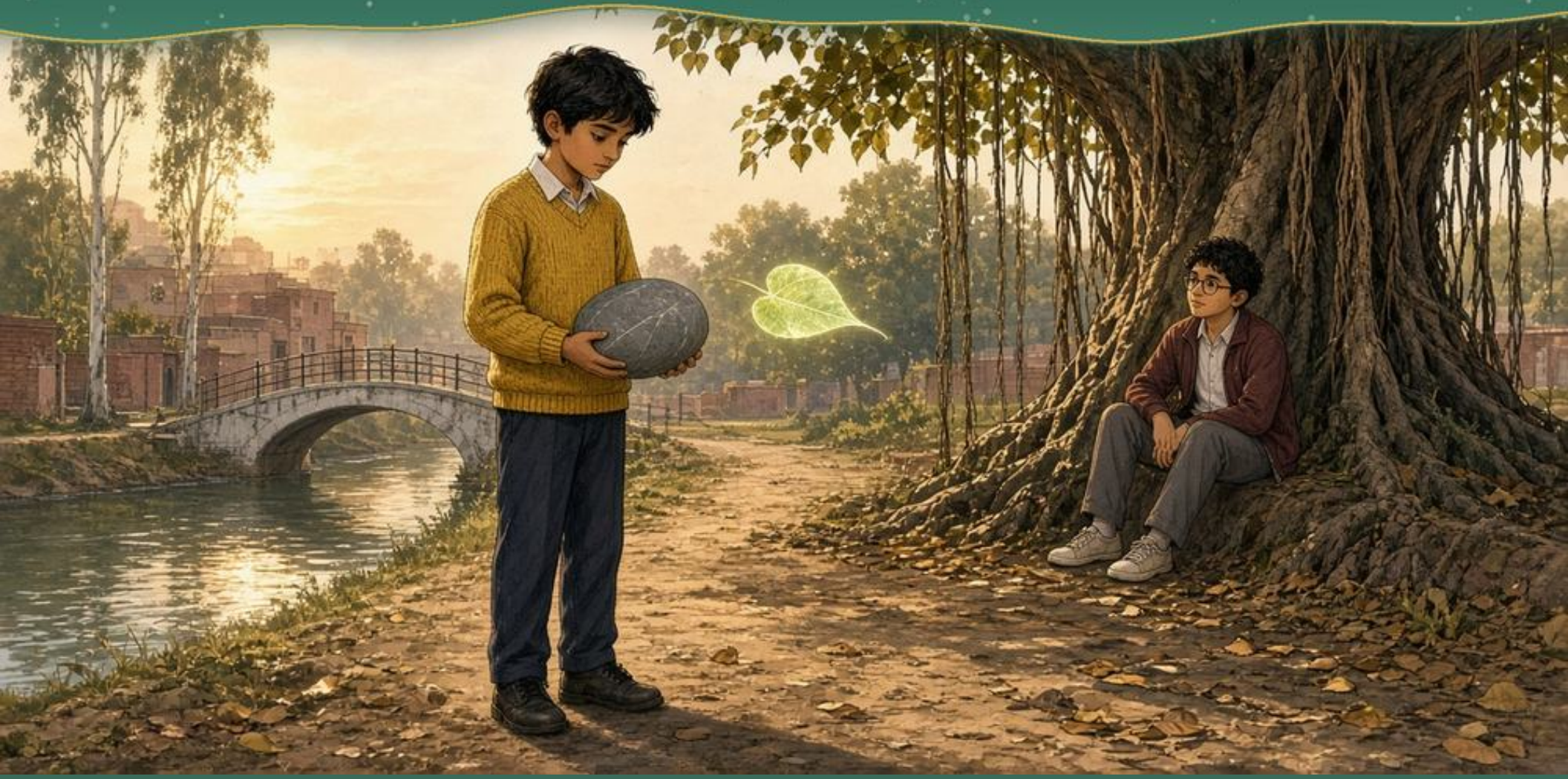
The Stone That Grew Heavy

A Gentle Fantasy About Forgiveness · Ferngleam



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A Gentle Fantasy About Forgiveness

Ferngleam · First free edition, October 2026

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Before You Read

This is a story about a boy, a stone that grows each time he remembers a hurt, and a grandmother who knows that stone well.

