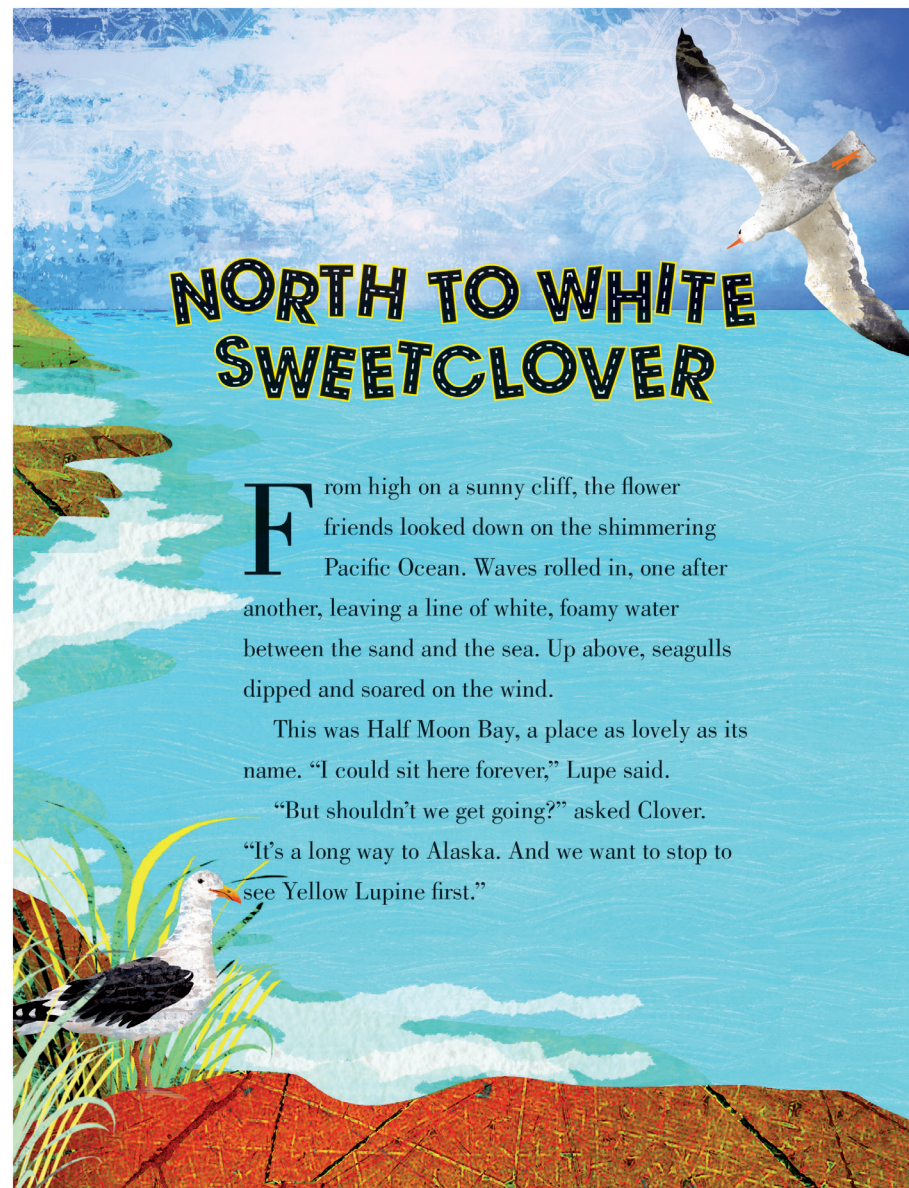


Between Earth and Sky



NORTH TO WHITE SWEETCLOVER

From high on a sunny cliff, the flower friends looked down on the shimmering Pacific Ocean. Waves rolled in, one after another, leaving a line of white, foamy water between the sand and the sea. Up above, seagulls dipped and soared on the wind.

This was Half Moon Bay, a place as lovely as its name. “I could sit here forever,” Lupe said.

“But shouldn’t we get going?” asked Clover.

“It’s a long way to Alaska. And we want to stop to see Yellow Lupine first.”

By now, Rosie the rose had joined the flower friends. She always spends the summer in California. Like Zinni, she loves the dry California air. It's good for her petals. "Fine by me," Rosie said. "The sooner we get going, the sooner we can reach Clover's cousin and make the world a better place!"

And so the flowers headed north. They passed through parklands of giant redwood trees, where clusters of ladybugs dozed in the shade. The trees' thick, reddish-brown bark was like no other tree the flowers had ever seen.

Ladybugs on Vacation!

Ladybugs spend the summer in the redwoods. Come fall, they gather in clusters and enjoy a sleepy vacation until the warm days of spring.



A Giant Among Trees

Redwoods are the world's tallest trees. But their cones are small. They're the size of a grape or an olive. Each one can hold 100 seeds.



By the time they reached the sand dunes of Humboldt Bay, Yellow Lupine was nowhere to be seen. “I’m so sorry,” Lupe said to Clover. “I thought Yellow Lupine would still be here. I wanted you to meet her. I guess she’s back

Why Yellow Lupine Couldn't Live Up North!

Sand dunes protect the shore from waves and give a home to wildlife. But dunes need plants to hold them in place. Otherwise the wind and the sea wash them away. In southern California, yellow lupine holds sand dunes in place. It is so helpful that people

brought it to northern California to protect dunes there, too.

But in the cool, wet weather of the north, yellow lupine grew fast, and tall. It grew so tall that it blocked sunlight from reaching smaller plants. For the smaller plants to live, yellow lupine had to be pulled out.

home in southern California, where she can really help the dunes.”

