Oh I remember when I was a bud…

***The sadness of the rose***

The people gathered me and,

Said: when it’ll be a rose I’ll have it

**The noise increased.**

 Soon many days passed like that,

**Oh yeah I became a rose!**

I was proud at myself.

A fence of crowd was gathered at me

Each of them needed me for many reasons

They started pulling me from there

I cried and cried as it was paining for me

After many hours I became weak and weak

Gets weaker and weaker then

I FELL DOWN WITH MY LIFE

AT THAT MOMENT NO ONE CAME TO TAKE ME

**AS I AM A DULL RED ROSE!**