

THE SUNFLOWER THAT ROARED

by
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No grumpy-guts allowed!

THE SUNFLOWER THAT ROARED

When Mom found Sarah covering the telephone with potting soil, she was cross.

“Why do you do that, Sarah?”

Sarah didn't answer. She didn't like the telephone; it was always calling Mom away.



Mom went to the kitchen drawer and brought back something.
“Here you are, my little sunflower,” she said.
Sarah looked at the something. It was a seed with black and white stripes.
“Will it grow a zebra?” she asked.
“Why don’t you plant it and see,” said Mom.



Sarah put the seed on a bed of cotton wool. She covered it with tissue paper.

"I name you Seed," she said.

Seed was a good friend. He didn't say too much, but he was a good listener. Sarah took him everywhere.

"Don't you want Seed to grow?" Mom asked.

Sarah thought about this. Would Seed change too much?

"What do you want to do Seed?" she asked.

But Seed was quiet.

"You need to give it water," said Mom.

Sarah put Seed in a saucer and poured some water over the cotton wool.



After two days Seed started changing.

“Look, Mom, Seed is growing hair. But I don’t think she is a zebra.”

“It needs soil, Sarah-- otherwise it will die.” The phone was ringing, and Mom went to answer it.

Sarah covered Seed with soil.

“Won’t she be afraid of the dark?” she asked Mom.

“No, Honey, seeds like soil. It is like a little blanket that keeps it warm. And they get food from it. But it is going to need much more soil than that.” The phone was ringing again.

Sarah filled her doll’s pram with soil and put Seed into it. Now Seed could really go everywhere with her.

“Oh dear,” said Mom. But then the phone rang again.

Sarah pushed Seed around the apartment. She found a sunny spot on the balcony.

“I wonder how you will look.”



The next day Seed pushed her head out of the soil. Soon she was peeking over the railing on the balcony. Sarah liked sitting with her and reading stories to her. She liked seeing Seed's head follow the sun, looking to the left in the morning and to the right at night. The balcony was cosy and quiet.



“Let’s have some tea, Sarah,” offered Mom and came to sit with them. That was even better.

“I think your sunflower is getting too big, Sarah. Maybe we can plant it downstairs in the courtyard. I am sure it will grow well there.”

Sarah looked down into the courtyard from the balcony.

“It doesn’t look very nice,” she said.

Mom’s phone was ringing and she went inside.



Mom returned and brought her phone with her. She brought some grapes and chocolate chip cookies.

“It sure is peaceful here,” she said.

The next day Seed was even taller. She was almost taller than Sarah now.

“You’re beautiful, Seed,” said Sarah.

“Mom, come sit with us!” she called.

Mom came to sit. But as soon as she was sitting, her phone rang. Mom talked and talked. Sarah started feeling grumpy.

She tried to talk to Seed, but Mom said: “Shhh...”

Sarah read her book. Mom stopped talking.

“Mom...”

“Just a minute, Sarah,” said Mom. She started dialing another number. And another. And another. Finally she sighed and sat back.

“Mom, can we...” The phone was ringing again. Just as Mom got up to answer it, there was a tremendous

“RROARRR!”



“Let’s take Seed for a walk,” Mom suggested.

“I want to see the courtyard, Mom.”

Old man John was sitting in the courtyard when Sarah and Mom came out. He admired Seed.

“We’ll have to clean it up a bit here,” said Mom.



Sarah and Mom worked all afternoon. Lots of other people looked over their balconies and came to see what Sarah was doing.

“What a good idea,” they all said. Soon everyone joined in.

At the end of summer there were lots of sunflowers flowering in the courtyard.



And Seed didn't roar again. But she did make about eight hundred seeds of her own.

The End

Epilogue: Or what happened afterwards...



Sarah soon came to like the phone just fine. Now it was Mom that wanted to talk...



Sarah never lost her love of sunflowers. Soon she was teaching her students all about them.

But of course, every story does have an ending...even if you have to become very old to see it...



And the end is always happy when you're a Sunflower...



About the author: Michelle loves painting, children and writing. She has two hounds, three cats and three children. Connect with her online at www.MichelledeVilliersArt.com or email her at geitjeid@gmail.com.