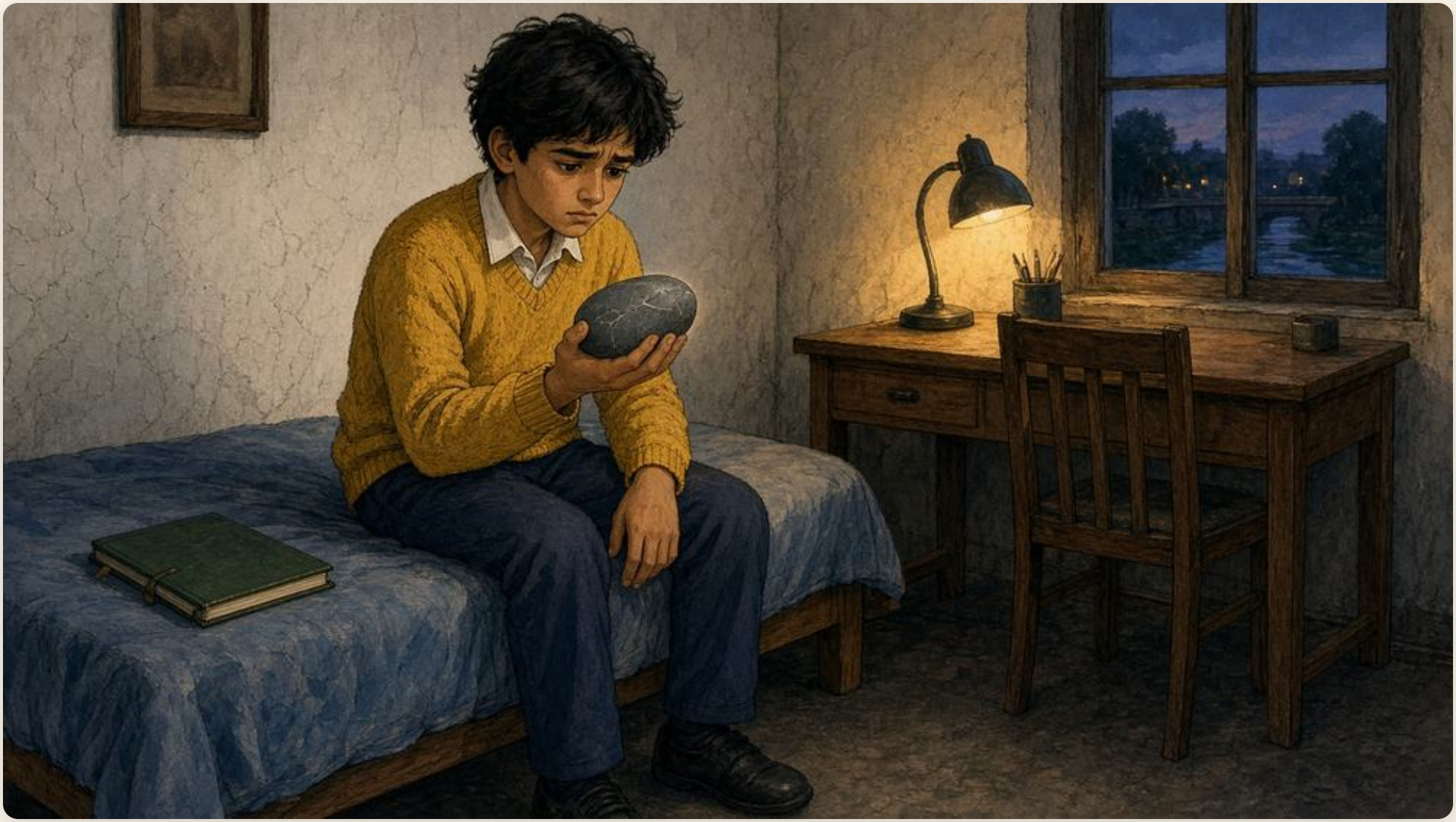
As you read, watch when the stone grows, and when it changes.

Hamza walked home by the canal alone, hugging his sketchbook.

That morning Omar had shown it to the class, and everyone laughed at his flying boy.

At his green gate, Hamza found something cold in his pocket.

He lifted out a smooth grey stone, small as a walnut, with a faint cool shimmer. It had not been there before.

