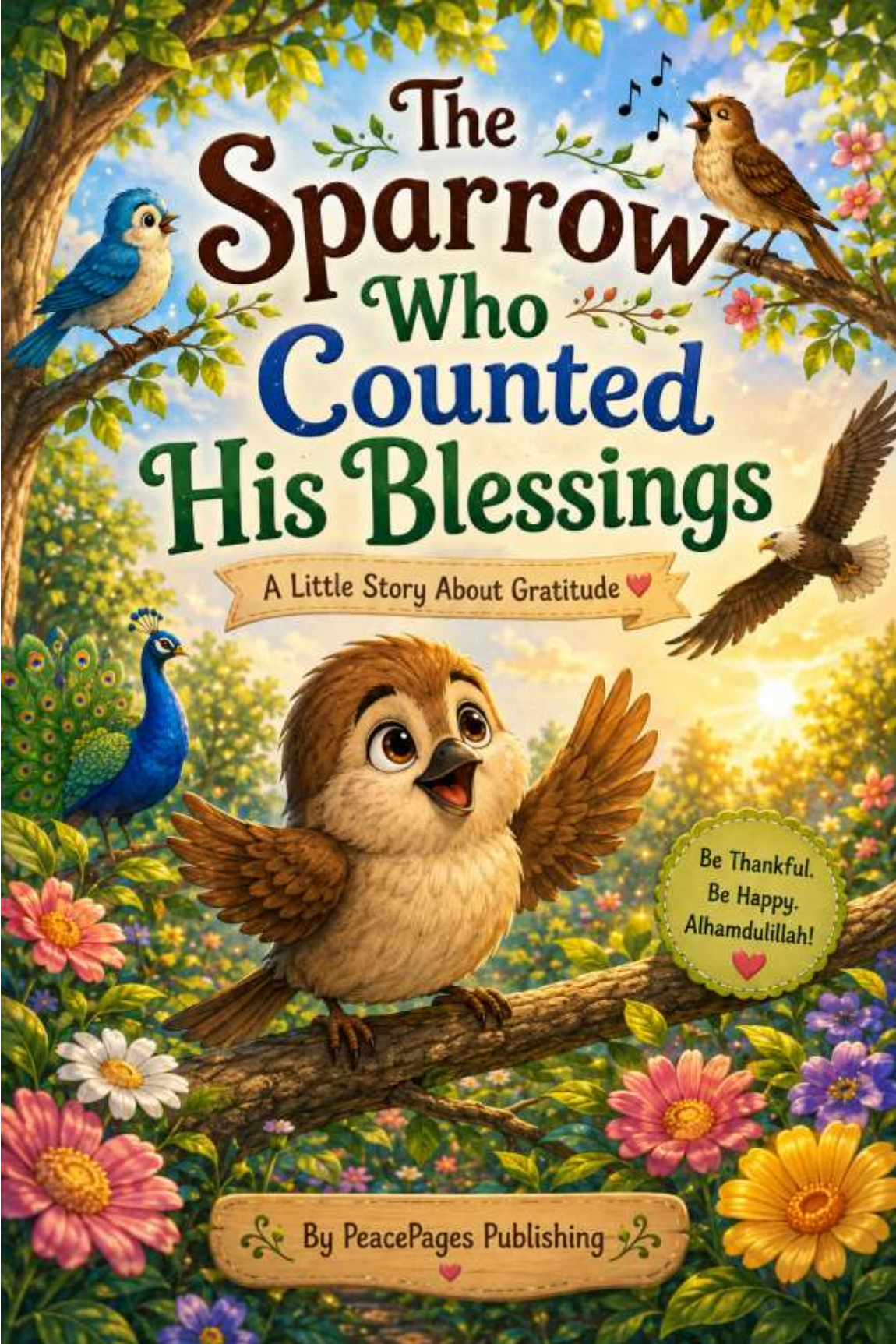




The Sparrow Who Counted His Blessings

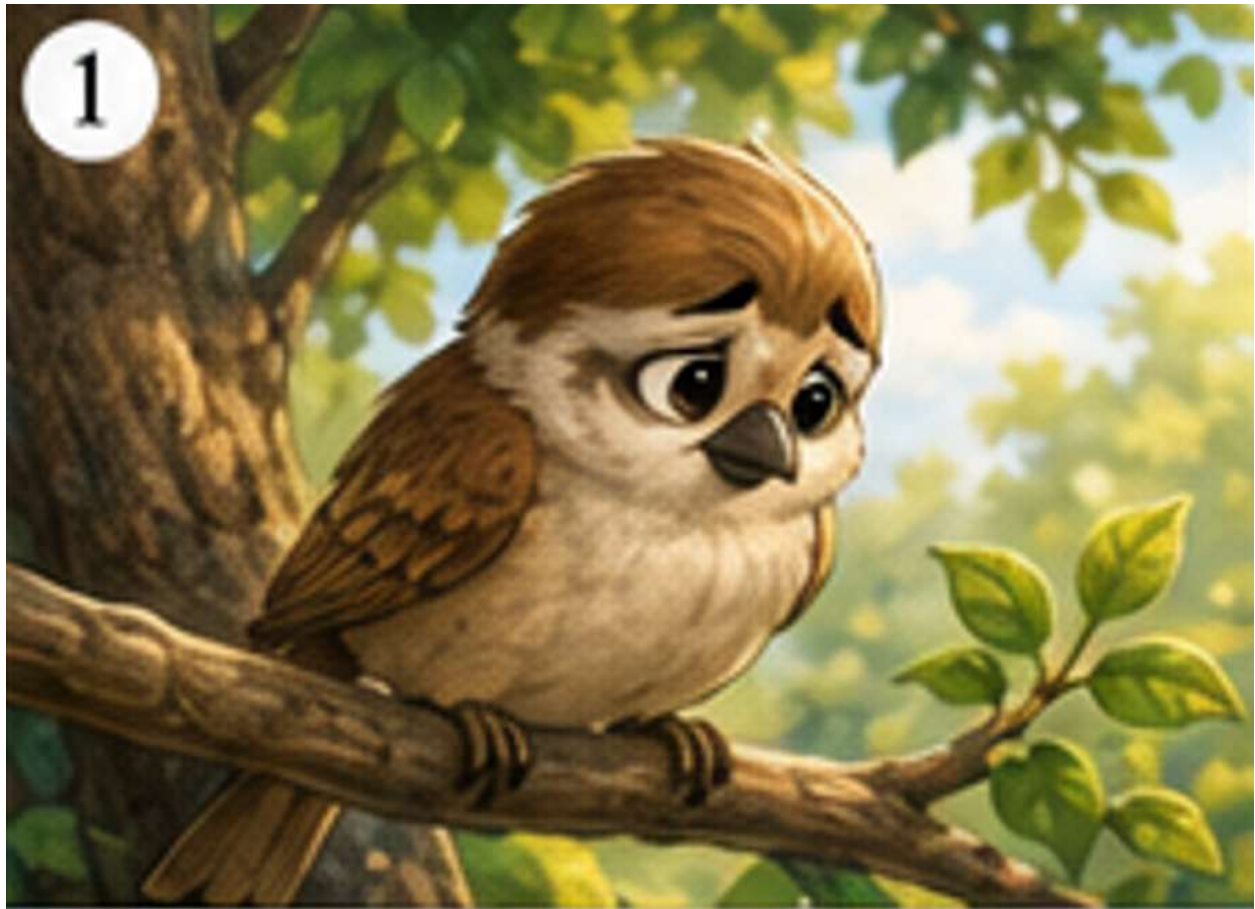
A Little Story About Gratitude ♥

Be Thankful.
Be Happy.
Alhamdulillah!
♥

By PeacePages Publishing ♥

The Sparrow Who Counted His Blessings

A Little Story About Gratitude



High in a little tree lived
a young sparrow named Sami.
He had tiny brown wings,
bright eyes, and a cheerful chirp.
But Sami was not feeling
cheerful today.



Sami looked at the other birds.

"I wish I had feathers as bright
as the peacock."

"I wish I could sing like
the nightingale."

"I wish I could fly as high as the eagle."



A beautiful blue bird flew past.
Sami looked at its shiny feathers.
"Why aren't my feathers
beautiful like that?"
He looked down at his
plain brown wings.



Then a strong eagle
soared high above the trees.
“Look how high he can fly!”
Sami sighed.
“I wish I could be like him.”

5



Soon, Sami heard a sweet song.
"Tweet-tweet! La-la-la!"
It was the nightingale.
Sami became even more unhappy.
"I can't sing like that either."



Sami flew back to his nest.
He looked at his plain feathers.
His small wings.
His little feet.
“I don’t have anything special,”
he whispered.



Sami's mother gently sat beside him.

"Why are you sad, little one?"

Sami told her about the peacock,
the eagle, and the nightingale.



Mother Sparrow smiled.
"Have you forgotten how many
gifts Allah has already
given you?"
Sami looked puzzled.
"Gifts?"



"Yes," said Mother Sparrow.
"Let's count them together."
Sami looked around.

"One..."
"My wings!"

