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—A NAVRITTO STORY—



The Heavy *Pebble.*

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The Heavy Pebble

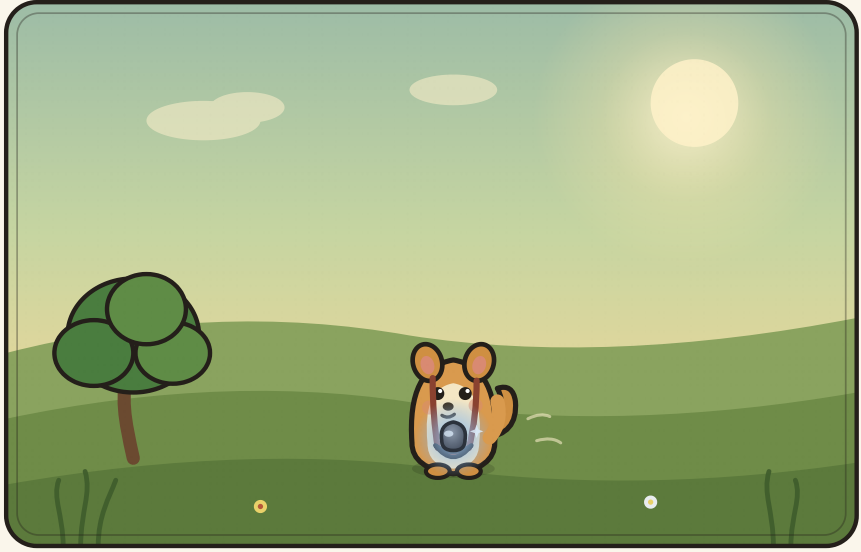
Written & illustrated by Navritto.

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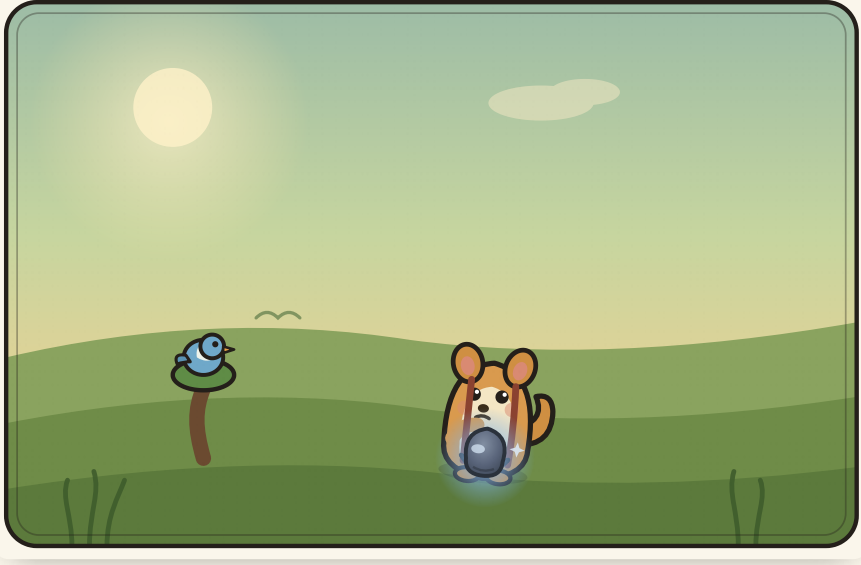
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In a soft green wood lived a little creature named Bimo. He had round ears, a curly tail, and a laugh you could hear across three meadows.

One warm morning, Bimo said a thing that was not true. It was only a small lie — a tiny one, to keep out of trouble.

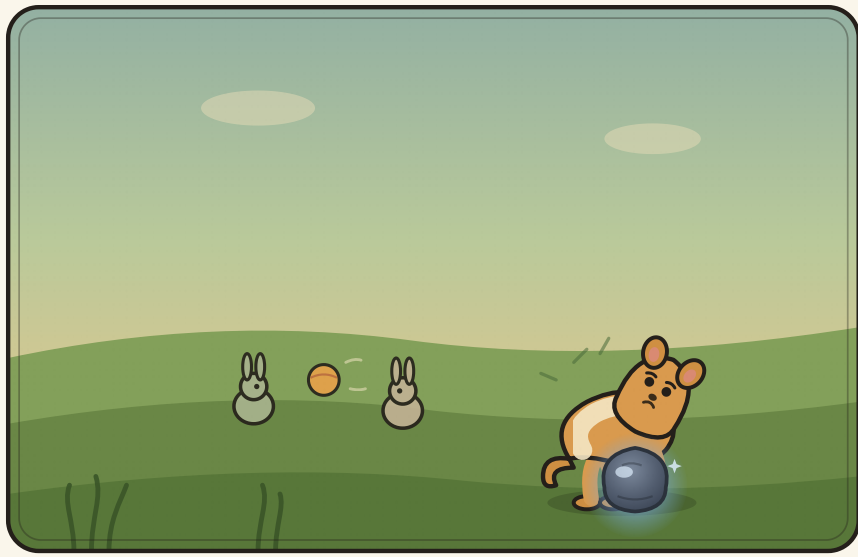
But the moment he said it, a pebble appeared in his sling. It was cold, and it was heavy, and it had a strange blue glow. “That is odd,” said Bimo. And off he went to play.



