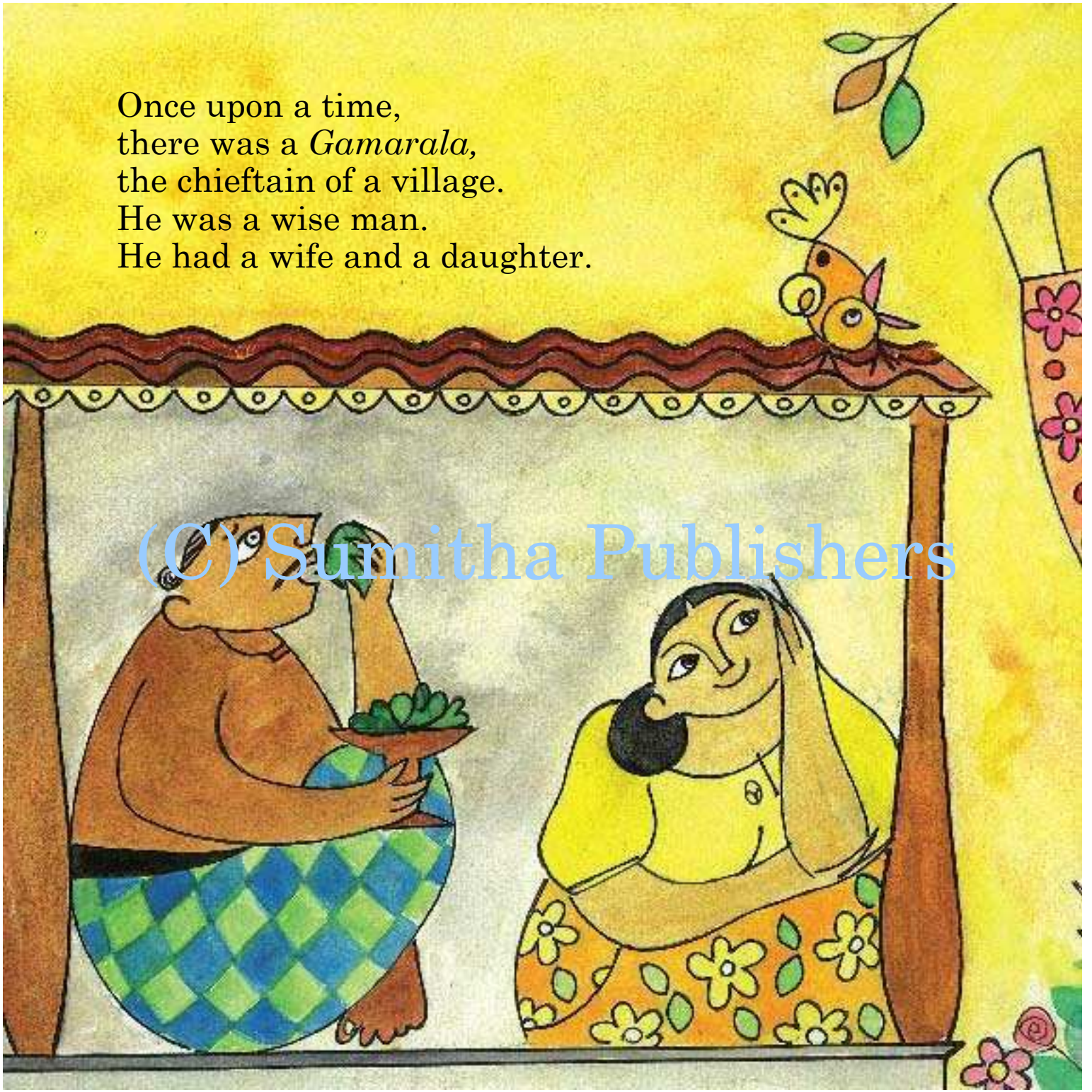
