

# Pinky's Garden







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Early the next morning,  
Freya woke up  
bright and fresh.

She opened her eyes and looked  
over at her pillow,  
hoping that Pinky the flower  
would still be there.

But there was no little flower  
on her pillow.

So Freya thought to herself  
I wonder if I was dreaming last night?  
Did I really meet a little pink flower?  
Was Pinky the Flower real?  
Is Pinky really my new friend?

A lot of questions  
came spinning through her head.  
Then, all of a sudden Freya heard:





Knock, knock, knock, and another knock.  
Over and over and over again.

Softly, but  
Steadily.

Who is banging on my door,  
so early in the morning  
she wondered.

Freya crawled out of her bed  
Stretched up on her toes to  
reach the door handle  
and opened her bedroom door.

Euuuuuuup,  
creaked the door.  
Euuuuuuup,  
creaked the door.



KNOCK KNOCK



Freya looked out,  
and she looked to the left,  
and she looked to the right,  
but she didn't see anyone there.

But then she looked down.

And there was Pinky the flower  
standing on her doorstep.

“Oh, Pinky,” said Freya,  
“I just woke up and I missed you.”

“I woke up pretty early”, Pinky said,  
“and then I went out in the garden to  
take a bath and freshen my  
petals for the day.”



“Wow”, said Freya,  
“that must be very nice.  
I didn’t know that you had your own  
bath in the garden,  
could I go see it?”

“Of course you can”, Pinky answered,  
“just follow me”.

And with that Freya put on her  
bathrobe and slippers,  
and they walked  
out of her room,  
and into the garden.

Freya’s Mommy and Daddy were  
still sound asleep.  
They had to be very quiet as they  
went out the back door of the house  
and into the garden.





Like most mornings,  
everything was very fresh and still  
in the early morning garden,  
until,  
all at once,  
they heard:

“Who’s walking on me ooorrerrr?”

“Who’s walking on me ooorr?”

“Who is that”,  
asked Freya in a shocked voice,  
“don’t worry, that’s just Greenie the Grass,”  
said Pinky the Flower.

“He’s not angry.

He just likes to know who is walking on him,  
especially when he gets woken up”.





“Oh,” said Freya, “I’m very sorry  
Greenie the Grass.

I didn’t mean to wake you up.  
Please go back to sleep”.

“That’s ok”, said Greenie the Grass.

“I’m awake now,  
and it’s time to start a new day.  
It’s nice to meet you Freya,  
and you are always welcome  
to come and  
play in the garden”.

Then Pinky took Freya’s hand and  
off they went deeper into the garden,  
past a small puddle of water,  
that was sitting right below  
a lovely little Apple Tree.

“This is where I bathe each morning”,  
said Pinky.

“Isn’t it a pretty spot?  
Each day after I bathe I smell like  
fresh apple blossoms”.

“It is a beautiful spot for a bath”  
Freya said.

“Yes it is so pretty, just like me”.

