

The Red Ball

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



Jaziba had a bouncy blue ball. Bounce, bounce, bounce, all along the path.



Zayd had a red ball. He was the biggest, strongest boy in the village,
and he kicked it hard.



BUMP! The two balls bounced right into each other.



“Hey! Watch where you’re going!” shouted Zayd. His face went as red as his ball.



He kicked his ball at the wall. It bounced straight back and bopped him on the nose.



“This is all YOUR fault!” he roared.



Jaziba felt hot and prickly inside. Her hands made two tight little fists.



She wanted to shout right back. A great big shout was sitting on her tongue.



But Jaziba took a long, slow breath. Then she sat down on the old log.



The hot, prickly feeling grew smaller and smaller. And then it was gone.



Zayd gave his ball the hardest kick of all. It flew into the thorn bush. Pssssss!



The red ball was as flat as a pancake. Zayd sat down in the dust, and his lip began to wobble.



Jaziba did not laugh. She ran all the way home and came back with the pump.



Puff, puff, puff! Little by little, the red ball grew round again.



“I’m sorry I shouted,” said Zayd. “You are stronger than me. Will you play?”



The strong one is the one who stays calm.