

The Tree That Wouldn't Grow

Inspired by Dalai Lama
Written by Sundeep Parmar



LITTLE KEYS
to the Universe



LITTLE KEYS TO THE UNIVERSE

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DEDICATED TO

Ria & Mia



Big Lessons. Little Stories.



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Tula was a tiny tree in the middle of a wide whispering meadow. She had one thin branch, a few shaky leaves, and a slender trunk that wobbled with every breeze. All around her stood tall, proud trees. Their trunks were thick. Their leaves shimmered. Birds sang in their arms. Squirrels leapt from branch to branch. Tula stayed low. She barely grew. She looked up at the trees around her and whispered, what's wrong with me?



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The sun warmed her. The rain kissed her roots. The wind sang her lullabies. But still, Tula stayed small. Maybe I'm just not meant to grow tall, she sighed one morning. Maybe I'm a nothing tree. A beetle crawling past looked up kindly. I think you're lovely, it said. But the beetle moved on. A rabbit paused near her roots. Don't give up, it offered. But soon it, too, hopped away.



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Tula tried to smile, but deep down, she felt alone. One cool morning, as a blanket of fog wrapped the meadow, an old tree with silvery bark and moss-covered roots called out gently, little one, your leaves look quiet. Tula looked up. They always do. The old tree rustled softly. I've been watching you. You try. You reach for the sun. You stretch your roots. But something's missing, isn't it? Tula nodded.



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I think so, but I don't know what. The old tree's voice was warm, like sunlight on bark. You've been trying to grow all by yourself. Tula frowned. Aren't we all alone out here? The old tree shook his branches gently. Not quite. Trees speak through their roots. We send signals. We share food. We comfort each other when the storms come. That's what the underground network is for.



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The what? The family web, he said. The roots beneath the roots. We're all connected, even when we can't see it. That night, the meadow grew still. The stars peeked out, and the wind quieted. Tula listened. Below the soil where eyes could not see, something stirred. It wasn't rain. It wasn't wind. It was a rhythm, a heartbeat, a soft hum of connection moving from root to root, like love traveling in secret lines.



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Tula reached out hesitantly. One root, then another, touched hers. Warmth filled her trunk, a feeling she didn't have words for. It said, You are not alone. Days passed, then weeks. Tula's leaves lifted. Her trunk thickened. Her roots dug deeper. She giggled when a bird landed on her branch. She felt joy when the wind tickled her leaves. She didn't try to be the tallest tree.



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She didn't compare her bark or stretch herself thin. She just grew. Quietly. Fully. Beautifully. Because now she felt connected. Supported. Held. One day, a small sapling sprouted nearby. Its leaves trembled. Its trunk bent in the breeze. Its voice whispered, I don't think I can grow. Tula smiled gently. She reached out a root. She whispered back, You don't have to do it alone.



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And so Tula the little tree learned that growth doesn't come from trying harder or standing taller. It comes from feeling loved, safe, and seen. She grew not because she had the best sunlight or the deepest roots, but because she finally let herself be part of something greater. True family isn't just who we're born with. It's those who feed your spirit, who hold space for your storms, who remind you you're not a nothing tree. When we're surrounded by love, we grow stronger.



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When we offer that love to others, we help the whole forest rise.



THE LITTLE KEY

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Even when you feel alone, people who love
you are always close by.



YOU'RE NOT ALONE

A little tree who won't grow learns she was never meant to grow all alone — her roots are connected to everyone. A tender bedtime story about belonging.

For kids who feel left out — a reminder they're more connected than they know.

Big Lessons. Little Stories.

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