

# friendship flower

written by Jingling Ye  
illustrated by Gloria Yu



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I want to dedicate this book to all who have helped me with this story, my teacher Andrew Katz, my friends Echo Jiang, Naomi Jeong, and Yuxiang Zhang.

— Jingling Ye



Rose is a lovely little girl.

Most of the time, she is surrounded by lots of classmates talking to her.  
But sometimes, she finds her friends' attentions are somewhere else.

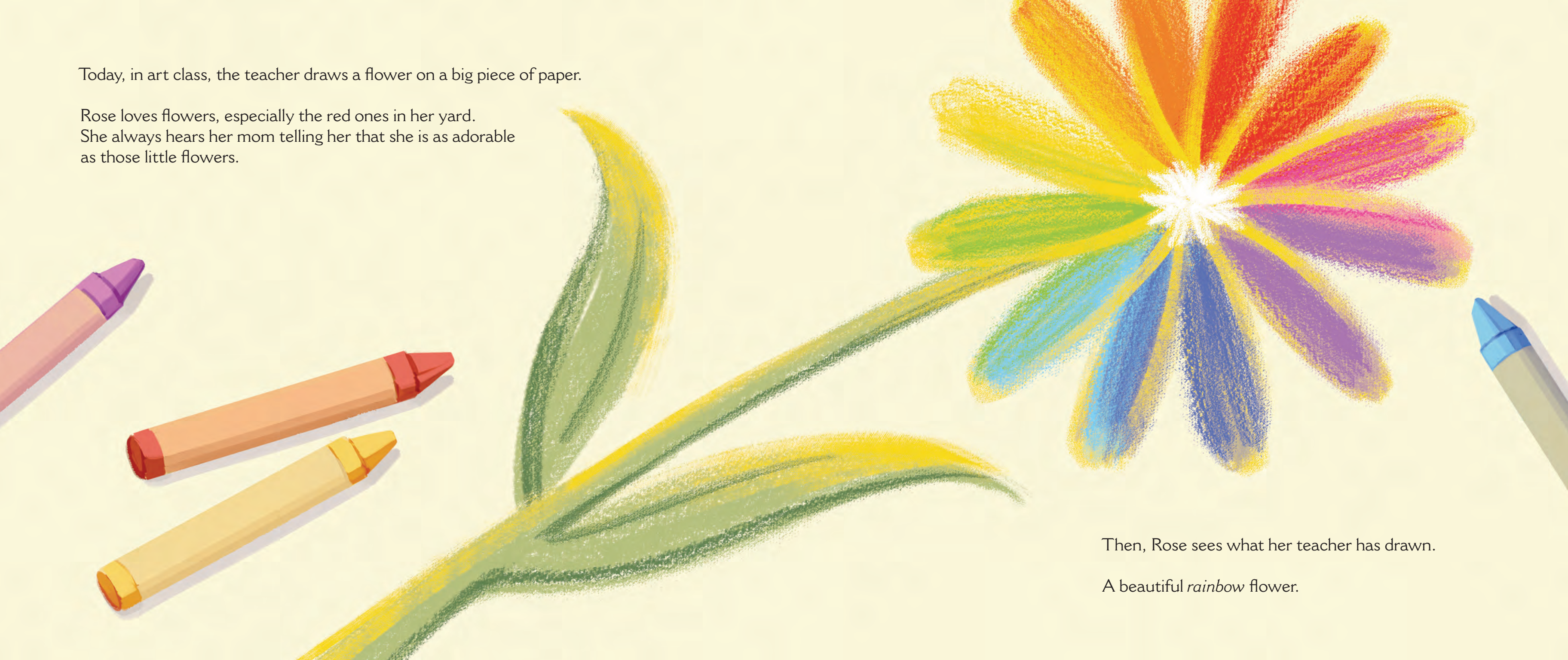
Rose wants to have more friends, so she will always have one by her side.





Today, in art class, the teacher draws a flower on a big piece of paper.