“On to Alaska, then!” said Sunny. “I want to see a moose!”

“Let’s hurry,” said Clover. “I don’t want to miss White Sweetclover, too.”

Traveling as far as they could by the light of day, the flowers drove north, north, north. Soon they were in Oregon, along the Columbia River Gorge. They stopped by a beautiful waterfall.

“This is salmon country,” said Lupe. “Millions of wild salmon once swam the rivers here.

People promised to protect them forever. They need to work harder to keep that promise.”

North, north, north, the flowers went. When the road became rocky and rough, they talked of taking a ferry, or even a plane.



Keeping the Salmon Promise

The Klamath River starts in Oregon and flows south to California. Millions of salmon once swam the river. But not many swim it anymore. That's because dams were built in it. Dams provide water to farms, and they help create electricity with water power. They also block the salmon's way.

Salmon have always been important to American Indian tribes in the Northwest. They are as important as the air we breathe!

Students in the area wanted to call attention to the salmon that were gone from the river. So they ran one after another alongside the river. They called it a salmon-run relay. Three California Girl Scouts—**Rebecca Rodriguez**, **Molly West**, and **Tori Laurin**—ran with them. “I have grown up camping a lot and loving nature,” says Rebecca. “So I just want to make sure that that’s around for a long time for other girls, and for me.”



“You know, Lupe,” said Clover, “I’ve heard that you can see lots of shapes and colors from an airplane. I’ve heard that from the sky, the land looks just like a patchwork quilt.”

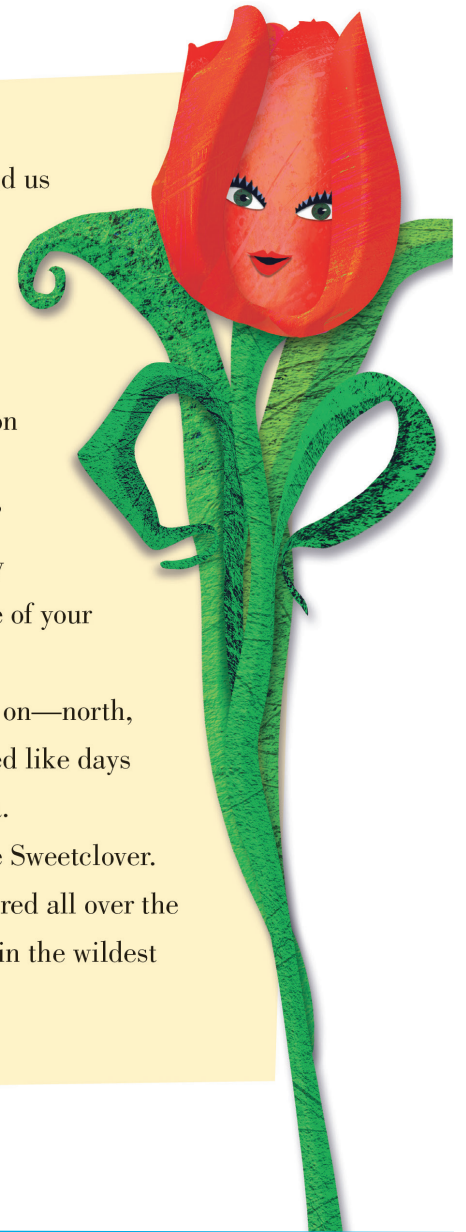
“That would be fun to see someday,” said Lupe. “But let’s stay on the ground for now.”

This petal-power car has served us well. Let’s keep using it.”

Along the way, the flowers picked up Tula, the tulip. She was visiting friends in the tulip fields of Washington state. Tula always tried to be courageous and strong. “Tula,” said Clover, “when I talk to my cousin, I’m going to need some of your courage, and your strength.”

And so the flowers traveled on—north, north, north. After what seemed like days and days, they reached Alaska.

Right away, they saw White Sweetclover. She and her family were scattered all over the land. They were even camped in the wildest parts of the wilderness.



Between Earth and Sky

"I'm so glad I found you, White Sweetclover," Clover said. "You don't look like me at all. You're so tall and scraggly. But deep down, you are my cousin, that's for sure. Underneath all your wild ways, you're really very sweet. That's why I don't like hearing about you causing trouble here in Alaska."



Come back south where clover grows in fields and pastures without troubling anyone or anything."

White Sweetclover frowned. Clover could see that her cousin needed to hear more. "We clover have so much to offer," she said. "Look at me! I give a nice, green carpet to our garden and I give nectar to Honey, the honeybee. If you move south, you, too, can use your resources wisely."

"And you'll be making the world a better place," Rosie said.

"But I love Alaska," White Sweetclover said. "I love the moose, and all the snow in winter. And I love the long summer days filled with light. I want to stay."

But Clover would not give up.

“You’re stopping good plants from growing,” she said. “Those plants are food for the moose you love!” She asked White Sweetclover to gather her family by the river to talk it over. And talk they did. They talked and talked and talked. Then they all agreed: They would move south before the first snowfall.

Clover now felt her trip to Alaska was a success. “We’ve learned so much about plants and seeds and where they do good and where they do harm,” she said. “We know enough to help plants everywhere. Let’s head home.”

“But we haven’t seen a moose!” Sunny said. “A photo of us with a moose would make the best postcard of all.”

And so the flower friends piled back into Lupe’s petal-power car and went where they love to be: outdoors between earth and sky, in the sun and fresh air, on the lookout for something new to see.

