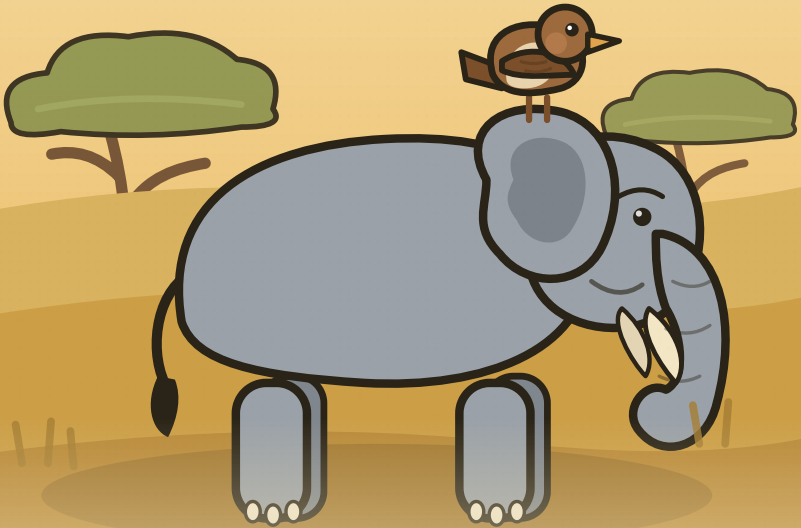


—A NAVRITTO STORY—



The Sparrow & the
Elephant.

+ NAVRITTO STORIES · FABLES & MORALS

The Sparrow and the Elephant

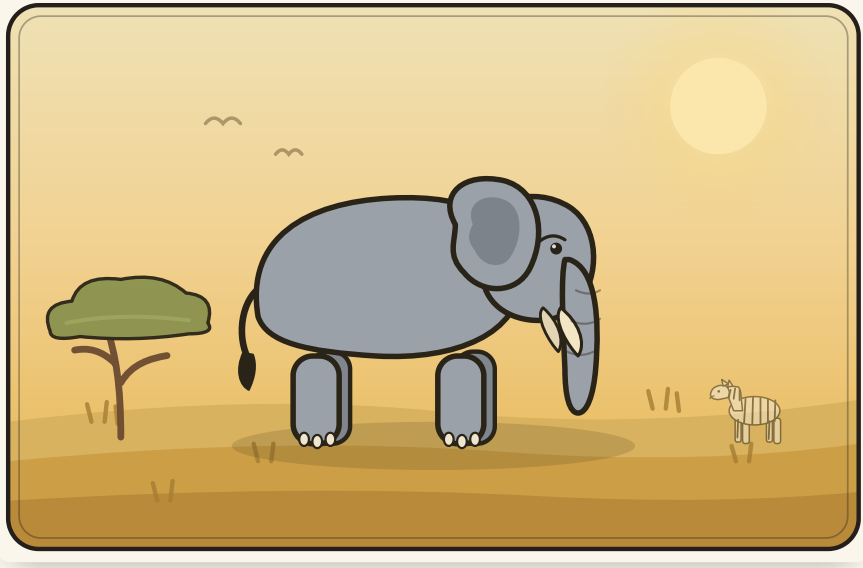
Written & illustrated by Navritto.

© 2026 Navritto Solutions Private Limited. All rights reserved. This story and its illustrations are original works and may not be reproduced or redistributed without permission.

First edition, 2026 · Published by Navritto Solutions Private Limited · navritto.com

