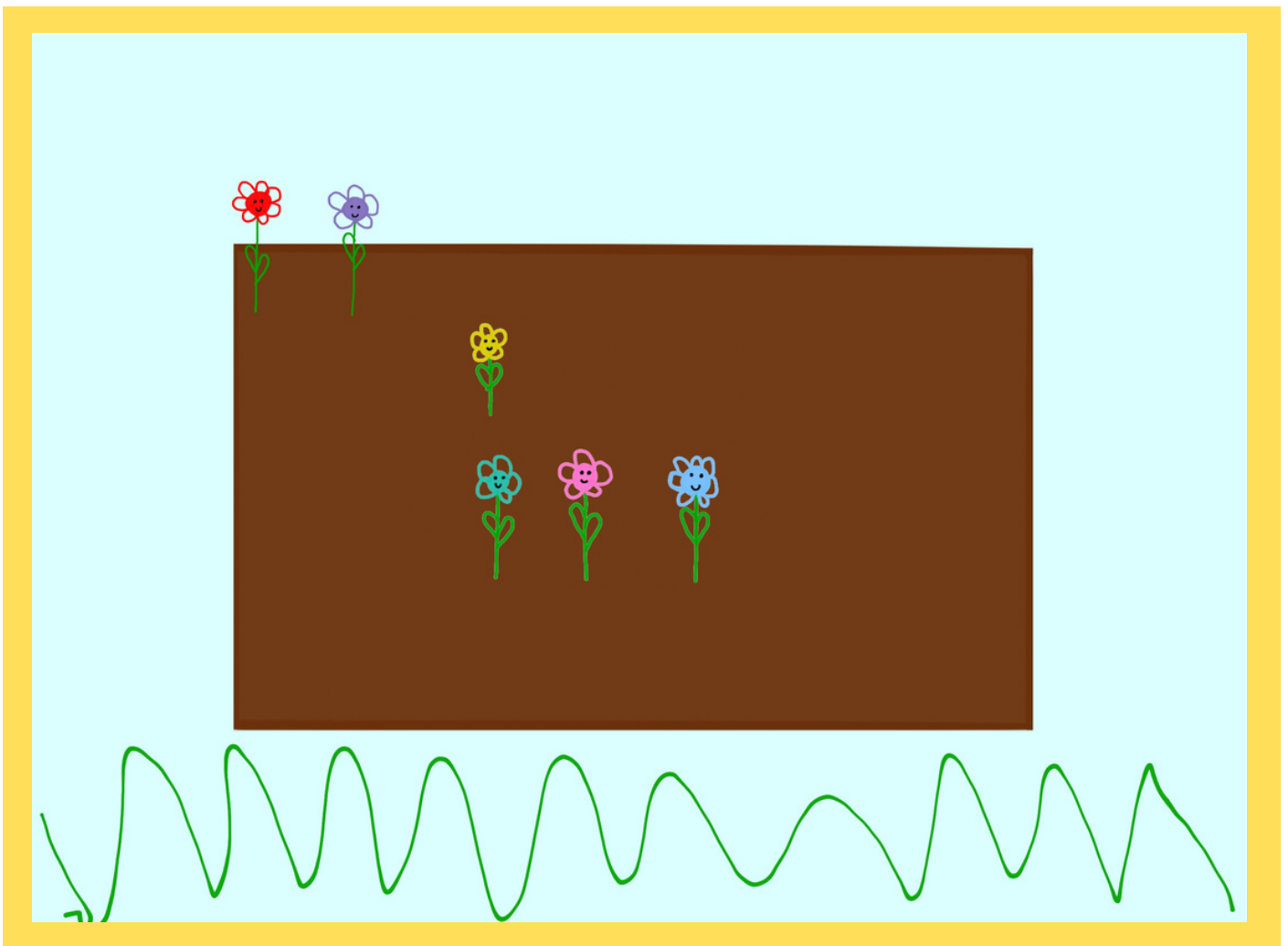




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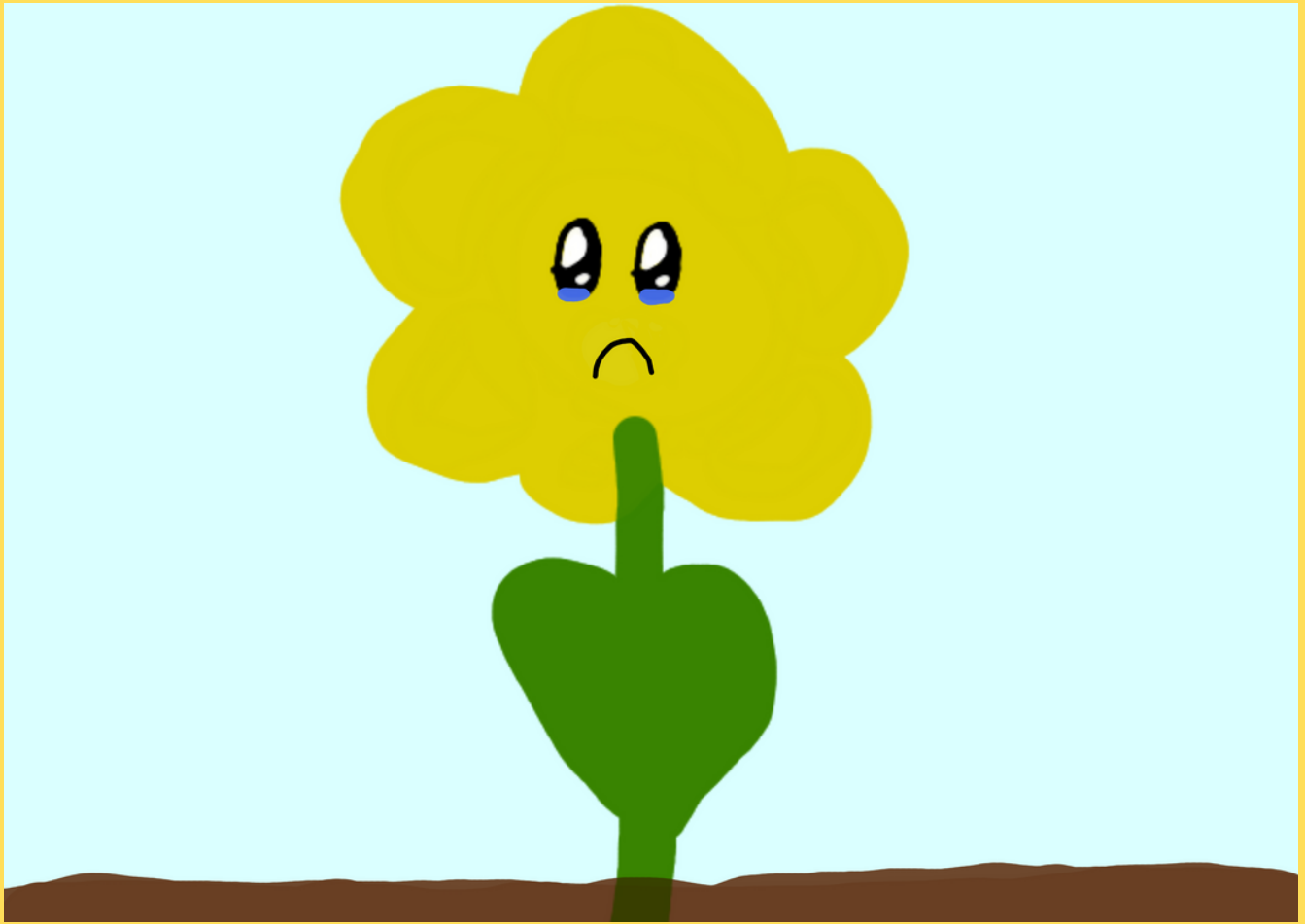
flower

Written By: Awit 



In a small flower bed in a large garden, there was a tiny flower seed. The seed grew into a big and healthy dandelion. It received many leaves and promising flower buds. The dandelion loved its flower bed. It loved the sunset, the stars and constellations at twilight and the birds chirping in the nearby trees.

