

Vicky Sgourelli

The Dandelion's wish

Illustration
Vicky Sgourelli



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Illustration: Vicky Sgourelli
Book's layout designer: Iliana Stefaki

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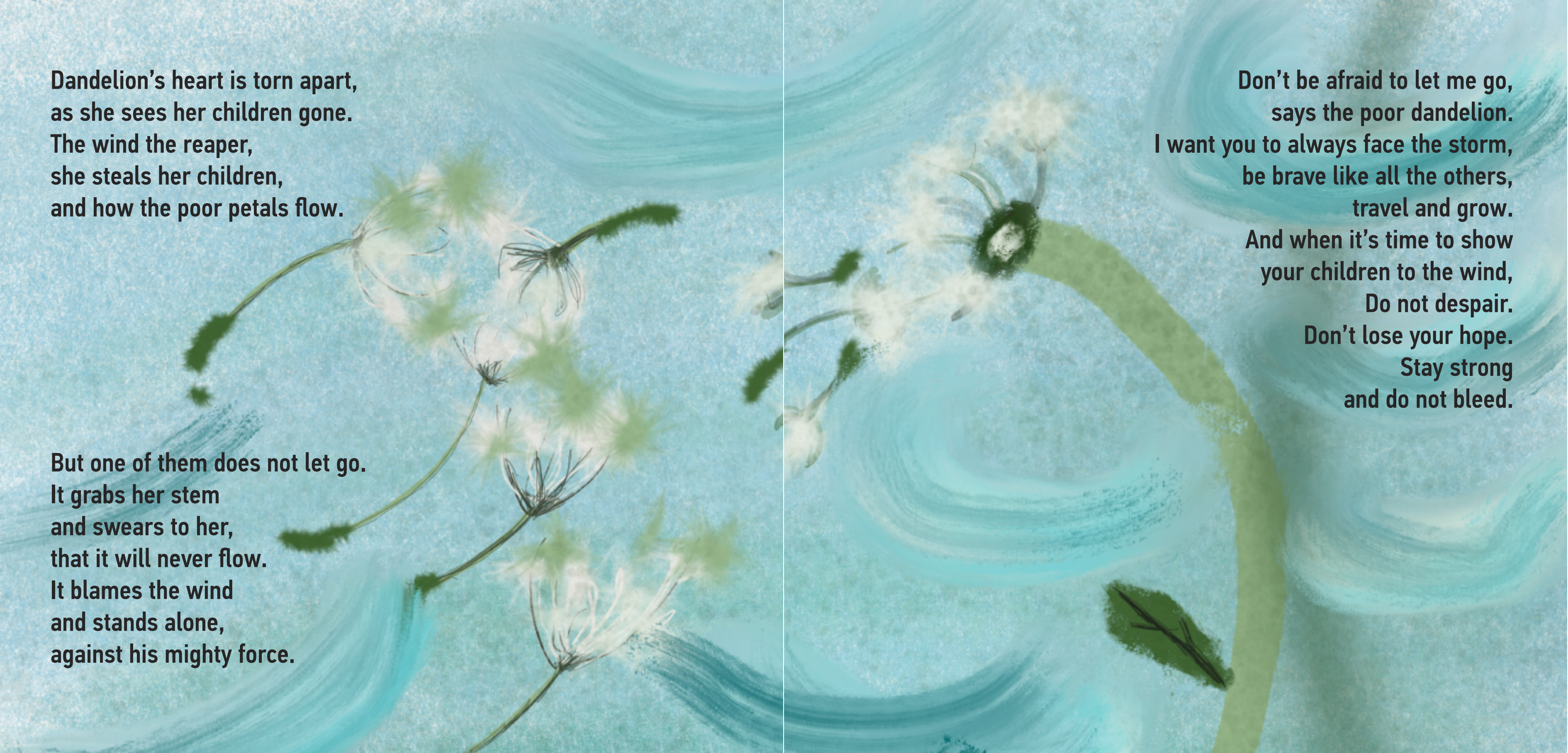
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But how the wind blows!
All her petals are gone,
scattered in the field.
Some drowned in the river,
Some caught on the trees,
and others where the wind blows.

