

In a village, there was a house. Outside the house lived Dasu the dog, and inside lived Paru the cat. One day, for a family function, the master of the house went along with his family to his family's house. The house became silent and empty. That night, dark clouds covered the sky, and a light rain fell quietly.

Outside the house, Dasu the dog lay alert as always, guarding the house. Suddenly

Dhadam!

In the middle of the night, a frightening sound was heard, as if the ground itself had cracked open.

Frightened by the noise, Dasu panicked.

“Oh no! Has some danger come to the house?” he thought anxiously. Protecting the house was his responsibility. Immediately, he decided to wake the cat, which was sleeping comfortably inside.

“Parakka... oh Parakka...” he called softly.

“There was a loud noise inside the house. Is everything all right? If the master were here, I wouldn’t be this worried. Could you please go and check?” he asked politely.

Paru the cat, who always slept warmly after eating sweets, slowly got up and walked around the house. She noticed that a Mustard kept on a wooden plank had fallen due to the wind and made a noise.

“Oh! Is this what you were so scared about?” she laughed.

“Don’t overthink unnecessarily. Everything is fine. Go to sleep,” she said, and went back to sleep.

But Dasu, who had taken responsibility for the house upon his shoulders, could not sleep. He kept turning from side to side, yawning, and soon called out again.

“Parakka... oh Parakka...”
“What is it now? Why are you nagging again?” the cat asked irritably.
“When is this month’s Ashtami festival?” the dog asked innocently.
Hearing this, Paru became angry. From the beginning, the cat never had much respect for Dasu the dog.
“What difference does Ashtami or any other festival make to you, who eats leftovers? You will get food anyway! You do not even let me sleep at night!” she snapped angrily and climbed onto the loft to sleep.
Dasu felt as if chilly water had been poured on his face.
“Am I really such a low creature? Is guarding the house a mistake?” he thought sadly.
Yet, without forgetting his duty, he rested his head on his paws and once again sat alert, guarding the house. The cat slept peacefully in the loft.
The dog alone stayed awake, guarding the house throughout the night.
Moral:
Whoever it may be, one must behave within limits. Otherwise, one must endure insult.