



THE LOST SEED





One day, on the way home from school,

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I see an owl drop a seed.



I pick it up. "What kind of seed is this?" I wonder.





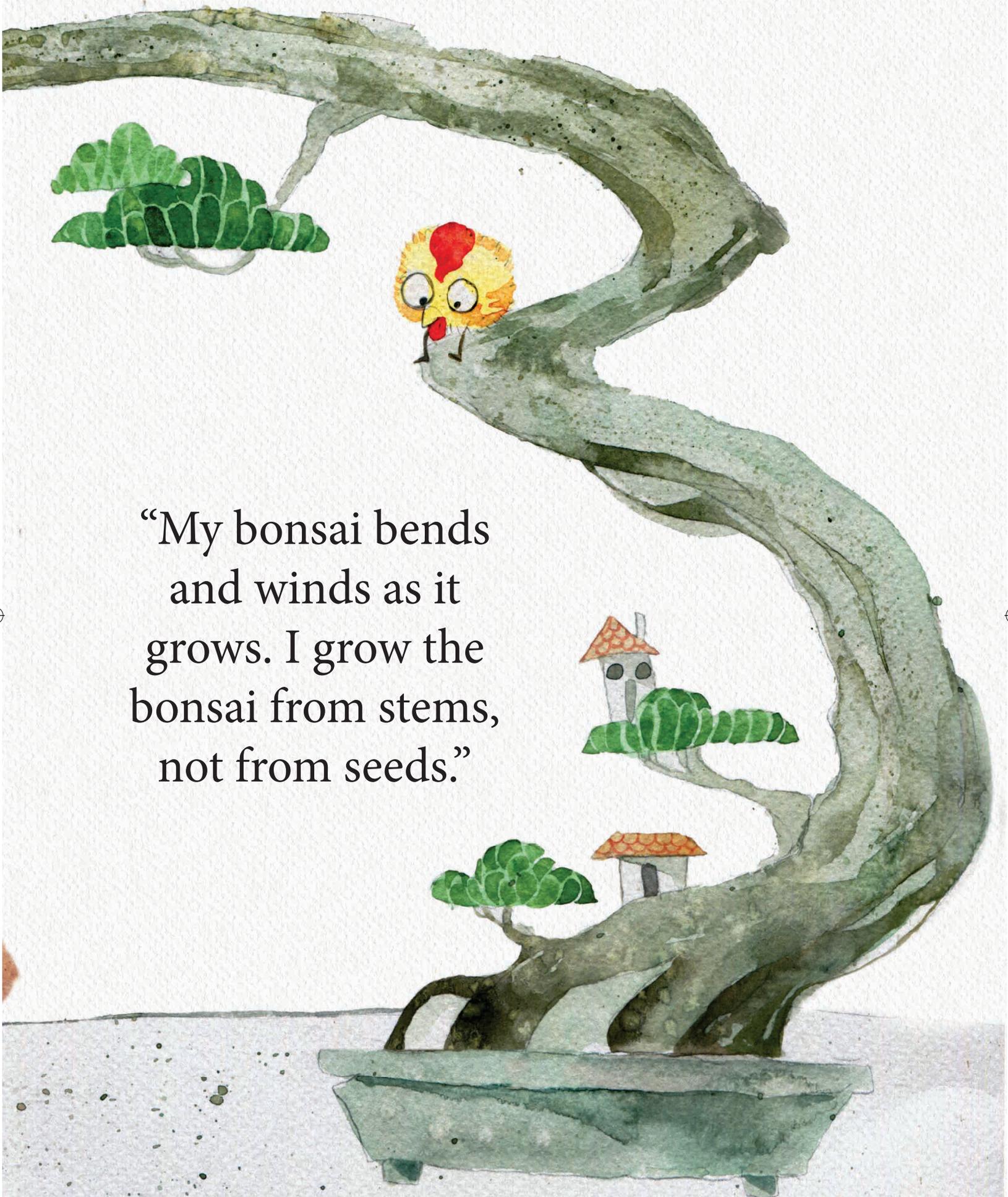
I bring it to Grandpa.





