

THE LITTLE PINK ROSE

Once there was a little pink Rosebud, and she lived down in a little dark house under the ground. One day she was sitting there, all by herself, and it was very quiet.

Suddenly, she heard a little TAP, TAP, TAP, at the door.

"Who is that?" she said.

"It's the Rain, and I want to come in," said a soft, sad, little voice.

"No, you can't come in," the little Rosebud said.

After a while, she heard another little TAP, TAP, TAP on the window pane.

"Who is there?" she said.

The same soft little voice answered, "It's the Rain, and I want to come in!"

"No, you can't come in," said the little Rosebud.

Then it was very quiet for a long time. At last, there came a little rustling, whispering sound, all round the window. RUSTLE, WHISPER, WHISPER.

"Who is there?" said the little Rosebud.

"It's the Sunshine," said a little, soft, cheery voice, "and I want to come in!"

"N--no," said the little pink rose, "you can't come in." And she sat still again.

Pretty soon she heard the sweet little rustling noise at the door.

"Who is there?" she said.

"It's the Sunshine," said the cheery little voice, "and I want to come in, I want to come in!"

"No, no," said the little pink rose, "you cannot come in."

After a little while longer, as she sat so still, she heard TAP, TAP, TAP, and RUSTLE, WHISPER, RUSTLE, all up and down the window pane, and on the door, and around the door.

"WHO IS THERE?" she said.

"It's the Rain and the Sun, the Rain and the Sun," said two little voices together, "and we want to come in! We want to come in! We want to come in!"

"Dear, dear!" said the little Rosebud, "if there are two of you, I suppose I shall have to let you in."

So she opened the door a tiny little crack, and they came in.

One took one of her little hands, and the other took her other little hand, and they ran,

ran, ran with her, right up to the top of the ground. Then they said, "Poke your head through!"

So she poked her head through, and she was in the midst of a beautiful garden. It was springtime, and all the other flowers had their heads poked through. But she was the prettiest little pink rose in the whole garden!