To be different, isn't so bad.

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That's what I have learnt from mommy and dad.

There is a flower, different like me

He has a special petal, as I want to be.

His name is orchid, and his petals- three,

He grew up on the land but not on the tree.

One different petal and two look the same,

Although it impossible to know, only by its name.

Maybe being a different is your advantage from the others,

Maybe it good for one, but for somebody else it bothers.

Everybody can be special like that,

Maybe it something that you just can get.

**By: O. A.**

**Ohel Bracha**