

"MY poor flowers are quite dead!" said little da. "The were scoretty yesterday, and now all the leaves hang withered Why do to ey do that?" she asked the Student, who sat on the sofa; for she liked him u ry much He knew the prettiest stories, and could cut out the most amuing pictures; hearts, with little ladies in them who danced; flowers, an great catles in which one could open the doors; he was/a merry student. Why do te flowers look so faded to-day?" she asked again, and showed im a not gay which was quite withered.

"Do you know what's the matter with them," said the Studer. "The flowers have been at a ball last night, and that's why they have their heads."

"But flowers cannot dance!" cried little Ida.

"O yes," said the Student, "when it grows dark, and we are asleep, the jump about merrily. Almost every night they have a ball."

"Can children go to this ball?"

"Yes," said the Student, "quite dittle daisies, and lilies of the valley."

"Where do the beautiful flowers dance?" asked Ida.

"Have you not often been outside the town gate, by the great castle, where the king lives in summer, and where the beautiful garden is with all the flowers? You have seen the swans, which swim up to you when you want to give them bread crumbs? There are capital balls there, believe me."

"I was out there in the garden yesterday, with my mother," said Ida; "but all the leaves were off the trees, and there was not one flower left. Where are they? In the summer I saw so many."

"They are within, in the castle," replied the Student. "You must know, as soon as the king and all the court go to town, the flowers run out of the garden into the castle and are merry. You should see that. The two most beautiful roses seat themselves on the throne, and then they are king and queen; all the red coxcombs range themselves on either side, and stand and bow; they are the chamberlains. Then all the pretty flowers come, and there is a great ball. The blue violets represent little naval cadets; they dance with hyacinths and crocuses, which they call young ladies; the tulips and great tiger—lilies are old ladies who keep watch that the dancing is well done, and the every the goes with propriety."

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