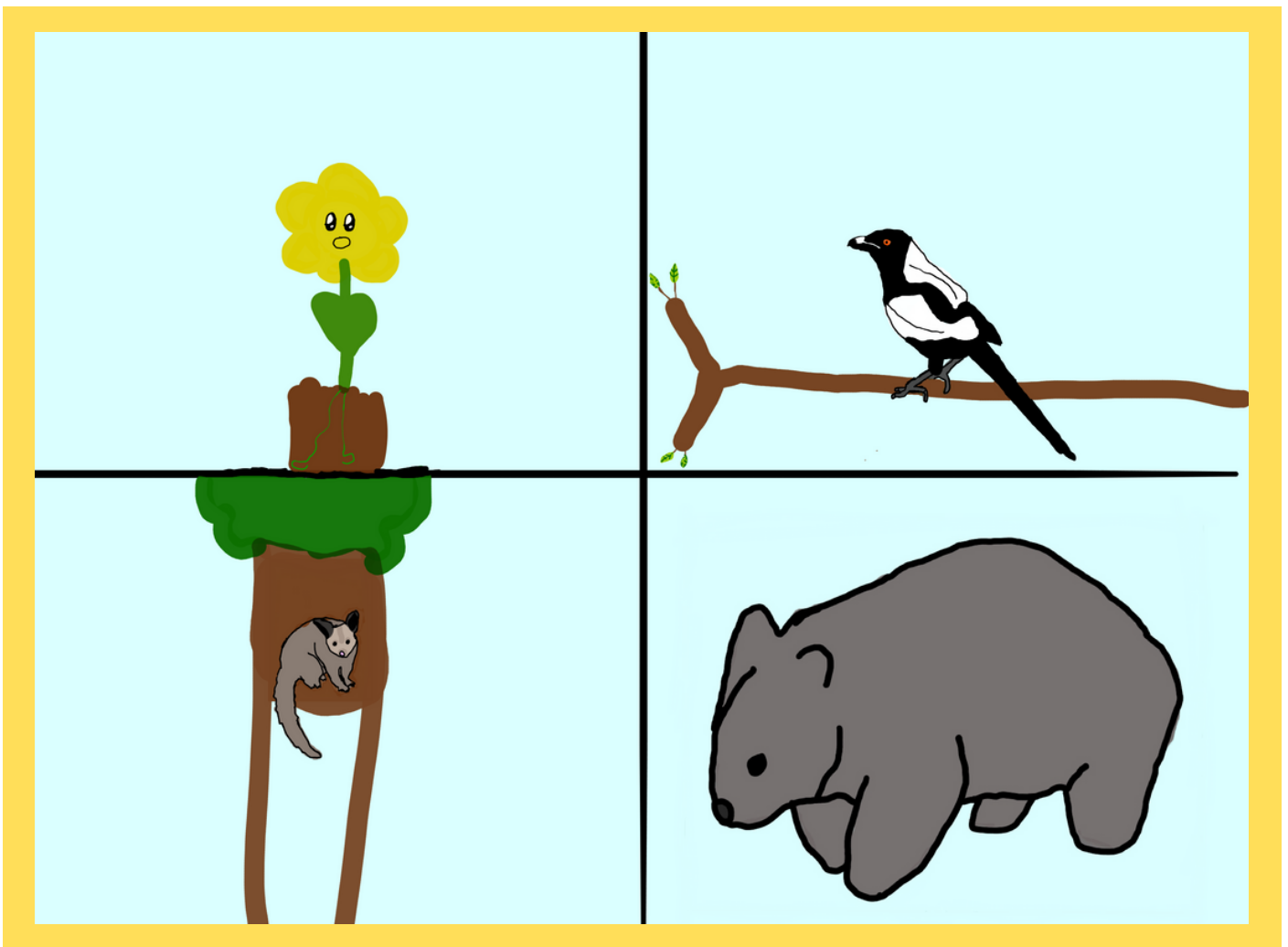
"I love it here." the dandelion said. "I never want to leave." However, the grown up flowers always told the younger flowers, "Remember little flowers, change is constant, like a never ending beanstalk growing through the clouds. The gardener may move you to another flower bed, but your home will always be in your heart." The dandelion washed this off as an impossible situation.



