



Woodland tales

The sad little snowdrop

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Mum to Finlay

A long, long time ago a little white flower began to grow in the woodland. The flower fairies came to visit the new little flower. “Your petals are as white as snow, we shall call you snowdrop”, said the flower fairy. And so the little flower was given its name.

As squirrels gathered their nuts and acorns they would say “hello pretty little white flower”. When birds flew by they would perch on a branch and tweet, “my how pretty the little snowdrop is”. The other flowers began to grow jealous of the little snowdrop.

A big red rose grew nearby and did not like all the attention the little snowdrop got. “I am the prettiest flower not you” said the big red rose, “go and grow somewhere else”. The little snowdrop was sad so she hung her head and went to find somewhere else to grow.

All the animals and birds in the woods admired her white petals. “Can I please grow near you”, said the little snowdrop to a bright yellow buttercup. “No I need lots of room, go and grow somewhere else” said the bright yellow buttercup. So the little snowdrop moved on again. She found a hollow under a tree so she hid in there and sobbed and sobbed.

The flower fairies were out collecting berries for their supper when they heard sobbing. “Why are you crying?”, asked the flower fairy. “None of the other flowers like me and they don’t want me to grow near them so I have nowhere to grow” said the little snowdrop. “The other flowers are just being grumpy because they are jealous of you. You must go back out into the woods and hold your head up high” said the flower fairy. So the little snowdrop did just that.

She found a place to grow next to some little white daisies and hoped they would be nice to her. But again the little daisy grew jealous when all the animals and birds stopped to look at the little snowdrop. “Look at my petals they are just as white as hers” said the little white daisy, “why don’t you go and grow somewhere else”. Then she blew hard at the little snowdrop until some of her petals fell off. The little snowdrop hurried away sobbing.

A tall yellow flower called the daffodil was growing nearby and heard the sobbing. “Why are you crying?” asked the tall yellow daffodil. “The other flowers don’t like me and I have nowhere to grow” answered the little snowdrop. “Well you can grow near me and I will look after you,” said the tall yellow daffodil. “Thank you very much”, said the little snowdrop. So the little snowdrop grew with her friend the tall yellow daffodil, together on the edge of the woods out of the way of the other flowers, and her petals grew back whiter than ever.

They got on very well and became best friends. The flower fairies came to visit and the little snowdrop said to them “I am so happy I would like to grow with my friend forever.” “Then so you shall,” said the flower fairy, “you will grow at the start of the year, before the other flowers begin to grow, with your friend the tall yellow daffodil, forever.

If you look at the end of February you will see the little snowdrop still grows with her friend the tall yellow daffodil. The little snowdrop is no longer sad. She still hangs her head but if you are very lucky on a nice warm day, you might just catch her looking up at the sunshine and smiling.

