

نام خدا

The rich man and the gold

There was once a very rich man. He had three cars and two houses and many other things. One day he said, 'I am getting old, I am going to sell everything and buy a big piece of gold.' He sold his houses and his cars and everything and he bought a very big piece of gold. He dug a hole near a tree, and he put the piece of gold into the hole.

'No one will find my gold here,' he said.

Every day he went back and dug up the gold.

He looked at it and said, 'Good! My gold is there.' Then he put the gold back into the hole and put the earth back on top of it.

But one day there was a man behind the tree. He was a thief and he was asleep. The rich man did not see the thief. He dug up the gold and looked at it.

'Good!' he said. 'My gold is there.' The thief woke up and looked round the tree.

'What is that man putting into the hole?' he thought. 'I am going to find out.'

The rich man put the gold back into the

I hole and went away. Then the thief went to the hole and dug up the gold.

'A big piece of gold!' he said. 'It's my gold now. I am a rich man.' He ran off with the gold and never came back.

The next day the first man came back and began to dig. He dug and he dug but he did not find the gold. 'My gold is not here/ he said. 'I am not a rich man now. I have no gold!' and he began

to cry. Then he went home and told one of his friends.

His friend said, ' Don't cry. Here is a big stone. Take it and put it in the hole. Then every day you can go and dig it up and look at it.'

A piece of gold in a hole is no better than a stone.

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