

How to Become a King

In the forest, the king stopped near a lake.

And then, suddenly he turned around and said, “Stop”.

Nakshatra Rai got startled and stopped.

The water of the lake and the trees in the forest were all quiet.

That one word “Stop” reverberated in the forest for some time.

Nakshatra Rai also stood silent like a tree.

The king fixed a sad piercing gaze on the face of Nakshatra Rai.

Then in a calm, sober voice he told slowly, “Nakshatra, you want to kill me.”

Nakshatra stood silent(ly).

He did not even try to make a reply.

The king asked,

“Why will you kill me, brother?

Do you want the kingdom?

Is the kingdom just a golden throne and a diamond crown?

Do you know the burden of this crown?”

After a pause, he said,

“Under this crown, I cover the concerns of thousands of people.

If you are to be the king, then first accept the grief and pain of a thousand people as your own.

Carry the burden of the poverty of a thousand people on your shoulders.

Court their disasters.

Whoever does this is the king; no matter whether he lives in a palace or a hut.

People are anyway his, who can own all the people.

Whoever alleviates the pain of the country is the king.

One who sucks its wealth and blood is but a robber.

On his head are raining day and night the tears of thousands in disaster.

No crown can save him from the curse of this incessant flow of tears.

In the plenty of his royal meal is hidden the hunger of the hundreds of the starving.

In his golden ornaments resides the poverty of the orphans.

In the spread of his royal attire lie the torn rags of the shivering.

The kingdom is not attained by killing the king, my brother.

One has to become a king by gratifying the country.”