

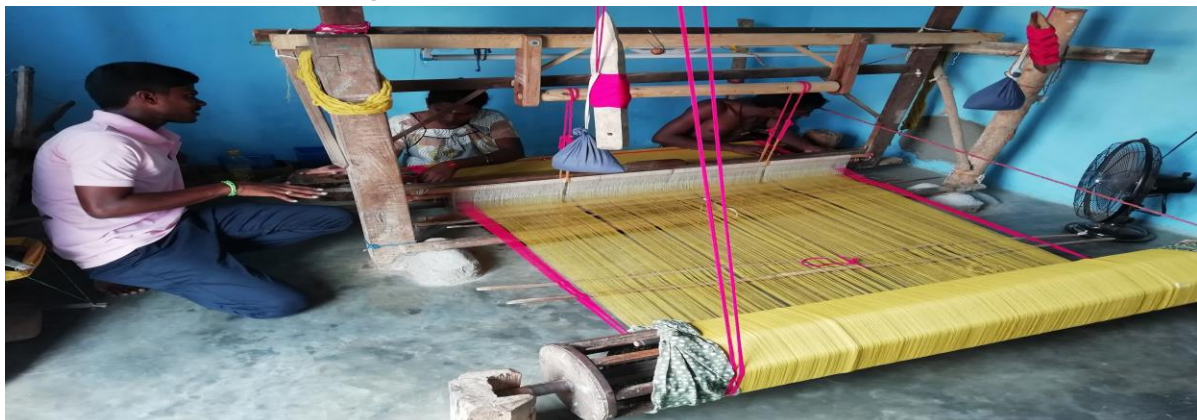
# Skill Never Dies

Once upon a time there is a farmer named Charka lived with his family he has son. By farming his land he get profits so he became rich. Still he becomes rich every day he used to work on handlooms he weaves clothes and his small son named sari raju sell those fabrics at weakly fair at near his village but when he became rich he stopped weaving he just only concentrate on farming. Like this he continued his life with his family happily. But unexpectedly a day came with drought from then there is no water and no food. All villagers are migrated to the near places. But this



farmer has no other option. He didn't like to leave his lands so his family stayed there. But the are completing his family needs to stay with empty stomachs. He don't know what to do. Only 10 families remained there in the village. The position became worstly. The farmer has no energy to do anything he became old and one day died. Everyone is talking that the God is playing with his family. After some days

there was a rainfall with that the village became as like before all are came back to the village.





But the farmer is not there his son sariraju and his wife they are remained in the family sariraju don't know any work their livelihood turns very difficult even they don't have clothes to wear.

One lucky day the sariraju saw the maggam in his house he started doing like his father. Firstly he weaved clothes for him and his mother. He weaved wonderfully his neighbours advised him to sell the weaved fabrics. He never has experience in this but his father taught about weaving at his childhood. He started weaving clothes everyone came to buy his clothes. He became very famous and established a company also. A skill turned his life. So a skill can change the lives. The skill never dies. Be a skilful person and lead your life happily.



Thank you