

Their Secret

Ammi and Abu had gone to work. Grandpa was in his room, and the children were at home because it was a school holiday.

Munir was doing his homework, and Munna who loved to play outdoors, was doing just that.

Suddenly, Munna ran into his brother's room. "Look Bhaiya, what I found!" he cried, thrusting his palm under his brother's nose. On his palm was something tiny, covered in mud. The small part of the thing on which there was no mud looked like a blue-black pearl.

Munir looked at it with disgust, and said, "Munna, this is just some mud with rubbish in it. Why do you pick up such filth! Go throw it away."

"But what is it?" Munna insisted.

"It is just a seed. Go throw it away! Munir said. He looked disgusted.

"No! I will not throw it away!" said Munna with a frown.

"If you don't, I will tell Ammi." Munir tried to scare him. "And now go away. I am busy."

But Munna was not scared, "No, I won't throw it away, it is my seed!" he cried, and went off to his grandfather's room.

Grandpa had heard Munna's angry voice. "Why were you two quarrelling?" he asked.

“I found a beautiful seed outside in the mud. I like it but Bhaiya says ‘throw it away.’ But I found it, and I will never, never throw it away!”

“Okay, so don’t throw it away. But won’t you show me this beautiful seed?” said Grandpa.

Munna opened his hand and showed Grandpa his treasure. By now some of the mud had fallen away and they could see most of the seed.

Grandpa looked at it, smiled, and said to Munna “Let’s just keep it safely in my drawer. We won’t tell anybody about it. It will be just our secret.”

And that is what they did.

Grandpa was a writer. He wrote mostly stories, but now and then he wrote poetry as well. The next day he gave Munna a poem he had written. You can read it here:

The Seed

This is the seed that grew the tree
That gave the wood
To make the page
To fill the book with poetry
And stories for you and me

The pages are many,
They make many books
That make their readers wise

So, who says to you
It is only a seed,
A useless thing,
A filthy thing
All covered with dirt,
Just throw it away?

Two or more children should read this story.

Here is a question for children who read this story (or heard it read out to them):
What do you think Munna and his grandfather did with the seed? Make your answer to the question into a story, and write it, or tell it to your group.

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Acknowledgement: The second, third and fourth lines of the poem The Seed, have been taken from the poem Windsong, by Judith Nicholls. This short poem by Nicholls was the inspiration for this story. A.A
