

Dandy By Karen Hendriks

Dandy floated into Flora's garden and landed in a quiet place.

She hid near a wall and grew into a fine weed.

Each day, Flora tended the garden.

'I'll be plucked,' said Dandy. 'I'm an ugly weed.'

Dandy decided to try and find a way to be beautiful too.

Over time she saw all that happened in the garden.

Gardenia's perfume helped Flora as she played the piano.

Dandy's raggedy leaves had no scent.

Flora adored a game of 'love me, love me not' with Daisy's petals.

When Dandy called, 'Will someone love me too?'

Daisy turned her face away towards the sun.

Lavender had spikes of purple that Flora collected.

'Sweet dreams are made of these,' whispered Lavender.

Dandy looked at herself and said, 'I'm just an ugly weed.'

Flora collected Rose's petals for her bath.

And Dandy blinked away tears, she had nothing to offer.

One day Dandy had a bright yellow flower.

'Ew, who are you?' asked Gardenia.'

'Dandy.'

'You don't belong here,' said Daisy.

'I came here on the breeze,'

Lavender said, 'You weren't invited.'

Rose giggled and said, 'You'll never be like us.'

I grew this way, thought Dandy as she wrung her leaves.

'You're special too, Dandy,' whispered the breeze.

'You'll find out soon enough.'

Over time, Dandy had slowly changed.

Her bright yellow flower had closed tight.

It looked dry and dead.

She thought, I am now uglier than ever.

One day unexpectedly, Dandy's dead flower head unfurled.

Her flower was now a white fluffy ball and that's when she could no longer hide.

'I can't believe you're in my garden,' shouted Flora. 'You're special.'

She reached down and picked the white fluffy ball and made a wish.

Then ever so gently she blew.

Whoosh

Dandy's little parachutes fluttered and twirled like tiny ballerinas.

They took flight up in to the bright blue sky.

And Dandy glowed inside.

She'd helped Flora make a special wish.

'What did Flora wish?' asked the other flowers.

But Dandy knew not to tell.

'You'll have to wait and see,' Dandy whispered.