

April's Wish

April stood at the top of the hill, where the wind always seemed to know everyone's secrets. The meadow shimmered with thousands of wildflowers—golden daffodils, purple bluebells and tiny white daisies that nodded gently in the breeze. Beyond the rolling fields, a small village rested peacefully beneath the tall church tower, its stone cottages glowing warmly in the spring sunshine.

She tightened the straps of her faded blue backpack and carefully picked a perfect dandelion. It wasn't the fluffy white seed head that most people wished upon. This one was still bright yellow, as if it had captured a tiny piece of the sun.

"Not yet," she whispered.

April's grandmother had once told her that every wish had its own perfect moment.

"If you rush a wish," Grandma had said with a twinkle in her eye, "it may fly away before it has learned where it belongs."

Most people thought Grandma's stories were simply old-fashioned tales, but April wasn't so sure. After all, Grandma had predicted the first snowfall every winter, always knew when the swallows would return and could somehow grow the sweetest strawberries in the village.

Now that Grandma had moved into a care home in the nearby town, the little cottage at the edge of the village felt strangely silent. The garden was beginning to lose its cheerful colours, and the climbing roses no longer reached eagerly towards the windows.

April missed her more than she could explain.

Every Saturday, she visited with her parents, carrying bunches of fresh flowers gathered from the countryside. Grandma always smiled, yet recently she had started forgetting little things. Sometimes she called April by her mother's name. Once, she couldn't remember where she had hidden her famous shortbread recipe—a recipe everyone in the village had begged her to share for years.

"It happens sometimes," Mum had explained gently. "Her memories are becoming muddled."

April nodded, but inside she wondered where forgotten memories disappeared. Did they drift away like clouds? Did they hide among the trees? Or did they simply wait for someone patient enough to find them again?

That afternoon, she wandered along the winding footpath overlooking the valley. A gust of wind suddenly swept across the hillside, lifting petals into the air like pink confetti. At the same moment, the yellow dandelion slipped from her fingers and tumbled across the grass.

"Oh no!"

She chased it, laughing despite herself. The flower bounced over tiny stones, rolled beneath a blossoming cherry tree and finally came to rest beside an elderly gardener who was planting young saplings.

"You nearly lost something important," he said kindly, handing it back.

"It was going to become my wish."

The gardener smiled thoughtfully.

"Perhaps it already has."

April frowned.

"I don't understand."

"Most people believe wishes begin when they close their eyes," he replied. "I think they begin when they open them."

Before she could ask what he meant, he pointed towards the hillside.

"Tell me what you see."

April looked carefully.

At first, she noticed only flowers swaying in the breeze.

Then she saw bees busily collecting nectar.

A family of rabbits darted between the grass.

A little further away, volunteers were repairing an old wooden bench.

Near the church, neighbours were helping an elderly couple plant vegetables.

Children were laughing as they chased each other through the village green.

The whole valley seemed alive with people quietly helping one another.

"It isn't perfect," the gardener said, "but everyone adds a small piece of kindness. That's how beautiful places are built."

April gazed across the landscape once more.

For weeks, she had wished she could somehow make Grandma's memory return. Yet standing there, she realised that although she could not change everything, she could still do something.

The following morning, she asked her parents if they could help tidy Grandma's neglected garden. Soon, neighbours joined in. Some weeded flowerbeds. Others repaired broken fences. Someone painted the old gate. Children planted colourful flowers while grandparents shared gardening tips and stories.

When Grandma visited a few weeks later, she sat quietly on the garden bench.

A robin landed nearby.

The scent of roses drifted through the warm afternoon air.

Slowly, she smiled.

"I remember..." she whispered.

Everyone held their breath.

"I remember teaching a little girl how to grow sunflowers."

April squeezed Grandma's hand.

"I remember that too."

It wasn't a miracle. Grandma still forgot many things.

But that single memory was enough.

As they walked home, April noticed that the dandelion had finally turned into a delicate white clock. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and blew the tiny seeds into the bright blue sky.

This time, she didn't wish for something impossible.

She wished for more days filled with kindness, hope and memories worth keeping.

The wind carried the seeds high above the valley, scattering them across fields, gardens and hidden corners where new flowers might one day bloom.

And somehow, that felt exactly right.