

# Pinky the Flower





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It was well past her bedtime  
when Freya woke up from a  
soft knock on her door

Knock, knock, knock and knock  
it went.

Over and over and over again.  
Softly, but steadily.

Who is banging on my door  
at this time of night?  
Freya thought.

“I don’t know”  
Still sleepy Freya thought:  
“I guess I’d better take a look”.



So 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.

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

With that  
she shook her head,  
shut the door,  
and got back into her bed.

KNOCK KNOCK



Then Freya heard,  
Knock, knock, knock and knock,  
and knock again.

Once again, 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.

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



But then she looked down.

Would you believe it!

There was a little pink flower  
standing on her doorstep.

“May I come in” asked the little pink flower?

“I guess so”, Freya said.

And with that, the little pink flower  
waltzed right into Freya’s bedroom  
and plopped right down on Freya’s bed.

Looking over at the little pink flower,  
Freya asked, “who are you?”

“My name is Pinky” said the little flower,

“and you are...?”, Pinky asked?

“My name is Freya”, said the little girl.

“Pinky, why did you come to my room?”  
asked Freya.

“Well, it was getting cold in the garden,  
and I wanted to go somewhere  
where it was nice and warm”,  
Pinky answered.

That makes sense, Freya thought.  
It does get cold in the garden.

But just then Freya thought  
to herself,  
that something isn't right here.

“Pinky”, said Freya,  
“This can’t really be happening.  
I must be dreaming.  
After all, little flowers can’t talk?”



“Well”, said Pinky,  
shaking her petals from side to side,  
“We are talking to each other,  
so I guess it must be possible  
for flowers to talk”.

“And no”, said Pinky,  
“I don’t think you are dreaming,  
because I am wide awake”.

And with that, Freya gave Pinky  
a long, hard stare.  
And Pinky gave Freya  
a long, hard stare.

Then they looked at each other  
and at the very same time,  
Freya and Pinky the Flower  
gave each other a  
big, big smile



because they both  
realized that they had made  
a new friend,  
however strange that might be.

“You know”, said Freya,  
“I don’t think my Mama and Papa  
are going to understand this.”

“You know,” said Pinky,  
“I don’t think my friends in the garden  
are going to understand this either.”

“But,” said Pinky,  
“I don’t think that really matters.  
There are many things  
that we probably won’t understand.  
But we should just be happy to  
learn something new.”



That makes sense to me,  
Freya thought.  
And it's very nice  
to have a new friend.

Aaahaha,” yawned Freya.

“I’m getting sleepy Pinky.

Do you want to sleep over here with me tonight?” asked Freya

“That would be very nice,”

Pinky the Flower answered.

Then Pinky wiggled her way

under the covers, and

pulled the blanket right up

to her petals

before turning to Freya.

“Sleep well Freya”,

said Pinky the Flower

“Sleep well Pinky”,

answered Freya.

And very soon Freya's room  
was so very quiet once again,  
as Pinky and Freya  
fell into a deep  
deep sleep.



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