

THE SEED OF KINDNESS



BY **CHILDBOOK.AI**

Himanshu was eight years old and loved playing cricket with his friends every afternoon. One hot day, walking home, he saw an old woman struggling with a heavy bag of vegetables. His friends dashed past her, laughing, calling him to hurry up. Himanshu stopped. He walked over and asked, "Can I help you?" The old woman smiled warmly. "Thank you, child. You have a kind heart," she said.



Himanshu carried the heavy bag all the way to the old woman's little house. She invited him to sit under a shady tree. She gave him a glass of cool water and a ripe, juicy mango. "You didn't have to help me," she said, "but you did." Himanshu smiled and said, "I'm happy I could help!" He waved goodbye and ran home, feeling proud of his kind act.



The next day, Himanshu was playing cricket with his friends when he tripped and fell hard. His knee scraped against the rough ground, and it stung badly. He sat on the roadside, trying hard not to cry. His friends kept playing, not noticing he was hurt. Himanshu looked down the road, wondering if anyone would come to help him.



Just then, the old woman came walking down the road with a clean cloth, some ointment, and two sweets. She sat beside Himanshu and gently cleaned his knee. "Kindness is like a seed," she said. "When you plant it, it grows, sometimes even faster than you expect." Himanshu smiled, feeling the sting fade away. He never forgot that day, and he kept planting seeds of kindness wherever he went.



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