

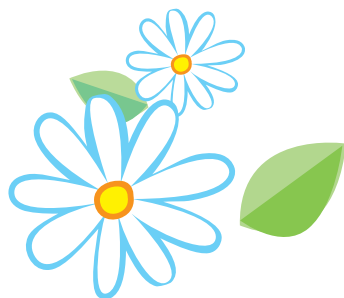


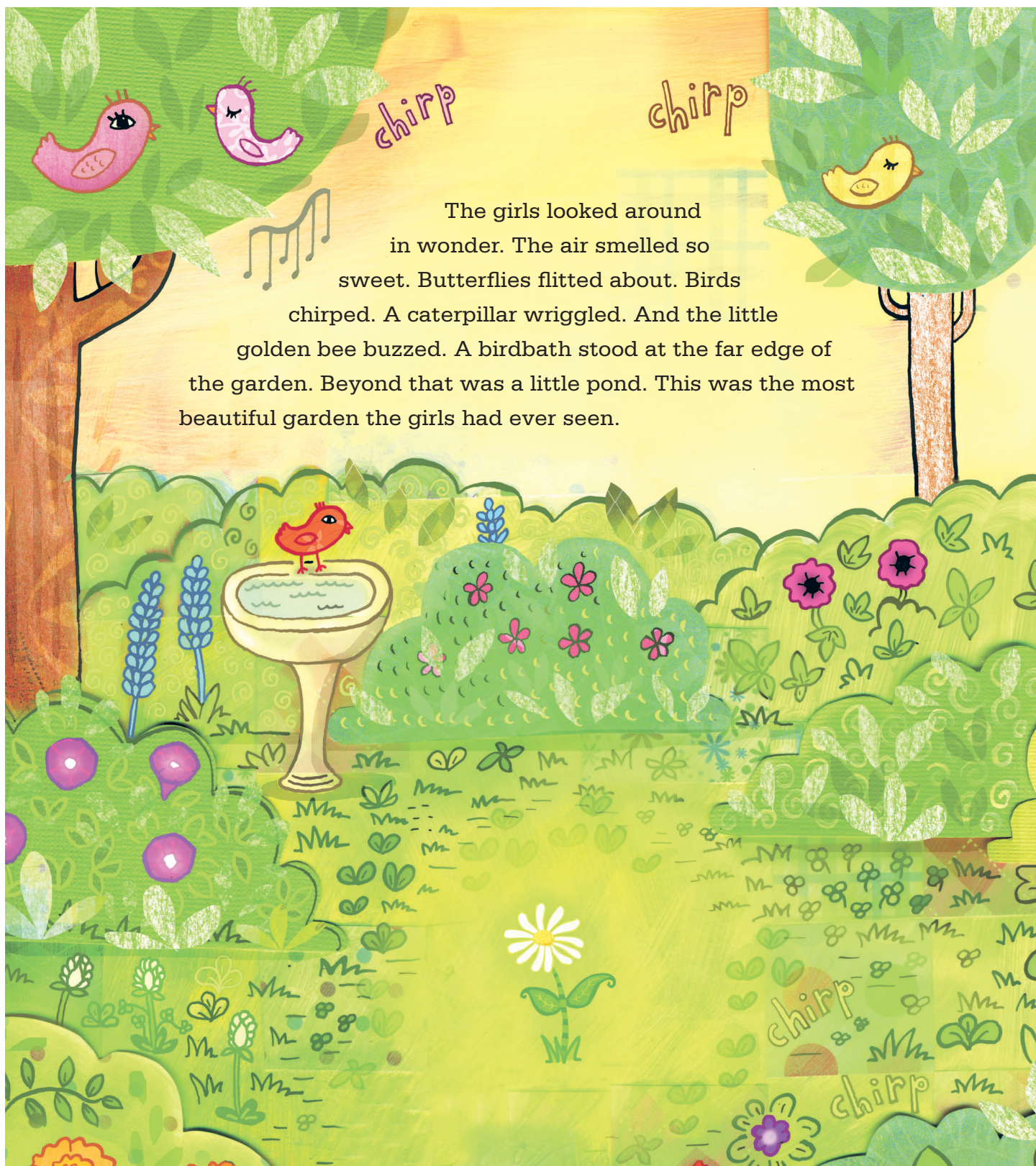
Chapter 4

Flower Friends, Flower Needs

The morning dawned bright and sunny. The girls agreed to meet at the garden at 9 o'clock sharp. Chandra got there first, then Campbell, then Cora. They barely said hello before pushing open the big gate. But after just one step into the garden, their mouths fell open.

The beautiful garden they left behind the day before was now so much bigger and more beautiful. Green grass had sprung up all around. And there was clover, lots of clover. And there were so many more flowers: tulips, roses, violets, geraniums. And many more that the girls didn't even know the names of. They were so fancy-looking.





The girls looked around
in wonder. The air smelled so
sweet. Butterflies flitted about. Birds
chirped. A caterpillar wriggled. And the little
golden bee buzzed. A birdbath stood at the far edge of
the garden. Beyond that was a little pond. This was the most
beautiful garden the girls had ever seen.

