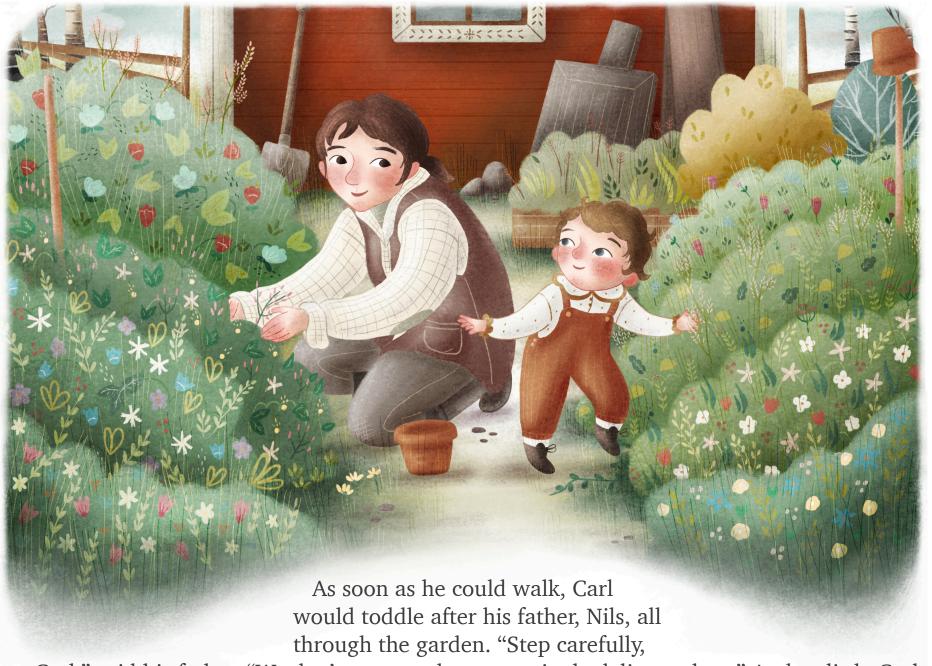


n a small village in Sweden lived a **L** small boy named Carl Linnaeus. Despite the poverty of his family in the early 1700s, his minister father had a very rich garden, bursting with fruits and vegetables to feed the family, and flowers and leafy wonders to feed their souls—for so it was with little 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.





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.

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.



