



The Old Couple and Selroti  
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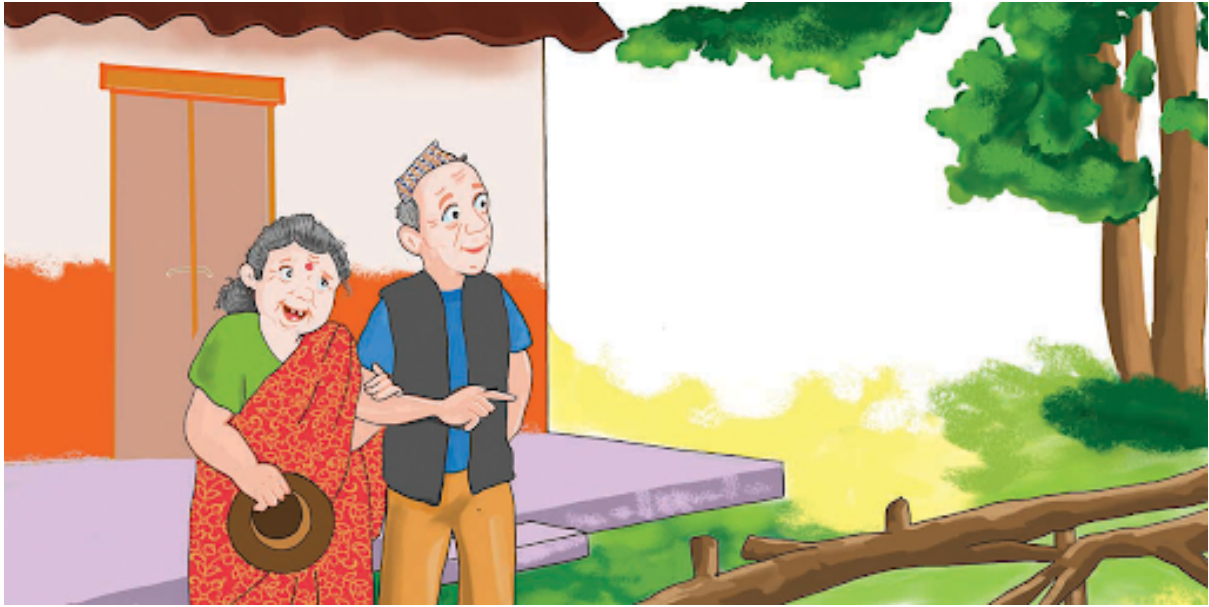
Once upon a time, there was a small village.  
In that small village, in a small hut, lived an  
old married couple.



One day the old man wanted to eat *sel roti*.  
"Dear wife, would you cook some sel roti?" the old man asked.

"There is no ghee or oil in the house. How can I cook sel roti?" the old woman said, teasing the old man.

\**Sel roti* is a type of fried, rice-flour doughnut unique to Nepal.



The old man said, "Dear wife, let's go to the village. We might find the ingredients there."  
"



They went to the village to ask for flour and oil.

The old man knocked on a villager's door and said, "I would like to eat some yummy sel roti.

Neighbor, could you please give me some flour?"



The old woman asked another villager, "My husband would like to eat some sel roti. Neighbor, would you please give me some ghee or oil?"



After gathering the ingredients, the old couple sat in their courtyard and cooked sel roti.

They used all the flour, ghee, and oil and were able to make five selroti.



The old woman divided the sel roti into two plates. Two on one plate, and three on the other.

Which one of them will eat more and which one will eat less?





The old man said, "I will eat three."

The old woman said, "I will eat three."

The two of them started quarreling.



After arguing for a while, the old man came up with a solution. They would eat the sel roti the next day.

Whoever woke up first would eat two.

Whoever woke up last would eat three.



The next day, the old man did not get out of bed. The old woman did not get out of bed either. Both of them wanted to be the last one to wake up so they could eat three sel roti instead of two. They both stayed in bed, pretending to sleep, for three whole days.



The villagers were concerned. They tried to wake the old couple up.  
But the old couple would not budge!



"Poor old man. Poor old woman. They are dead!" the villagers said to each other. They took the old couple for cremation.



They laid the old man and the old woman next to each other on a bed of branches. Five mourners stayed back with the couple. The rest returned to their homes.



The mourners set fire to the branches.

"Ouch! I'd rather eat two sel roti," said the old man, jumping up.

"Great! Then I'll eat three," said the old woman gleefully.

"Oh no! The spirits of the old couple will eat us up!" the villagers cried.



“There are five of us here. The old man’s spirit wants to eat two of us. And the old woman’s spirit wants to eat three of us!” screamed the villagers as they ran away.







After returning home, the old woman heated the sel roti.

She broke the fifth sel roti into two pieces. She kept half for herself and put the other half on her husband's plate. "Now we each have two-and-a-half sel roti," she said.

The fight was over, and both the old man and the old woman were happy.



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### **Original Story**

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