When a bluebird asked about the first lie, Bimo was afraid. So he told another lie to cover it up.

And the pebble grew. Now it was the size of an apple, cold as ever, tugging his sling down to one side.

“I will carry it,” Bimo thought. “No one will know.” But the pebble was heavier than before, and he walked a little crooked as he went.



Each little lie needed another to hold it up. And each time, the pebble grew.

Soon it was so big and so heavy that Bimo was bent right over. He could not run. He could not jump. He could not even lift his head to look at the sky.

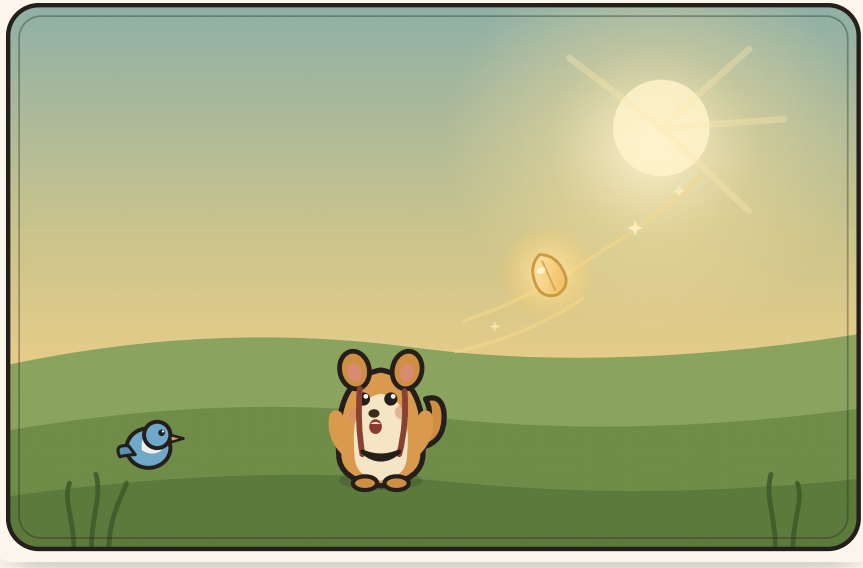
His friends called, “Bimo, come and play!” But Bimo could only drag the cold pebble along behind him, and the friends played on without him.



At last the pebble was too heavy to carry another step. Bimo sank down under the big old tree, all alone.

The wood went grey and quiet. His arms ached. His tummy ached. Most of all, the cold place inside him ached.

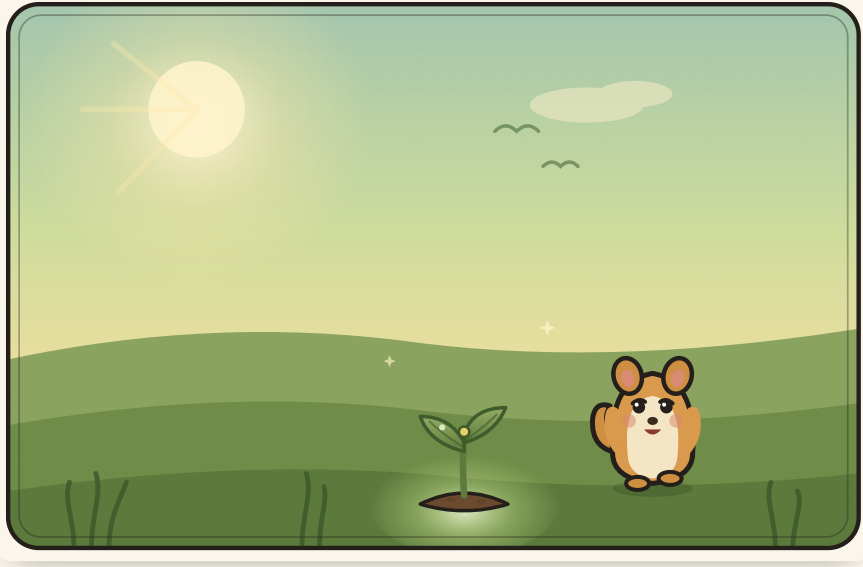
A tear rolled down his nose. “I am so tired,” he whispered, “of carrying this.”



The truth was hard to say. It sat in his throat like the pebble sat in his sling.
But Bimo took a deep breath, and he said it, right out loud.

“I told a lie,” said Bimo. “And then I told more. I am sorry.”

And the strangest thing happened. The heavy pebble went light — light as a little seed — and warm, and gold. A soft breeze lifted it from his sling and carried it up, up, and away over the trees.



Bimo stood up straight for the first time in days. He felt light enough to float.

And far across the meadow, where the little gold seed had landed, something small and green began to grow — a tiny sprout, reaching up to the sun.

For Bimo had learned the gentlest lesson of all: the truth can be hard to say. But a lie is so much heavier to carry.

✦ THE END

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