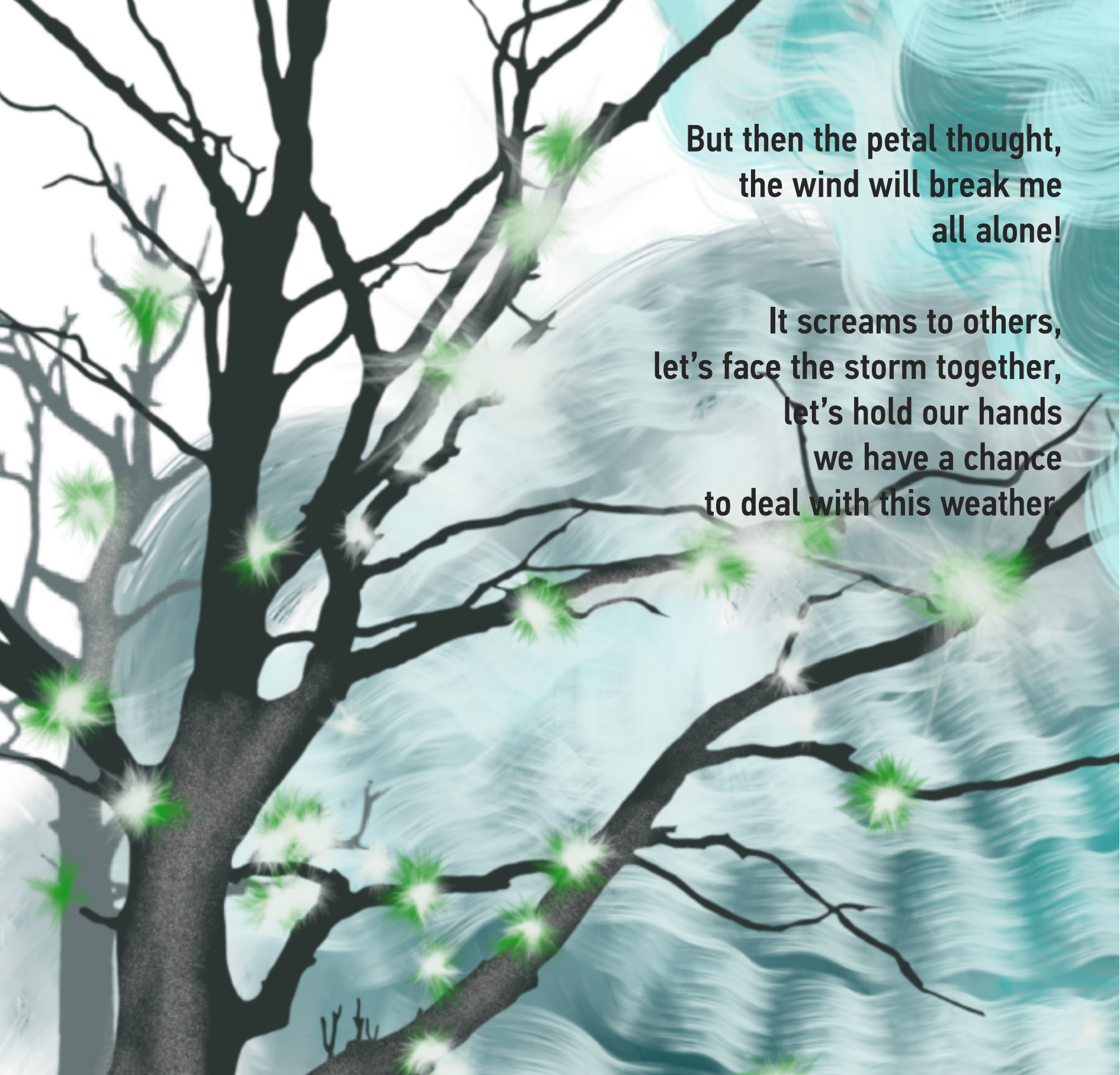
In a distant field,
filled with lots of tall trees,
there stands in awe
for her petals,
white as none ever saw,
a young dandelion.



Dandelion's heart is torn apart,
as she sees her children gone.
The wind the reaper,
she steals her children,
and how the poor petals flow.

But one of them does not let go.
It grabs her stem
and swears to her,
that it will never flow.
It blames the wind
and stands alone,
against his mighty force.

Don't be afraid to let me go,
says the poor dandelion.
I want you to always face the storm,
be brave like all the others,
travel and grow.
And when it's time to show
your children to the wind,
Do not despair.
Don't lose your hope.
Stay strong
and do not bleed.

