



The Little Seed That Didn't Give Up

By Arvind K



Beeju was a tiny seed tucked deep under the warm, brown earth. Everything was dark and quiet where he lived. High above, the great Banyan tree shook its heavy green leaves in the breeze. Beeju looked up through the soil and sighed. "Will I ever be big and strong like that?" he wondered. "I feel so very small."



One afternoon, the sky turned a heavy, dark grey. Then came the monsoon! "Pitter-patter, pitter-patter!" the rain sang as it soaked into the ground. The soil around Beeju became soft and cool. He drank the sweet water and felt a strange, tingly magic happening inside his tiny shell.



Suddenly, a tiny white root wiggled out of Beeju's side. It was very thin, but it was a start! Beeju stretched his root deeper into the wet earth. He felt a little bit stronger than he did the day before. "Yesterday I couldn't reach the water," Beeju whispered happily, "but today I can!"



But growing was not always easy. As Beeju tried to push his root further down, he hit something hard. "Ouch!" It was a big, stubborn grey stone. The stone wouldn't move, no matter how much Beeju pushed. He felt very tired and his little root felt sore. He wondered if he should just stop growing.



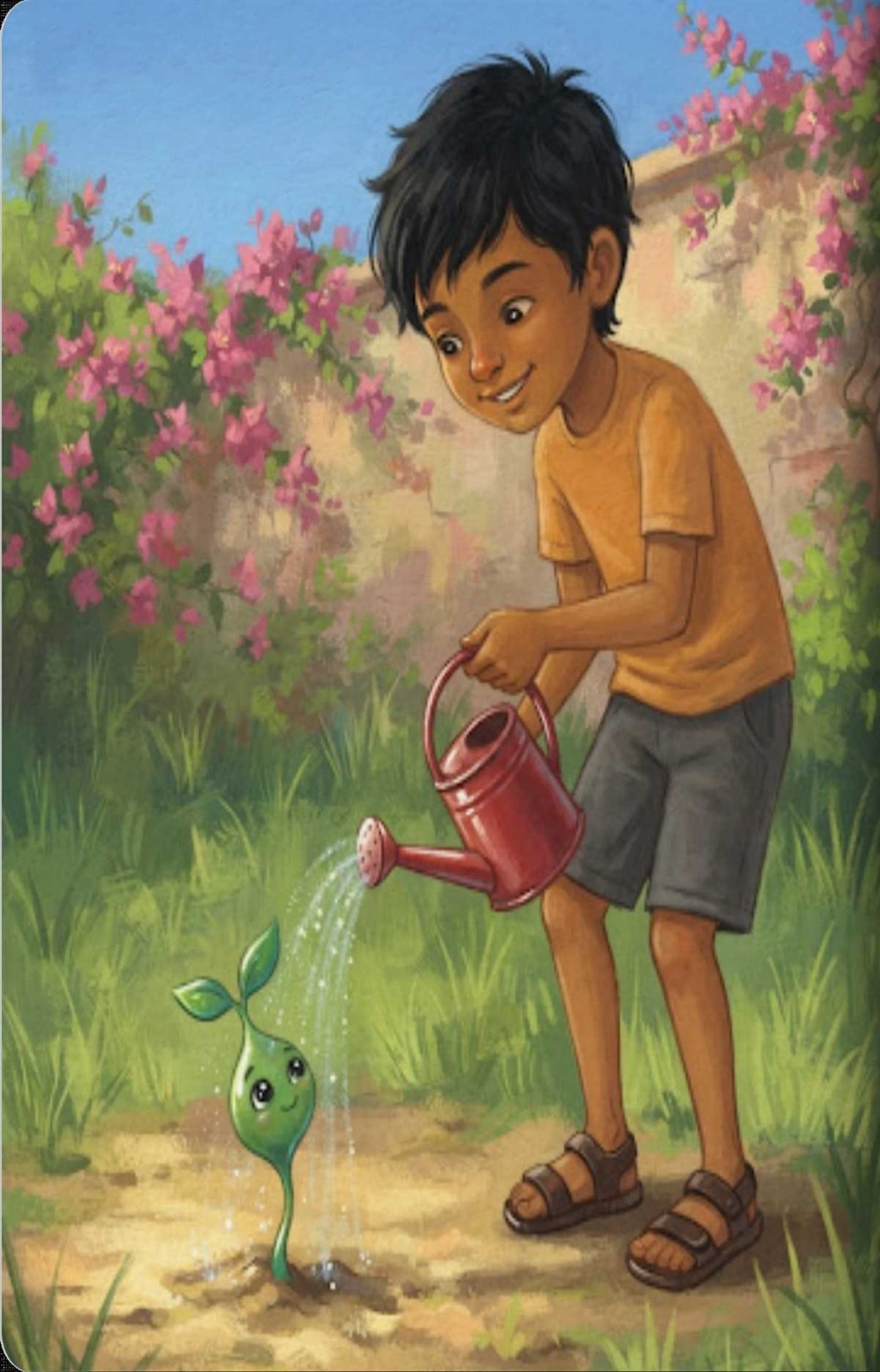
Beeju remembered the sound of the rain and his dream of seeing the sky. Instead of giving up, he decided to be patient. He pushed gently to the side, wiggling his root slowly around the edge of the tough stone. It took a long time, but finally, he was past it! He was moving again.



With one final, mighty push, Beeju's head broke through the top of the soil. "Pop!" He was now a tiny green shoot. For the first time, he saw the bright blue sky. He heard the chirping of the sparrows and felt the golden Indian sun warming his tiny leaves. It was more beautiful than he had ever imagined.



Nearby, a little boy named Raju was playing in the garden. He was looking for his cricket ball when he spotted a tiny speck of green in the dirt. Raju knelt down on the grass and leaned in very close. He didn't pull the sprout up or step on it. He stayed very still, watching the tiny new life.



Raju ran to the porch and grabbed his little red watering can. He came back and carefully poured a gentle, sparkling stream of water over the sprout. The water felt just like the monsoon rain. "Don't worry, little one," Raju said with a kind smile. "I will help you grow."



Day by day, leaf by leaf, Beeju grew taller and stronger. He understood now that even the biggest Banyan tree in India started as a tiny seed under the dirt. Growing takes time, and every little bit of progress is a big victory. Beeju was glad he never gave up.