



## *I'm glad that you're happy*

*About accepting the inevitability of change  
and the importance of supporting others' success and growth.*

Our life together began on the day that Mr. Florist planted us in a rosy-colored pot. I was bigger and stronger, so he told me, "You have to take care of your little friend. It is smaller and weaker than you."

He placed us among hundreds of flowers. We opened our eyes to their perfume every day.



We saw many people who came to buy flowers.

They bought beautiful bouquets and gave them to their friends and loved ones.

They made their friends happier and their houses were more beautiful.



And one day, a kind man chose us from among the hundreds of potted plants in the flower shop.





In the street, as he held us in his arms, he pointed to the trees and said, “Look at these trees. You have the same future as them. I will take care of you. When you grow bigger in the proper season, I am going to plant you in my garden.”

He took us to the colorful house.

He was a painter, and he painted flowers and trees. We began our new life in that beautiful home.





Together we took part in all the events of the house.

In times of happiness and at parties, when everyone was glad to be together, we were happy too.



We shared the sorrows of the people in the house, and we hugged each other in times of despair.

We knew that we were growing up.



We grew bigger, and the pot became smaller.

Now there was not enough room for us in the rosy pot.



Your roots couldn't breathe properly, and you were sad.

You wanted to be in a better place, and you were right.



Your despair made the kind painter and me unhappy.

Finally, he decided to move you.

It was a difficult moment. My roots were entwined in yours. Leaving you was very hard.





Now you are placed in the corner of the painter's studio.

You have your own pot — a bigger house — and you can breathe more easily.

You have more leaves, and you've become greener too.



I am in the corner of the dining room now.

I look at the pretty paintings that the painter made of you.

You have grown up, and you've become more beautiful.



I am thinking of that day  
that the kind painter plants us in  
the garden, and we grow into  
huge trees together.



I dream of the day that  
sparrows sing on our  
branches, and children run  
under our shade.

Nahid Kazemi  
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