

Garbancito



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Once upon a time, in a little house in the hills, there lived a man and a woman. They wanted a child very, very much. "Even a child as small as a chickpea would make us so happy," they said.

One morning a tiny boy sat in the palm of their hands. He was no bigger than a chickpea. They named him Garbancito, and they loved him with all their hearts.

Garbancito was small. But he was brave! And most of all, he loved to help.

"You are too little to go to the market," said his mother one day.

"I'm little," said Garbancito, "but I'm brave! Just listen for my song." Off he marched, singing loud and clear. That way, everyone could hear him, and no one would step on his tiny feet.

Tachín, tachín, here I go, little and brave, from head to toe! Sing it loud and sing it clear, the tiniest hero is right here!

The shopkeeper heard the song. She looked down. "Why, it's Garbancito!" she laughed. She gave him a pinch of golden saffron for his mother's stew.

The next day, Garbancito helped his father in the field. He climbed up into the ear of the big, kind ox. From up there, he called out the way to go. "This way! Now that way! Straight ahead!" They plowed the whole field together. His papa laughed. "What a helper you are, my brave little chickpea!"

At lunch, Garbancito carried out a basket almost as big as he was! But then the sky went dark and down came the rain. Quick as could be, Garbancito hid under a big cabbage leaf.

But the ox was hungry. And do you know what oxen love to eat? Cabbage leaves! Munch! Up went the leaf and up went Garbancito!

"Oh my!" said Garbancito. He was not scared for long. "I'm little," he said, "but I'm brave! I know just what to do." He took a big breath. He sang as loud as he could.

Tachín, tachín, here I go, little and brave, from head to toe! Sing it loud and sing it clear, the tiniest hero is right here!

Far away, his mama and papa heard a tiny song. "That's our Garbancito!" they cried. They followed the sound, over the bridge, and down the long road.

They sang back to him all the way. And there he was! He sat on the cabbage leaf, safe and sound, still singing. His papa lifted him up, gentle and slow.

"You found me!" said Garbancito.

"We followed your song," said his mama. "No matter how small you are, your brave heart sings the loudest of all."

