

THE *flower*

The little girl and her father hurried to the flower. Many people were surrounding the flowerbed, and a park guard was placed nearby to keep order. Amy and her father found an empty space between two men with big cameras. The flowerbed was surrounded by a circle of thick chain hung on six stone pillars. The ground around the flower was cleared of all leaves, grass, and weeds, and the little flower stood alone in the middle, looking more beautiful than ever. It was stretching straight up and had grown at least twice as tall as

when they had last seen it. The five tiny leaves at the bottom of the stalk had not changed much in size, but their color had become a brighter green now. The biggest change, though, was the flower petals. They had opened, and the previously bright pink color was changing to white.

Amy and her father stood looking at the flower together with all the cameramen taking pictures. The cameramen were stretching, bending, and moving around to get the best picture. Amy's father was amazed at all the people coming to see the little flower and all the excitement it caused. And as he stood there looking around at them all, he felt Amy pulling his jacket sleeve to get his attention. He looked down to see her pointing at the flower with a sad look on her face.

"Daddy, the flower is sad," she said quietly, looking a bit upset.

the flower has no friends

He looked with surprise down at his daughter, not knowing what to say.

"The flower has no friends," Amy continued, looking even sadder than before.

THE *flower*

Amy's father was stunned. He lifted his eyes from his daughter and looked at the flower, trying to figure out what on earth she meant. He did not notice Amy sneaking out from the circle of people.

hey there, stop that...