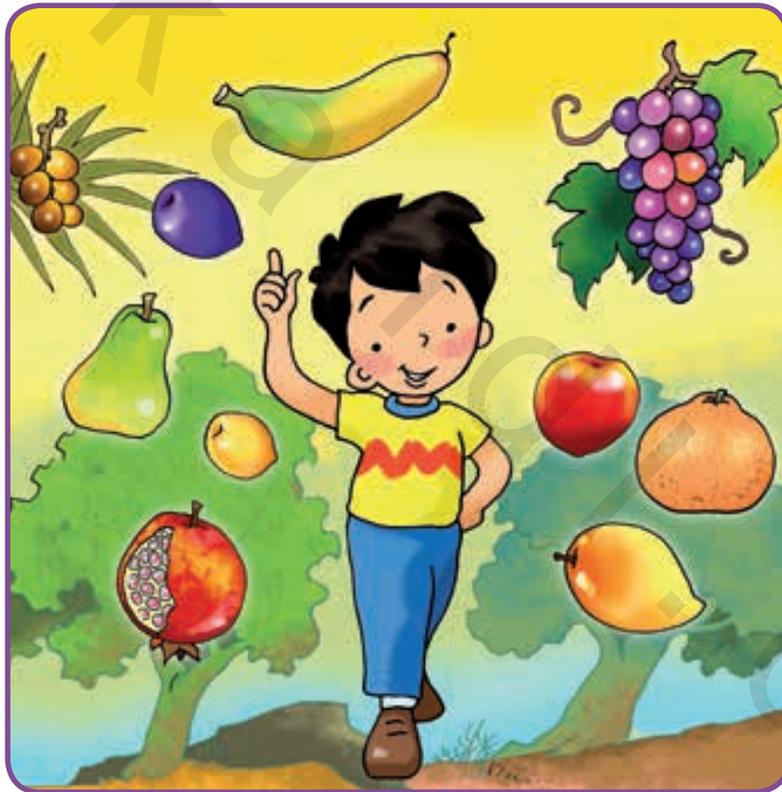




Educational stories for children

KARIM AND THE FRUIT TREES



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Karim woke up in the morning to the sound of sparrows and other birds and animals singing and playing.



Karim was delighted. He jumped out of bed and rushed off to go out to the farm.



His grandmother caught hold of him at the door. "Hello, my pretty little chick!" she said. "Where are you off to?" Karim said, "To the farm, Grandma. All my friends have woken up and I must go to them."



“Yes, they woke up and had breakfast before going out to play,” his grandmother said, “and you must have breakfast too.”



“I’m not hungry right now, Grandma,” Karim said. “I’ll eat the delicious fruit that I gather.” His grandmother asked him, “And what fruit do you like?”



“All the trees are my friends,” Karim said. “I love them all, Grandma.”
His grandmother smiled and said, “Tell me their names.”



Karim counted on his fingers as he said, “The apple tree gives me apples, and the guava tree gives me guavas.”



Karim fell silent, and so his grandmother prompted him and he answered:

“And the orange tree?”... “It gives me oranges.” ...

“And the pear tree?” ... “It gives me pears.”



“And the mango tree?” ... “It gives me mangoes.” ...

“And the pomegranate tree?” ... “It gives me pomegranates.”



“And the grape vine?” ... “It gives me bunches of grapes.” ...

“And the apricot tree?” ... “It gives me apricots.”



“And the peach tree?” ... “It gives me peaches.” ...

“And the plum tree?” ... “It gives me plums.”



“And the banana tree?” ... “It gives me lots of bananas.” ...

“And the palm tree?” ... “It gives me lots of dates.”



Karim's grandmother smiled and said, "And the colors of the flowers, Karim?" Karim said, "There are red flowers, and yellow flowers, and white flowers."



His grandmother smiled. “Wonderful, just wonderful!” she said. “Have a cup of milk with honey.”



