen to jokes and laugh. He would talk to all the other animals, and listen to all their jokes. He would cackle night and day. He really loved listening to everyone's jokes.

But whenever the Hyena told a joke, no one really laughed. The Hyena was upset about this, so stopped trying to tell jokes, but still continued to listen and laugh at other's jokes.

When the young Hyena grew up, he had a Daughter of his own. She also loved jokes and laughing. He wanted to make her laugh. So he practiced telling jokes. But all of the other animals did not like his jokes. This upset the Hyena, but he loved his daughter so much, he kept trying. Slowly and slowly, his jokes became funnier and funnier. And eventually, everyone laughed at his jokes. Then he could share his love for jokes and laughter to his Daughter, the one he loved so much.