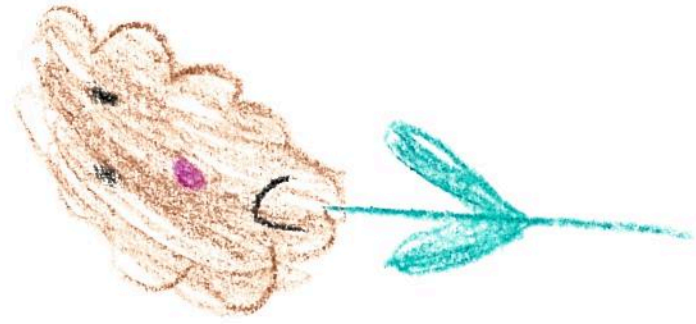
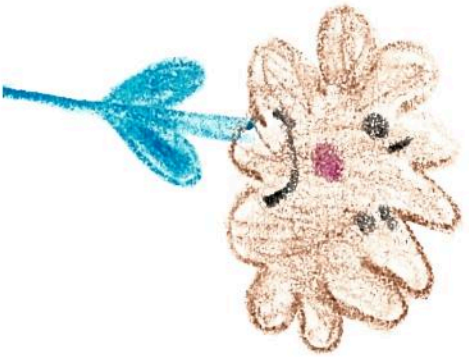


The dark, ~~in~~lex, brave flower



W.A. 1901

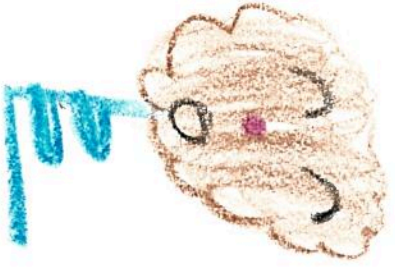
Once there lived a dark and lanky flower. Her colors were browns dark pink, and dark blue. All the other flowers laughed at her, but the little flowers knew she had something in her that was good.



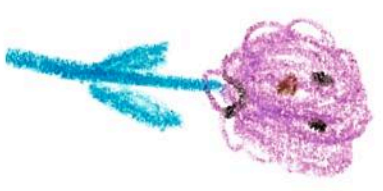
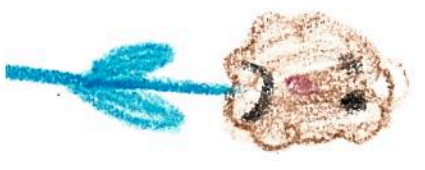
The little flower decided to run away until her
dream came true. Good bye say so to her
friends. I in the ground and the old willow tree.
Then she was off.



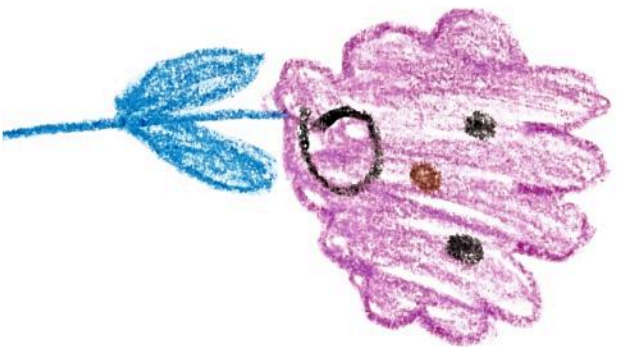
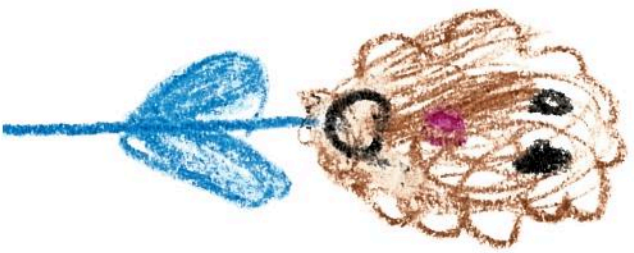
The little fly was fun as she
ran and ran until CRASH! She
bumped into an
dark's lip eye flower!



