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# Ririro

IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

# The Loveliest Rose in the World

Once upon a time there was a powerful queen who had a garden with the most beautiful flowers in the world. Amazing smelling roses were her favorite. They grew in the most beautiful shapes and colours against the walls of the castle, wrapped themselves around the pillars and even grew through the hallways into the grand halls. But inside the castle was sadness and grief.



The queen was ill and was soon to pass. A wise doctor said, "Bring her the most beautiful rose in the whole world and she will not die." From near and far people brought their most beautiful rose to the palace. But the rose had to come from the garden of love, which would that be?

The message was sent all over the country. Poets wrote poems about it. But still nobody had found the right rose. It wasn't the roses on Romeo's and Julia's grave, or the rose from the Oscar Wilde fairytale. And it wasn't the rose that made one boy live for science.

"I know where this rose blooms," said a young mother who was visiting the queen with her baby. "The most beautiful rose blossoms on the cheeks of my baby girl

when she wakes up her eyes and smiles at me after sleeping."

"That indeed is a fine rose, but there is one even more beautiful.

A lovely rose with a pale color like the petals of a tea rose," said a woman.

"I've seen her on the cheeks of our queen. She was walking around the castle without her crown and with a sad expression in the middle of the night, she was cradling her sick child. She was praying to God for her

baby." "That is the holy white rose of sorrow, but that too, is not the right rose." The old bishop said that he had seen the most beautiful rose before God's altar. A young baby who had just been baptized looked just like a rose beaming like an angel. That rose is blessed! But there is one even more beautiful. Then the young son of the queen entered the room with a big book. He had tears in his eyes and said

"Mother, you must hear what I have just read!" He sat down by the bed and read the story of someone who was nailed to the cross to redeem the people of their mishaps so that they would be happy. That was an act from the garden of true love. When the queen heard this story, her cheeks became the color of roses and her eyes started shining. For she saw the most beautiful rose rise up from the pages of the book and everyone who has seen this rose of love will be happy and never truly die.