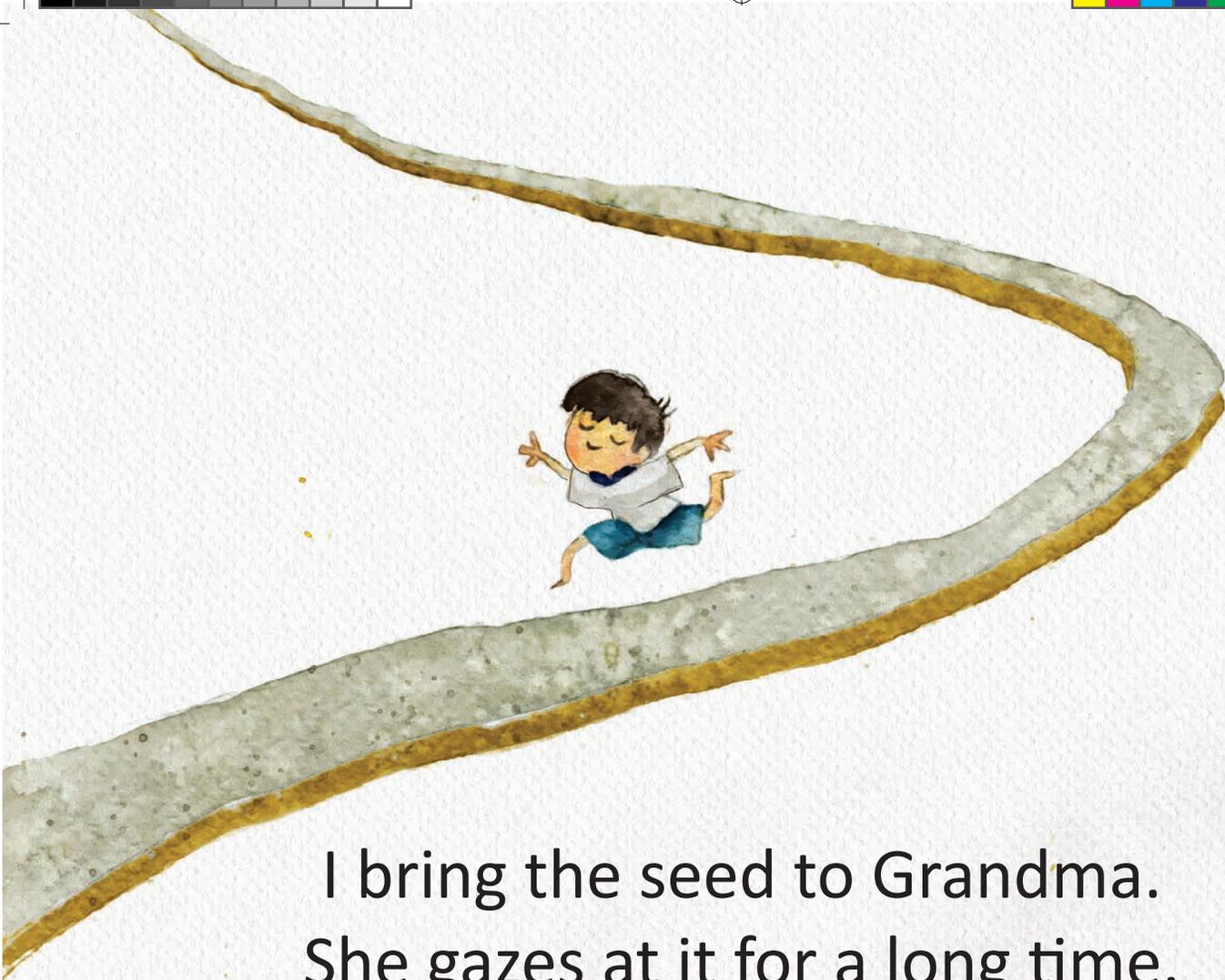
Grandpa smiles.
“I only plant bonsai.”





“My bonsai bends
and winds as it
grows. I grow the
bonsai from stems,
not from seeds.”



