

The Autobiography of a Mango Tree

once a child threw the stone haphazardly on the ground after eating a mango. It got buried under the ground. As it remained in the soil, a sapling sprouted out of the stone. that was many years ago.

An old man saw the newly sprouted sapling. He knew that it was the one of a mango of good quality. He took it to a garden and cultivated it there. There it grew into a plant and then into a big tree as I am today.

My leaves are green and thick. They protect those who sit under me from the rays of the sun. Peacocks love me in particular and dance around or near me during the rainy season.

It is not only for shade that the people love me. It is really my fruit which attracts them. My fruit is known as the kind of fruited. It is sweet and delicious with a slight palatable sour tang.

At present, I'm in full bloom. But I fear I may be axed down when I grow old.