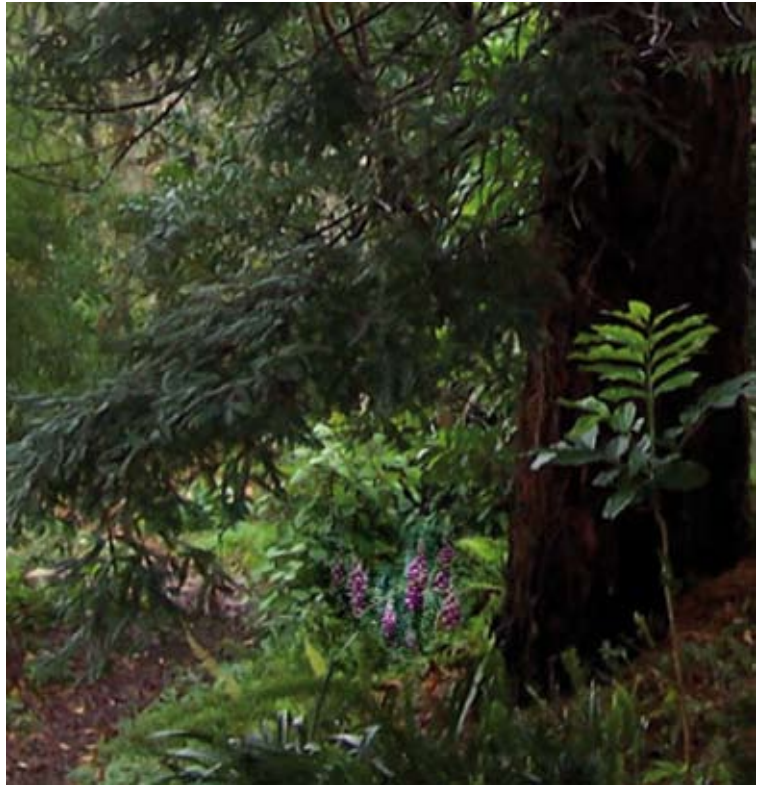


The boy looked around again.

He saw some tall, purple flowers growing nearby, and fresh, green pongas.

“Those purple flowers are foxgloves,” explained the tree. “Some people call them weeds, other people say they are flowers. What do you think?”

The flowers seemed beautiful to the boy. “I think they are flowers,” he said. “Am I wrong?”



“A weed is only a flower growing in the wrong place,” said the tree. “You humans are like us in that too. Everyone has to find their place. Some places are wrong for us, some places are right. You have to find a way to be the best flower.”