“Good morning,” called out Amazing Daisy. The girls turned to find Daisy swaying in the breeze, looking brighter than ever. “I don’t know how you girls did it. All our flower friends showed up overnight,” Daisy said.

“I *thought* about you and your friends before I fell asleep,” said Chandra.

“I *dreamed* about you and your friends,” said Campbell.

“I woke up *thinking* about you and your friends,” said Cora.

“But we didn’t *do* anything,” all three girls cried out all at once.

“Well, good thoughts and good dreams are powerful indeed,” Amazing Daisy sang out. “Now, come meet *all* my friends.”



Lupe



Lupe, the lupine, is light blue. Her name is pronounced Loo-PAY. She's always cool and relaxed. And she's honest and fair. She was born in Texas and then moved to Minnesota. She spends her summers in Maine. She has family all around the world.

TuLa



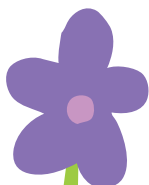
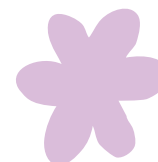
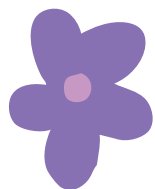
Tula, the tulip, is red. She's courageous and strong. She's from the Netherlands. Her family moved there a long time ago from a land called Iran.



Then Daisy pointed to the ground. “And this is Clover,” she said. “She gives our garden a nice green carpet and white flowers, too. In fact, she gives lots of things to our garden: food for animals and bugs, good-luck charms for people, and sweet nectar. Her nectar helps our pal Honey make delicious clover honey. As Daisy Gordon Low used to say, ‘Clover really knows how to use resources wisely.’”



Next, a delicate violet-colored flower stepped forward. “Hi, I’m Vi, the violet,” the flower said. “I’m from Australia and I’m so thrilled to meet you. I hear you are Girl Scouts. I love being a sister to every Girl Scout.”



Then, a beautiful, tall rose stepped forward.

“And last, but certainly not least, here’s Rosie, the rose,” said Daisy. “As usual, she’s trying to make the world a better place.”

Rosie smiled at Daisy and the girls and shook their hands, one by one. “As you know,” Rosie said, “we could all use a better world. I’m hoping you will all join me in making the world a better place. How about we start with this garden?”



"What could this beautiful garden possibly need?" Chandra wondered out loud.

"Oh, you'd be surprised how much a garden needs," Rosie said with a laugh.

"Yes, Rosie is right," said Lupe, "We need a lot of things to keep this garden growing. Let's think about this right now. We must all say what we *really* mean, for that's being *honest*. And we must be *fair*. We'll give each flower a turn to speak."

Lupe then turned to Daisy. "Daisy, you know each of us so well. Why don't you lead the group?"

"I'd be happy to," Daisy said. "Gerri, let's start with you."



Really Old Roses

Roses are native Americans. They've been growing in America for at least 35 million years. Roses grow in all 50 states. Our first president, George Washington, grew roses. So did our third president, Thomas Jefferson.

Jumpin' Geraniums

Geraniums grow in all sorts of places, all the way from Alaska to the tip of South America and beyond. Their sweet-smelling cousins are called scented geraniums. They come from South Africa and smell like lots of good things: lemon, rose, apple, peppermint, and more.



Gerri, the geranium, flashed her black eyes. "Well, you know," she said slowly, "I so miss my cousins from South Africa. *They* smell so good, and *I* barely have a scent. What I wouldn't give for a whiff of lavender, or the sweet smell of basil."

"Basil? I love basil," said Campbell. "I love to eat basil with tomatoes. I could plant some basil for you. Maybe some sage, too. My little sister is named Sage. She would love to smell real sage in this garden. She's almost 4. In another year, she'll be old enough to be a Girl Scout Daisy."

"Well, we would love to meet little Sage—another sister for us," Vi, the violet, said.



“And some **fragrant** friends will really make our world better,” said Rose. “Sometimes even I get tired of smelling my sweet self.”

Everyone laughed—all the flowers and all the girls.

Then Zinni stepped forward. “With all these new friends arriving, we’re going to need some *really* good dirt . . . I mean *really* good soil,” she added. “So I think we need more worms in this garden.”

“Oh, Zinni,” said Daisy, “thanks so much for thinking of our soil. You are so considerate and caring. We definitely need good soil to eat and grow.”



WORDS FOR THE WISE!

Fragrant means to smell sweet or pleasant.

Scented geraniums smell sweet and pleasant.