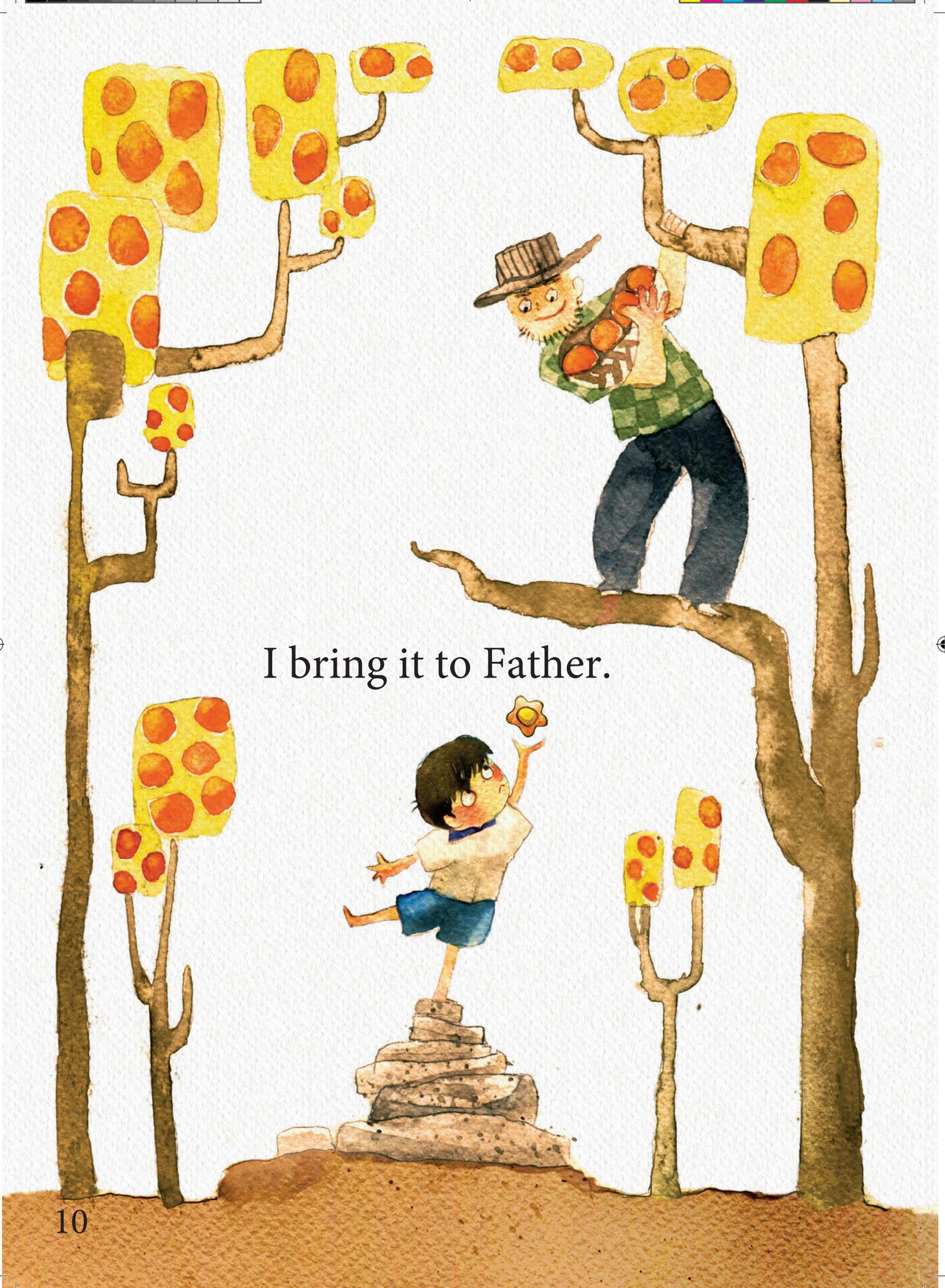


I bring the seed to Grandma.
She gazes at it for a long time.



“This is not a grain seed,”
Grandma says. “I only sow grains.
You know my beautiful fields!”





I bring it to Father.





“I don’t think this is a
fruit seed. But let’s see.”
Father shows me his
favorite seeds.





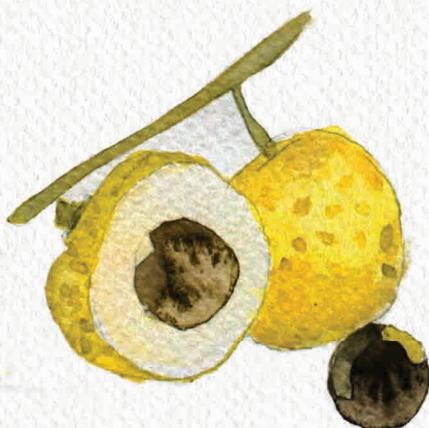
Is it a jackfruit seed?
No.



An orange seed?
Nope.



A mango seed?
Not likely.



A longan seed?
Definitely not.



It's also not a custard apple or star apple seed.

