

The Thorn on the Path

A Jaziba story



@JazibaWorld

An InjahStudio production



One sunny morning, a big thorny branch lay right across the village path.



A man came hurrying by. “What a nuisance!” he grumbled, and he stepped around it.



A lady came next. She was far too busy to stop, so she stepped around it too.



Then along came little Jaziba. She stopped. She looked at the sharp, prickly thorns.



“Somebody could get hurt,” she thought.



The branch was heavy and prickly. Jaziba pulled and pulled with all her might.



At last the path was clear. Nobody saw. Nobody said thank you.
Jaziba smiled anyway.



Off she skipped with a happy heart. She did not see who was coming down the path.



It was old Baba Kareem, tap-tap-tapping with his cane. Baba Kareem could not see.



He walked along the path, safe and sound, and he never knew why.



A small good deed is never small.