

A wisp of wind blew the red hair off of the little girl's face. She was standing in a meadow full of flowers. They were not assorted, but only daisies. Slightly drooping, yellow, daisies. How she wished she could be as significant as those daisies surrounding her, the little girl. She stood there for some time, wondering about her place in the world, before she gathered her skirts and walked down the path to her little cottage. She stepped inside and the musty smell of an unkempt house greeted her.

She walked through the bending doorframe of the kitchen and entered the sleeping room. The sleeping room was an old room that was quite different from the rest of the house. In one corner, there was a small, petite-looking bed that was sturdier than it looked, and painted pink. In the other corner, a Victorian wardrobe that was also painted pink. There wasn't much else in the sleeping room, other than a small statue of a fluffy cat, with an even smaller temper. The little girl liked to imagine that statue belonged to her mother, if she still had one.

The thing that made the sleeping room different from the rest of the house was the rest of the house, if you thought about it. The little girl did think about it, as she didn't have much else to do other than think. This was how she spent her days, wandering about the meadow of daisies and thinking. And she did intend to keep her days that way, with no intrusions. Until one day.

It was a very nice and breezy day, and she was out picking berries for her lunch. They were blackberries, nice and plump. The little girl couldn't help but pluck one off the bush and plop it into her mouth. After she took her share of the berries, she walked back through the woods and entered her little cottage.

As she sat down in her tall, awkward plush rocker chair, she stared out one of the cottage's only windows. She expected to see the usual abandoned road and the meadow of wilting daisies, but instead she saw a tall lady wearing an old apron painted with flowers. She was walking toward the little girl's cottage, but that wasn't what startled the little girl. It was the large red straw hat that she was wearing that caught her eye. The little girl had never seen anything like it before, and she fought the strange urge to jump up and take the hat right off her head. But that would be impossible, as she could not merely jump up and take it off her head, as she was still outside the cottage. Or was she?

When the little girl focused her eyes and cleared her thoughts, the lady in the apron and straw hat was standing right next to her. This time, the little girl did jump. The lady stood there, and looked down at her. She did that for a long time before she walked into the kitchen and did not come back. The little girl held her head and tried to clear her head. Then she tilted her head and walked to the sleeping room in a daze. When she woke up, the red straw hat lady was gone.

The little girl walked outside to the meadow of daisies. She stood there for some time before the lady in the red straw hat and the apron painted with flowers walked up to her from seemingly nowhere. She took her hand without warning and lifted her straw hat, revealing a mop of red hair. Just like the little girl's. And the lady's face, the little girl realized, looked just like hers. The little girl, who had lived her life alone, and had no memories of other living beings, dived into her mother's arms. The daisies were blooming. ¹

¹ A Meadow of Daisies, By Serra