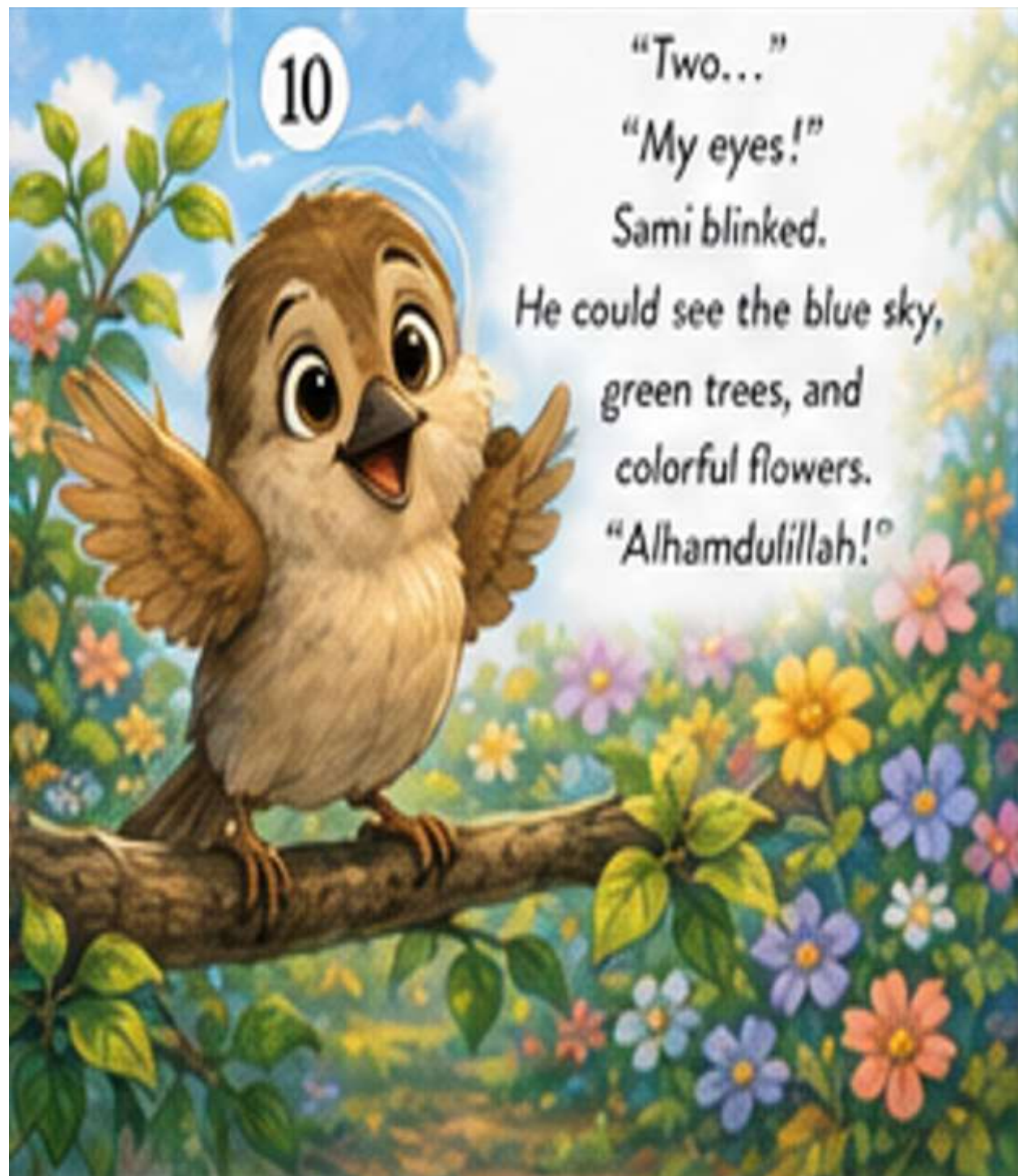
"Two..."

"My eyes!"

Sami blinked.

He could see the blue sky,
green trees, and
colorful flowers.

"Alhamdulillah!"





"Three..."

"My little feet!"

*Sami hopped along
the branch.*

Hop! Hop! Hop!



"Four..."

"My home!"

Sami looked at his warm,
cozy nest.

It kept him safe
when the wind blew.



"Five..."

"My family!"

Sami looked at his mother.

Then he saw his father
returning with food.

His heart felt warm.



"Six..."

"My food!"

Sami looked at the
tiny seeds in his nest.

"They may be small,"
he said,

"but they fill my tummy."



Sami became quiet.
He looked around his home.
He had wings.
He had eyes.
He had food.
He had a family.
And he had a safe place to sleep.



Then Sami noticed something else.
A gentle breeze moved through
the leaves.
The sun warmed his feathers.
A butterfly danced nearby.
Sami smiled.
"Allah has given me so much!"



