

The Cracked Pot

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



Every morning, little Jaziba walked to the village well to fetch water.



She had two pots. One was big and shiny and new.



The other was little and old, with a long crack down its side.



Jaziba filled them both to the top. But all the way home it went drip, drip, drip!



At home, the big pot was still full. The little pot was only half full.



“Oh, little pot,” sighed Jaziba. “You lose half your water every single day.”



The next morning, Jaziba picked up the big pot. Should she leave the little one behind?



The little pot sat all alone on the step. It had gone with her to the well every day.



“Come along, little pot,” said Jaziba. “I will not leave you.” And off they went.



Day after day, the little pot dripped all the way home. Drip, drip, drip.



One morning, Baba Kareem stopped on the path. “Mmm! What is that lovely smell?”



Jaziba looked down. Flowers! Pink and purple and gold, all along the path.



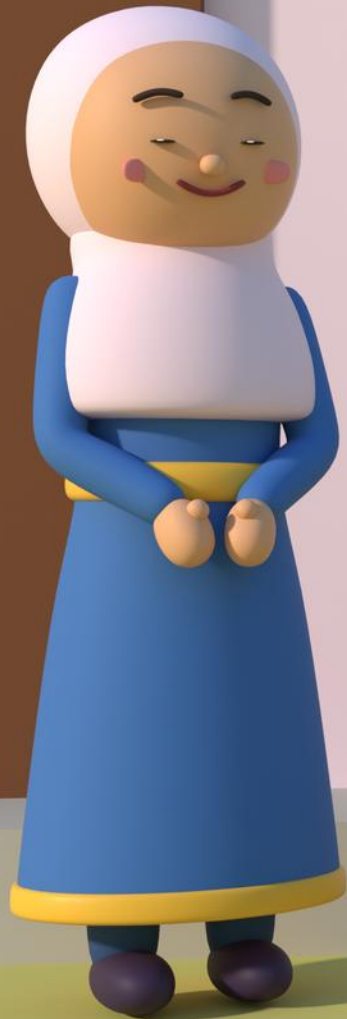
But they grew on one side only. The side where the little pot dripped.



All summer long, the little cracked pot had been watering them!



Jaziba hugged her pot. “You are not a broken pot,” she said. “You are a watering pot!”



Your flaws can be a gift.