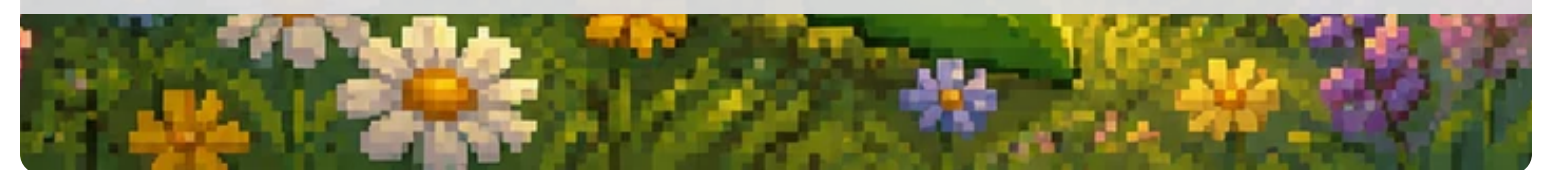




The Magic of the Golden Puff

Julie Robichaud





Sunny the dandelion wakes up in a lush green meadow, stretching her vibrant green leaves toward the bright morning sun. She peeks out from the grass, a happy little pioneer ready to start her day in the big, wide world.



Sunny reveals her magnificent golden petals, looking like a tiny sun dropped right onto the lawn. She smiles as she learns her funny French name, pissenlit, whispered softly by the passing breeze.



A fuzzy bumblebee stops by to say hello and enjoys a sweet drink of nectar from Sunny's yellow crown. She feels proud to be a golden star providing a delicious snack for her garden friends.



As the sun begins to set, Sunny feels a strange and magical change coming over her. She slowly tucks her yellow petals inside, closing up tight like a little green sleeping bag for a long, quiet rest.



While Sunny sleeps, a secret transformation happens inside her cozy green bud. She drinks up the cool rainwater and dreams of the sky, preparing for her grand reveal as something entirely new.



Ta-da! Sunny opens up again, but her yellow crown is gone, replaced by a magnificent, fluffy white ball. She has transformed into a soft, round cloud perched delicately on a tall, slender stem.



Upon closer look, Sunny's white fluff is actually a collection of hundreds of tiny, magical parachutes. Each little seed waits patiently for the right moment to catch the wind and begin a grand adventure.



A gentle gust of wind sweeps across the meadow, and with a brave heart, Sunny lets her seeds fly. They dance and twirl through the air like tiny white dancers, floating high above the trees and rooftops.



The little seed parachutes travel far and wide, some landing in soft garden beds and others finding homes near friendly front doors. They tuck themselves into the warm, dark earth, waiting for the rain to wake them up.



Deep in the soil, a new journey begins as a tiny green sprout pushes through the dirt toward the light. Soon, another bright yellow star will bloom, and the magical story of the pissenlit will start all over again.