

5 Flowers, 4 Stories, 3 Cheers for Animals!



Splash! Robin, the red robin, splashed and splashed in the garden's birdbath. She was as happy as could be.

"I wonder how Robin became so red," said Gloria, the morning glory.

"I wonder how I came to be red," Tula said.

"Maybe there are stories for how we got our colors," said Mari as she looked at her own petals, which were the color of a ripe orange.

"Let's make up our own stories!" said Tula.

"I'll start!" said Zinni, the zinnia. "One day a tiny caterpillar **inched** along through the spring-green grass. Soon that caterpillar was spring-green, too. Then the caterpillar inched along my petals.

Before long, my petals turned a bright, spring-green, too!"

To **INCH** means to move just a bit at a time. An inch can also mean a small length of something. An inch of string is something a small bird might add to its nest.

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"In time, the caterpillar became a beautiful, orange butterfly," Mari said. "The butterfly rubbed her silky wings against me as she stopped to rest. And just like that, I became as orange as the butterfly!"

"And then a spring shower came," said Vi.

"We love spring showers!" the flower friends all shouted.

"It rained and rained," Vi said with a smile. "But when the sun began to shine, a rainbow stretched across the sky. The colors mixed together into a beautiful shade of purple known as violet. The color came dripping down on my petals. And that's why I am the color violet."



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“Soon evening came and the sky filled with stars,” said Gloria, the morning glory. “The dark starry sky fell upon my petals, covering me in a deep shade of purple. That’s why I am deep purple.”

“What a wonderful story,” said Tula.

“Now it’s your turn, Tula,” said Zinni.

Tula sat quietly for a moment, just thinking.

The flower friends waited patiently.

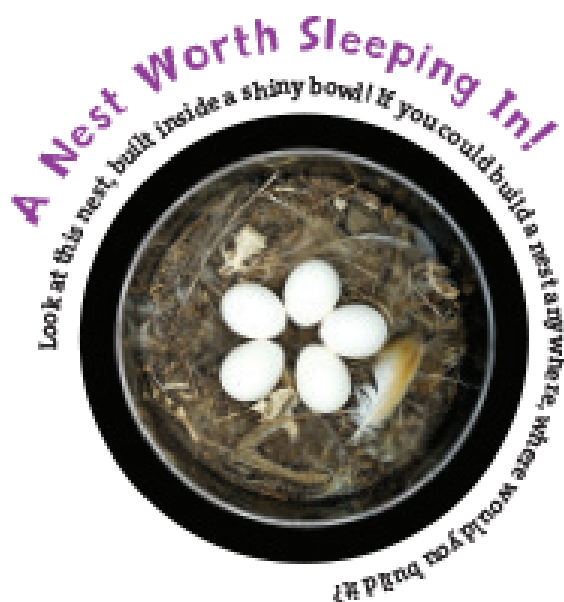
Finally, Tula said: “When morning came, a red robin awoke and stretched. A single, red feather came tumbling from her nest. I reached up and caught that red feather. Then I used it to paint all my petals red.”

The flower friends applauded.

“We did it,” said Tula. “We told a great story And each part of the story is as special as we are.”

“**Cheer-i-up! Cheer-i-o!**” sang Robin, the red robin. “What about me?” she asked. “Is there time for one more story?”

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"Of course, Robin," Tula answered.

Robin began: "Once, there was a red robin. This robin had an orange-red breast. She had cousins who were brown and gray."

"Oh, that's just like my family!" shouted Gloria. "We are alike in many ways, but we are many colors." Gloria blushed a little. "I interrupted your story! Please, go on."

"Well, then winter came," said Robin. "It was time for all of us robins to travel to Mexico for warm weather. When we saw our whole robin family in Mexico, we knew we were in the right place. We all blushed red with pride!"

The flower friends clapped.

"This storytelling is so much fun!" said Robin. "And my story was part true. We robins really do fly to Mexico for the warm weather."

"Yes, there are true stories, and make-believe stories," Tula said with a smile. "In our Daisy Flower Garden, we like all kinds of stories. The more stories, the merrier!"

"Cheer-i-up! Cheer-i-o!"

sang Robin.