

## Fables Years 10 - 12: The Tale of the Yellowbright Flower

There was once a Yellowbright flower; the only Yellowbright Flower, flowering in a field of red something-or-other plants. Whatever they were.

Flowers feel feelings. Strong emotions vibrating out through their stamens and pistils. It's a secret well known by flower lovers who coax blooms open with whispered encouragements. So it should be no surprise that the Yellowbright Flower growing in a large red field trembled with feelings now. Yes, he trembled each day from the strong feelings he felt.

He felt different, after all, which is always a strong and unsettling thing to feel. He knew walkers walking by stopped walking and wondered at the sight of the Yellowbright Flower, stopped and stared before walking on. He knew he was some special thing, the only thing of his kind. But so what? Because the only thing of anything is always a very lonely thing to be, no matter what thing it is.

Until one midnight, a moonlit lightbright night, as the Yellowbright Flower bobbed on a summer wind, the field spoke to him. Yes, a voice came from the field itself, from one red something-or-other plant itself in the field itself. This plant, whatever it was, now spoke to the Yellowbright Flower by saying this: "You're not really alone, you know." No one and nothing had ever spoken to the Yellowbright Flower before. To say the Yellowbright Flower was startled would be an understatement. Remember, flowers feel strong feelings.

"You've missed it all along," the red plant went on to the Yellowbright Flower. "You're a rose. So am I. So are we all, all of us in this big field. If you're yellow, with a different bloom, your colour only adds to the beauty of this field. But it's all of us, together, that the walkers stop walking to see. Not just you. Together, we're a garden. Alone, you're only one pretty but very small blossom."

Funny how this changed things for the Yellowbright Flower, who now recognised he was really a Yellowbright Rose. Funny how those few words changed everything. Because nothing is really the only thing of anything, no matter how special that one thing is. Somehow it helps to feel this when you're a flower feeling strong feelings. Yes, somehow a flower garden just feels like a much less lonely place to flower, don't you think?

The time that this story took place is ambiguous, so the lessons can apply to anyone anywhere.

Detailed descriptions, using sophisticated adjectives to add colour to the text

The complication is revealed.

Inanimate objects given human characteristics, to carry the moral of the story.

Experimenting with wordplay – 'lightbright' mirrors the 'yellowbright' flower.

Use of dialogue between characters to develop the story.

Varied length of sentences, for dramatic impact.

Narrated in third person, using past tense

The moral of the story is not directly conveyed. The reader has to infer the message – show, don't tell.

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