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ONE WHITE DAISY



Once upon a time there was a meadow filled with white Daisies, flowers as delicate as a summer breeze. However, one day a strong wind swept through the meadow, grabbed the youngest Daisy's skirt and – poof – carried her away. The poor flower took off almost like a butterfly.



“Help me!” Daisy begged the flowers on the hillside by the brook where she had landed full-length. How lucky she was that a kind yellow Marsh Marigold, a man of the world who lived there, took care of her. He took her hand and together they set off to look for her home meadow.



“Ting-a-ling, this is not a meadow, this is a forest!” blue Bellflowers rang out in all directions. And so the white Daisy and the yellow Marsh Marigold had a rest in the shade of tall spruces, ate some sweet wild strawberries and then headed towards Daisy’s meadow.



But what was that? A beautiful stone-paved path, with fire-red Tulips guarding it on both sides, opened up before them. "What are you guarding?" Marsh Marigold asked them, while Daisy shivered behind his back. "Perhaps a castle with a princess?" "Oh no, not a castle! This is a garden. Just go ahead!"





And so, for the first time in their lives, the two travellers saw a beautiful garden blooming with lovely purple Violets, golden Dandelions, fuzzy Asters and delicate Pansies. And because they felt so good and cheerful amidst all these flowers, they decided to stay in the beautiful garden forever.