



Educational stories for children

YOUSSEF AND THE MANGO TREE



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Youssef learned from his father that if we plant a seed in a sunny spot in the soil and water it, it will sprout and grow and hopefully become a large tree.



Youssef took a mango pit and planted it behind the house and watered it. "Oh Lord, please make it a big mango tree," he said. His friend the sparrow repeated after him, "Sau...sau...sau."



Early in the morning every day, Youssef would wake up and water his seed. He'd sit beside it and imagine it as a large tree whose trunk he'd climb and whose branches he'd sit in.



Days passed, and the happy surprise arrived. A small, pretty green shoot had pushed its way through the soil!



Youssef leapt about in delight, repeating, “Oh my, oh my, oh my!” He ran to tell his father, the sparrow following and clapping its wings as it chirped, “Sau...sau...sau.”



Youssef's father said, "It's a gift from God. Take care of it Youssef, for it's a living creature like we are. It requires nourishment to grow and become a large tree."



“How do I nourish it, Daddy?” asked Youssef. His father said, “Trees take their nourishment from the soil and water and air and sun rays.”



“And when will it grow big, Daddy?” asked Youssef. “It will grow bit by bit. You can measure its height with a small stick and then wait a few days and measure it again and see the difference.”



And so Youssef would wake up every morning before the sun rose or the sparrow stirred and rush off to his tree to water it and measure its height.



Each time, Youssef found that his tree had grown taller. He would get a longer stick to measure it with and see how much it was growing.



The days passed, and the tree grew taller and taller, until it was the same height as Youssef. Youssef was delighted with his tree. He stroke it gently and kissed its leaves.



Then, one day, Youssef found his beloved tree, rather than standing there beautiful as always, torn from the soil by its roots and thrown on the ground, dried up and dead.



Youssef sadly sat beside it crying, saying, “Who killed my tree, sparrow? Who killed it?” The sparrow cried too, its tiny tears falling to the ground.



Youssef never knew who uprooted his tree, but he learned from his father that whoever does such a thing is an evil person, and that God does not like evil people.



The years went by, and Youssef became a young man who loves trees. He encouraged people to plant them everywhere, and didn't like people who cut them down.