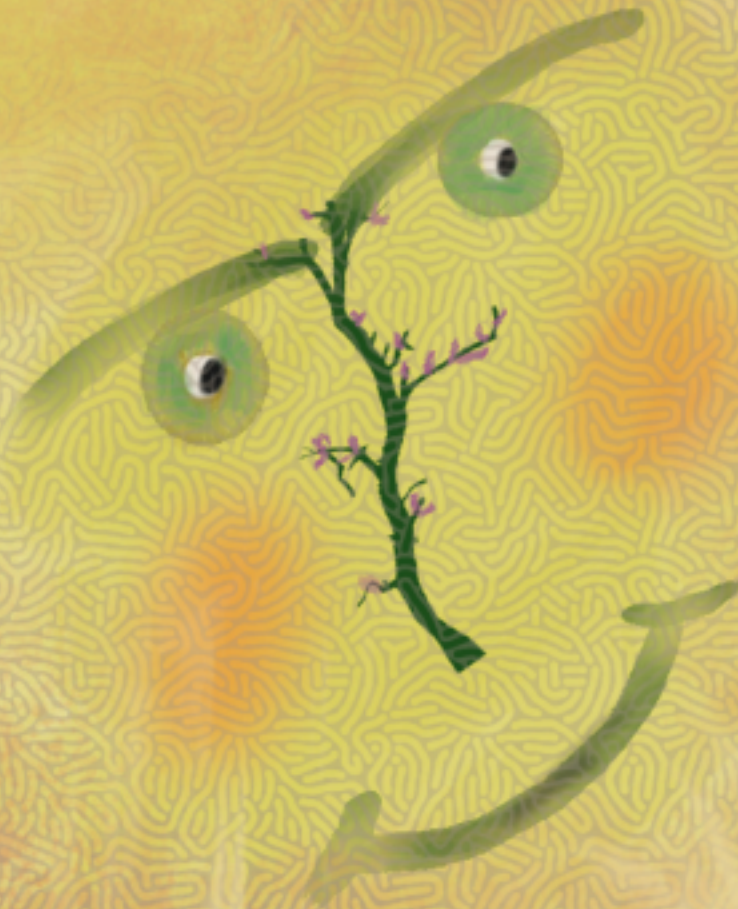


But then the petal thought,
the wind will break me
all alone!

It screams to others,
let's face the storm together,
let's hold our hands
we have a chance
to deal with this weather.

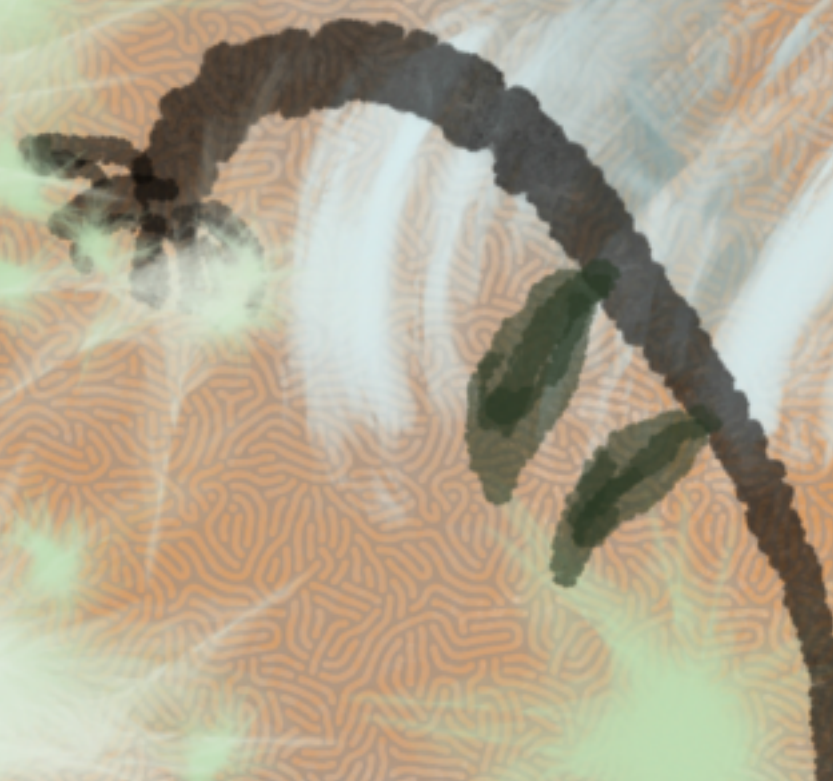


Ah, the wind the raider
calls the petal a betrayer.
He doesn't care about the flower
nor her children.
But he is sour.
How dare those drops
define the ocean,
he shows no mercy, no emotion.



Then the mighty sun appears,
Why are you doing this?
he wonders,
Look at their tears!
Let the petals
with their mother!
You have the strength
that has no other.

You are the strongest force on earth.
Make them love you
that's the hardest.
Make them wander
will cause birth,
but how do they love each other!
This is how you show your strength,
while you see you are the thunder.
You must control your force,
or weakness will be yours to plunder.



And the wind changes his mind,
when he hears the sun's advice.
He always listens to his friend the sun.
He knows that wisdom and friendship
are so rare,
and he was lucky, the sun was fair.

I will let you have these petals,
sad dandelion.
But also, be aware.
I'll be back as wild as a lion.
Don't you worry, they will make it
like you did.
It's the nature that commands it.
It's the nature's wit.

Oh, how happy was the flower!
She thanked the sun
with all her power.
They bowed to the wind,
and turned to the sky.
How lucky were they to defy
their fate?
No room for bitterness.
Or hate.



Vicky Sgourelli

Vicky Sgourelli Author /Publisher at Books with Shoes Publications and Unspotted magazine, EFL/SEN Teacher and Head Director of studies and founder of L.O.V.E (Learn Only Via Empathy) private school.

She has written several children's books in Greek.





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