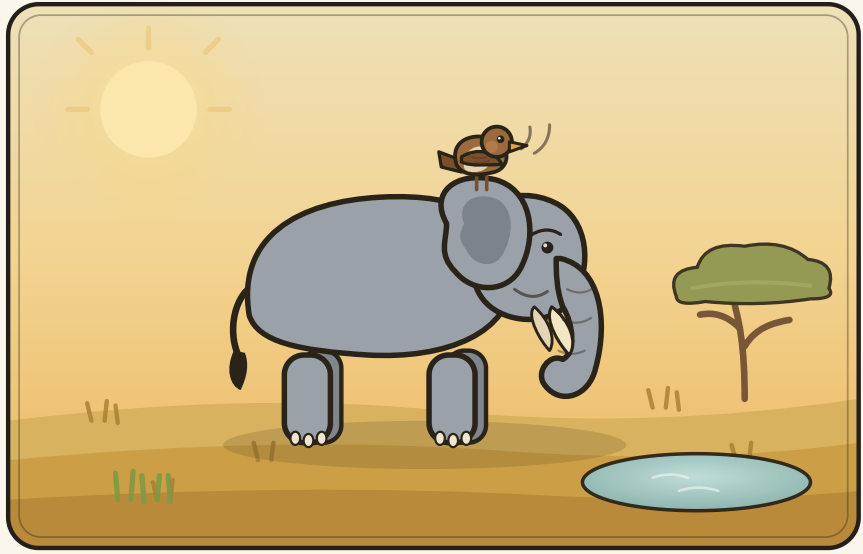
CIN U62090HR2026PTC145030

Read online and download more books at navritto.com/stories



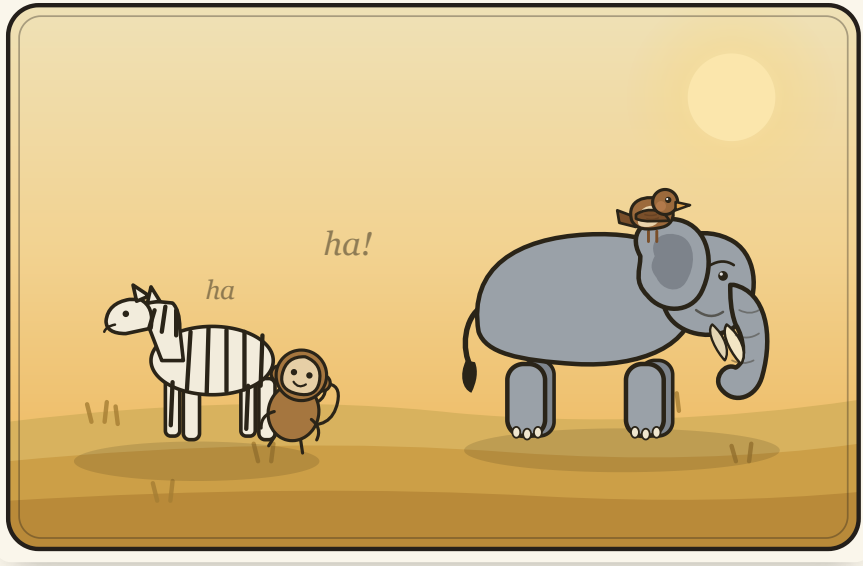
In a wide grassland the colour of warm honey lived a great grey elephant named Moru. He was the biggest creature for miles — so tall he could brush the top of the acacia trees, so heavy that the ground remembered his footsteps long after he had gone.

But being big is a lonely thing. The other animals were sure that anything so enormous must be fierce, and so they kept their distance. Moru ate his grass alone, drank at the water alone, and watched the sun go down alone, wishing, very quietly, for just one friend.



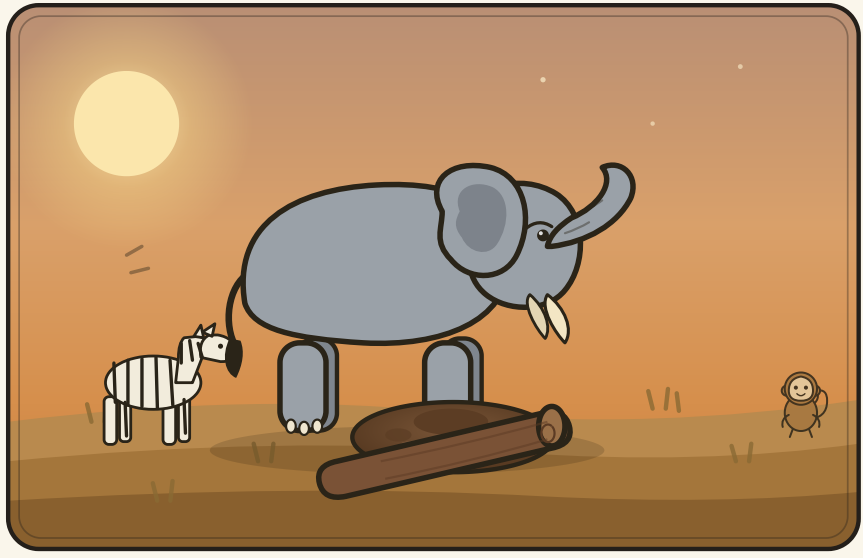
One morning a tiny brown sparrow named Tilly landed right on the tip of his ear, as though it were the most ordinary perch in the world. She was the only one who had never been afraid. “You look like a good place to sit,” she chirped, and Moru laughed so gently that not a single leaf fell.

After that they were never apart. From high in the sky Tilly could see where the sweet green grass was hiding and where the water ran cool and clear, and she would call the way down to him. And from below, Moru spread his broad ears like an awning, so the little sparrow always had somewhere shady to rest at noon.



