



THE DAISY

In a little village, there was a white house near the road. There was a beautiful garden full of flowers in front of the house. Right underneath the window, in the bushy grass, there was one tiny plant – a daisy. The sun shone on it all day and so, each day, early in the morning it opened its tiny snow-white petals surrounding a little yellow sun. It felt very pleasant basking in the sunlight and it turned itself toward the sun, much like all the other flowers in the garden. The daisy was enjoying the day, soaking in the sunlight and listening to birds singing in the trees.

Sometimes, when the nearby school had a break, it could hear the children playing. While they were sitting at their desks learning how to write and to count, the daisy was learning to see the things around it and the beauty of the world. It was enough to keep its eyes open and every minute there would be something new to admire. The daisy was happy and joyful. It imagined that all its feelings were contained in the bird's song, for all the world to hear. With love and respect, it was observing the little bird that was lucky enough to fly around and sing so beautifully. It was happy that the bird was so clever and felt no jealousy at all.

“I can see and hear,” the daisy told itself, “the sun is shining on me and the wind gives me little kisses every now and then. I’m so thankful!”

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But the blooming garden also had many flowers that were nowhere near as humble as the daisy. The weaker their perfume, the more boastful and arrogant they were, with their heads up in the air. The peonies were just having a contest with the roses about who was the biggest and the most colourful, and the fresh bloom of the daisy was a joke to them. The daisy could only admire them and rejoice in their beauty: “What pretty, rich and colourful flowers! I’m sure that the birds also like them the most. Oh, how lucky I am to be this close and see all this beauty with my own eyes.”

In a little while, a beautiful bird decided to land in the garden. He didn’t come to visit the large peonies and roses, but he sat in the grass, right by the humble daisy. The little bird was hopping around and twittering: “What soft, pleasant grass. And what a pretty bloom has grown in it, with a golden heart and silver petals.” The daisy was flattered by this unexpected praise. The little bird gave it a little kiss and took off into the greyish sky.

When the daisy looked around, it saw that the roses went even redder with anger and jealousy. It went sad when it realised that the other flowers didn’t share in its joy.

Suddenly, a girl with big garden scissors stepped into the garden. She came near the roses and the peonies and cut them off one by one.

“Oh, how horrible,” gasped the daisy.

In a while, the girl left with her arms full of flowers. The daisy felt grateful to be a small, un-noticeable flower in the grass. When the sun set in the evening, it closed its white petals, fell asleep and dreamed about the happy birds all night.

In the morning, when it opened its petals again, it could hear a familiar voice. The bird was singing a different tune than yesterday, though – it sounded quite sad. When the daisy looked around, it saw that the bird was shut in a cage. He was singing about the beauty of life when one can fly freely in the sky.

The daisy would have liked to help the caged bird, but it didn’t know how. It was so sad it forgot all about the beauty of the world.

In the meantime, two boys came into the garden. One of them was clutching a knife and he made for the daisy.

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“Let's put some grass on the bottom of the cage for our bird,” said one of the boys and he started to cut deep into the ground around the daisy.

“Pluck that flower” suggested the other boy.

The daisy was scared. It knew very well that if they tore it from the ground, it would die. But it wanted to keep living!

“No, keep it. It looks alright,” decided the first boy.

And so, the daisy stayed alive, but it was shut in a cage with the lark.

The poor bird kept crying about his lost freedom and fluttering his wings in confusion. The daisy would have loved to console him, but it didn't know how to talk, and so it just watched him sadly.

After about half a day, the caged bird spoke: “I'm thirsty. They left without giving me any water at all. My throat is all dry and I'm very hot from the sun. I think I might die here and so I should say goodbye to all of God's beauty.”

Then he looked at the daisy and said: “But you would also wilt here, poor little flower. Instead of the whole wide world that I had, they gave me a bit of grass and you.”

The daisy had no way of helping the bird, and so it started giving even more perfume, to sweeten the last moments of the lark's life.

In a while, the night came, but nobody brought any water to the poor bird. He flapped his little wings for the last time, bowed his head and his heart broke from sorrow. That night, the daisy also couldn't close its petals. The sad, wilted flower went limp to the ground.

In the morning when the boys came to the cage and saw what happened, they started crying and took the poor bird out. They dug him a little grave and put flowers on it so that the bird had a very nice funeral. They didn't realize that he died because of their forgetfulness. Since they didn't have the bird anymore, they just threw the grass with the daisy on the road and nobody thought about the flower which had felt so much for the bird and had so greatly desired to comfort it.