

The Seed that Remembered Us

Fafa Touray

In the city of Banjul, life moved fast. Children stayed indoors, scrolling on their phones, watching screens, and rushing from one activity to another. Slowly, nature began to disappear. Trees became rare, birds were no longer heard, and the old city park was completely forgotten. At the center of that forgotten park stood a cracked stone bench and a lonely tree struggling to survive.

One afternoon, a schoolgirl named Fatou walked through the empty park on her way home. As she passed by, something unusual caught her attention—a tiny glowing seed resting quietly in the dust. She bent down and picked it up carefully. That night, as she placed it on her windowsill, something unbelievable happened. “Plant me where people have forgotten to care,” a soft voice whispered.

Fatou froze. Her heart skipped. “D-did you just talk?” she asked in disbelief.

“I am the Memory Seed,” the voice replied gently. “I grow through kindness, care, and shared responsibility.”

The next morning, still thinking about what she had heard, Fatou went back to the old park and planted the seed in the dry soil. At first, nothing happened. Days passed, and some people even laughed at her for watering empty ground. But Fatou did not stop. She came every day, watering the soil and caring for it patiently. Then, one morning, a small green shoot appeared. It was weak, but it was alive.

Strangely, something else began to happen in the city. When people ignored each other, argued, or damaged the environment, the small plant weakened. But when someone showed kindness, helped another person, or cared for nature, the sprout grew stronger. Curious, a few children joined Fatou. Then more followed. Before long, adults also began cleaning the park, planting flowers, and sharing water. Little by little, the park came back to life. Birds returned. Butterflies filled the air. Even the old tree began to grow new leaves. The city, once grey and tired, slowly began to breathe again.

Then came the storm. Dark clouds covered the sky. Heavy winds shook Banjul. Streets flooded, and fear spread across the city. The fragile park was in danger of being destroyed. Fatou ran to the park. “We must protect it together!” she shouted.

People rushed in from all directions. Some carried stones to block the water. Others protected the young plants with their hands. Many simply stood together, refusing to give up. And then something extraordinary happened. The Memory Tree began to glow. Its roots spread deep into the earth, holding the soil firmly in place. The wind slowly weakened. The storm passed.

When the sky finally cleared, the park was still standing. From that day forward, everything changed in Banjul. People rebuilt their connection with nature and with one another. Children played outside again. Families created gardens. Strangers became friends. At the heart of the city, the Memory Seed grew into a magnificent tree—strong, wide, and full of life.