Rose loves flowers, especially the red ones in her yard.  
She always hears her mom telling her that she is as adorable  
as those little flowers.



Then, Rose sees what her teacher has drawn.

A beautiful *rainbow* flower.



*Per-fect!* Rose adores it.

All at once, an idea blooms in her mind.

If I can find a rainbow flower and bring it to school...  
all my schoolmates will want to be my friend!

*If I go through all the flowers one by one,  
for sure I will find a rainbow flower!*

As Rose is running, full of excitement,  
something appears in front of her.

So, after school, Rose goes with her mom to a place people call a Botanical Garden. She would call it a paradise, a wonderful new world, with so many colourful flowers: red, pink, orange, yellow, purple...





“Mommy, what are those little white rings?” Rose asks.

“They are flowers, sweetie.”

*But they are not like the other flowers at all,* Rose thinks.

She steps forward and says to the little strangers, “Hey. What exactly are you?”



*We are flowers.*

“But you don’t have petals!”

*Of course, we do. Come look carefully and you will see them.*





Rose looks closely. She is surprised to find their cute little petals.

“But you aren’t colourful.”

White is a colour! There are also many shades of white.  
And—we have a wonderful scent.

Rose leans towards them and takes a deep breath.

“Hmmm, sweet! Just as sweet as my little roses!”

Rose nods. “Alright, I believe you. You look a little different,  
but it is true – you are flowers. And, adorable!”



Rose keeps searching for a rainbow flower.  
Then, something even stranger appears before her.



“Mommy, what is that weird grass?”



“They are flowers, sweetie.”

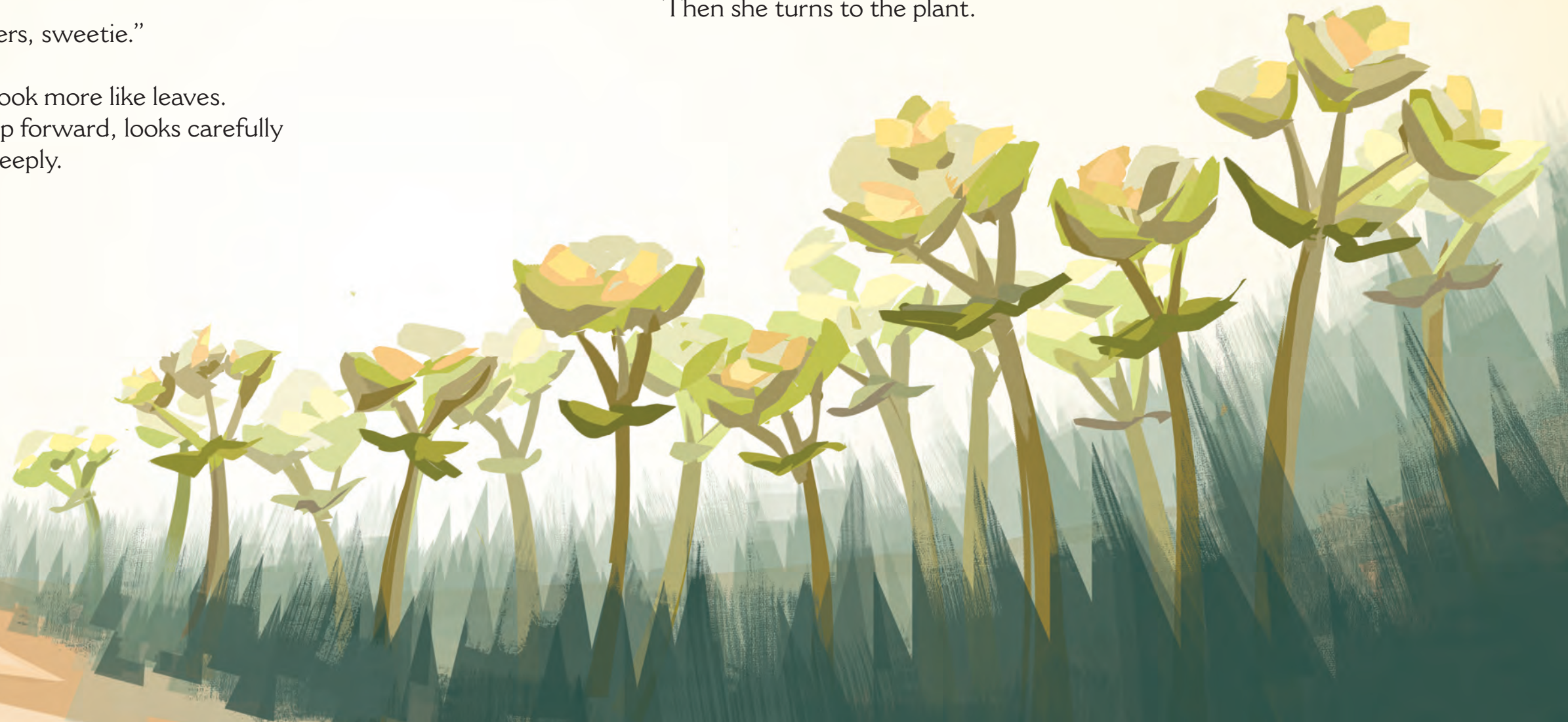
To Rose, they look more like leaves.  
She takes a step forward, looks carefully  
and breathes deeply.