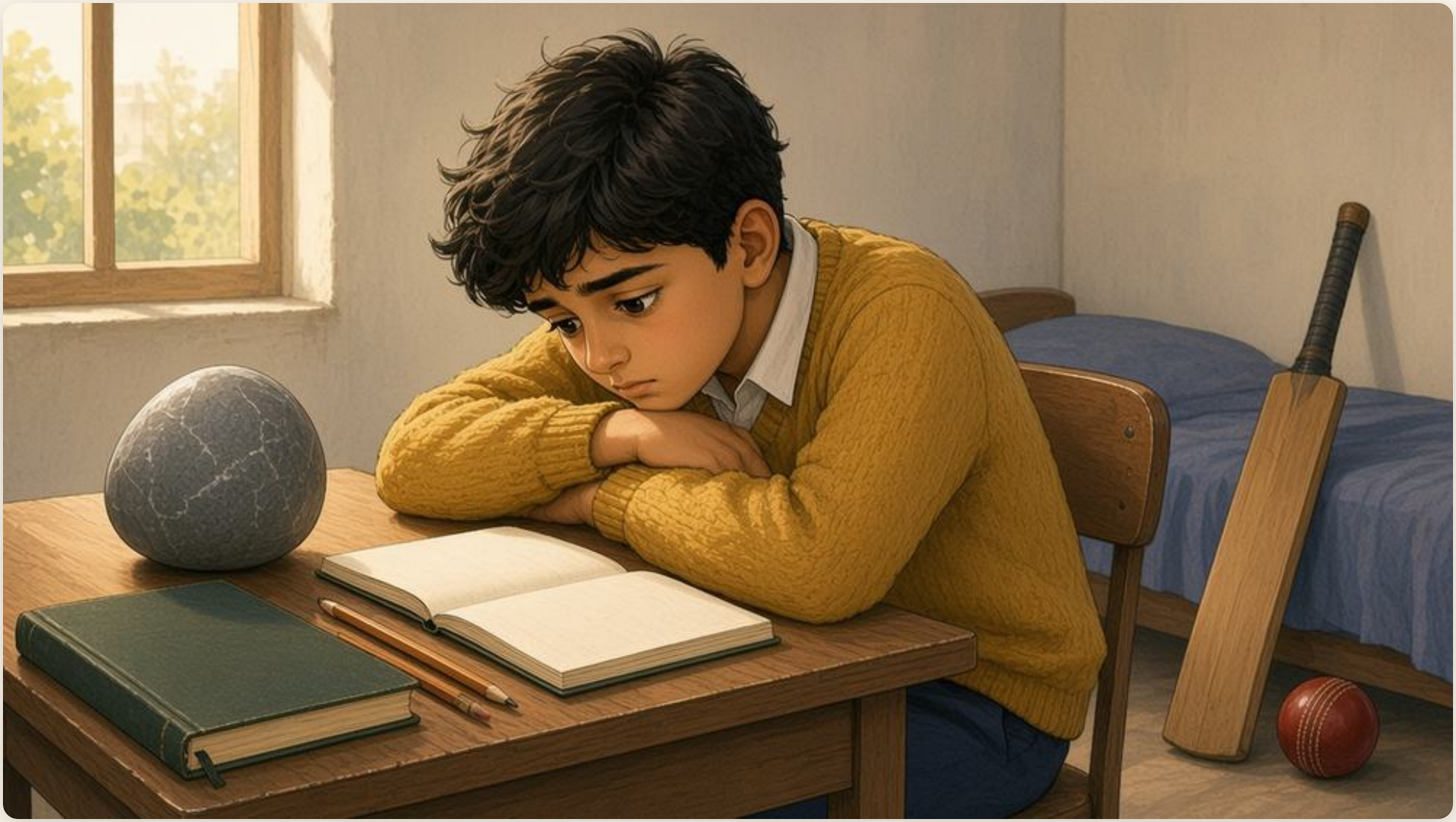


Each time he remembered the laughter, the stone grew.

By evening it filled his whole hand, cold and heavy as a closed door.

Next day, Omar waved from the footbridge, his steel tiffin on the post beside him, where they always ate lunch.

Hamza turned away, the stone in his hand. It dragged at him with every step.



For three days he carried it.