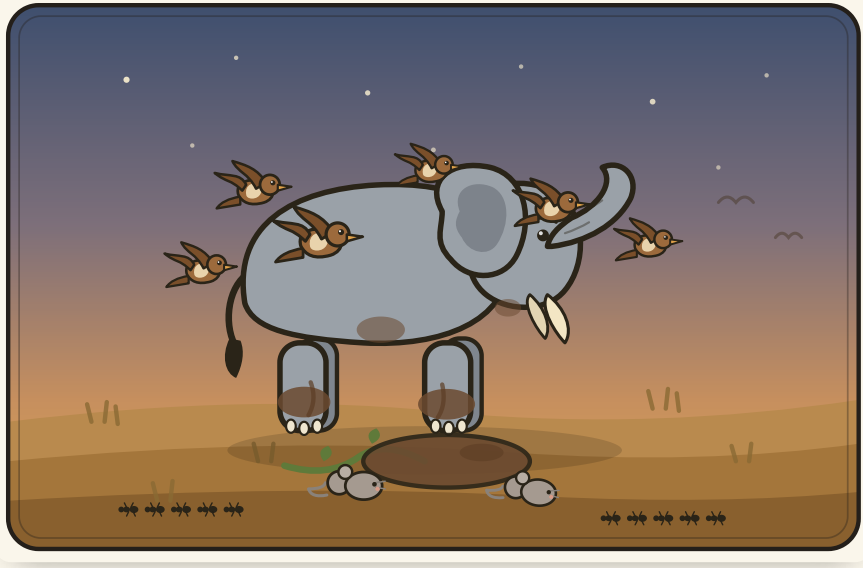
The other animals thought it was the funniest thing they had ever seen. “What good is a friend so small?” laughed the zebra, stamping the dust. “Why, she couldn't help you lift a single leaf!” The monkey rolled about in the branches, holding his sides.

But Tilly only fluffed her feathers and chirped, and Moru only smiled and swished his trunk. A friend, he had learned, is not measured the way you measure a leaf — or an elephant. He did not mind their laughing one bit.



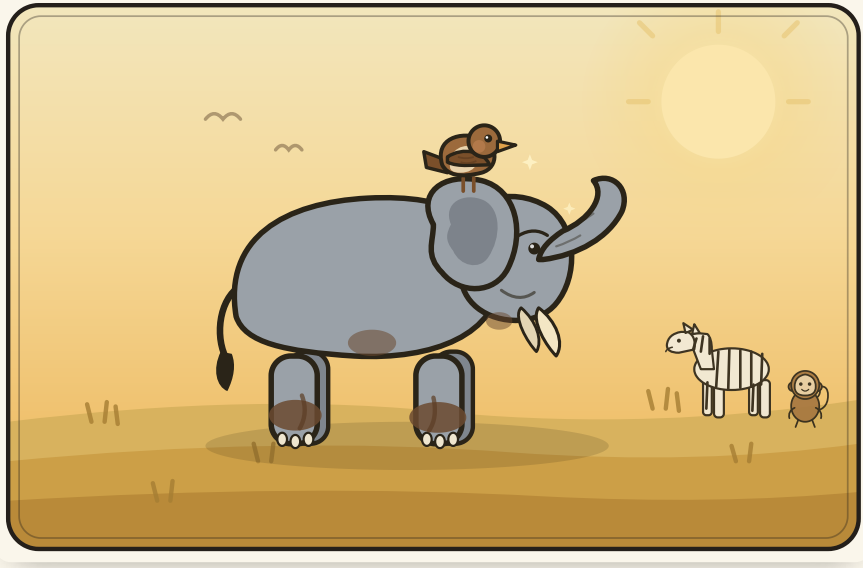
Then, one evening, everything changed. Moru stepped where the ground looked firm but was not, and with a great soft SQUELCH his front leg sank deep into a muddy hollow beneath a fallen log. He pulled and he heaved, but the mud held him fast, and the more he struggled the tighter it seemed to grip.

The big, strong animals came running to help. The zebra pushed with all his might and the monkey pulled until his arms ached, but Moru was far, far too heavy to move. One by one they grew tired, shook their heads, and wandered home to their suppers, leaving the great elephant stuck in the gathering dark.



But Tilly did not give up. She flew off into the dusk and came back with help — her whole flock of sparrows, a family of quick brown mice, and a long marching line of ants. And because she had watched from the sky, she saw at once what the big animals had missed: a tough old vine, looped round and round his trapped leg, holding it down.

So the small ones set to work. A hundred little beaks tugged at the vine. A thousand tiny paws and pincers dug the mud away, grain by grain, root by root. They worked and they worked as the stars came out — until all at once the vine sprang loose, the mud let go, and with a mighty heave Moru pulled his leg free at last.



Muddy from trunk to toe and grinning from ear to ear, Moru lifted Tilly ever so gently back up to her favourite perch. The zebra and the monkey stood at the edge of the clearing, very quiet now, more than a little ashamed of all their laughing.

For everyone had seen the same thing that night, and no one ever forgot it: that no friend is ever too small to matter, and no kindness — however tiny — is ever too little to change everything. The greatest help of all had come on the smallest wings.

✦ THE END

Thank you for reading a Navritto Story. Find
more illustrated stories — free to read and
download — at **navritto.com/stories**.