

**O**ne day a girl, a very ordinary girl who knew nothing of the apocalypse, picked a very ordinary flower. Seeing that its petals were both distinct and one, in harmony with one another, she thought the flower beautiful. Placing it in her hand she continued on her Way. Then the presence of the flower was forgotten for the girl realized it was but a sign and soon she had what you might call a vision, in which all the people she met were flowers. Here were pretty flowers, there were wilted flowers, plastic flowers and wallflowers. Some smelled nice, some not so nice, and some not at all, but they were all flowers just the same. Some looked crushed and undernourished, others stood out like a rose amongst dandelions. The vision passed and the girl returned to the realization of the physical presence of the flower she had picked earlier, and wordlessly gave the flower to a passerby, hoping his vision would be as clear and immediate as hers. The girl was very happy as she walked into the day.