“Well, Mommy is wrong this time,” she says to herself.  
“They can’t be flowers.”

*We ARE flowers, girl.*

Rose jumps.

Then she turns to the plant.





“But you don’t have flower petals and you don’t smell very sweet.”

*But we DO attract butterflies and bees,  
just like other flowers.*

“But you are not—” Rose pauses.  
She doesn’t want to hurt the plant.

*Beautiful or cute? Maybe not physically, but don’t you feel the air is  
fresher when you approach us? That’s our hidden beauty – to make  
others comfortable.*

“That’s true! Well, I guess you are flowers, gifted ones.  
Nice to meet you!”







Rose continues on her journey looking for the rainbow flower.

An hour goes by. Then two. Then three...

The garden is closing.

Rose is so upset because still, she hasn't found any rainbow flower.

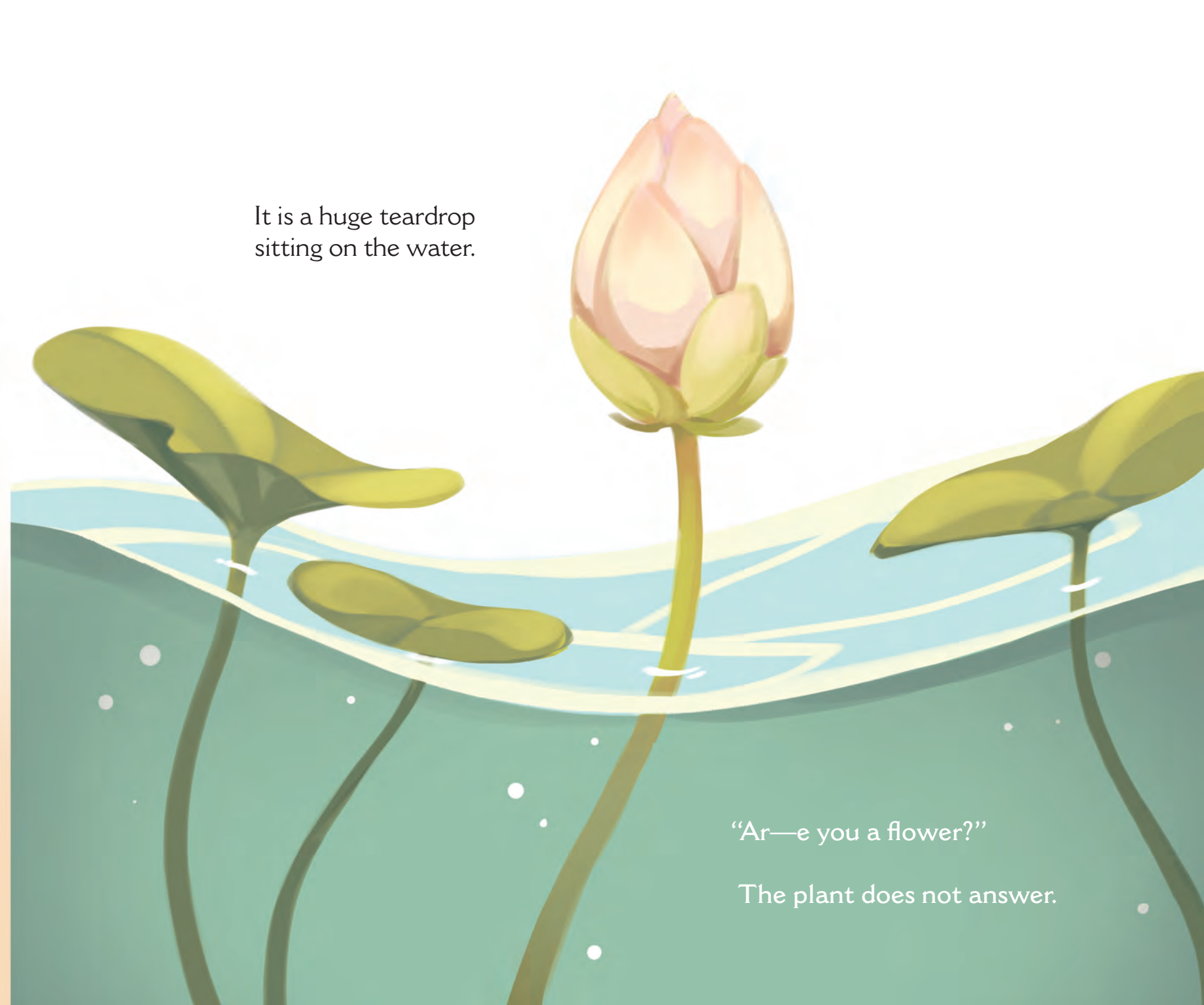
*If I don't have it, how will I make new friends?*





Wait a second.

Rose spots something special.



It is a huge teardrop  
sitting on the water.

“Ar—e you a flower?”

The plant does not answer.



But all of sudden, it reminds Rose of someone. Rose then has a strong feeling that this is exactly what she needs.

“I believe you are a flower, even though you look different. You are sleeping right now. But I bet, one day, you will be as fragrant and brilliant as the others. Oh no, you will be even more so! I know it!”

Rose turns and asks, “Mommy, do they have flowers like this in the garden shop?”



The next day, Rose goes back to school with her “huge teardrop.”

Her schoolmates all come to ask her about what she has brought.

“It’s a sleeping lily.” Rose speaks proudly. She is eager to share her adventure at the Botanical Garden.

“I got this flower...” she says.

But at this moment, Rose remembers someone—the person this flower reminded her of at the garden.

She stops and stares at the flower in her hand.  
The rest of the kids stare at her.

Just as everyone is leaning closer to hear her adventure,  
Rose stands up, and walks towards the corner.

There sits a girl. A girl who always sits alone.





“This special flower is for my new friend.”

The girl looks up.

“H—Hi, I’m Rose. Would you like this flower?”

Rose’s cheeks turn red in a flash. She has never talked to someone new like this before.

The girl’s eyes open wide; she is surprised.

Rose looks at her and the rest of kids look at her, too.




Finally, the girl nods, accepting the gift.

“Thank you Rose,” she says.

“And by the way, my name . . . is Lily.”







How can I have more friends always by  
my side, talking to me? A little girl named  
Rose is always trying to figure it out.  
Will the most beautiful flower in the  
world help her?