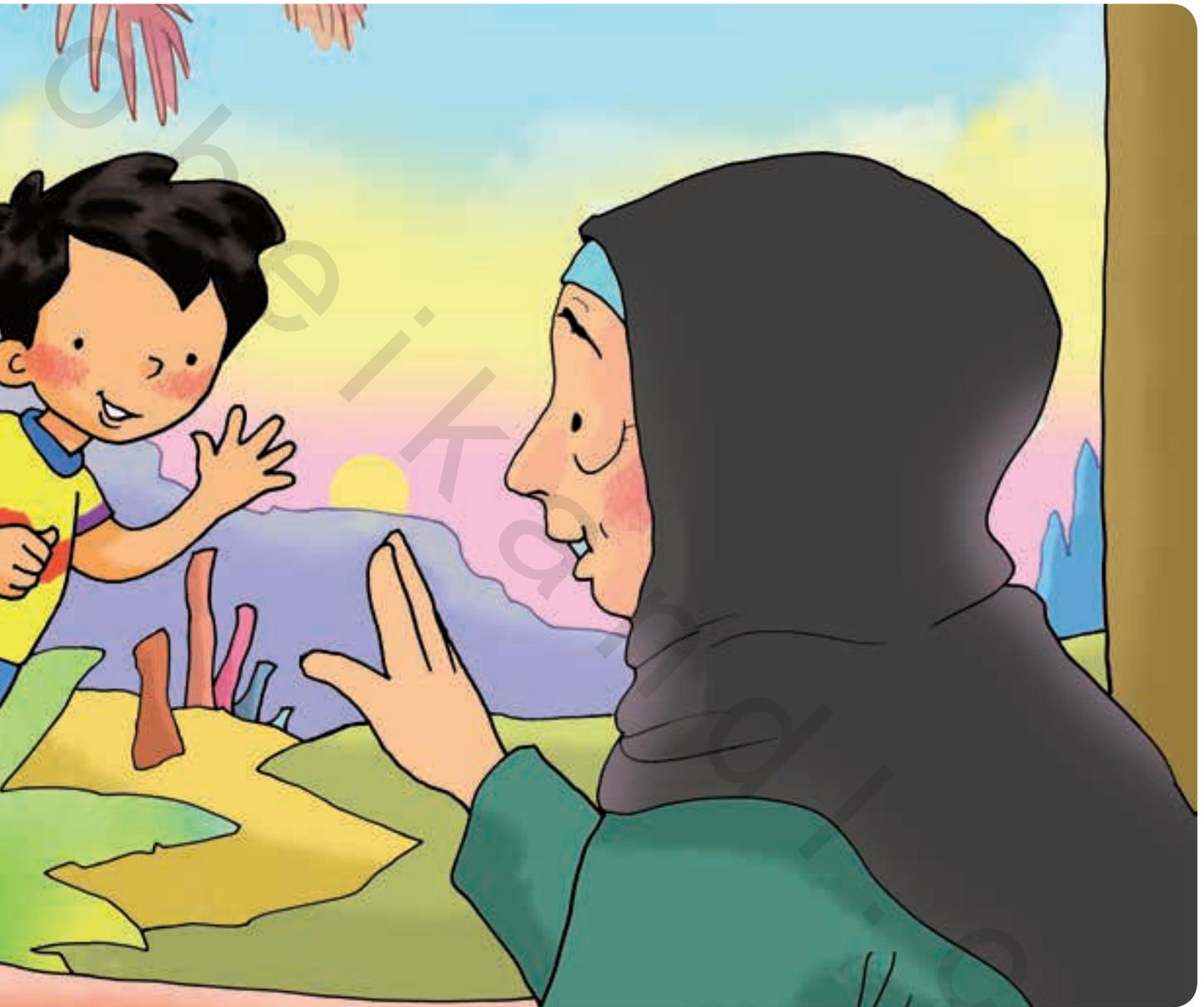
Karim took the cup from his grandmother and was about to drink from it when his grandmother said, “Huh, Karim, what do we say before we eat or drink?”



Karim smiled and said, “Oh, yes, Grandma, that’s right. We say, ‘In the name of God, the Merciful, the Compassionate.’” His grandmother said, “That’s right, sweetheart.”



Karim gulped down the milk and placed the cup in the kitchen. He smiled to his grandmother as he said, "Thanks be to God."



Karim took the fruit basket from his grandmother and rushed off to the farm. He sang in a sweet voice, as the trees and birds and animals sang along with him:



“Good morning ... good morning

Good morning, tree ... good morning, fruit

Good morning, flower ... good morning, sparrow



The dark night has come to an end, and the morning is taking its breath.
At school I study and sing like a bird.
Good morning ... good morning...



The rooster has cried 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'
The windows have opened,
and our happy house woken.
Good morning ... good morning...



The goat has bleated, shaking its tail.
The goose is laughing,
raising its head and turning 'round.
Good morning ... good morning...



Praise the Creator, praise He who brought light
The Supreme, the Compassionate,
of worshippers forgiving...
Good morning ... good morning!”