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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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How Sunflower Became An Outcast

The Dust Imps had held full sway for many, many days, for the sun had been shining warm and bright, and little Dust Imps grow very fast in the sunlight. The flowers and the trees were almost choked and were longing for the Raindrop Elves to give battle to the Dust Imps and put them to flight.

One night, when the garden flowers were heavy with dust and hanging their heads even in the cool of the night air, a little rosebush growing by the garden spoke to the sunflower growing nearby.

"Sunflower, you are the first to greet the Sun in the morning," she said. "Will you not ask him to find the Rain Elves and tell them how much we are suffering from the pranks of the Dust Imps? My buds are drying, and I shall never be able to bloom if the Rain Elves do not drive away the Dust Imps soon."

Sunflower only shook her head in reply. "Don't you know that she is in love with the Sun and will never tell him not to shine even for one day?" whispered Honeysuckle Vine growing on the wall. "And, besides, those Dust Imps are up as soon as the Sun. Now I climb high on a tree on the other side of the wall, and I will save the garden flowers, for I shall catch the

tip-top breezes as they pass tonight and tell them of the sad plight of the garden flowers."

Honeysuckle was a sweet, modest thing, and though the garden flowers knew she was on the wall, none of them felt that she really belonged to their set, and they never noticed her.

Rosebush lifted her dusty leaves. "I have always thought you were sweet," she replied, "almost too sweet to be pleasant, but if you do this for us, I am sure we will never forget your kindness."

So that night, high up in the tree, Honeysuckle caught a passing breeze and told it how the Dust Imps were choking and killing the flowers, and if the Rain Elves did not hurry, they would be too late to save them.

Just before daybreak, "patter, patter, patter" came the Rain Elves on the trees and flowers and on the ground, and before the Dust Imps could jump up and give battle, they were overpowered.

I am sure you have noticed sometimes when the rain strikes the dusty ground that the dust flies up a little. It is the Dust Imps trying to give battle to the Rain Elves, but they are quickly overpowered and are soon at the mercy of the conquering Elves.

And so it was on that morning in the garden when the Rain Elves came pattering thick and fast to save the garden flowers. The Dust Imps were soon limp upon the ground, and the flowers were holding up their heads. And then it was that Rosebush spoke. "It was Honeysuckle that saved us," she told the flowers.

"Sunflower would not ask the Sun to find the Rain Elves because she could not see her lover if the Rain

Elves came. If it had not been for sweet Honeysuckle,



we might have perished, and I, for one, shall always treat her as one of us after this."

"And I think that Sunflower should be punished for refusing to help us," said a stately Lily. "I have never felt that she really belonged to our set,

for one thing, she is far too tall to be graceful, and she is so countrified, always gazing over the garden wall."

And that was the way Sunflower became an outcast from the flower garden and grows mostly in backyards because she refused to help the flowers once long ago when the Dust Imps fell upon them.

And often now, Honeysuckle is seen on the fences of the garden where the prettiest flowers grow, for since that day when she helped them, the garden flowers call her sister.