

The Lantern

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



One night, a great wind blew through the village. Whoosh! Out went every lamp.



Only one light was left. It was Jaziba's little lantern.



Its flame was very small. But it made a warm, golden circle all around her.



Along came Auntie Salma from next door. “My lamp has gone out.
May I light it from yours?”



Jaziba looked at her little flame. It was so very small.



What if sharing it used it all up? What if her own light went out too?



All down the street, the houses stood dark and cold.



“Here,” said Jaziba, and she held out her lantern.



The two lamps touched. Now there were two flames, and Jaziba's was as bright as ever!



Auntie Salma lit a lamp for Uncle Idris. Uncle Idris hurried off to light the next.



House by house and lamp by lamp, the light went down the street.



Soon every window glowed. The dark street was golden from end to end.



**“I cannot see the lamps,” said Baba Kareem, “but I can feel them.
How warm it is!”**



Jaziba looked at her own little lantern. It had not grown smaller. Not one bit.



And all that light had come from one small flame.



A light that is shared never grows smaller.