

THE
Teapot



retold & illustrated by
Bev Bloesch



THE
Teapot

For my loving and supportive family.

*“If one advances confidently in the direction of one’s
dreams, and endeavours to live the life which one has imagined,
one will meet with a success unexpected in common hours.”*

- Henry David Thoreau

A single word can change your life.



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Story re-imagined from the musings of Hans Christian Anderson

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retold & illustrated by *Bev Bloesch*

musings by hans christian anderson



There once was a porcelain Teapot with painted flowers, a large spout, a distinguished handle and a cracked lid. The proud Teapot did not pay any attention to its defect because it knew it was very, very special.



The whole tea service;
the cups, the sugar bowl
and even the cream
pitcher thought more
about the Teapot's
cracked lid than
the Teapot did.

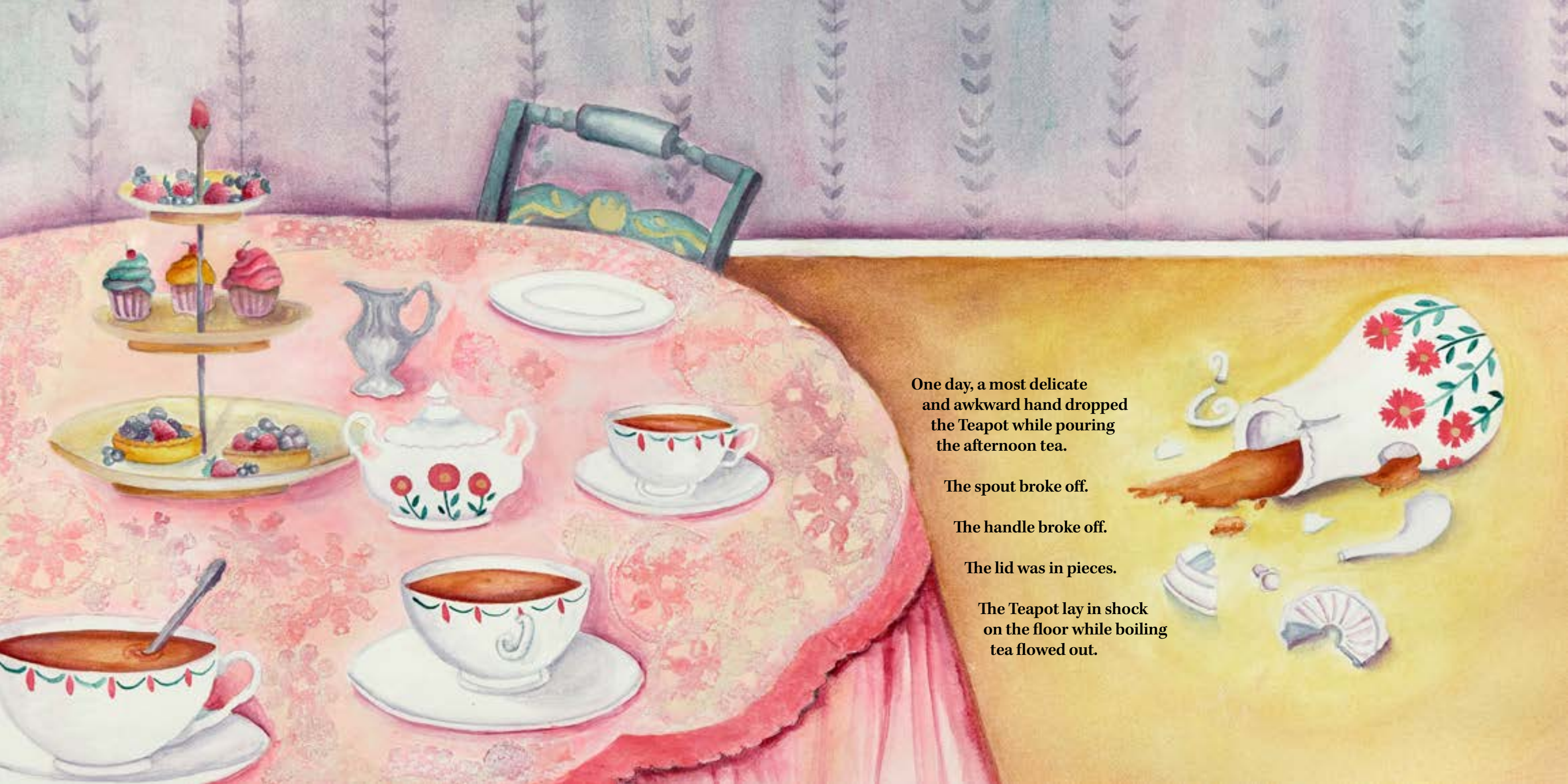
*"I know I have a
defect. We all have
them, but we also
have many virtues too,"*
the Teapot thought.

