Once upon a time there was a water-bearer in India who had two large pots, each hung on each end of a pole which he carried across his neck.But the poor cracked pot was ashamed of its own imperfection, and miserable that it was able to accomplish only half of what it had been made to do. After two years of what it perceived to be a bitter failure, it spoke to the water-bearer one day by the stream.One of the pots had a crack in it, and while the other pot was perfect and always delivered a full portion of water at the end of the long walk from the stream to the master's house, the cracked pot arrived only half full.For a fall two years this went on daily, with the bearer delivering only one and a half pot full of water in his master's house.Of course, the perfect pot was proud of its accomplishments, perfect to the end for which it was made.asked the bearer.For two years I have been able to pick these beautiful flowers to decorate my master's table."I am ashamed of myself, and I want to apologize to you.""Why?""What are you ashamed of?"

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