Hair on a Bald Head!

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There was once a very wealthy man. He had plenty of money, but there was one thing that troubled him deeply: he didn't have a single strand of hair on his head. His bald head shone brightly like a polished copper pan. When people saw him, they would call him "Baldy" and make fun of him.

Deeply hurt by this, he visited a herbalist one day and requested, "No matter how much it costs, I want thick hair to grow on my head. Please give me some medicine for it."

Could such a thing really be possible? Tempted by the man's wealth, the herbalist replied, "I need a month to prepare a special remedy. It will cost ten thousand rupees. Pay five thousand now and return at the end of the month." He took the advance and sent the man away.

He was overjoyed. "Just one more month, and then my head will be covered with hair!" He began counting the days eagerly.

At the end of the month, he returned to the herbalist. The man handed him a clear glass bottle filled with green colored oil and said: Here you go, my friend. With great effort, I gathered herbs and leaves from the deep Kantara forest, boiled them for a whole month, and prepared this oil. It is a divine medicine. If your hair doesn't grow back, I will stop making medicines altogether!" Saying this, he collected the remaining five thousand rupees.

"Satisfied, the man prepared to leave. As he was heading out, the herbalist called him back and instructed, "Apply this oil tomorrow, rub it well, and shower after an hour. Next month, your head will be full of hair! But remember one thing: while applying and rubbing this oil on your head, you must not think of a mango tree or a mango. If you think of them, this oil will not work!"
"Is that all? I just won't think of them, that's simple," the man replied and left.
The next morning, he sat down to apply the oil to his head. But the moment he opened the bottle's cap, what the herbalist had said "mango tree and mango," immediately popped into his mind!
“Oh no! It’s ruined!” he exclaimed.
He quickly closed the bottle and thought, “I’ll apply it later.” He put it away.
You won’t believe what happened next.
Believe it or not, to this day, he has never been able to apply that oil to his head. Every single time he goes to apply it, the thought of the mango tree and the mango flashes through his mind, forcing him to close the cap again. Opening it, closing it... this has been the ongoing story ever since!
When he can't even apply the oil in the first place, how could hair ever grow? And if he wants to ask for his money back, the herbalist doesn't seem to be at fault either!
Moral:

- Whatever we are instructed not to think about or do becomes even more deeply ingrained in our minds.
- We must learn to accept what we have as it is and move forward in life.
- There will always be people in society ready to exploit human weaknesses for their own benefit.