THE SMALL BUT MIGHTY ROSE

WRITTEN & ILLUSTRATED BY MAUREEN MACEL

For Vera
The Mightiest of Roses



On a quiet day, in a quiet field, a small rose started to grow.



The rose noticed the other flowers.

It noticed how big they were. But the rose did not worry.

It was certain that size did not matter.

The rose noticed that the other flowers looked different. They smelled different, too. But the rose did not worry.

It was certain that it was exactly the way that it was meant to be.

The quiet field was not quiet for long.

Strong winds and rains came and tried to knock the rose over. But the rose stood firm.





The bright sun shone and tried to make the rose too hot.
But the rose did not wilt.

Insects came and tried to weaken the rose by eating its leaves. But the rose remained strong.

The rose was small but mighty.

Day in and day out the small but mighty rose lived and grew among the other flowers.

It did not worry about its size.

Nor did it worry about what it looked like.

Or even worry about what it smelled like.

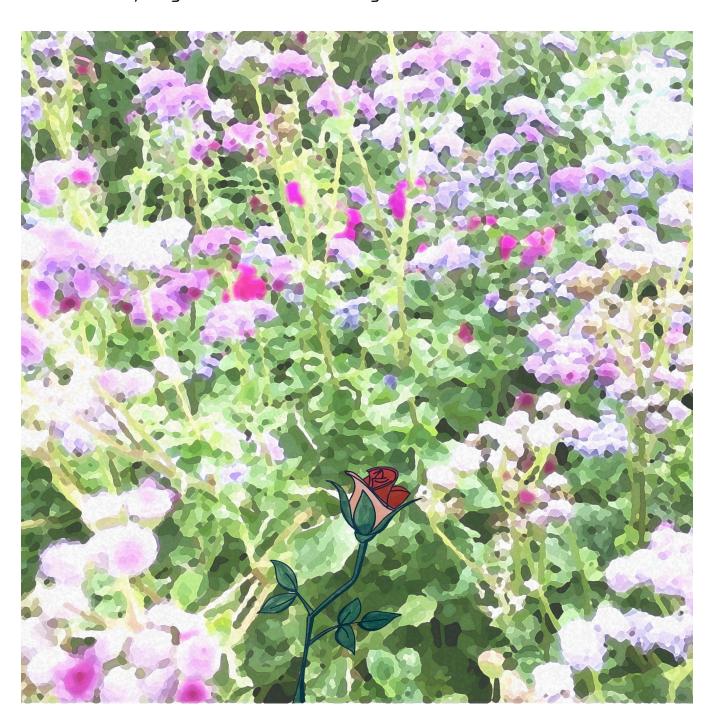
For it was certain that it was exactly the way that it was meant to be.



And the rose was right.

It didn't grow as big or as fast as the other flowers. It still didn't look like the other flowers. But the rose never worried about being different.

Day in and day out the small but mighty rose withstood the wind, the rain or the sun, and the insects. And each day it grew a little bit stronger.



The rose grew bright, beautiful petals. It grew sturdy green leaves. It even grew strong thorns and a thick stem.



The other flowers noticed the rose's small size. They noticed its delicate beauty and sweet scent, too. But most of all they noticed its strength.

And in the quiet field the small but mighty rose stood. It displayed its unique petals. It shared its unique scent. And it never worried about being different.

For it was exactly the way that it was meant to be.