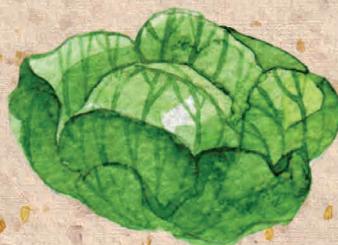


Next, I bring my seed to Mother.





“I don’t know this seed,” she says.
“I can’t sow it in our vegetable garden.”





Mother hugs me and
shows me other seeds.





Is mine a bok choy seed? No.



Cilantro? No.



Luffa? No.



Gourd? No.





It's not from a cucumber,
bitter melon, or tomato either.



I bring my seed to Sister.



She asks me, "What kind of seed is this?"



"It can't be from a rose,
an orchid, a lotus, or a daisy," she says.



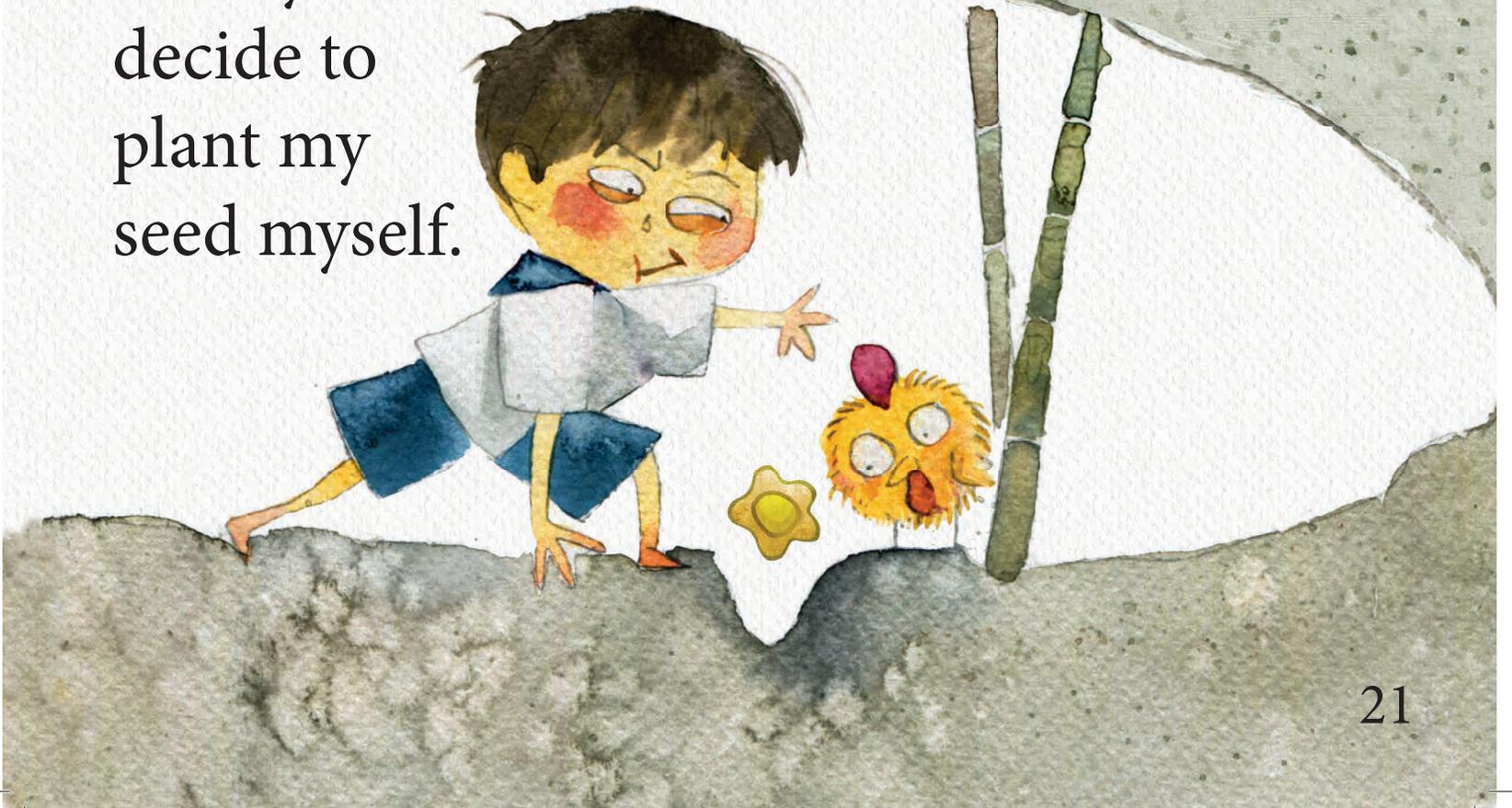


I can't find anyone
else to ask. How
about a bird?