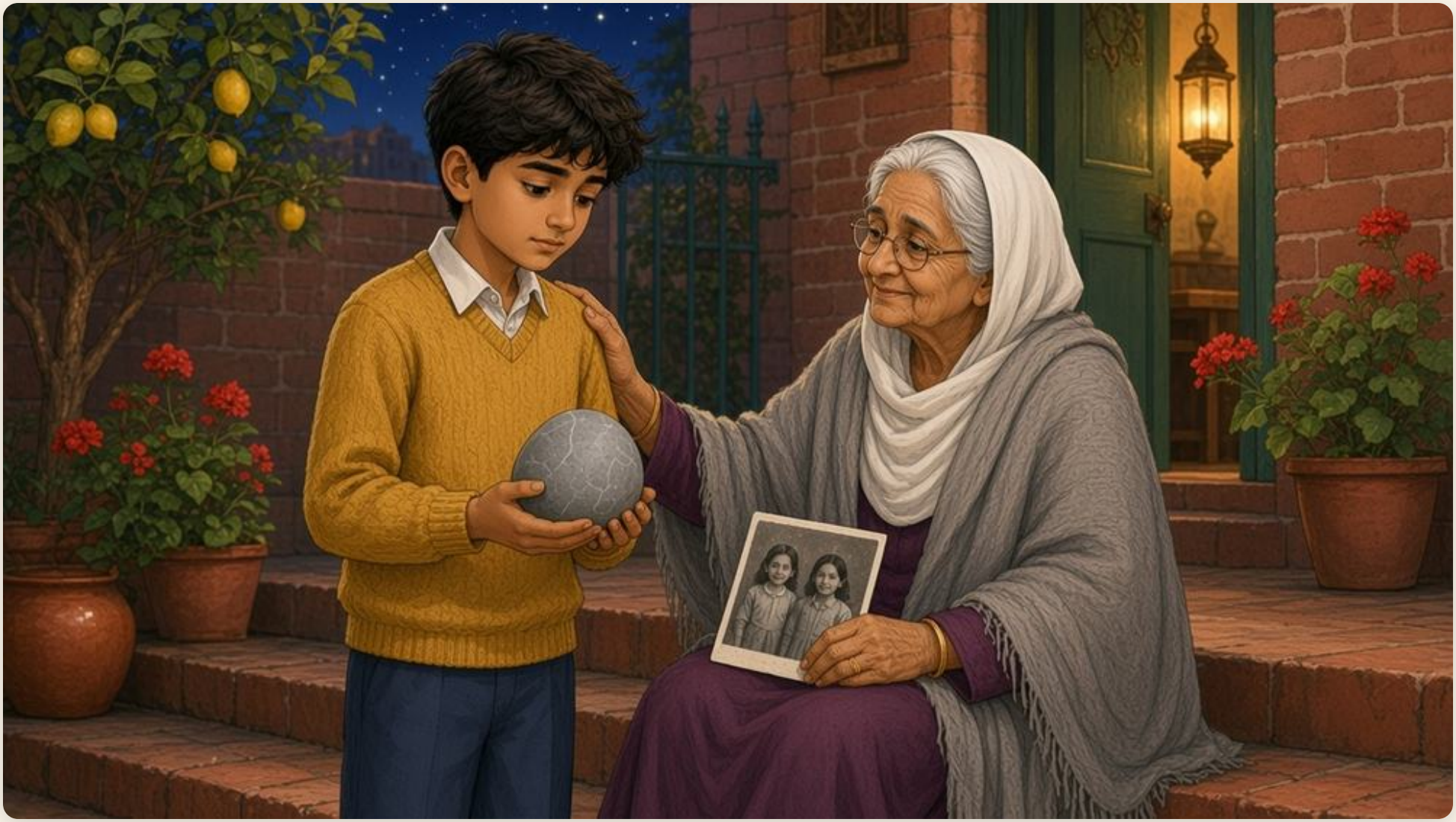
His cricket bat stood unused. His sketchbook stayed blank. Even his pencils felt too heavy.

Nani found him on the courtyard steps, holding the stone in both hands now.

She sat beside him. “I know that stone,” she said softly. “I carried one too.”

“Long ago, my sister broke a promise to me,” Nani said, touching an old photograph.

“I was right to be hurt. But I held on so long, we have not spoken in forty years.”



“Forgiving doesn’t mean it didn’t hurt,” Nani said. “It means you stop carrying the hurt everywhere.”

Hamza looked at the stone for a long time.

In the morning, Omar was waiting under the peepal tree, hands clasped.

“I’m sorry,” he said. “I wanted them to laugh with me. I didn’t think about you.”

Omar pointed gently at the sketchbook. “Will you show me the flying boy again? Properly, this time?”

Hamza felt the stone’s weight and thought of Nani, still carrying hers.

“It still hurts,” Hamza said. “But I forgive you.”

At once the stone grew light as a breath, and turned into a pale green peepal leaf that glowed in his palm. Omar smiled, hands in his pockets.

Hamza let the leaf float away down the shining canal.

Then the two boys sat on a root of the old peepal tree, heads bent together over the open sketchbook and the flying boy.

The Lesson

When someone hurts us, the hurt is real. But holding on to anger is like carrying a stone: it grows heavier each time we replay the moment.

Forgiving isn’t pretending nothing happened, or letting someone hurt you again. It is putting the stone down, so your hands are free.

Anger grows heavier the longer we carry it; forgiveness sets our own hands free.

Questions to Think About

Why did the stone grow each time Hamza remembered?

What made Omar's apology feel real?

Are you carrying a stone? What would help you put it down?

Conclusion

That evening, Nani picked up her old phone and called her sister.

Some stones take three days to put down; some take forty years. All can be put down.

The End