

I Wish I Was Like Her

“Ahhhhh!”

Dana, the yellow dandelion, sighed deeply and crossed her leaves in front of her.

Dana was a weed, and she wasn't happy about it. Nobody likes weeds. Everyone likes flowers.

Why do you think everyone likes flowers and not weeds?

Which do you like more: flowers or weeds?

Dana lived across from Rosie, who was a big, red flower. Dana wished she looked like Rosie so she might be a real flower too.

“There has to be a way to look like a rose.” she thought.

One day, she saw Rosie cleaning her sharp thorns. Dana decided that she wanted thorns too. An idea popped into her head. She quickly tied grass to her short stem and made the grass look like pointy thorns.

Smiling at her new thorns, Dana called to Rosie “Look at my thorns! They're just like yours!”

Rosie turned around, but just as she did, the wind began to blow. Dana's fake thorns drooped and looked like grass again.

“You silly dandelion! Your thorns aren't sharp like mine! They are too floppy.”

Dana felt sad and looked down. As if the sky could feel her sadness, the wind blew even harder in the garden.

She looked over at Rosie who was dancing in the wind like a beautiful ballerina and laughing. Dana smiled at the wind, and tried to dance like Rosie. Instead, she started shaking her leaves while swaying her head back and forth, cackling and hiccuping like a witch being tickled.

Do you dare to try Dana's dance?

Dana danced and danced, but soon the wind stopped. Dana looked down and saw one red petal on the ground among the leaves. She realized that it must have flown to her in the wind from Rosie.

This gave Dana another idea. Dana picked up the petal and tried to place it on her head like a hat but she couldn't. Her yellow petals were sticking out like a lion's mane because of the wind! She tried again. This time, she stuck the red petal between her tangled petals.

Maybe this would finally be what made her a real flower!

She still had her droopy thorns, but this one red petal from Rosie would be the perfect addition!

Dana called to Rosie, "Look at my new petal! It's just like yours!"

Rosie giggled, "You silly dandelion! You have just one petal. I have many!"

Dana felt sad once again.

"Why can't I look like a real flower? Why can't I look like Rosie?" Dana thought.

What else do you think the dandelion could do to look more like the rose?

Have you ever tried to look like someone else? Did that make you feel different?

"BUZZZZZZZZZZZZ..."

An old bee with grey stripes and big glasses came flying around. Dana waved at the bee and called out, "Hey, come here! I'm a real flower. Don't you want my pollen?"

"Who's there? My eyes aren't what they used to be!" the bee replied.

"I'm over here, I'm the flower with the large red petal!" said Dana.

"Flower? You're not a *real* flower," said the bee, flying closer, "You're a weed, even I can see that!"

Dana felt very hurt and pointed at her rose petal, "But I am a flower! I have a rose petal, see?"

The bee smiled at Dana, "That rose petal doesn't make you a real flower. But there's nothing wrong with not being a real flower."

Dana was confused. All this time, she had been trying to look like a beautiful rose. Now, this bee was telling her that she shouldn't try to be like a real flower.

"You're you, and you are special in your own way," the bee went on, "Roses have big red petals, and dandelions have pretty yellow petals. Everyone is unique and different. The world would be boring if everyone was the same!"

Do you know what the bee meant by that?

Was Dana right to think that she should be like Rosie? Was she right to think that Rosie was better than her?

If you were the old bee, what would you have said to Dana to help her see that she was special in her own way?

Suddenly, a child came stomping through the gate. The old bee buzzed away, onto its next garden.

The child dropped down, laid on his stomach, and stared at Dana with big eyes. Dana stared back, surprised.

"I love your yellow petals. You're just like the sun and you don't have any thorns to poke me with like the rose does." said the child.

"But isn't the rose more beautiful than me? Dana asked, pointing to Rosie. "She's perfect!"

The child said, "She is very pretty, but not very fun! I can't play with her like I can do with you."

"*The bee was right.*" Dana thought.

For the first time, Dana felt happy with herself.

What do you think made Dana happy? Could it be that she finally sees how special she is?

What do you think makes you special? If you don't know the answer, ask someone in your family what makes you special.

Soon, the child heard his mother calling from the house and ran back home.

Dana felt like a new dandelion. She didn't worry about looking like Rosie anymore. She liked herself now.

She realized that nobody is perfect in every single way, not even Rosie. Because of her thorns, Rosie had a hard time making friends. Dana felt sorry for Rosie and thought she could be Rosie's friend.

"Hey! I like your big petals!" Dana called out to Rosie!

Rosie smiled and replied, "I like your yellow petals too!"

Dana laughed. "Oh, that's funny! I spent all this time trying to look like you. I guess we're both special in our own way."

From then on, Dana and Rosie never cared about being a flower or a weed. They were best friends. They talked with each other every day and danced together in the wind, cackling and hiccuping like two witches being tickled.