

CHILDREN:

Here is a story told in the form of a poem. Be able to name the characters in the story and tell what happened to the little flower.

MY FLOWER

By Iluminado G. de Castro

Lovely and beautiful to you—

Yes, but the sweetest to me
Is the golden champaca
High up in the tree.

“Come down, dear golden Flower,
And play with me
In the early morning hour
When you and I are free.”

“Why not, sweet little girl,
I will try my best to be—
If you will only promise
That you will not keep me!”

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So they play together awhile
Under the shade of the champaca tree,
But when the Sun goes up
They run away in glee.

Then Mother Champaca wonders
Where her little one can be,
And she looks around patiently
'Till the Sun goes down the blue sea.

At last, she asks, “Little girl, little girl,
Where can my dear golden Flower be?
Is she still playing with you
Or running away from me?”

Lonely and sad, the little girl gives a sigh:
“There’s your sweet little Flower—
Above the clouds so high,
And spreading her petals like a golden
star.”
Even if she does not bid me “good-bye”
Still she is my golden champaca high up
in the sky.