

# The Girl with a Face of Amaryllis



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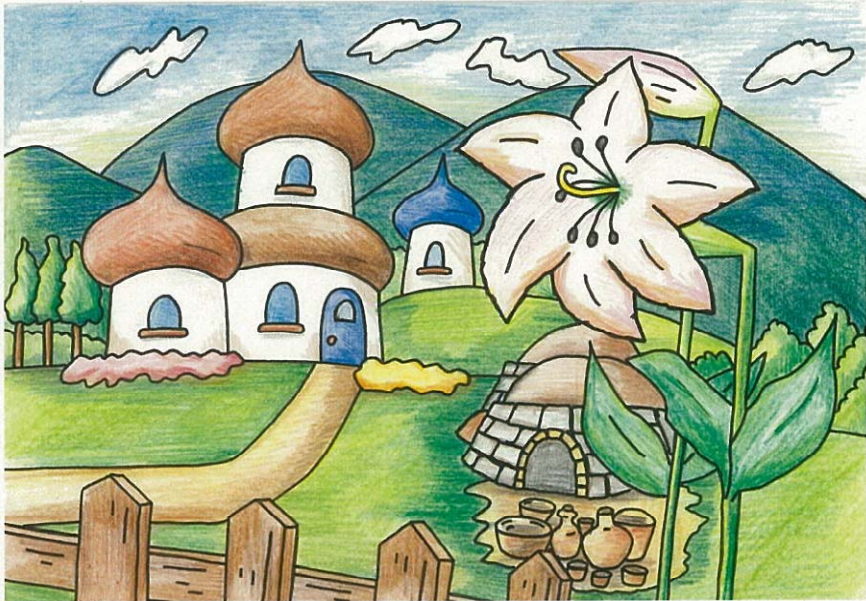


**Have you ever seen an amaryllis which had just come out, still wet with the morning dew? The flower is crisp and clean with a light tinge of red.**

**Well, once there was a little girl in a small village, deep in the mountains of India who looked just like that flower.**

**She was sweet-hearted and always had a smile upon her face. She never got angry, because no matter what others did and no matter what others said, she never thought ill of anyone.**

**“ She is a cheerful, good little girl. ” said everyone that knew her. She lived with her parents who were pottery makers. They lived a simple life on the outskirts of the village.**





**One night, the village basked in the bright moonlight and all was silent.**

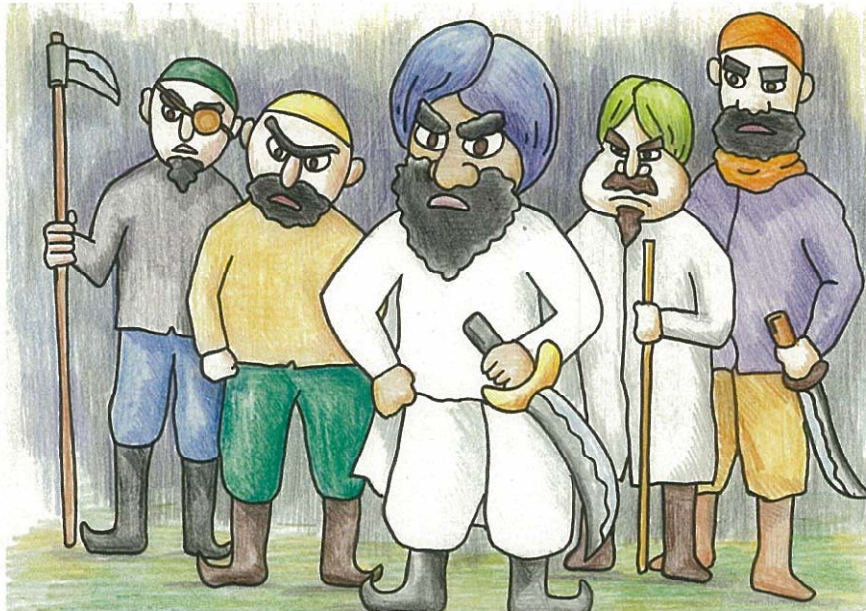
**Suddenly a group of bandits on horseback stormed into the village.**

**The band of rough-looking men got off their horses at the entrance to the village and came to the little girl's house.**

**They pounded on the front door and bellowed, " Open this door! Open this door,now! "**

**The girl's parents shook with fear. They were so terrified that they couldn't say a word.**

**The little girl however was not. Quickly she stood up and answered, " Yes sir, I'm coming." She opened the door.**





The leader of the bandits was the first to burst into the house, as he couldn't stand to be kept waiting. Following him in, all his men crowded into the house.

The leader had a thick beard and he glared at the girl with piercing eyes. He opened his mouth and shouted at the top of his voice, "You, little girl. I'm thirsty. Bring me water. Now!"

