



Spring made it's way over the meadows, seeping into every corner. Everything was in blossom, the insects were savouring the nectar and the blue of the sky grew more intense every day.

In the middle of the field grew a tiny flower. Her petals were almost translucent and her tiny stem only just reached over the top of the grass. The bees buzzed around without even noticing her; only a very few alighted on her now and then.



And yet the little flower was pleased that spring had arrived, she enjoyed the caress of the sun on her face and she loved the veil of dew that settled on her every morning.