



by Molly Sanchez

CARL IN THE *Garden*



THE GOOD AND THE BEAUTIFUL LIBRARY

In a small village in Sweden lived a small boy named Carl Linnaeus. Despite the poverty of his family in the early 1700s, his minister father had a very rich garden, bursting with fruits and vegetables to feed the family, and flowers and leafy wonders to feed their souls—for so it was with little Carl. Even before he could walk, his parents would console his cries with a flower, which he admired both with his eyes and his chubby baby hands. His toys were flowers.





As soon as he could walk, Carl would toddle after his father, Nils, all through the garden. “Step carefully, Carl,” said his father. “We don’t want to damage a single delicate plant.” And so little Carl would lift his short legs up and over each plant, careful not to hurt them. His little fingers gently caressed the plentiful blossoms of various shapes, sizes, and colors.

One bright summer morning, Carl and his father were at work in the garden. The radiant sun burst through the fir trees, morning dew dripped off dainty leaves, butterflies danced joyfully through the air, and the gentle hum of bees was the soft undertone to the songs of the blackbirds and cuckoos. The creek nearby babbled as if in conversation with the birds.



“Father,” Carl began timidly, “do you think I could have a piece of ground to grow my very own garden?”

Nils thought for a few moments. “Carl, you know more about gardening now than many grown men. I should say it is about time you had a spot of your own if that is your wish.”

Carl set to work right away. He wandered over the granite boulders draped in bilberry bushes, splashed through streams, and explored the forest for new plants not yet residing in his father's nursery. How exciting it was to gently dig up newly growing splendors and place them carefully in his own plot! He watched them, and he studied them. He brought more plants than he could fit in his patch of ground. When the ground was full, he managed to bring wild bees and wasps.



It was not long before Nils became frustrated with his son's transplants. "Carl, what is this?" he asked, exasperated. "My peaceful garden has become a battleground, with these savage bees and wasps, not to mention the weeds you've introduced that are spreading like thieves into my nursery. You must not bring pests to our garden, flying or rooting!" After that, Carl was more careful.



ORIGINAL PUBLICATION

CARL IN THE Garden



Have you ever wondered where plant names come from? More than three hundred years ago, a little boy was born who would forever change the way that plants were named. Born in Sweden, Carl Linnaeus was fascinated by the many plants around him, and he thought up a way of naming and grouping plants together that is still used today. He even discovered many new plants along the way. Filled with beautiful illustrations, *Carl in the Garden* tells the story of one boy who opened a whole new world to those who came after him just by doing what he loved.


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