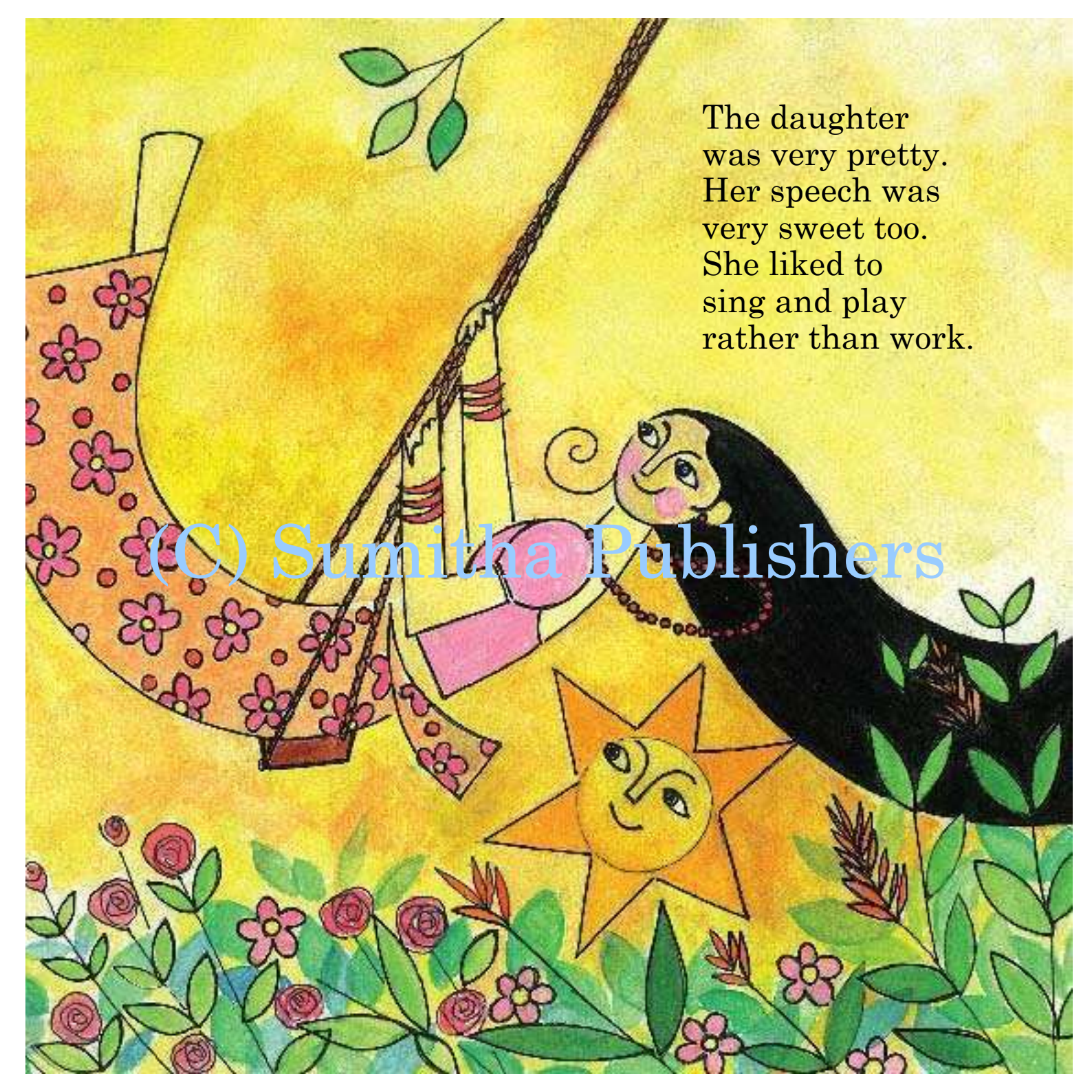


