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## Uru & the Sunflowers

By Jeremy Quinton



*Uru* lived on a volcanic island in the middle of a vast ocean...in a village surrounded by soft, undulating hills. From *Uru's* house, it was possible to see the colours of the different trees & flowers that covered much of the island, like a magic blanket.

With a mixture of revitalising sun & sweet rain, the island offered the perfect environment in which flowers could flourish...

*Uru* had fallen in love with the sunflowers in the neighbour's garden. The way they swayed in the wind and shone in the sunlight was both relaxing and enchanting. "How beautiful they are", thought *Uru*, full of admiration.

So *Uru* decided to ask the neighbour, *Kompei*, where it was possible to find some seeds.

"Here you are", said *Kompei* "take these", and handed over a bag full of small seeds.

"Just put them in the ground and make sure you water them every now and again. They'll soon grow big & strong, like in all the other gardens. It's easy, you'll see!"

That night in bed, *Uru* thought about *Kompei's* words. "It's easy" *K* had said. Looking out of the house towards the garden bathed in moonlight, *Uru* wondered how it was possible that such beautiful flowers could grow "so easily". Was it really so easy, in reality?

So next morning, *Uru* set off to visit *Txinda*, the wise flower chief of the village.

"You're right young *Uru*" said *Txinda*. "Many people think that it's easy....but very few people come to talk with me & seek my advice.

In order to help the flowers grow well, you must create the right conditions. In order to do that, follow these guidelines. Here - take this" *Txinda* said softly, and then gave a bag of red petals to *Uru*.

On the journey back to the village *Uru* noticed that on each petal *Txinda* had written a simple piece of advice. With this advice *Uru* would be able to help the flowers grow.

After returning home *Uru* felt tired after the long journey. "Better to rest and start tomorrow". So after thinking about *Kompei's* words, and about what *Txinda* had said too, *Uru* lay in bed imagining the beautiful golden flowers that, one day soon, would appear in the garden.

The next day, after breakfast, *Uru* took the petals and read them, one by one. By midday *Uru* had planted the seeds in the ground, had protected them with straw as per *Txinda's* recommendations, and had watered them too, using the old & rusty watering can that had been found, by chance, on the previous day's journey.

Time went by...

Every day *Uru* would walk to the river and fill the watering can. Then, *Uru* would return to the garden, to carefully water the seeds.

More time went by...

The seeds started to grow.

Day after day *Uru* returned to the river with the old & rusty watering can, and, as always, once back in the garden, *Uru* would water the seeds, which had now started to become small flowers.

But the flowers were small & weak, especially when compared with the flowers in the neighbour's garden.

"What am I doing wrong?" thought *Uru*