A couple of days later, the gardener lightly watered the dandelion, carefully digging up its roots. The gardener carried the dandelion into a hole filled with water in another flower bed. "Noo!!!" screamed the dandelion. The gardener, however, deaf to the language of flowers, did not hear.

The dandelion cried and cried. Because of its sadness, all the leaves wilted and fell off, despite being regularly watered. The buds stayed on but refused to bloom. For days, the dandelion refused the company of other flowers. The flowers tried their best to help the dandelion adjust to the flower bed and feel at home. They would usually ask the dandelion if it wanted to join games or hang out with the other flowers, but the dandelion preferred to spend time alone. "The dandelion just needs time. Eventually, it will cheer up and tell us when it's ready to talk." the flowers decided.

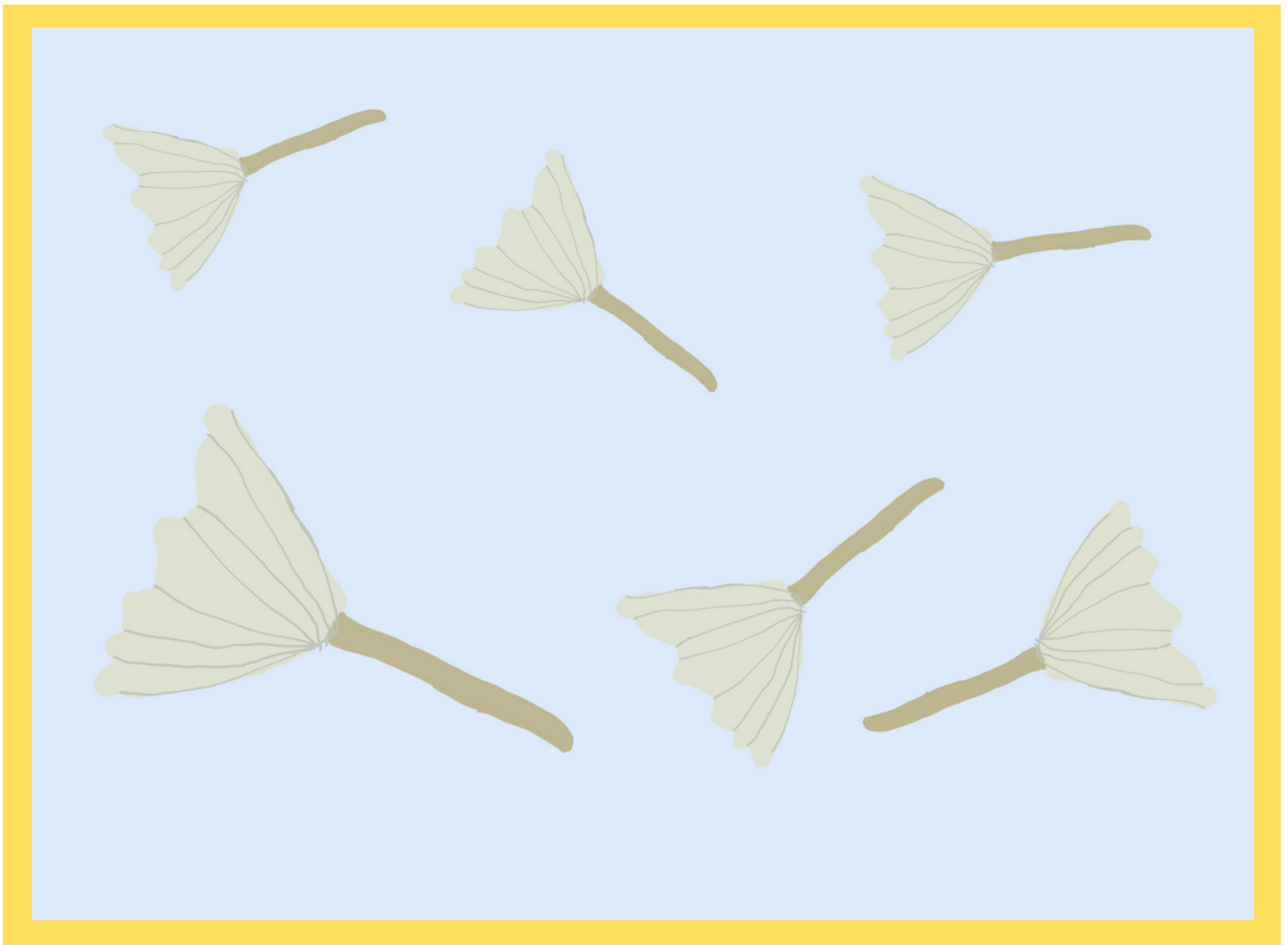
Even after multiple days, the dandelion was still very sad. It missed the view of the sunset at its old flower bed, the stars and constellations at twilight looked different from this new angle and the birds chirping in the nearby trees were not chirping the same chirp. "Nothing is the same anymore." the dandelion sighed "Everything has changed. Even in the same garden, everything is new. I miss my old flower bed."



