



The Chestnut Tree

Once upon a time, there was a vast forest. Many trees lived in this forest, such as banana, cherry, and orange trees. They all bore fragrant fruits that all the animals eagerly consumed.

One day, a mighty storm hit the forest. The storm was powerful, the trees shook. The bird nests on the branches fell to the ground. Some branches broke while some trees were uprooted.

Upon hearing about the storm, everyone rushed to help. They rebuilt the fallen bird nests, and repaired the broken branches. The elephants used their trunks to lift the fallen trees back up.

The favorite tree of the little sparrow living in this forest was the chestnut tree. When the storm passed, the sparrow immediately flew to the chestnut tree and saw that it had fallen. Sitting nearby was the wisest elephant of the forest. The sparrow scolded him:

"Look, the chestnut tree has fallen. Use your trunk to lift it up. Be quick!"

The elephant looked at the sparrow with affectionate eyes and replied:

"Oh, little sparrow. I'm sorry. I may be strong, but I cannot lift it because it no longer lives. Look, all of its leaves have fallen... It can't stand up anymore."

The sparrow became very sad and cried a little. He sadly asked:

"What will happen now? Will it just stay on the ground forever?"

The elephant extended his trunk to the sparrow, and the sparrow perched on it.

"No. We will take it to that mountain and lay it to rest in the soil. All fallen trees are taken there."

"Will it stay there forever? What will it do there?" asked the sparrow.

The elephant replied calmly:

"Some trees eventually become part of the soil, while others go to a garden in paradise and live there, little sparrow."

The sparrow pondered for a moment and sadly asked his final question:

"Will I never see the chestnut tree again?"

The elephant pondered for a moment and replied:

"With your tiny eyes on your head, you won't be able to see it anymore. But sparrows have eyes with which they imagine and eyes with which they dream. You can see it with them."

The sparrow immediately opened his eyes with which he imagines and envisioned the games he used to play on the chestnut tree's branches. He remembered the stories it had told him. He felt a little relieved.

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