

My Short Sunflower

The first day of the project was here.

Last night, I was awake with excitement and fear.
"Who can grow the tallest sunflower?" said Mrs Finn.
I was up for the challenge and I wanted to win.



I chose a red pot and I wore gardening gloves.
I planted my seed with care and love.
Carefully, I covered it with soil from my spade,
I moved the pot so that it was out of the shade.



I gave her a name. I called her Val.
She became my friend, my buddy, my pal.
Every day, she would be fed
drops of water over her head.



It took ages to see the leaves sprout.
This made me angry. I started to shout,
"Val seems to be growing so slow.
How did Jack get his beanstalk to grow?"



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Does talking to plants help them grow tall?

I had nothing to lose. She was so small.

I read her a book, sang her a song.
We played a quiz. Lots of her answers were wrong.



Three months later, the stem had grown high,
green and waving towards the sky.
The petals were golden like the sun.
I felt happy. At this rate, I had won.



I brought beautiful Val into year one.
I felt confident. The challenge was done.
I looked around and my face began to fall.
She was the shortest sunflower of them all.

