

# Sunflowers



## Useful words

wrinkled

droopy

autumn

withered

gust



# Billy's Sunflower

By Nicola Moon

Billy had a beautiful sunflower that he'd grown from a seed.

It was taller than Billy. It was taller than his big sister Laura. It was taller than his mum. It was even taller than his dad.



Every day Billy looked at its bright green leaves. Every day he admired its golden yellow petals. Every day he looked up at its tall straight stem.

"My flower is as tall as the sky," he told his friends.



One day Billy noticed something different about his flower.

The bright green leaves didn't seem so bright.  
The golden yellow petals weren't quite so golden.  
And the tall straight stem wasn't quite so straight.

"What's wrong with my flower?" he asked Dad.

"Perhaps it needs water," said Dad, as he rushed off to work.

So Billy watered his flower.



But the next day it was worse.

The bright green leaves were wrinkled and droopy.  
The golden yellow petals were turning brown.  
And the tall straight stem had bent over at the top.



Billy looked up at his sad,  
brown sunflower.

"What's wrong with my flower?" he asked Laura.

"It's autumn," said Laura, and ran off to play with her friends.

"What is autumn?" Billy asked the girls.

Sally said, "It's when leaves turn brown."



"And days  
become shorter,"  
said Clare.

"And flowers die,"  
said Laura.

Billy ran indoors to Mum.

"My flower's got autumn and it's getting shorter and turning brown and Laura says it's going to die!" he cried.

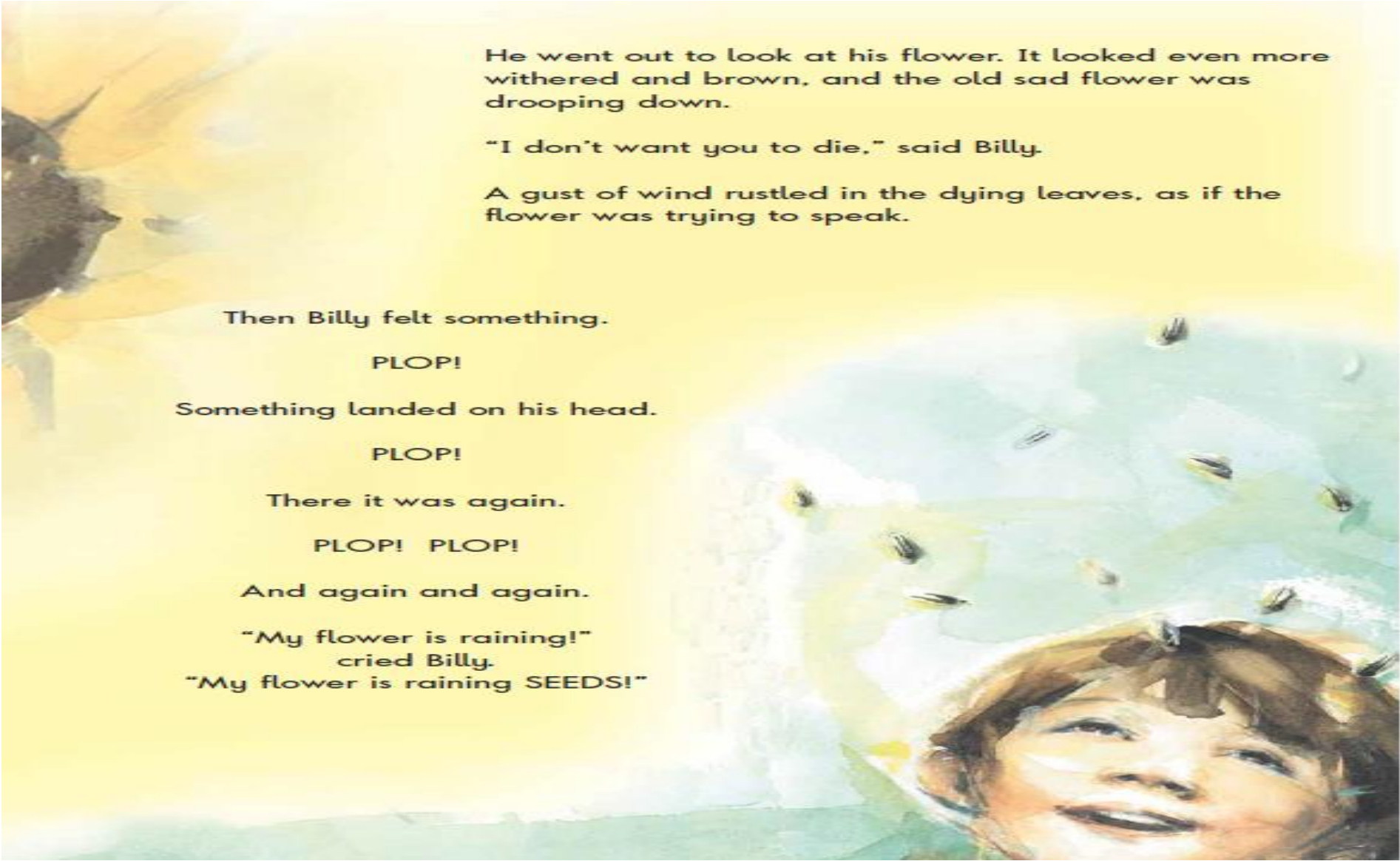
Mum dried his tears.

"Autumn is when the world gets ready for winter," she explained.  
"The winter would be too cold  
and dark for your flower."

Billy felt really sad.  
"I don't think I like  
autumn," he said.







He went out to look at his flower. It looked even more withered and brown, and the old sad flower was drooping down.

“I don’t want you to die,” said Billy.

A gust of wind rustled in the dying leaves, as if the flower was trying to speak.

Then Billy felt something.

PLOP!

Something landed on his head.

PLOP!

There it was again.

PLOP! PLOP!

And again and again.

“My flower is raining!”  
cried Billy.

“My flower is raining SEEDS!”



He ran indoors to find Mum and Dad and Laura.

They collected up a big bag of seeds.

"We can put them on the bird table, when winter comes," said Mum.

"The birds will be hungry in the cold weather."



"Not all the seeds," said Billy, picking out five of the biggest shiniest seeds. "I'm going to keep these ones."

When the winter came, Billy watched the birds flocking to the bird table to eat the seeds from his flower.

And when the winter had gone at last, he took his five special seeds and planted them carefully in the garden.



“I’m going to grow the tallest sunflowers in the world!” said Billy.

“Taller than Dad?” asked Laura.

“Taller than anyone,” said Billy.









