

Valentine's Day: Carlos Fernandez

It was so good to be able to finally sit for a minute and enjoy a cup of jasmine tea. Margarita had been rushing non-stop since before sunrise. Today was Valentine's Day, always her busiest day of the year.

She totally relished being a florist. Her shop, Life is Blooming, was finally starting to turn a profit. She was thrilled that she brought joy to her customers with beautiful, fresh flowers. But Margarita also always felt sad on Valentine's Day; though not for the reason you might think. She was in a very happy relationship, so the day never made her feel lonely. And of course, she appreciated that it was financially the very best day of the year for her business.

It was because she loves flowers; **all** flowers. It disappointed her that on this one special day of the year, when florists are in clover, it's only one flower that receives any attention. The flamboyant, bright red roses fly out the door but other flowers, especially her favourite, the beautiful and simple daisies, languished in their bucket of water; unwanted and unloved.

Oh well, she thought, she had to accept that is just how things are. She told herself "stop moaning and be grateful for the sales."

Then a skinny young man, about nineteen, dressed in blue jeans and a black t-shirt walked in. He looked nervous and uncomfortable.

Margarita put her cup of tea aside, stood and smiled, "Hello, what can I help you with?"

"I've never been in a florist shop before. But I've met a really special girl and want to buy some flowers and tell her I love her on Valentine's Day, and every other day."

"That's so nice. You've come to the right place."

The young man walked around the shop, looking at the buckets of red roses, and frowned. "I know everybody gives red roses but I reckon that's so predictable; just doing what every other guy does. I want something unique, something that celebrates her and says I love you in my own special way".

And then he saw them. The bunches of happy daisies, looking so lovely and fresh with their gorgeous white petals.

"They're perfect," he said. "They look as bright and natural as she is."

Margarita smiled as he jauntily walked out the door, beaming with his cellophane wrapped bunch of daisies. This was her best Valentine's Day ever!