Jessimine and the Flowerbed

Little Jessimine Jennings of 7 Hickory Heming’s could get enough of her favourite flowerbed. She loved spending hours laying in the beautiful budded flowers that her mother would sough in autumn.

Daisies, Tulips, Marigold and more, the beautiful blossoms would grow like crazies under the rill of the hickory hemming windowsill. Little Jessimine would lie all day from dawn till dusk, surrounded by luscious clouds and musk, till her mother called Jessimine telling her “it’s time for bedtime”.

Her mother would clean her gnarled knees of grass stains and pollen, as Jessimine never did pardon for getting dirty in her mother’s monstrous garden. But as Jessimine grew up to be more dignified, it seemed that the familiar fervent flowers started growing dreadfully dry.

No longer had the flowerbed spread worldly wide and tirelessly tall. Jessimine didn’t want her flower vines to disappear forever. She didn’t want the water, animals or anything so amazing to be forgotten whatsoever.

So, Jessimine Jennings came up with a brilliant plan to save the daisies, tulips and marigold across the land. Hickory Heming’s was the perfect setting for Jessimine to clean the slate about an environmental mandate.

Her gathering grew and grew and it was then that little Jessimine knew what she had to do. Little Jessimine stood up straight and spoke of her favourite space; passion displayed happily across her face. “Treat nature as if your best friend or one day our flowers and trees will meet its end”.

How can we save our own if none of us had known that our actions are creating cause and effect reactions in the forests, oceans and grasslands that we live in? Turn off your water, the earth is getting hotter, think of the future ahead and remember the story of Little Jessimine Jennings and her favourite flowerbed.