*"The cups have handles and
the sugar bowl has a lid.
But of course, I have both!
And one more thing they
could never have—a spout!"*

*"Inside of me are the tea leaves
that give flavor to boiling, tasteless
water and THAT makes me,
the Queen of the Table!"*



QUEEN OF THE TABLE



One day, a most delicate and awkward hand dropped the Teapot while pouring the afternoon tea.

The spout broke off.

The handle broke off.

The lid was in pieces.

The Teapot lay in shock on the floor while boiling tea flowed out.

Luckily, the same delicate hand that dropped the Teapot, planted a flower bulb in what remained.

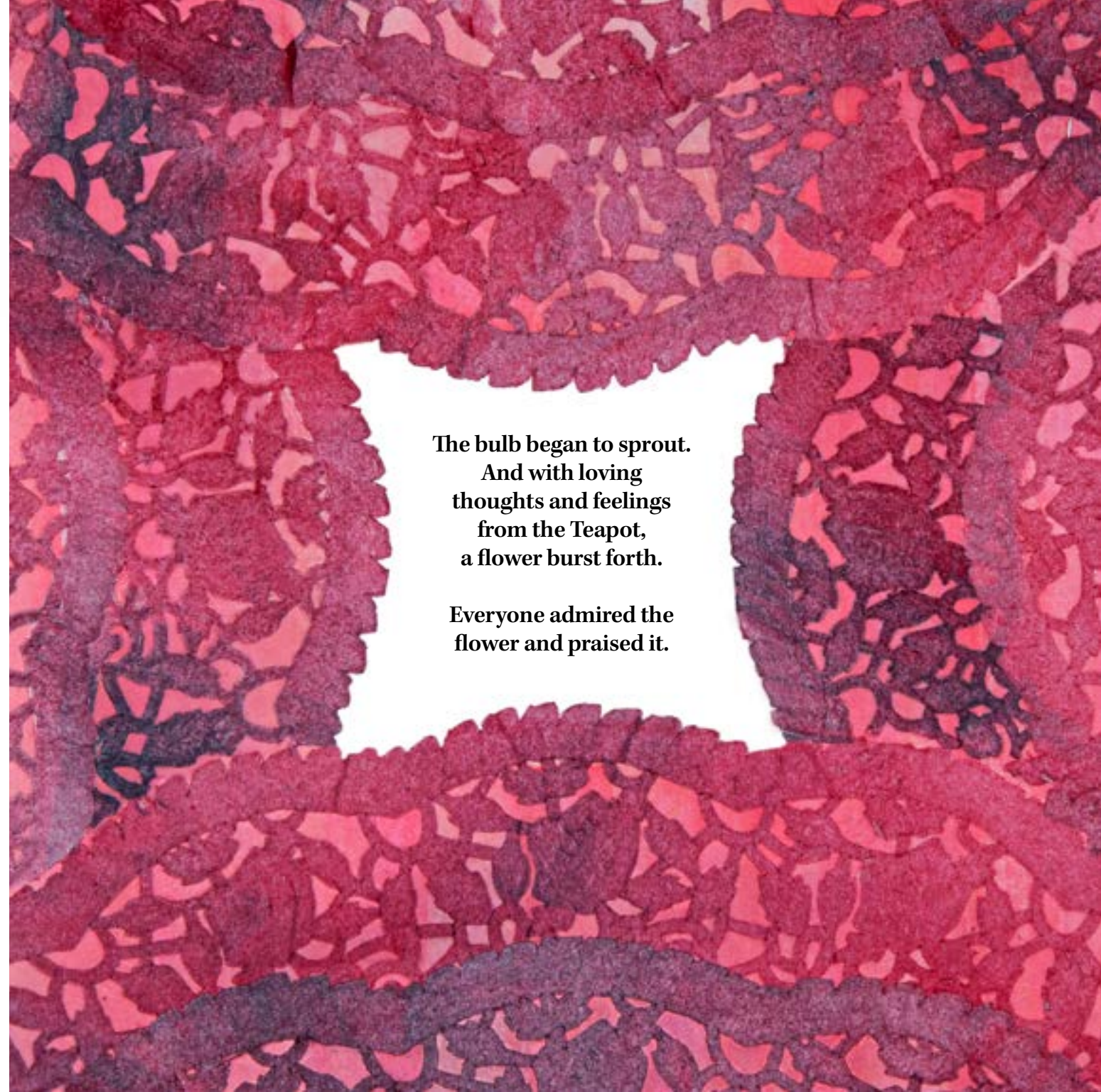
“This must be my heart!” the Teapot gushed, “For this flower bulb is a living thing and there is magic in that.”