The next morning,
Sami decided to try something new.
Instead of counting the things
he didn't have...
He would count the blessings
he did have.



"My wings help me fly!" Swoosh!

"My eyes help me see!" Blink!

"My little beak helps me eat!" Peck!



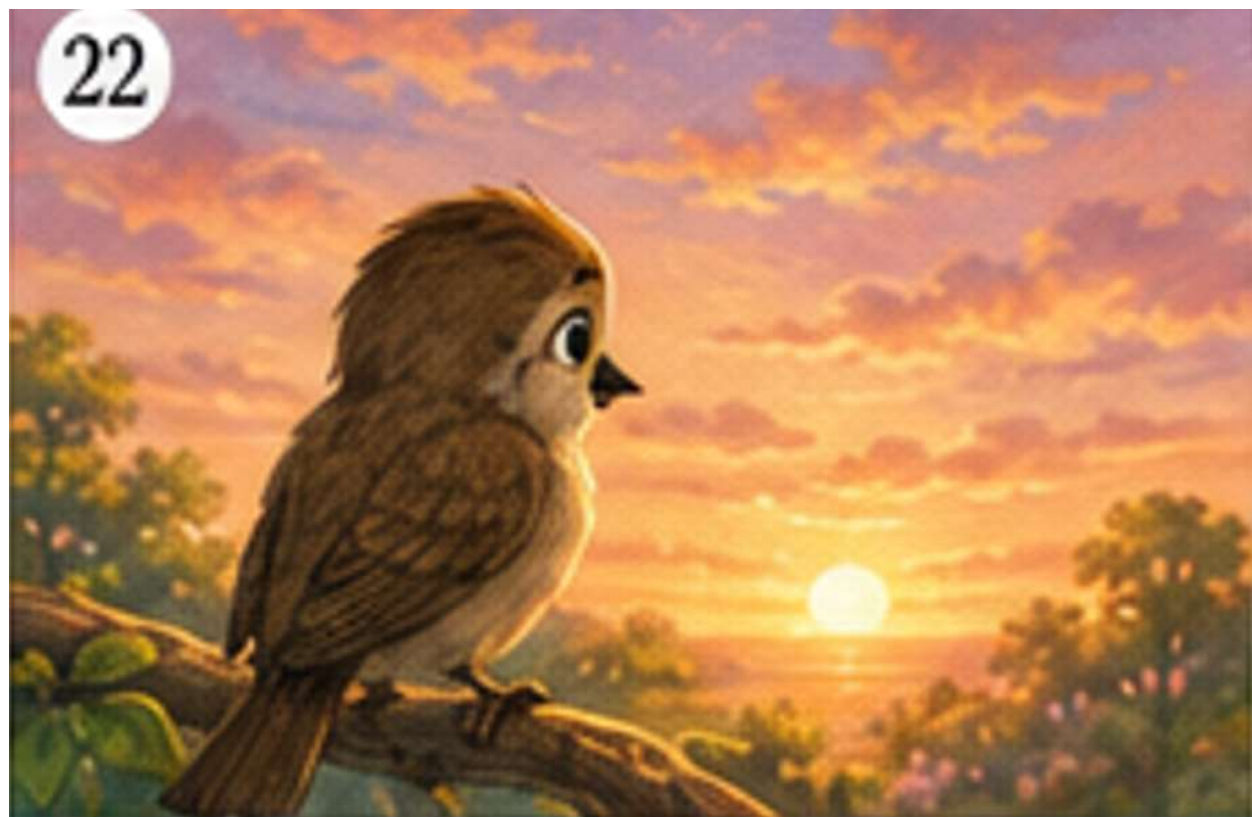
*Sami flew past the blue bird again.
This time, he didn't feel jealous.
"Your feathers are beautiful,"
he chirped.
"Allah made you special!"*



Then Sami saw the nightingale.
"Your song is beautiful!"
The nightingale smiled.
"And your little chirp
is lovely too!"



Even the eagle passed overhead.
Sami looked up and smiled.
“I don’t need to fly like you.”
“I am happy being Sami.”



*That evening, Sami returned
to his nest.*

*He looked at the sunset.
The sky was golden and pink.
Sami whispered,
"Alhamdulillah for all
my blessings."*



From that day on, Sami started
a special habit.
Every night, before he went to sleep,
he counted his blessings.
His family. His food. His home. His wings.
And all the little gifts Allah
gave him each day.



Sami finally understood
something important:

Happiness does not come
from having everything.

Happiness grows when we
are thankful for what we
already have.

Sami smiled, tucked his
little wings beneath him,
and whispered:

“Alhamdulillah.”

Then he closed his eyes and
fell asleep beneath the
peaceful night sky.

The End 