

The First Flower

Deep in a forest that still smelled of winter, beneath a layer of dry leaves, lived a small seed named Lila.

“It’s not time yet…” she whispered, nestled close.

Outside, the sun began to warm the earth with its golden rays. The birds were warming their voices, and the stream was singing again after months of silence. Spring had arrived.

“Lila! Wake up!” cried a friendly worm as it rustled the soil. “The world is starting anew!”

But Lila was afraid.

“What if I’m not pretty enough? What if the wind breaks me? What if no one notices me?”

The sun, which felt everything, warmed that patch of earth a little more.

“Not all flowers have to be the tallest or the most showy,” the sun said softly. “Every flower has its time and its place.”

With a little effort, Lila stretched out a tiny root. Then another. And one morning, when the dew sparkled like diamonds, she peeked out.

The forest was immense. The trees were bursting with green buds, the bees were beginning their dance, and a butterfly landed right above her.

“Oh!” said the butterfly. “You are the first flower in this corner!”

Lila wasn’t the biggest or the most colorful. But she was brave. And thanks to her, other seeds lost their fear.

That spring, the forest didn’t just bloom with color… it also bloomed with courage.

And every year, when spring arrives, the forest remembers that everything begins with a small act of bravery.