

*To Dada, for all our walks and talks through historical sites.
To Uncle Victor and Aunty Rani, for their love of gardens.
—Shyala*

*To all my family and friends.
—Aaron*

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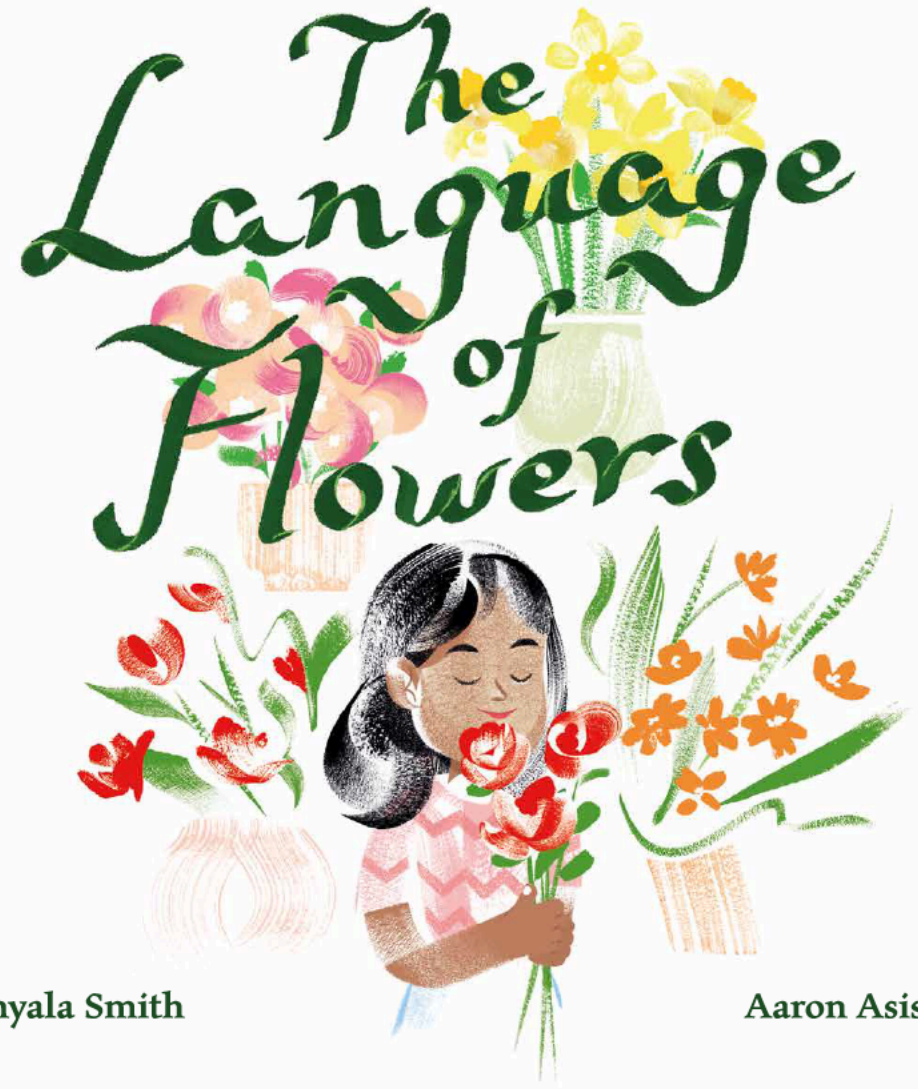
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Shyala Smith

Aaron Asis

 Lantana



Juhi knows the language of flowers.



Appa taught her.

Juhi's neighbourhood is brimming with all kinds of wonderful people.

Those who go to the temple with lotus and red hibiscus.



Those who pray on full moon days with frangipani.



Those who paint their hands with dried henna petals on special days.

Juhi knows the language of faith.

On Friday, when Juhi waltzes into the shop, Appa is making the biggest bouquet she has ever seen.

“Appa, what’s all this?”

“It’s for Mrs Potter. Juhi, I have gloomy news.
Mr Potter passed away this morning.”



Juhi does *not* know the language of grief.

Juhi zooms through the shop.



Lively roses

Courageous gladioli

Resilient heliconias

Cheerful sunflowers

Calming hydrangeas

Soothing marigolds

“I’m ready!”