

The Ant and the Flood

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



After the rain, the village path was full of puddles. Jaziba loved puddles!



Splash! Splash! Splash! She jumped in every one, all the way down the path.



Then she came to the biggest puddle of all. Jaziba got ready to jump.



But what was that? A line of tiny ants was marching to the edge of the water.



Each ant carried a crumb. Their home was on the other side, and they could not get across.



Jaziba looked at the lovely big puddle. One jump, and the splash would wash them all away.



She looked at the ants. They were so very small. Who would ever know?



Jaziba put her foot down, very, very gently. “Wait there, little ants,” she said.



She found a long green leaf and laid it across the water like a bridge.



One by one, the ants marched across. Jaziba waited for the very last one.



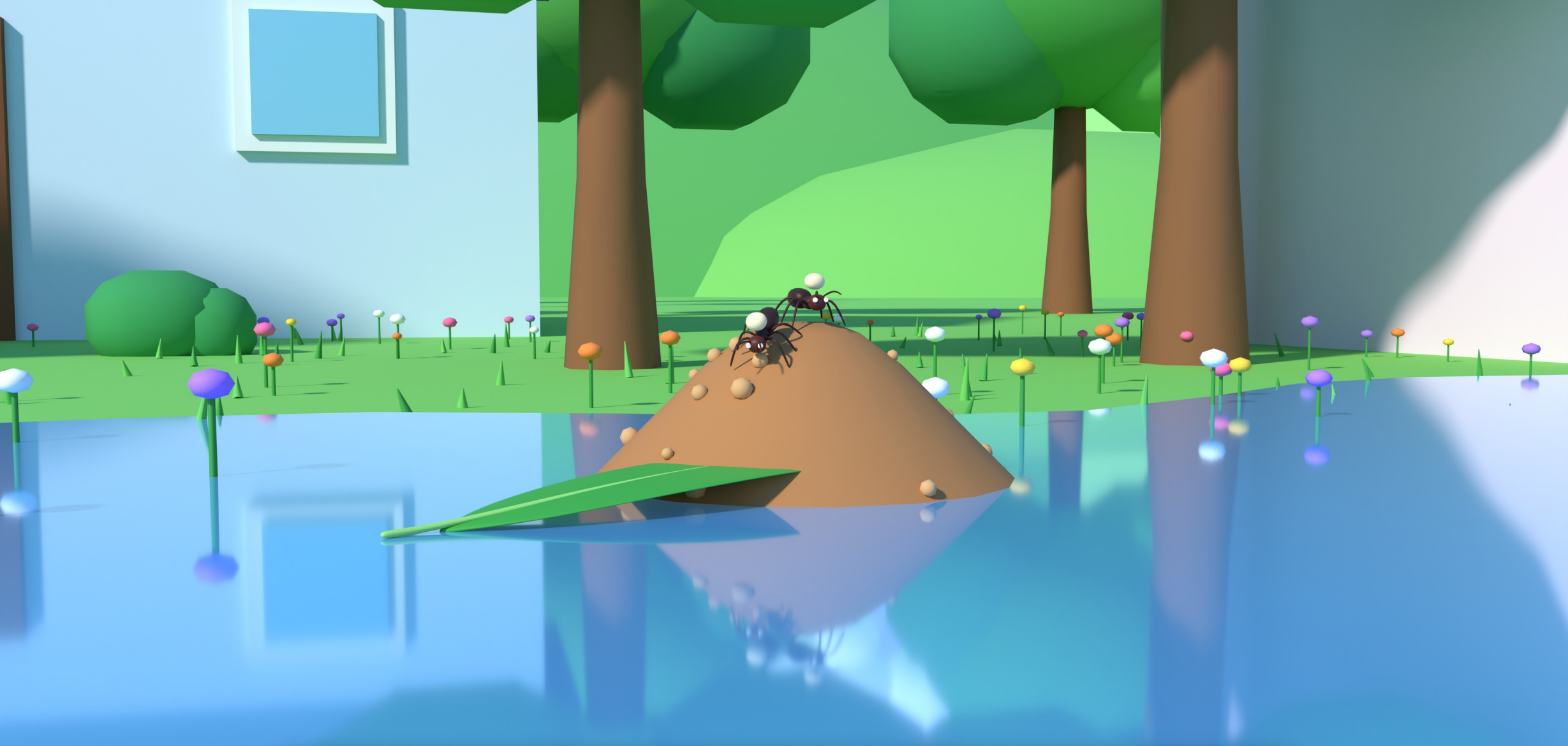
That night the rain came back. It poured and it poured and it poured.



“Oh, the little ants!” whispered Jaziba. She could not get to sleep.



In the morning, the whole path was under water. Jaziba ran out to look.



But one little hill stood high and dry above the flood.



And there they were, safe at home! Every single one had got across in time.



No one is too small for kindness.