The author, illustrator, and CANVAS encourage the sharing of this book and translation of the text, but we request that the images themselves not be altered. Thank you.
The Hummingbird
Author Unknown
Art by Plet Bolipata
One day in the forest, a fire began to burn. All the animals were forced to flee.
One small hummingbird stayed behind. It flew to the river, picked up a tiny drop of water in its beak, flew back, and poured that drop onto the fire.
Again and again, back and forth, it flew to the river, each time scooping up a single drop and pouring it onto the fire.
The other animals watched in disbelief from the far shore. They laughed and began to mock the hummingbird.
'Just what do you think you’re doing?’ the animals finally asked.
Without stopping, the hummingbird answered calmly, 'I'm doing what I can.'
The Star Thrower
Author Unknown
Art by Líza Flores
A man took a walk along a beach one day. He saw that thousands of starfish had washed ashore.
As he looked down the beach, he saw a figure moving like a dancer. As he got closer, he saw that it was a little girl, and she wasn’t dancing. Instead, she was reaching down, picking up starfish, and very gently tossing them back into the ocean.

He called out, ‘Good morning! What are you doing?’

The little girl paused, looked
up, and replied, ‘Putting the starfish back into the ocean so they won’t die.’
'Don’t bother, dear,’ the man said. ‘There are too many starfish. It won’t make a difference.’

The little girl listened politely. Then she bent down, picked up another starfish, and threw it into the sea, past the breaking waves. She then looked up at the man, smiled, and said, ‘Well, it made a difference for that one!’
The King and the Royal Trees

Story by Paul Aird
Art by Ivee Olivares-Mellor
One night, a King had a frightful dream. He dreamt that while riding his horse through the royal forest, the south wind called: ‘Beware of falling trees! Beware of falling trees!’

Though the trees were beautiful and waved gently in the wind, the King was frightened. He turned his horse and galloped out of the forest.
The next morning, the King ordered his people to cut down all the trees in the kingdom. ‘We do not want the trees to fall down and hurt our children,’ he reasoned. ‘We will remove the forest and grow vegetables instead.’

The people liked the King’s idea, for now they had their pick of the finest wood in the forest to build houses and furniture, and the
rest of the trees were sold at handsome prices to neighboring kingdoms.
Once all of the trees were cut down, the King felt happy, and relieved. But the people were unhappy. The trees had provided work for loggers and carpenters, and homes for birds. And while they missed their work, they missed the birds most of all.
Soon after the trees were gone, a dry south wind began to blow. It blew day after day. The vegetable crops began to wither and die. People huddled helplessly in their houses watching the wind uproot their gardens and scatter the dead plants across the land.
The King was worried. He called for his horse and rode through the fields to inspect the damage. There were no more trees to break the fury of the wind. As the wind blew faster, it swept withered plants and soil past the King, who watched dumbly as his kingdom blew northward. Lost in clouds of dust and drifting sand, fatigue overcame the King. Nodding asleep in the
saddle, he heard the south wind call: 'Beware of falling trees! Beware of falling trees!'