

## Planting Seeds

Four friends flopped on the floor.

Fingers fool with the faux-fur rug.

Bored.

Gail sparks them.

“Want to hunt for lucky four-leaf clovers?”

Penny groans, “Allergies here.”

“I need luck to find luck,” Jill admits.

Toni smiles, “What else could we do?”

Gail pauses. “Let’s pick dandelions. Mom’s rule: don’t count on luck. Anticipate joy. Hold an expired dandelion, make an ‘O’, and blow. The white fluff scatters, carrying seeds. Our chant: *Make a wish. Start the work. Plant a seed. Believe and grow.*”

Gail’s eyes water.

“I miss her every day.”

Silence flops sad and lonely on the floor.