

Nan's Forest Of Flowers

BY JAYLYN DAVISON

MY NAN ALWAYS PRAYED TO HER FLOWERS.
SHE BELIEVED THAT GOD WOULD LET THE FLOWERS GROW.

ALL THE PLANTS WERE CLOSED,

THE SUN CAME OUT,

SHE PRAYED,

THEY OPENED.

INSIDE THE HOUSE,

IN THE ROOMS,

IN THE KITCHEN,

EVERYWHERE WE WALKED THERE WERE PLANTS,

IT FELT LIKE WE WERE IN A FOREST.

WHEN MY NAN PAST AWAY

ALL OF HER FLOWERS DIED.

IT FELT JUST LIKE A NORMAL HOUSE.

The end

