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The Little Weed

Unknown writer

"You're nothing but a weed," said the children in the fall.

The little weed hung her head in sorrow. No one seemed to think a weed was good for anything at all.

By and by the snow came, and the cold winds blew. Hungry little birds searched everywhere for food.

"Twit! Twit! Twee! See! See! See!" sang a merry little bird one cold morning. "Here is a lovely weed, full of nice brown seeds!"

And he made a good meal of them. Then three other little birds came to share the feast.

The little weed was so happy that she lifted her head, straight and tall again.

"That's what I was meant for," she said. "I *am* good for something! Four hungry little birds have had as many seeds as they wished for. Next year I'll grow as many seeds as I can, to feed even more. Good-bye, little birds! Come again next year. I'll have another dinner waiting."



"Good-bye, little weed," sang the birds. "That was a fine meal, and we thank you very much. It's so hard to find enough to eat in the cold. We're grateful to you for holding on to your seeds for us. You'll see us again next year!"

"It's nice to find out that you're of some use after all, isn't it?" the little weed called to her neighbour in the next field.

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