Amara and the Empty Flower Vase

Beauty can be waiting at your feet.





Nana's white vase stood empty on the kitchen table. Amara wanted to fill it with flowers before lunch. She carried a little basket into the garden with Nana.



But the bright summer blooms had finished. One plant held dry seed heads. Another had only leaves. Amara looked at her empty basket. "There's nothing for the vase."



Nana did not hurry her. They walked slowly along the path. A yellow leaf drifted down and landed beside Amara's shoe. It had five long points, like an open hand.



Amara picked up the fallen leaf. Sunlight shone through it. Fine lines spread from its stem to every point. She placed it in her basket, just to look at later.



Farther along, a red leaf curled like a tiny boat. A brown one had a round hole. Amara set them beside the yellow leaf. The basket began to glow.



Nana found a fallen twig with a gentle bend. "Would this help?" she asked. Amara held it above the leaves. Its shape made her think of a dancer's arm.



With Nana's help, she chose a few dry grass stems from a patch ready for cutting. They left plenty in the garden. The seed heads nodded softly as they walked.



At the table, Amara put everything beside the vase. The leaves looked lovely on their own. Inside the vase, they slipped down too low. "I can't see their colours!"



Nana brought a small clean jar that fitted inside. Amara rested the short stems in it. Now the yellow leaf stood tall enough to catch the window's light.



She placed the bent twig to one side and the grasses to the other. The red leaf curled between them. The arrangement was airy, uneven, and full of little shapes.



When lunch was ready, Nana set bowls around the vase. Amara turned it slowly so everyone could see. "I thought there was nothing," she said. "I hadn't looked closely yet."



After lunch, she drew her autumn collection. Next week, the leaves might look different. Amara wanted to remember their colours today, and see what the garden offered tomorrow.



The end

What did Amara notice on the path?

How did she make the leaves easier to see?

What fallen treasures could you look at with a grown-up?

Little adventures. A kinder tomorrow.

An original MimoMango story. First edition, 2026.
Story and illustrations created with AI assistance.
Designed for reading together, ages 4-7.