The dandelion started talking to the birds in the trees. "How do I get back to my flower bed?" it asked a young magpie. "I don't know. Only the gardener knows. I know someone who might know a different way, though. You should talk to the wise possum." "Where is the wise possum?" the excited dandelion asked. "She lives in a hole in the hollow of this tree." said the young magpie. "However," the young magpie continued, "you should know that though the clouds change every day, they change over the same land. "Thank you for the information. I hope you have a good day!"

The dandelion started looking for the wise possum. Finally, the wise possum came from her hole. "Hello, wise possum! I heard that you may know the secret to going back to my old flower bed. Can you tell me how?" The wise possum looked carefully at the dandelion. "I wish I could tell you, but alas, I do not know. The wise wombat may know, though. He lives under this tree." the wise possum said. "However, I have a nugget of wisdom you should know. Homes, much like tree hollows, come in all shapes and sizes. They will be different, but as long as you are happy there, it is your home." "Thank you for the wise words, wise possum. I hope you have a good day." the dandelion said.

When the small flower found the wise wombat, all he said was, "Young flower, I am sorry, but I cannot help you. All I can offer is for you to enjoy this new home. If you look at it with a growth mindset, you will learn to enjoy life there. The soil may differ in each new place, but there will always be something familiar and warm, like a home. And please know that your old home is closer than you think." the wise wombat pointed to a shape in the distance. "Look there if you miss your home." The wombat then went back into its home under the tree.



Soon enough, the dandelion warmed up to the other flowers. It learned to love its new home, and whenever a new plant was brought or a new seed sprouted, all the flowers would tell the story to them. Even some humans came to understand this, despite not knowing the language of flowers.

All that happened to the dandelion was worth it in the end. Us humans should know along with flowers that change is constant. Not even us humans can stop that. All we can do is enjoy the changes in the world as much as we can and know that your home is where your heart is.

The End


# About the Author



Awit Amaya Fabros Rabara arrived in Melbourne from Manila, Philippines last February 2023. She is 10 years old and a year 4 student at Malvern Central School. She loves reading and writing and is a certified Potterhead and regular borrower and visitor at Malvern Library. She loves living in Stonnington, but really misses her home, so she wrote this story based on a poem she created just before leaving.



# Home is Where the Heart is



They say home is where the heart is  
Easier said than experienced  
Like a seed planted in soil  
The seed grew and grew  
It gained leaves and buds that would soon bloom  
But soon it had to leave that all behind  
It was moved to a better place  
A much worse place, it thought  
It cried all its leaves away  
And the flowers refused to bloom  
But over time it realized  
That home is where the heart is  
When it was a seed, it was told that change is  
constant  
Like a never ending beanstalk growing through the  
clouds  
The plant now knew what it meant  
Leaving home will always be hard  
You can admit that as much as you want  
But as the world is the world and life is life, the sun  
will always find a way to shine brighter, banishing the  
stormy clouds  
the new place, the road will be bumpy, but life will  
make it smoother as you go along  
And you will find a place to call home.

by Awit Amaya Fabros Rabara

