

## Little White Daisy

Once upon a time, there was a little white daisy who lived in a cavern underneath the lawn. That was a good place to be, cozy and warm; little white daisy had a cast-iron oven in her cavern with a flickering fire, and a wide comfortable feather bed. Once in a while, there were some bugs and worms and grubs trying to bother her and to nibble on her cavern's walls; but these walls were strong and protective, and little white daisy felt protected and safe inside.

At times, when there was nothing else to do, little white daisy was wondering as to whether there might be something outside of her cavern - something she might want to see or to experience. She wished to have at least a tiny little window that would allow her to take a glance at the outside world. But whenever these thoughts came to her mind, she turned them down immediately. Out there, there were only bugs and worms and grubs to bother her, and she was much better off inside her warm and cozy cavern.

One day - little white daisy was just cooking a delicious grass-root-cream soup - when she suddenly heard a knocking at the hatch in the roof of her cavern: poc - poc - poc -

and at the same time she heard a scratching on the other side of the roof: krrk - krrk - krrk -

"Who is knocking at my hatch, and who is scratching about on my roof?" she yelled in anger.

And from the hatch in the roof there sounded a voice: "I am the sun - the sun!"

And from the other side of the roof it sounded: "I am the rain - the rain!"

"And what do the sun and the rain want in my cavern home?" little white daisy asked.

"Let me in - I want to bring you some light!" it sounded from the hatch.

"Let me in - I want to bring you some food!" it sounded from the other side of the roof.

"No, thank you all, I'm just fine!" little white daisy replied fast and a bit nervous, because she felt uncomfortable with things she did not know, "I can see fairly well, and I have enough to eat, thank you very much, though," she quickly added, because she did not want to seem impolite.

Weeks and months went by, and little white daisy grew and grew. Her cavern seemed to become smaller and smaller to her, once in a while she would bump her head on one of the beams that held the ceiling with the hatch, and when she was cooking she always had a hard time keeping far enough from the oven in order to not getting burned.

It would be nice to have a bigger cavern, she thought. But that would mean to leave her warm and protective home and get out to where the bugs and the worms and the grubs were waiting to bother her. So she just tried to get along with what she had, even if it grew to be less and less comfortable.

And one day - little white daisy was just sewing a big yellow dot on to her white dress - she suddenly heard a knocking at the hatch in the roof of her cavern: poc - poc - poc -

And at the same time she heard a scratching on the other side of the roof: krrk - krrk - krrk

"Who's knocking at my hatch, and who is scratching about on my roof?" she yelled.

And from the hatch in the roof it answered: "I am the sun - the sun - !"

And from the other side of the roof it sounded: "I am the rain - the rain - !"

"And what do the sun and the rain want from me?" asked little white daisy.

"Come out into the light, so you can see!" said the voice at the hatch in the roof.

"Come out into the rain, so you can grow!" it came from the other side.

Little white daisy began to think. What was there to lose? What was there to gain? A tiny cavern which was warm and cozy - but much too small, and some day she would not even be able to cook a grass-root-cream soup; but it protected her so well from the bugs and the worms and the grubs, and after all she did not know what was waiting there outside, and she was scared to leave her cavern; but some day soon, she would have to, anyhow, so - she had to take the step.

"Yes, I'm coming out!" she yelled, "but I will need your help, please!" and she began to remove the wooden bars and bolts which had blocked the hatch in the roof of her cavern.

It took quite some time because her cavern was really well protected. Little daisy was drudging and sweating, groaning and moaning, but finally the work was done, the hatch swung open, and little white daisy stretched her left arm out,

and then she stretched her right arm out,

and the sun grasped her left arm,

and the rain grasped her right arm,

and they pulled and pulled and pulled until - - plop! - little white daisy unfolded outside.

And what did little white daisy see when she left her cavern under the lawn?

Bright sunshine to give her warmth and beauty.

Soft rain to give her growth and strength.

And a field of thousand, thousand and thousand little white daisies.

