

# Under the bodhi tree

a Story of the Buddha

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In a long-ago time  
and a faraway place,  
a baby boy was born.

His name was Prince Siddhartha.





Before his birth,  
his mother dreamed  
of a beautiful white elephant.  
The wise men said it was a sign  
the baby would be special.

And he was.  
Just like babies  
then and now,  
and everywhere.

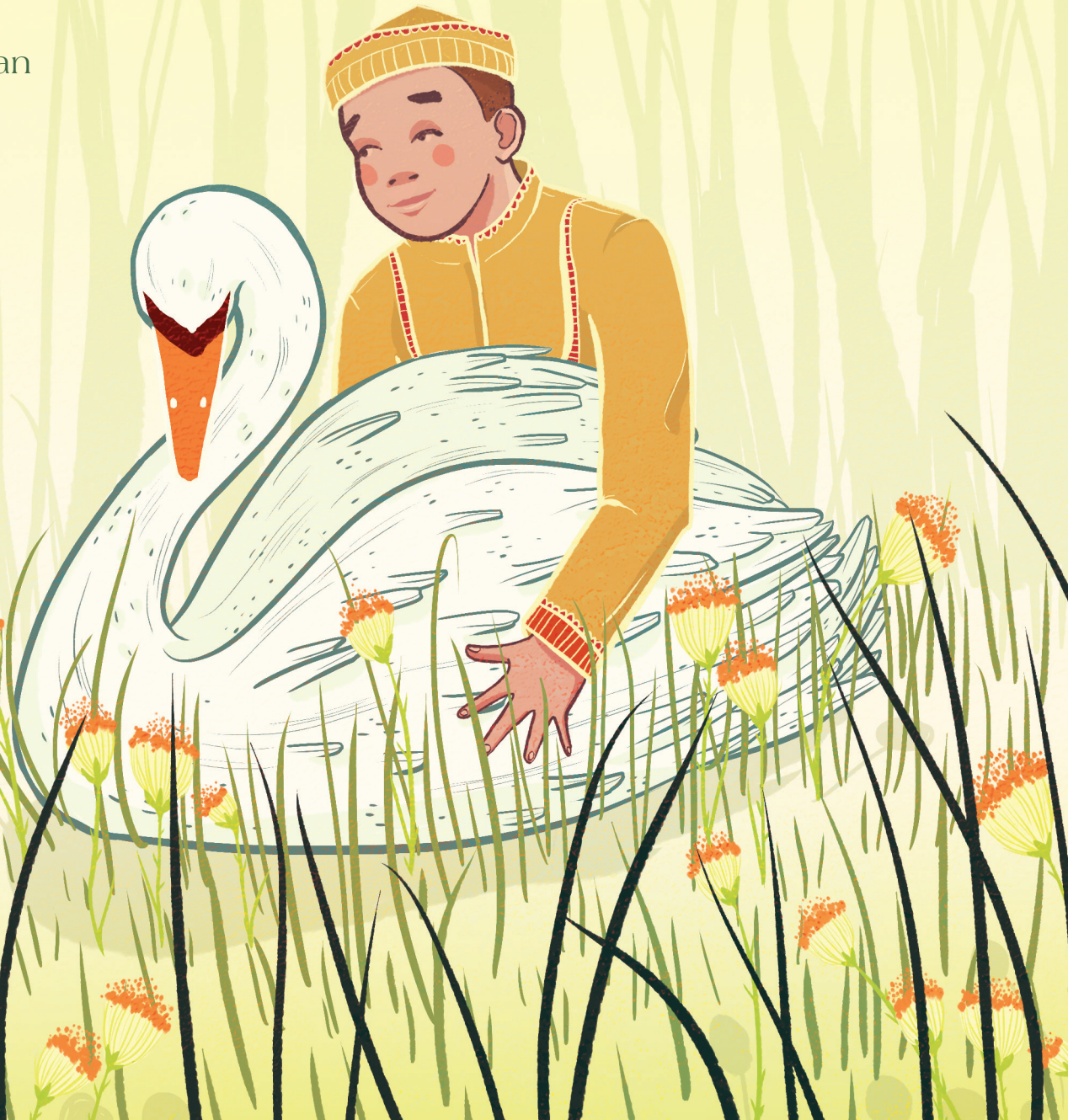
And just like you.





The baby grew to be  
a kind and gentle child.

