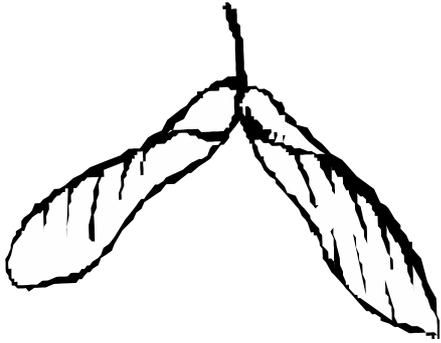


# The Tiny Seed

(A story by Chris Abbas)



A winged seed, tugged gently from its mooring by a passing wind, twirled dizzily, down, down, round and round..... until..... it fell upon the dark brown soil.

"OUCH!"

No longer could it dance merrily high above the earth with its brother and sister seeds, who teased the wind and felt so proud to be far away from all the other creatures down below.

"It is dark down here and cold and smelly too. I don't like it, I wish I could go home," cried the little seed until he had sobbed himself to sleep.

Fast asleep he did not feel the soft brown earth enfolding, covering and warming him and drawing him deeper into the soil away from hungry animals and birds.



The tiny seed, watered by the rain, sent down tender roots that pushed and pushed against the grains of soil until they reached the rocks.

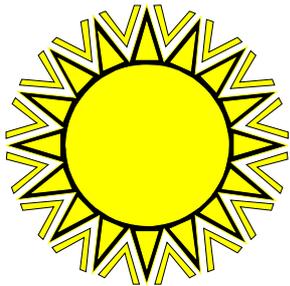
"Oh, what are these rocks doing in my way?" the seed protested.

"This place is cruel to me, I can never be happy here."

But the roots grew stronger until they were big enough to move and grow around and under the rocks.

The sun sent warming rays to touch the earth and the seed put out a tiny shoot to take a look above the ground. The tiny shoot saw grass and flowers waving over it and giant trees against the blue sky that looked as though they might come crashing down.

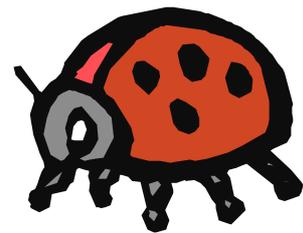
"I am not like these," the seed thought. "They are big and beautiful with leaves and flowers. They don't even notice me or care about me. Who is there to help me now?"



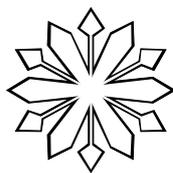
Still the sun beat down and the wind and rain came. The seasons changed from spring to summer, autumn and winter and back again.

The tiny seed worried and moaned and thought only about himself, "How small I am and so afraid. I can't do anything to protect myself and I don't look at all beautiful!"

A bright ladybird flew by and dropped down onto a half curled leaf. "Oh your leaf is just the right size for me and such a lovely shape. It is curled just like an umbrella. Please may I shelter under it?"



"If you wish," the seed humbly replied, surprised that this elegant creature should choose him out of all the magnificent plants.



The snows came and the winds blew, then softer April showers.

A thrush stopped to admire a branch that had been mysteriously growing over all that time.

"Huh, hmm!" he politely caught the seed's attention. "My wife is looking for a safe place to hatch our eggs and I thought this branch looked rather fine."



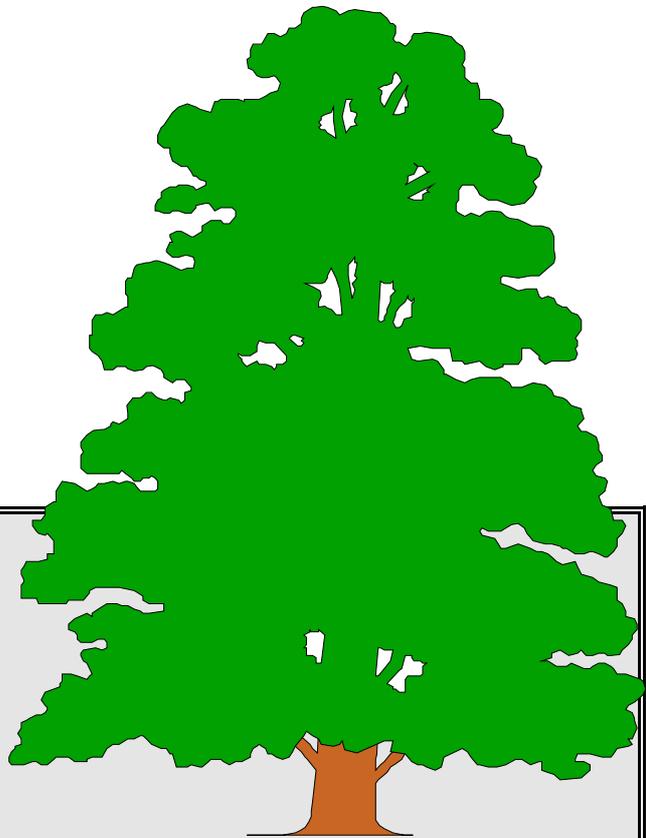
"Be my guest," said the seed, getting a little used to all these requests. "But you should look around and find a better spot among some of the greater plants than I."

"Take a look yourself," said the thrush, "I think you'll find that you are the greatest thing here for miles around." The tiny seed, who usually took no notice of anything but himself opened his eyes and sure enough, he had to look down for he was the tallest plant

of all, the strongest and the finest too.

And.....he wasn't a tiny seed anymore. He was a giant tree, with leaves and buds and seeds of his own.

"Now," he thought, "I can take care of others just like the earth, rain and sun took care of me."



**"I am, O my God, but a tiny seed which Thou hast sown in the soil of Thy love, and caused to spring forth by the hand of Thy bounty. This seed craveth, therefore, in its inmost being, for the waters of Thy mercy and the living fountain of Thy grace.**

**Send down upon it, from the heaven of Thy loving-kindness, that which will enable it to flourish beneath Thy shadow and within the borders of Thy court. Thou art He Who watereth the hearts of all that have recognised Thee.....**

**Praised be God, the Lord of the worlds."**

**---Bahá'u'lláh**