



# THE BAG OF SEEDS

There was once a King who had three children and needed to choose one as a successor.

His three children were all very smart and brave, so the King couldn't really choose one of them. He then decided to ask a wise man who gave him an idea.

The King returned to his palace and called his three sons. He gave each of them a bag of seeds and told them he would go on a pilgrimage. "I'll be away a few years: one, two, three, maybe more. I want to test the three of you. When I'm back, you'll give the seeds back to me. The one of you who will store them the best way possible will be my successor." Then, he left for his pilgrimage.

His first son thought: "What am I supposed to do with these seeds?" Then, he decided to lock them up in an iron chest. He was sure that it was the best thing to do to protect them till his father returned.

His second son thought: "If I lock them up as my brother did, the seeds will die. And a dead seed is not a seed at all. My father could object: "I gave you live seeds, that could grow, while these seeds are dead: now they will never grow".

So he went to the market, sold the seeds, kept the money and thought: "When my father returns, I'll go to the market, buy new seeds and give him better seeds."

Instead, his third son went to the garden and sowed the seeds.

Three years later, when their father returned, his first son opened up the chest. His seeds were all dead, they reeked and his father said: "What? Are these the seeds I gave you? They could have blossomed and given out a nice scent, while these stink. No, these are not the seeds I gave you!"

He went to his second son who hurried up to the market to buy new seeds. Then, he came back home and said: "Here are your seeds!" And his father said: "Your idea is better than your brother's, but you're not capable yet as I would like you to be!"

When he went to his third son, the king was so hopeful and anxious to know what he might have done. And his third son took him to the garden where plants had grown and flowers had blossomed.

The king's third son said: "These are the seeds you gave me. As soon as the plants grow up, I'll pick the seeds up and give them back to you. Now they are still developing".

And the king replied with satisfaction: "You will be my heir, son. This is how seeds are to be treated!"