Perhaps he had eaten something salty for his evening meal, and much like a small child, he lacked the ability to tolerate a little thirst.

In spite of his roars, the child didn't look afraid of him at all. She felt his behavior was similar to that of a spoiled child.

She answered with a smile, in fact almost with a laugh, "Sure. I'll get you some water right away." And she went to fetch the water from the pot.

The fact that a girl as small as this didn't appear frightened of him made the leader of the bandits furious. He walked up behind her. "How dare you laugh!" he roared. "Laugh again and you will pay dearly!"

But to tell you the truth he didn't look particularly angry at all. Perhaps he felt a little embarrassed about his behavior in the same way that a spoiled child sometimes does.





The little girl drew a glass of water and immediately returned him, but she didn't hand it to the man right away. Instead she stood still, peering into the glass.

The leader again roared at the girl,

“Hand me the glass now! What's taking you so long? ”

The girl only replied calmly.

“Yes sir. I am just checking the water first.”

“Why do you do such a thing? ” the leader demanded.

“Because sir, I would be so embarrassed if I served you this water and then found that there was something like a hair or dust in it.” she answered.

“What? ” said the leader with a little surprise, “ We are bandits! We came here to rob this house and the rest of this village. Yet you think you need to care about the water you give us? ”

The girl answered decisively with a nod of her little head. “Of course, sir. I am serving you water. Whoever you are, bandits or not, it is my responsibility to give you clean water. If not, I would not be doing my duty.





Taking the water from the little girl, the leader drank it all in one gulp.

“Delicious!” he exclaimed. “I’ve never drunk such delicious water in all my life. It has sunk right through to my heat. Thank you little girl.”

It was the first time that he ever thanked someone for receiving just plain water.

With that, unexpectedly his heart became full of a new, fresh feeling. His fierce, bearded face turned into a gentle and smiling one.

He looked at the girl and said,

“I can’t help thinking you are my long lost sister, who passed away many years ago.”

“Really? When did she die?” she asked. “My sister was only a little girl. She was very cute and sweet-hearted. I think she was just your age.” answered the leader.





**His eyes glistened with tears.**

**He shouted suddenly, perhaps in order to hide his tears from his men,**

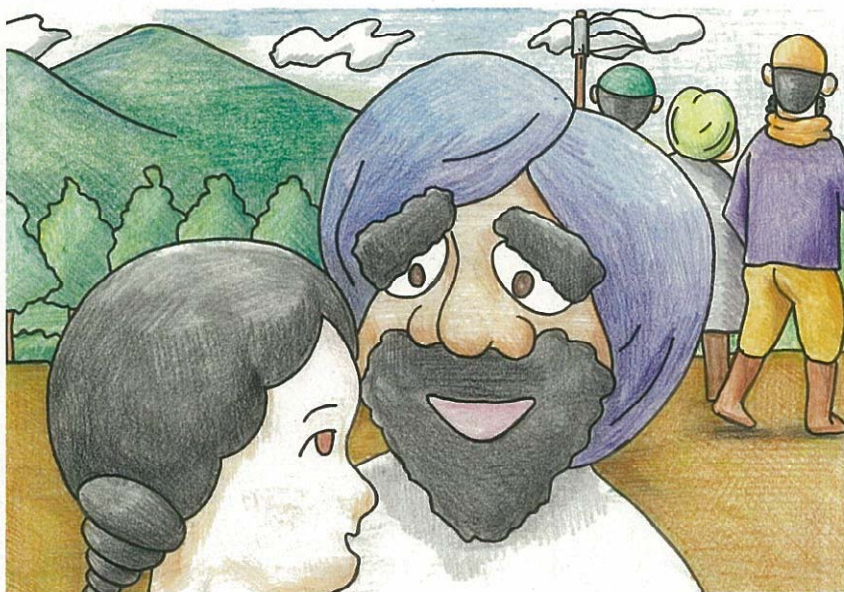
**“Take nothing from this house. We leave now. Move!”**

**All his followers who had been watching the scene meekly did as they were told, as they too had been touched by what they saw.**

**Lastly, before leaving himself, the leader looked at the girl with his gentle eyes and said, “Take care of your parents and live happily together.”**

**And then he quickly put his bearded face close to the little girl and shyly told to her in a small voice, “May I ask you a favor? Call me brother one time? Just whisper it into my ear. Go on!”**

**With a smile upon her lovely face which as usual had a tinge of light red like an amaryllis, the girl whispered to him, “My brother.”**





The bandit leader left the house in high spirits and the girl went out to see him off with her parents.

She called after him loudly, "Take care my brother! "

The leader turned around and happily replied, "Thank you. You too."

Then he ordered his men, "To the mountains! " Each of the men in turn, also said good bye, waved to the girl and hurried away.

In the middle of the night the moon shone brightly. Along the bright village path, the bandits disappeared into the night.

