

## *The Flower with the Mask*

There once was a flower different from all the others, a flower with a mask whose name was Bluebell.



It rose in a spring on the edge of a forest. Bluebell was all sad and alone, because she was not as beautiful as her sisters.



Every day the flower got thin, pale, lost her color. All the flowers laughed at her, the bees were bypassing her ... She wanted to be like the other flowers.

One morning the Sun offered to help her by giving her light and warmth. The next morning a Cloud gave her rain, water to feed and cool.

With the help of them, Bluebell started to be more cheerful and not to think about being different.



The days passed and Bluebell began, little by little, to forget she was not as beautiful as her sisters.

One day something special happened. The spring wind began to blow hard, and the poor flower barely hold up her body in the ground. She desperately asked the Sun and the Cloud to help her, but they could not help Blubell.



Suddenly in the sky appeared the Fairy Mia accompanied by a lady bug and the proud Rainbow. The Fairy had a charmed, multicolored flower wand that spreaded a dazzling light.

She uttered the magic words:

*"Abracadabra / The evil wind to disappear / Hocus Pocus / The good sun to appear / Abracadabra / Our dear Bluebell to bloom and beautiful to grow".*

There was a bright light, everything was shining, the mask of Bluebell fell apart in thousands of pieces, and the lady bug turned into a little girl who understood the language of flowers.

As soon as the mask disappeared, the Sun, the Cloud, The Fairy Mia, the Rainbow Master began to joyfully.

*- Aaaaaa ... you do not have a mask! What a cute! The most beautiful flower I've ever seen! You'll be loved by the bees! They shouted.*

The little girl promised the flower to take care for her.



And from that moment on, our flower was no longer alone, all the flowers admired her, and even more, all the bees were attracted by the scent of Bluebell.



Bluebell never revenged on her sisters for all their nasty jokes, she was so happy that she had forgotten the past.



*- My dears! Nothing is accidental. You do not have to be upset that you are not like the others. Everyone has its mean. Try to be happy and one day you will understand what your purpose is.*

Class: Preparatory B