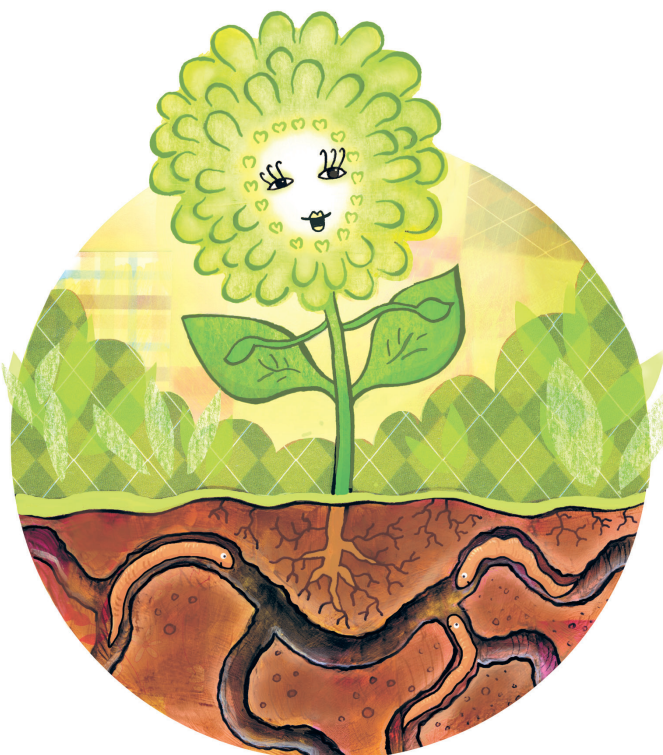
What is your favorite smell?

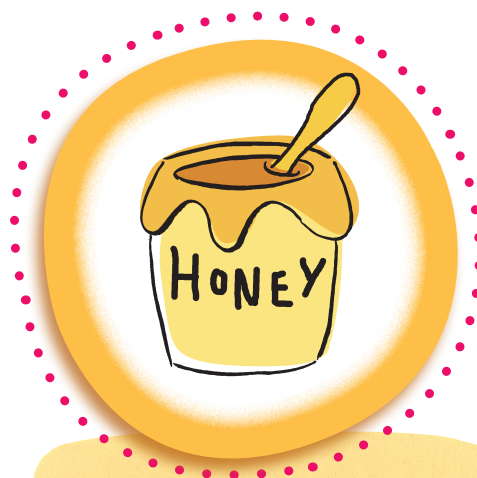
“What do worms have to do with good soil?” Campbell asked.

“Oh, just about everything,” said Zinni.
“They wiggle all through it and keep it fresh.”

“Hmm,” said Campbell. “I thought worms were just little wiggly things that came out after the rain and hid under the doormat.”

“Yes, worms are good, for sure. But if it’s not too much to ask, I want some more honeybees,” said Clover. “Not just for my little clover flowers, but to give Honey, our bee, some new friends, too.”





Sweet Stuff!

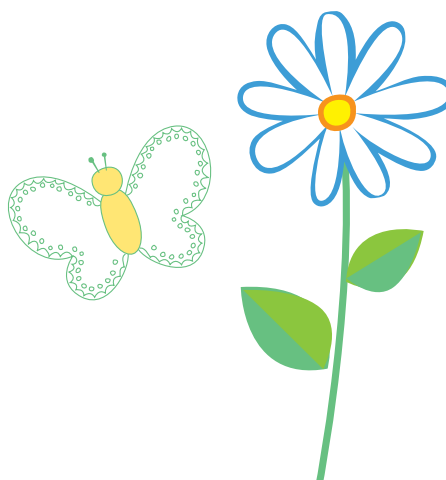
Did you know that bees have to visit about 2 million flowers just to make one jar of honey?

"I'm afraid of having more bees in the garden," said Gerri. "That means more stingers. But, Clover, I also know that you know what you're talking about. You are the *authority* on bees. So I'll respect your wishes."

"And don't be afraid," chimed in Tula. "I have enough courage and strength for all of us. I'll lend you some."

"And I can help you, too," said Sunny. "I am so tall that I can see the bees buzzing all around the garden. I will let you know when I see a bee buzzing toward you."

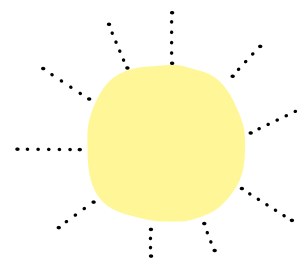
"Thank you, Sunny," said Gerri. "You are always so friendly and helpful."





Lovely Ladybugs

Not all ladybugs are red and black. Some are yellow with black spots. Some are black with yellow or orange spots. Some are orange with white spots. And some have no spots at all.



"I'm more worried about bugs than bees," said Lupe. "How about some pretty ladybugs to keep the ugly bugs away?"

"Ugly bugs? You mean bugs that are bad for plants, like those little green bugs that stick to tomato plants?" Campbell asked.

"Yes, exactly," answered Lupe. "Those little green bugs are called aphids—A-P-H-I-D-S. Sometimes they really do a number on me."

"Wow, you flowers have a lot of needs," said Chandra. "I guess it takes a lot to keep a garden growing strong."

"Well, I know that growing basil is easy," said Campbell. "But we're going to have to think about how to get worms and bees . . ."

". . . and ladybugs," chimed in Chandra. "After all, we're just little girls."

"Well, you all seem quite big and powerful to me," said Rosie. "I'm sure you three can come up with a good plan."

"Maybe we can," said Cora. "Maybe we just need some time. Let's go. ¡Vámonos! Let's think about this over lunch. I'm hungry."