“Hey bird!”
I call.

Oops

Finally, I
decide to
plant my
seed myself.





Some days
it is sunny.



Some days
it is rainy.





Nights pass.



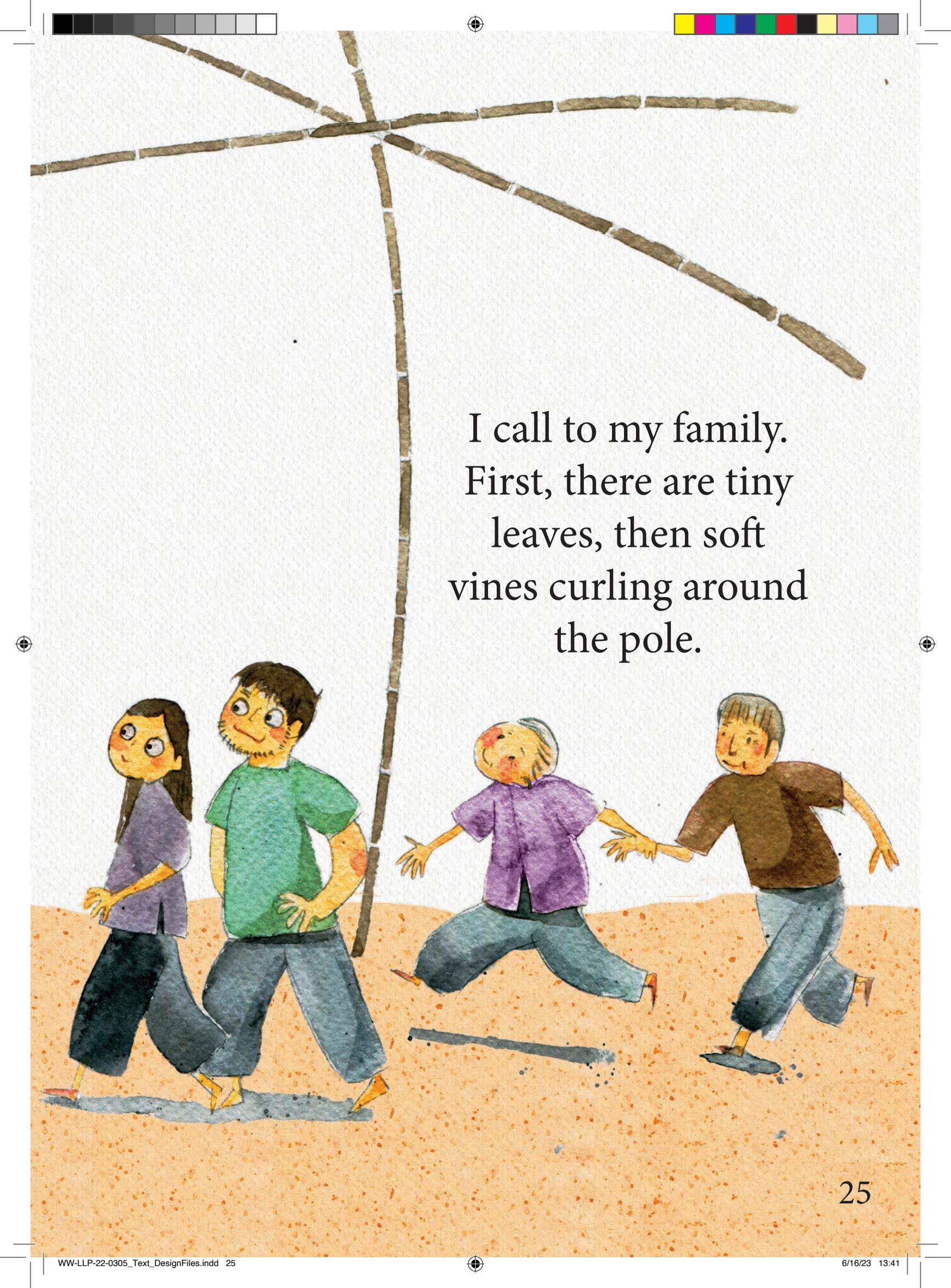
Days pass.

I forget about my seed.



One day, I see something.
“A tree is growing!”



