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Heela's Dancing Anthers

(A tale about how the hibiscus got its anthers)

Once in a beautiful garden in the city of Bali, Indonesia, lived a hibiscus flower, named Heela. She wore a dress of five crimson petals, shaped like a trumpet. She loved to be under the sun, dancing and singing a song to herself.

'Lee...la la la, Lee...la la la

I hum to the sun

I sing to the moon

I sway to the winds

I am Heela

Lee...la la la, Lee...la la la'



Heela was a jolly, fun-loving flower, but she hardly had any friends. One day, Flitty the Butterfly, sat on her 'Fp, Fp, Fp'. The Butterfly said, 'Oh Heela, you have no fragrance!'

The next day, Surya the Sunbird came chirping, 'Chu chu chee chee', and bent its brush-tipped tongue to sip nectar. It tried and tried, but couldn't do so.

Buzzy, the bee, came buzzing its way. Zzzz....and bumped into Heela. 'I'm all drenched in pollen. I can't even see now.'

Heela felt sad and gloomy. The otherwise happy Heela was extremely dejected. She felt helpless. She sobbed and sobbed, until she had an idea 'Tn...tnn...tnnn...'

But for that, she needed help. She had to wait for her oldest friend, Melona the Hummingbird, to visit her. She waited...and waited...and waited. But Heela did not lose her patience. The day arrived when Melona came. On seeing Heela, she happily cried, "Hi Heela, how are you doing dear? Heela broke into tears and replied, 'Melona, I wish I could hug you. I have so much to share.'"

Then Melona and Heela hummed together.

'Lee...la la la, Lee...la la la

We hum to the sun

We sing to the moon

We sway to the winds

Melona 'n Heela

Lee...la la la, Lee...la la la'

And finally, Melona bent her needle-like beak, and tugged at the nectaries of Heela. 'Ahaa!', and she pulled out a long stalk from within her. Awww, she looked gorgeous. She sprinkled pollen, and she could reach out to Melona, her dear friend. Heela's joy knew no bounds. They called them 'Anthers'.

Seeing them dance, Flitty the Butterfly, Surya the Sunbird and Buzzy the Bee, joined them. Heela had found her new buddies. Her anthers boogied along.

'Lee...la la la, Lee...la la la'

We hum to the sun

We sing to the moon

We sway to the winds

We are with Heela

Lee...la la la, Lee...la la la'



-Inchie Lonial

'ENKINDLING HOPES...'