



Mariam and the Little Stone

Abeer Solaiman



Mariam lived in a small village in the south. She loved her village and her home. One day, she saw a little gray stone near her house. The stone was small and looked lonely, so Mariam picked it up gently.



She held the tiny stone in her hand. It felt smooth and cool. Mariam whispered, "Hello, little stone. Are you lost?" She wondered where it came from.



Mariam decided the stone needed a friend. "I will take you home with me," she said softly. She carefully placed the stone in her pocket, feeling its smooth weight.



Back in her cozy home, Mariam took the stone out. It had a little dust on it. She found a soft cloth and carefully wiped the stone clean, making it shine a tiny bit.



Her beloved grandmother was sitting nearby, knitting. Mariam went to her, holding up the clean stone. "Look, Teta!" she said, "I found a lonely stone." The grandmother, wearing a beautiful scarf, smiled kindly.



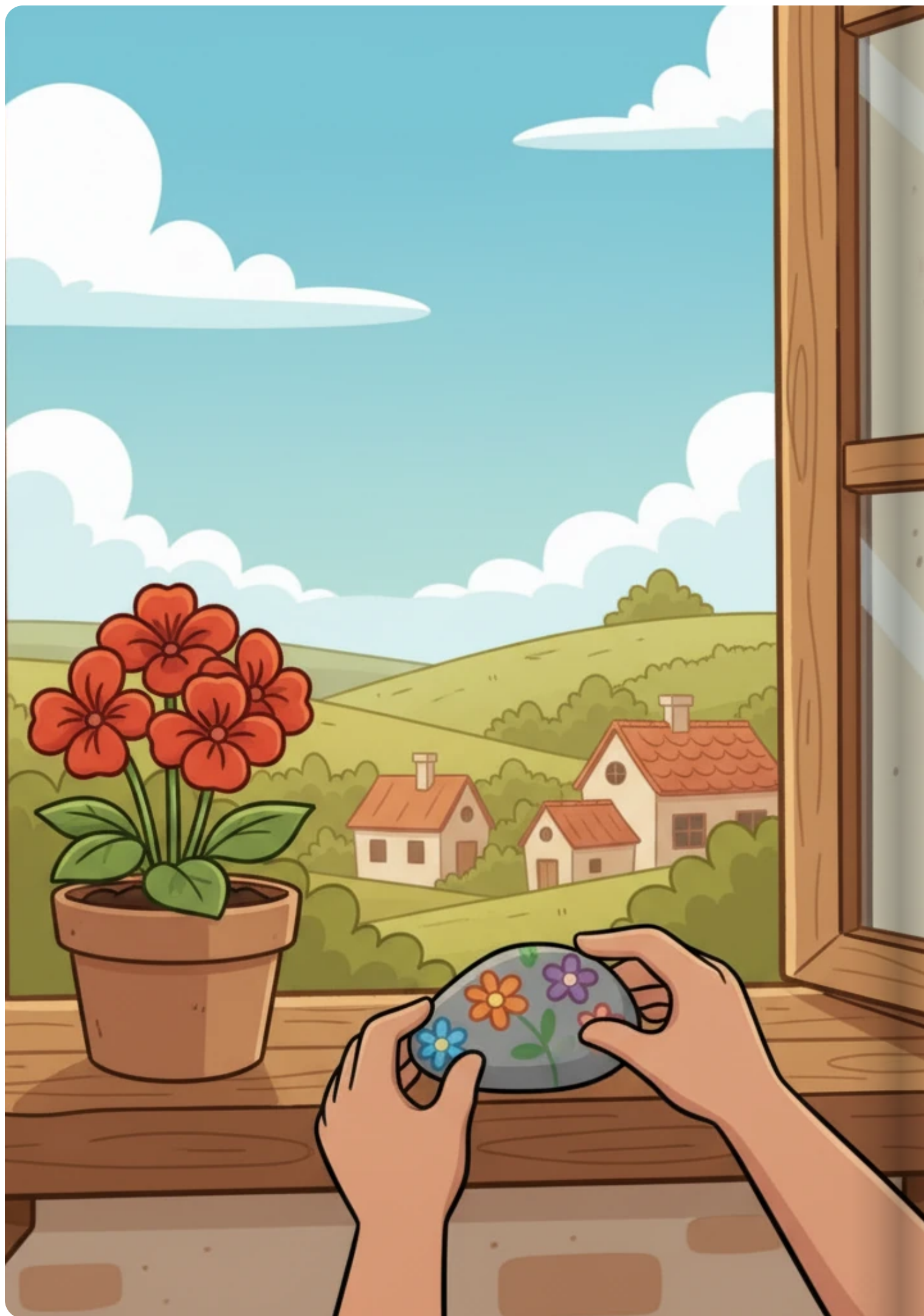
Teta gently touched the stone. "Even small things can be special, my dear Mariam," she said. "Perhaps this stone needs a little color to feel less lonely." Mariam's eyes lit up with a wonderful idea.



Mariam found her colorful paints and tiny brushes. She sat down at her table, ready to make the gray stone bright. She imagined all the happy colors it could be.



With careful strokes, Mariam painted tiny flowers and bright dots on the stone. She even drew a happy, smiling face. The little gray stone was now a cheerful, colorful friend.



Mariam placed her newly decorated stone on her windowsill. From there, it could see the whole village, the green hills, and the bright blue sky. It looked so happy.



Mariam smiled, feeling a warmth in her heart. She had turned a lonely gray stone into a joyful friend. Every day, she would wave to her little stone, and it seemed to smile back.