A watercolor illustration of a family of four walking and running on a sandy ground. In the background, a tall, thin tree is constructed from several brown sticks. The sky is a light, textured white. The family consists of a woman in a purple top and dark pants, a man in a green shirt and blue pants, an older woman in a purple top and blue pants, and a man in a brown shirt and blue pants. The text is centered on the right side of the page.

I call to my family.
First, there are tiny
leaves, then soft
vines curling around
the pole.



Everyone wants to know
about the tree.

“What type of tree is this?”

“Isn’t it strange?”

“What a funny tree!”

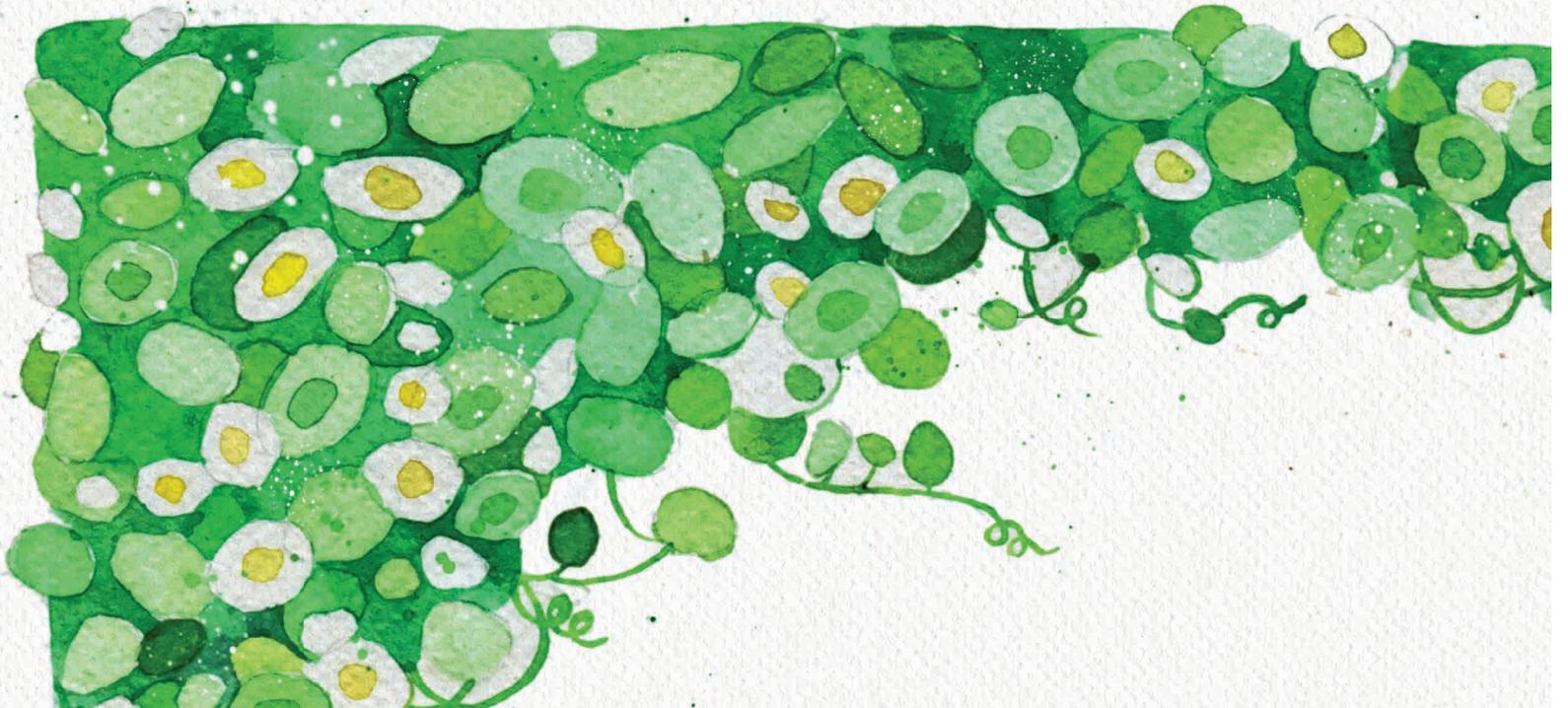
“It’s so beautiful!”





By the end of summer, vines cover
the entire pole. Still, nobody knows
what type of plant it is.





But the family now
has a lovely place to sit
and play together.



Mother tells me
to name my tree. I call it
“the lost tree!”