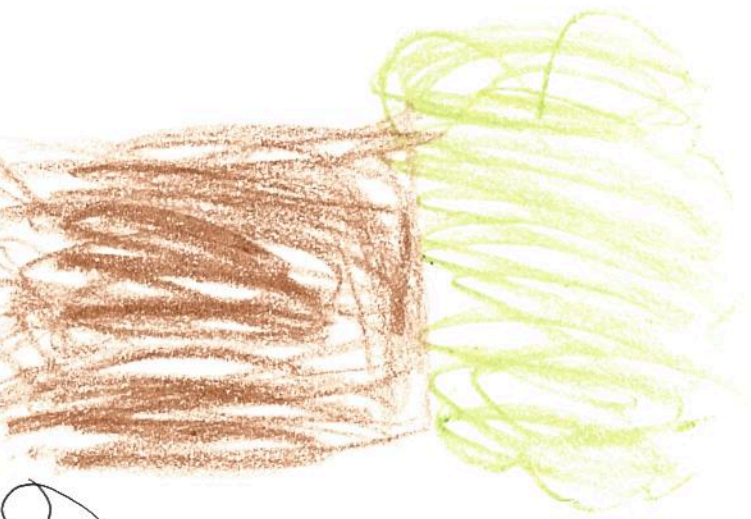
I'm sorry said the flower, It's about
the 11th century in the 11th century
11th century I'm the 11th century
11th century I'm the 11th century
11th century I'm the 11th century
11th century I'm the 11th century



Why do you cut in the reverse is not the
funny flower. I'm running away. She replied. Why?
-asked the sun. Sylvia Wells. I have a flower. I'm
Drawing a flower. I'm drawing a flower. She said.



You can come with me! Said the fair
I was quickly, It's rather dark and scary out
here in the forest since all the kinds of
flowers are there. As time goes by the
flowers are
here and there!



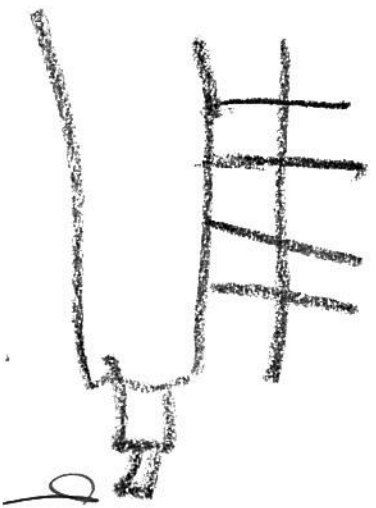
They walked and walked until a squirrel blocked their way! What are you two doing?!! Asked the squirrel. Well, you see, said the funny flower. We have a dream. We're trying to find it.



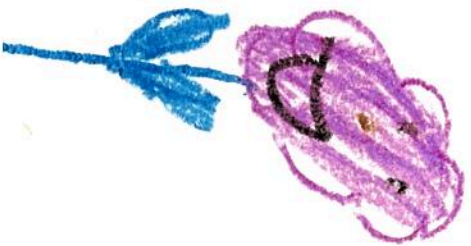
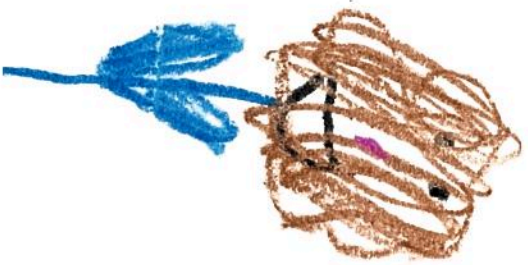
I know a place where all dreams come true!
Follow me! Said the squirrel. So the three friends
set off together!



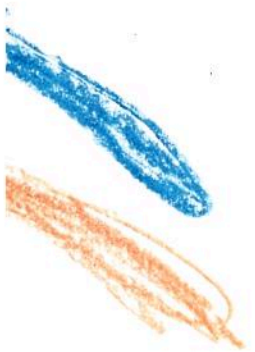
Then, the squirrel said, here we are. Take a look!
The little flower and the funny flower looked,
and then...



... they saw the most beautiful garden! WOW! Said
the funny flower. It's wonderful! Yeah! Said the
little flower.



Then every compliment they said about the garden their colors got lighter and lighter!



From now on the little flower knew she wasn't dark
and lonely, she was light and brave.

