

The Last Date

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



It was Ramadan, and the sun was sinking low. Little Jaziba was on her way home.



She had fasted all day long. Her tummy rumbled and grumbled.



In her pocket was one sweet, sticky date. It was her very last one,
saved for sunset.



Jaziba sat down on the old log to wait. Not long now!



“Cheep, cheep!” A little bird hopped onto the path.



It pecked at the dusty ground. Peck, peck, peck. Not a seed. Not a crumb.



Jaziba looked at the hungry bird. Then she looked at her date. It was the only one she had.



Her tummy rumbled louder than ever. “But I am hungry too,” she whispered.



The little bird looked up at her. “Cheep?”



Jaziba knelt down. “You must be hungry too,” she said, and she broke her date into little pieces.



The bird ate every last bit. Jaziba's tummy was still empty, but she could not stop smiling.



Then it sang a happy song and flew away into the golden sky.



The sun slipped behind the hills. Jaziba's hands were empty, but her heart felt full.



“There you are!” called Mama. “Come and see what Baba Kareem has brought us.”



It was a great big plate of dates from his very own tree, more than Jaziba could count!



Giving never makes you poorer.