

Michaelmas Daisies

(Continued)

day, they are called Michaelmas Daisies.”

“I like that name,” Eliza said. “Here are some more. Let's pick a whole bunch for Mom.”



The two girls moved down the field gathering handfuls of the light purple flowers.

“I think we've got enough now,” Polly said, smiling at her little sister. “If you give them to me, when we get home I can tie a ribbon on them before giving them to Mom.”

“Here,” Eliza said as she handed them over. “I can get the ribbon.” She started running, but Polly called her back.

“Mom will see you if you go that way,” she said. “Let's go by the back door. We can also see if any more peaches have fallen.”

“All right,” Eliza answered slipping her hand into her big sister's again. Both girls turned to the right. They walked across another field, passing by apple trees heavy with apples. After climbing over a stone wall, they came upon two peach trees. Polly and Eliza searched around the base of both trees. Polly found two under the first, and

Eliza found three under the second.

“Almost all the peaches have fallen,” Polly remarked. “We had so many this year!”

“M-hm,” Eliza said around a peach she was eating. Just then, a bell rang.

“Mom's calling us for dinner,” Polly said. “While I set the table, can you take care of the ribbon?”

Eliza nodded.

Ten minutes later, when Polly was putting the last cups on the table, Eliza came sneaking into the room. Tightly clutched in her hands were the daisies, now a little bit wilted.

Polly whispered, “Stay here” and tip-toed out of the room. In seconds she was back with a vase filled with water, and a white ribbon. The two girls barely had time to put the daisies in the vase, tie the ribbon around them and set it on the table before their Mom and Dad entered.

“Why, aren't those daisies pretty?” Mom said.

“Why aren't those daisies pretty?”

Then with a smile she said, “I wonder who put them there.”

“We did!” Eliza announced, and told Mom all about their wonderful afternoon walk and the peaches, but her favorite part was the story of the small purple flowers that were called Michaelmas Daisies.

The End