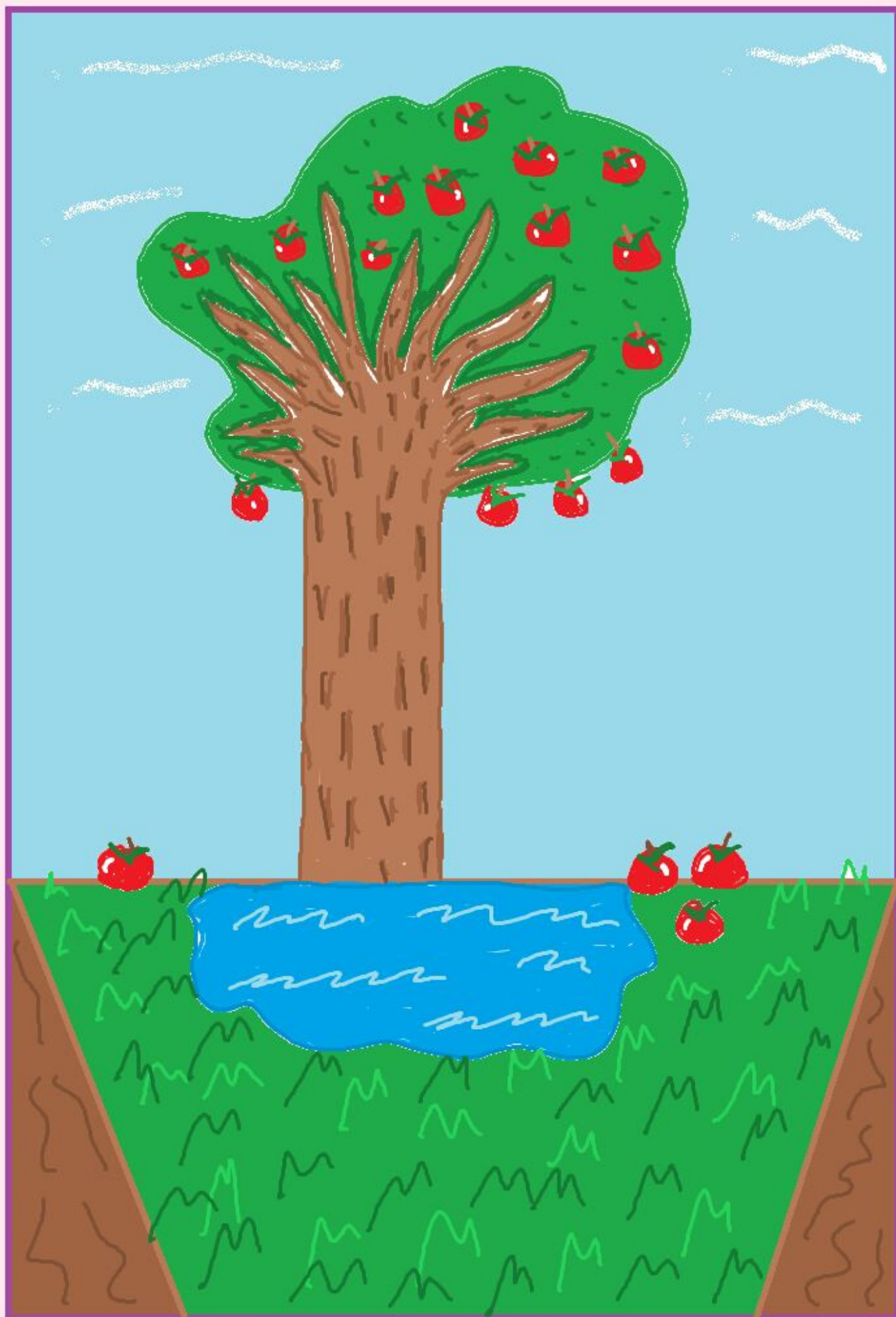
“Who said that?”, asked Freya.

“Up there”, answered Pinky.

“That’s Alice the Apple Tree.  
She’s pretty and she knows it”.

“Well I agree with her”, said Freya.

“Apple trees are lovely”.



“That’s very nice of you little girl”,  
said Alice the Apple Tree.

“We apple trees take good care  
to keep our leaves green  
and our fruits red” .

After waving goodbye to  
Alice the Apple Tree,  
Freya and Pinky walked over  
to another corner of the garden.

There they came across a big circle  
of brightly colored tulips.  
All the colors of the rainbow  
were mixed together.

Red, yellow, orange, blue, and white tulips  
were swaying in the wind.



The tulips were magical.

It was as if the colors of the tulips could combine to make sounds like the different instruments in a band.

“Who is making such wonderful music?” asked Freya.

“Oh, that’s the tulip family”, answered Pinky.

“they have big horns on their stems, and when the wind is blowing, their sounds come together just right”.

Freya listened as hard as she could.

“It must be a dream come true to be in the garden and listen to the Tulip Family make such pretty music on windy days”.



“Why, thank you little girl”, said the tulips,  
“It’s very nice to have a new  
friend who appreciates  
good music and  
all the colors of the rainbow”.

“Oh Pinky”, said Freya,  
“This is such a nice garden”.  
“I’m just a bit confused about one thing,”  
“I don’t know whether the grass,  
and the flowers  
and the trees  
in the garden are boys or girls?  
Should I call them him or  
should I call them her”, Freya asked.

Pinky the Flower looked at Freya,  
and sat down on Greenie the Grass.

Then she said:

“The answer to that, Freya, is simple.”

“Here in the garden,  
we don’t care about which flower or tree  
is a boy or which is a girl.  
All the plants are special and wonderful.  
If this plant thinks that they’re  
a bit more of this or  
a bit more of that,  
then that’s fine with us.”

“That makes perfect sense to me too”,  
said Freya.

“We should just let everyone,  
decide what they want to be,  
since after all,  
happy plants make for a  
happy garden.”



“Yes, that’s right”, said Pinky.

“and while I’d love to talk about  
this some more with you,  
the sun is coming up,  
and your Mommy and Daddy  
will be waking up soon.

Maybe you’d better go get dressed  
and we can meet at breakfast.  
is that a good idea?”

“Sounds like a plan” responded Freya.

“See you soon!” she said.

“See you soon too” said Pinky the Flower.

And then off Freya went back into  
her house...

while Pinky stayed in her garden....



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