The bulb began to sprout.
And with loving
thoughts and feelings
from the Teapot,
a flower burst forth.

Everyone admired the
flower and praised it.

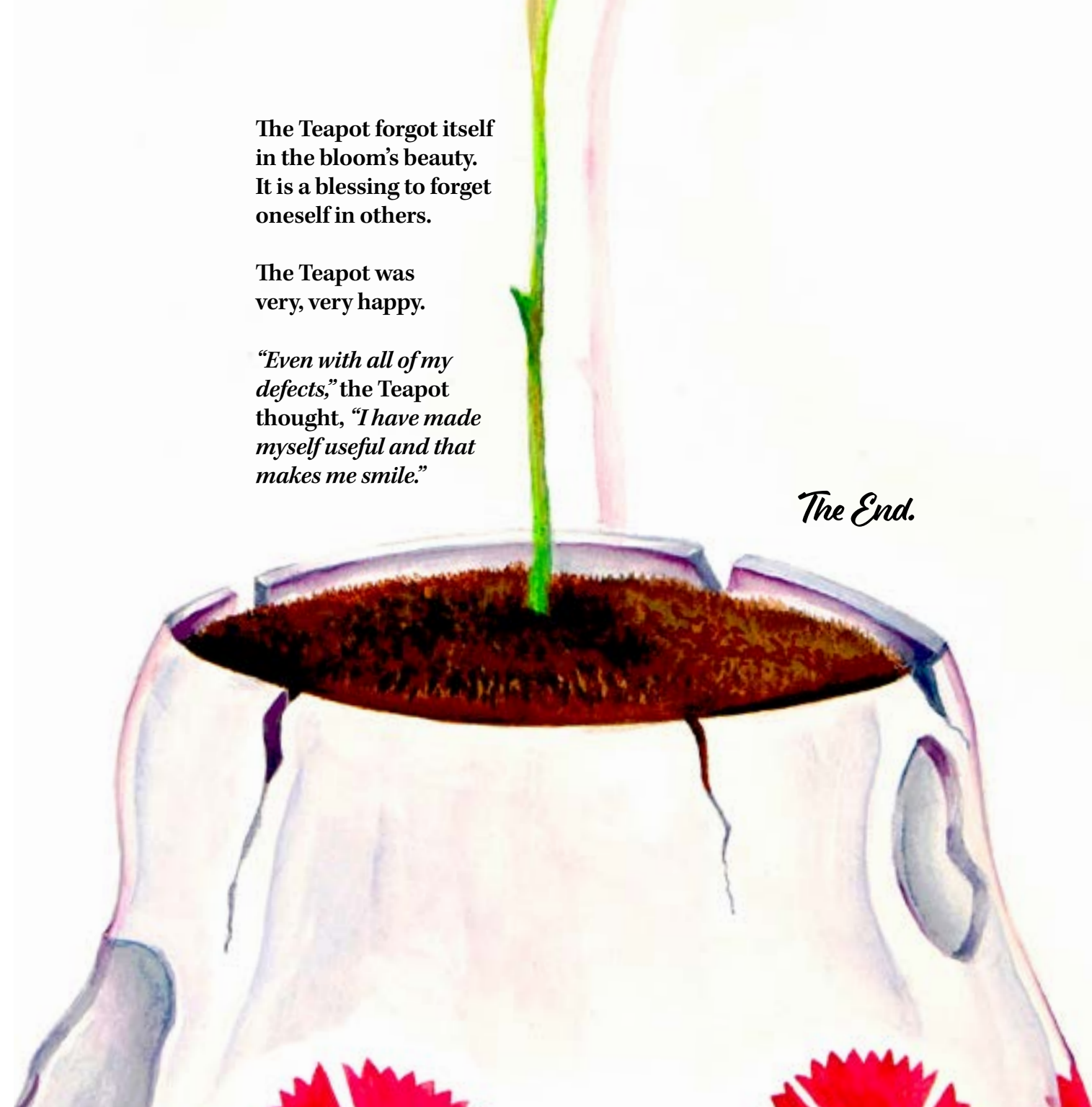


The Teapot forgot itself
in the bloom's beauty.
It is a blessing to forget
oneself in others.

The Teapot was
very, very happy.

*“Even with all of my
defects,” the Teapot
thought, “I have made
myself useful and that
makes me smile.”*

The End.



*The sweet tale of a not-so-perfect
teapot who learns the valuable
lessons of pride, redemption and purpose.*

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