¶ ENTER KẾT THÚC / NGẮT ĐOẠN

↵ SHIFT + ENTER KẾT THÚC /NGẮT DÒNG

CTRL + ENTER QUA TRANG MỚI / NGẮT TRANG

THE STORY OF CUỘI’S

It was the third time CUỘIʹs buffalo ate rice seedlings in another personʹs field.  
For the first two times the owner of the field wanted to see CUỘIʹs parent  
But he answered: ʺMy parents are out. My father has gone to heaven to cut grass for my buffalo.  
Grass from heaven is much better than your rice.  
My mother left early in the morning, riding a horse to invite high‐ranking officials to a feast of death anniversary. Both of them havenʹt come back yet ʺ.

The field owner said: ʺ Youʹre a liar, CUỘI !ʺ

This time he got angry and beat CUỘI three lashes.  
CUỘI did not cry because he had just seen strange thing.  
He saw, with his own eyes, a mother tigress cure her cubsʹ broken legs with  some leaves.  
He also got a branch of this kind of tree.  
He would grow it in his back garden.  
He was sure that he would make much money by selling this magic herb.

CUỘIʹ s mother did not believe it is  a magic tree.   
She thought it was only another life of CUỘI ʹs.  
But the tree grew up quickly.  
After only one night it got as big as the banian‐tree at the end of the village.

She did not remember what CUỘI had said about the tree. She passed water at the foot of the tree. Suddenly it shook hard and slowly went up from the ground. When he saw the tree going up into the air, he hurriedly ran after it, caught the root. he wanted to pull it back but the tree flew straight up to the moon. CUỘI could not find the way home. But thanks to the magic tree he would never die. There he sits, looking down on the earth for ever and ever.

Today when people look up to the full moon at night they can see the shadow of CUỘI sitting at the foot of the magic tree.