



But then the chickadee asked:
 'What would you like to be?' The tiny
 plant thought for a moment and said:
 'A chamomile,' and little sun-like
 blossoms sprang open all over her.

So she gave the fern leaves to
 the crow, the blades of grass to the mouse,
 and her rosebuds to the caterpillar.
 And to the chickadee she gave a tiny
 seed, which the bird planted in the field.
 And then, come next spring...



'I see you as a rose,'
 complimented the caterpillar,
 and the seedling burst out
 in tiny rose buds.

'A true and proper blade of
 grass,' suggested the mouse,
 so the little plant dressed
 herself in whisks of green.

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THE LITTLE SPROUT

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A little seed sprouted up in
 a field. But the sprout didn't
 know what she'd turn into...
 So she kept asking everyone
 around her: 'What will I be?'

'Why, a fern, of course,'
 cackled the crow wisely.
 Filled with wonder,
 the little seedling sprang
 a bunch of fern leaves.

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