

## Inoffensive rose

I am Jasmine, and I am going to explain my story.

I was in my favorite forest. The birds imitated my whistles and the environment reflected spring. The trees were so tall, but I thought that I could climb them. I started running, because I loved the feeling of freedom. The small fields were empty of evil and full of flowers. They were between the trees, and the Sun was illuminating them, it seemed heaven.

Between all the dandelions, poppies, lavender and other flowers, I saw a rose. It was lovely, beautiful and inoffensive. I took it, because I wanted to put it in my hair. It smelled like jasmine, my favorite flower, hence comes my name. I closed my eyes, and its smell ran through my bones. Suddenly, I heard a whisper. It said "your name isn't Jasmine, it is Rose". This whisper came from the flower.

