

It's a bright, sunny morning. Rays of sunshine cut through the chill of morning. My cold bed begins to warm, waking me from my long winter slumber. My soil is full of rich nutrients and I eat them up hungrily. I stretch out, sprouting new stem buds. Oh, the sun feels so good on my newly sprouted leaves. I reach out towards the blazing ball of light in the sky, hungrily drinking in its rays. A kind looking woman visits me. She starts singing as she fusses about my flower bed. Her breath is delicious, not only in melody, but in tasty carbon dioxide.

I have come to enjoy her visits as much as I enjoy the sun. I'm so excited. Soon I will be able to grow a rose. The flowers that share my bed already have bloomed. I watch enviously as the bees pass me by to land on my neighbors. They shake with laughter as bees nestle themselves against their flowers, burrowing in to taste the nectar. Now my time has come, my buds are ready. I'm going to open them today. I cannot wait for the bees to come. How they will gossip and say my nectar is the sweetest. They will tell their friends and I will be surrounded by admirers. The most elegant, most fragrant, rose bush that ever did bloom. Their little legs will tickle my petals. How I cannot wait to laugh. As the sun rose the next morning, I stretched up puffing out my leaves. I opened my roses to the world. I have worked so hard on making them perfect. Their fragrance filled the air. Overpowering those other pathetic flowers. It was still early morning when my human came by. She knelt beside me and started singing a cheery tune. She leaned in close to smell my roses. Then pulled away smiling. I felt something sharp and cold against my stem. What is that I wondered? Then with a tightening of her hand a sharp pain shook me and my rose fell into the human woman's hand. She took my roses. She cut me again and again. I tried to tell her to stop. My thorns didn't seem to penetrate the hard material she wore on her hands. I prayed for my needles to sharpen, to become even deadlier, but I

couldn't. Meer seconds had passed, but it felt like eternity, finally the human left and she took my beautiful roses with her. White sappy tears dripped down my stems as I wept. How could she? She was so kind in the beginning. Now I won't feel the bees. I won't be able to make my contribution to the world. The other flowers sat quietly as I wept. Then little murmurs reached me, reassuring voices telling me I'm still beautiful. It was the flowers; they were so kind. I don't know why I looked down on their small petals and even smaller flowers. They were beautiful too, small and delicate. With my new friends by my side I will heal, I will grow even larger and sprout even more roses. That human woman won't stop me from being, a rose bush.