Once upon a time,
there was a *Gamarala*,
the chieftain of a village.
He was a wise man.
He had a wife and a daughter.

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The daughter
was very pretty.
Her speech was
very sweet too.
She liked to
sing and play
rather than work.

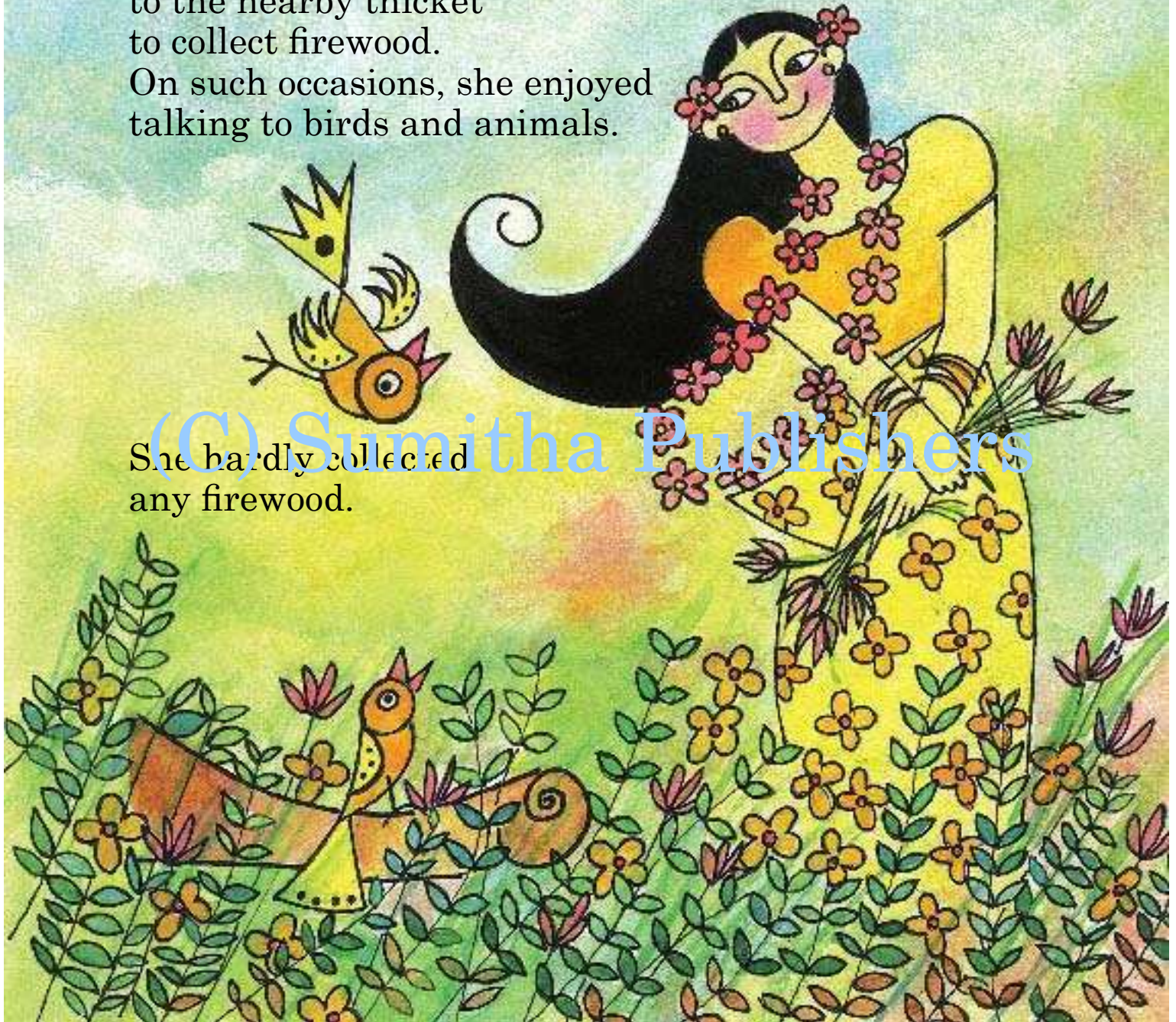
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On some days, she went with her mother
to the nearby thicket
to collect firewood.

On such occasions, she enjoyed
talking to birds and animals.

She hardly collected
any firewood.

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One day,
the mother became very angry.
“My dear,
if you go on like this,
what will your future be?
You will never be able to marry
a man of any worth.
You’ll be suitable
only for a jackal!”

