

# The Little Seed

— Ananda Eluf

*This delightful spring story is also excerpted from For the Children of the World (see previous page). It was submitted by Silvia Jensen, the IASWECE Council representative for Brazil, and translated by Louise deForest. The illustration is by Gudrid Malmsten from Sweden.*

There was once a little seed that fell from a boy's hand. The little seed looked upon the earth and saw so many beautiful things that she began to feel sad that she was only a very little seed. She longed to be like the cherries hanging above her or a sweet and juicy orange and not just a little seed.

She looked up at the sky and saw a flock of birds flying and playing in the sky, turning somersaults in the air, and she imagined how good it would be to be a bird, to have wings, to FLY!

But she was only a very small seed.

She looked to one side and saw a lovely rose. "How full of life it is! I would like to be like that—so bright!"

But she was just a very small seed. She was tired of being such a small seed, so small that no one even saw her.

She looked to the other side and saw a blue butterfly. It had such light, airy wings with such beautiful designs, and she thought, "I would also like to be a butterfly, or at least to have such special wings. . . then everyone would see me!" But it would be strange for a little seed to have wings. . .

And she became sad, and sadder and sadder—so sad that she began to sink down and down.

And she sank into the earth. She felt good down in the warm earth.

It rained.

And it was sunny.

And suddenly a little green shoot came up out of the earth.

More rain.

And more sun.

And the shoot began to grow! She felt very happy to know that a little seed could change into a lovely little plant!

More rain. And more sun.

She continued to grow and to grow, until one day she looked at herself and saw that she was now a beautiful tree covered with delicious cherries.

All the birds flew to her and settled in her branches to sing and to make their nests. The most beautiful butterflies came and danced around her leaves.

The animals of the fields and woods came to sleep in her cool shade, but she was happiest when the boys and girls climbed her branches to gather cherries and took them home to eat.

A little boy climbed the tree. He picked a cherry and he ate it. And a little seed fell from his hand. . .