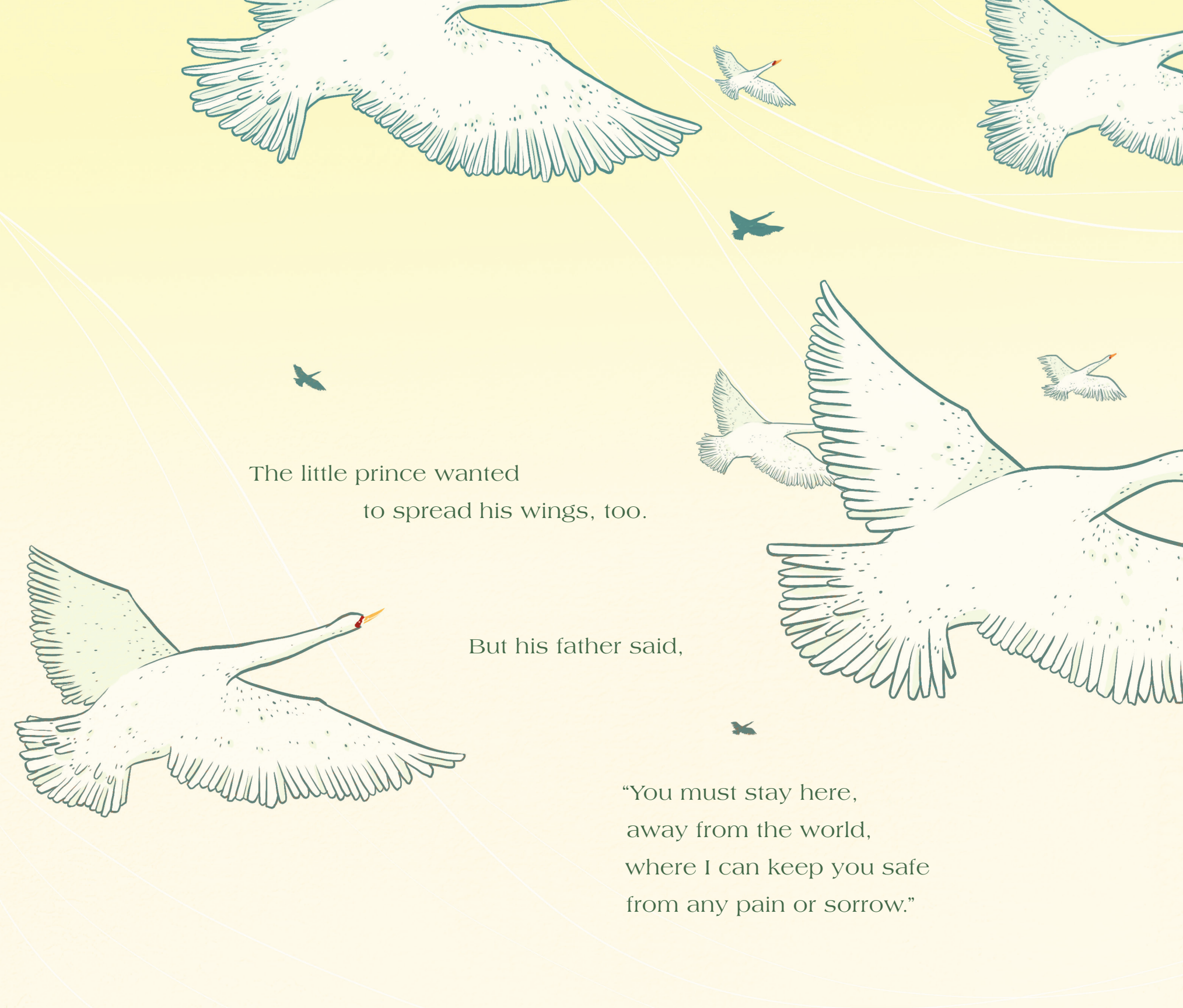
Once, he found a wounded swan  
and nursed it back to health  
so it could soar  
across the sky again.



The little prince wanted  
to spread his wings, too.

But his father said,

“You must stay here,  
away from the world,  
where I can keep you safe  
from any pain or sorrow.”





And so Siddhartha grew up behind the garden walls  
of a rich and splendid palace. He had new, fine clothes,  
a grand white horse, the softest rice to eat.

But like children then and now, and everywhere, and just like you ...



he longed to  
discover the world.





At last, when Siddhartha was a young man,  
his father let him visit the great city.

The king ordered the mayor:  
“Hold a festival in the market  
with flowers, song, and dance.  
My son must see only happy sights.”

