



## **The Fair Merchants**

by

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Once upon a time, in the year 1750, when the world still had secret stories, Mehmet and his 12-year-old son, Ali. They traveled around with their caravan, carrying colorful carpets, special spices, and yummy cured meats.

One bright morning, a tired traveler came to their camp. He told them about a difficult journey with dark valleys and old forests ahead. "I need food that lasts a long time," he said.

Mehmet and Ali looked at each other. They didn't have much, and the traveler offered for a big barrel of lamp oil in exchange for their dried meat.

Ali was surprised. The barrel was huge! "How will we carry it?" he whispered to his father.

Mehmet thought about it. He felt something special in his heart. "Sometimes," he said, "decisions are about being kind, not just about money."

So, they agreed to the trade and loaded the big barrel onto their wagon. The traveler was very grateful. Mehmet and Ali also started their journey.

As they reached a city, they noticed something strange. It was dark, and there were no lights. They learned that the city's lamp oil had burned down, and people were in the dark.

The next morning, they saw people trying to buy lamp oil. Some were selling it at high prices because there wasn't much left. Ali thought they could be rich, but Mehmet knew there was something more important than money.

They set up a little stall with their big barrel. Mehmet filled small lamps with oil and sold them for a few coins, just like before the shortage.

Ali didn't understand. "We could have made more money!" he said.

Mehmet looked at the people—mothers, old men, and a traveler. "Riches are not always about gold," he explained.

Word spread, and soon many people came to their stall.

Mehmet and Ali shared the light, making sure everyone had some. By the end of the day, the big barrel was empty, but the city was full of light. People were happy, and Mehmet and Ali had enough coins for their journey.

A city elder thanked them, saying they had given more than just light—they had given hope.

That night, under the stars, Mehmet whispered to Ali, "Sometimes, the greatest treasures are not in gold barrels, but in the glow of a single lamp."

The city, once in darkness, now shone with lights in every home. Mehmet and Ali slept with warm hearts and dreams of compassion.

The next day, as they left the city, people thanked them with gifts. Mehmet told Ali, "Being a merchant is about more than money. It's about kindness and trust."

Their journey continued, carrying not just spices and silks, but also the goodwill they had earned. Mehmet knew that their lamp of alabaster, filled with kindness, would guide them through every trade and starry night.

And so, with lanterns shining and hearts full, Mehmet and Ali traveled on—a nomad caravan with a bright legacy of fairness and light.

