

The Anger of a Good Man



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By Naramsetti Umamaheswararao

A wealthy man named Dharmayya hired a carpenter to do the woodwork for his newly constructed house. He handed over the timber required for doors and windows and asked him to begin the work.

The carpenter brought his tools and started working. By the end of the week, the doors and windows were nearly ready. He used nails extensively to join and shape the wooden pieces.

One day, when the carpenter said he ran out of nails, Dharmayya immediately went to the market and bought some more. Showing them to the carpenter, he said, “The price of iron has gone up, so nails are expensive now. Still, I didn’t compromise on quality. Strong nails ensure durability. One shouldn’t hesitate to spend for lasting quality.”

One of the nails overheard these words — a particularly arrogant one — and it swelled with pride. It already had a haughty nature, and now hearing the owner’s praise, it became even more boastful.

Using every opportunity, it began to taunt the wood: “You’re nothing without us! Your strength and durability come only because of us. If you’ve earned any reputation, it’s because of the nails like me!”

But the wood didn’t mind. It calmly replied, “No one can survive alone. If I stand strong today because of you, I’m grateful.”

The nail didn’t like this response. The other nails and tools added, “Don’t say that. In a way, it’s because of you that we have any purpose.”

The arrogant nail was not pleased to hear even the other nails side with the wood. It glared at the wood and muttered, “Just wait. The moment I get a chance to tear through you, I’ll make you cry!”

Two days later, the carpenter happened to pick up that same nail. He placed it on the wood and struck it with a hammer. But the nail refused to go in. Seeing this, the carpenter struck it harder on the head with the hammer. The nail bent sideways. Trying to straighten it, he placed it on a stone and hit it again. This time, the blow landed badly and broke the nail’s head off.

Now useless, the carpenter tossed it into a corner and continued his work with a new nail.

The arrogant nail was shaken by the incident. It had never imagined such an end. Not knowing what to do, it sat there, broken, and wept.

As dusk fell, the carpenter packed up and left, leaving behind the wood, tools, and materials.

Seeing the nail lying sadly in a corner, the saw said, “So, miss high-and-mighty, look what happened to you! You thought the wood’s strength came from you? You mocked the very material that patiently endures our harsh cuts, believing that we are helping it become stronger. You couldn’t recognize its silent strength and goodness.

“When the carpenter hurts the wood while crafting a beautiful home, the wood endures it in silence. We are only tools used temporarily. But the wood is not weak. After being used once, who thinks about nails like you again? You wanted to hurt the wood but ended up ruining yourself. By morning, you’ll be swept away and tossed in the trash. Your life now has no purpose.”

The nail was finally enlightened. “I misunderstood the wood’s kindness as weakness and spoke arrogantly. It’s true — when good people get angry, they leave no trace of those who cross them.”

The truth is, the wood refused to let that nail in — not because it was weak, but to teach a lesson to that arrogant nail. Its resistance came from strength. It proved that the truly strong remain silent and fulfill their purpose without pride.



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Naramsetti Umamaheswararao has written more than a thousand stories, songs, and novels for children over 42 years. he has published 32 books. His novel, *Anandalokam*, received the Central Sahitya Akademi Award for children's literature. He has received numerous awards and honours, including the Andhra Pradesh Government's Distinguished Telugu Language Award and the Pratibha Award from Potti Sreeramulu Telugu University. He established the Naramshetty Children's Literature Foundation and has been actively promoting children's literature as its president.

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