

Once there was an elderly woman who lived in a house with a lovely garden. Although she was getting old and more fragile as the years went by, she still loved her husband and always took the time to care for her garden the best she could. She would spend hours out in the garden, smelling roses, feeding the birds and squirrels, and admiring the gorgeous view. The garden was indeed beautiful; many different colors of flowers were in full bloom, the grass was lush and trimmed to perfection, and many species of animals and insects who called the miniature ecosystem 'home' lived in perfect harmony. The garden couldn't wish for more.

But one day her husband fell ill. Slowly, as the sickness began to get worse, the woman began to tend to her husband more and more... and to the garden less and less. Eventually, it seemed like she had forgotten about the garden altogether. As time went on, the weeds began to overtake the flowers in the garden. The garden had grown much bigger, and it had also grown much sadder. It wanted to be taken care of, but there was no one there for it.

The garden had become overgrown with pests. The bugs were eating the flowers that were once blooming, and because they were dying out, the birds no longer liked to visit. There were wild foxes that came out at night that scared away the squirrels and deer.

One night the garden began to think, *'Where is the woman? Why has she been inside for so long? And where is the man?'* The garden had gotten even more upset. Just then, it had seen a shooting star! The star whipped across the night sky in a flash. The garden thought, *'I know what I wish for...'*

After a while, the garden had nearly given up hope. It felt like it had been completely forgotten and it didn't know why. As the last patches of grass that were visible were being taken over by weeds and mosquitos were flying rampant, the garden noticed something it couldn't believe. There were magical sparkles floating throughout the garden! Glittering in various colors: pink, orange, violet, light green, yellow, and dark blue. The mysterious sparkles watched and listened to the gardens' pleas as it waved in the wind and whispered to the trees in desperation.

But the garden felt happier. Though it did not know what the sparkles were, the garden knew they were there to help. The grass began to grow greener, from root to tip, and the last remaining flowers began to come back to life.

The garden quickly began to notice each of the sparkles catered to something different in the garden, determined by their talents and skillset. The pink one stayed over by the only rose left, nothing else really. The orange had an eye for tulips. The yellow, almost addicted to daisies, always hovered over a bush of them that lined the edge of the garden. Together, they would work to restore the flowers, making sure the garden always shows its beauty.

The others take care of the more tough and handsy work. For example, the light green sparkle would manage the weeds and overgrown grass. The dark blue would replenish the dried-up watering pond and make sure the soil never dried up. The violet preferred to be by the animal feeders, taking care of birds and squirrels. They would do the messier, but necessary tasks that are required to keep the garden alive.

The garden had noticed the dark blue sparkle by the pond. Without any explanation, the blue sparkle lowered itself low to the ground and slowly began to rise. As it rose, the surface of the

water broke, and a floating water bubble emerged! It was incredible! The blue sparkle carried it through the tall jungle of overgrown grass all the way to the daisies. The yellow sparkle was waiting there and jumped up and down. The water bubble was carried to the daisies and dissipated, creating a gentle rain that soaked the ground.

The garden was familiar with this feeling. It was finally being taken care of. And for the first time, only now, did the garden begin to wonder where the sparkles came from. Then it remembered... the wish! This must be the answer to the garden's wish.

After a while, the garden became beautiful once again. And it's all because of the tiny magical creatures at its aid. The weeds were gone, the grass was maintained, and the flowers once again sprouted from the earth, bringing back bees, hummingbirds, and many other animals. The bugs were managed and everything was picturesque.

But the garden didn't feel as happy as it used to be. It was missing something... someone.

The lady was still inside and has barely come out. The garden tried to look its best in hopes the woman would notice, but it never worked. When the garden saw the woman going to the neighbors' house one day, it tried to show off its good side. It made sure she could see rays of sun shining through the leaves on the trees and the sunshine bouncing off the water of the pond. But unfortunately, the woman still didn't notice!

Then the garden saw she was crying. The neighbor let her in. The garden felt her pain even though they haven't been together. It knew what had happened after thinking for some time. The man. He hasn't come back after he was taken away in that big, white truck with the flashing lights. She must've been sad and lonely, just like the garden has been.

Just then, a new sparkle that the garden had never seen before floated down from the sky. This one was different than the others, though. It was brighter and seemed to move with more grace.

"May I plant this seed, garden?", an angelic voice echoed throughout the garden. The garden adored new plants and of course wanted to say yes.

The glow seemed to understand what the garden's answer was and planted the seed in an empty patch of fertile soil. The dark blue sparkle came over from the pond with a bubble of fresh water and dropped it on the seed. After a while, a sprout began to grow from the ground. The garden was eager to know what flower the mysterious white sparkle planted, but it waited patiently as it grew and grew and grew...

As the woman was looking out of her window at her garden, something she hasn't done in as long as she can remember, she noticed it, a small lily at the edge of the garden. Her eyes began to tear up.

The garden saw her and was confused. *'Why just the lily? Why not notice all of me? Why are you crying?'*

The woman chuckled as she wiped her eyes. "Lilies were always his favorite," said the woman. She looked over at the garden. "Thank you."

After that she took good care of the garden, knowing her husband was always there with her in the garden. Finally, the woman and the garden were together and happy again.