

For Professor Weber, plants were not just living things—they were stories written in green. His greatest **traum** was to discover a flower that bloomed only once every thousand years. Legends spoke of it growing in a hidden valley, glowing faintly under the full moon. He spent years traveling through jungles, deserts, and swamps, guided only by fragments of old maps and his unshakable curiosity. Many called him foolish, but he believed the search itself gave meaning to his life. One evening, while resting near a waterfall, he saw a small bud among the rocks. Its petals opened slowly, revealing colors he had never seen before—blue like the sky, gold like memory. He didn't pick it. Instead, he simply watched, smiling as the petals trembled in the wind. "This is my **traum**," he whispered. "Not the flower itself, but the moment it blooms." When he returned home, people asked if he found it. He only said, "Some dreams are meant to be seen, not owned."