

"Is it morning already...?" Svetla groggily mumbled as her eyes slowly opened, revealing her grey-blue eyes. She remained in bed under her blankets as she blinked a few times before springing to her feet and sending her blankets flying, "it's morning! It's the first day of spring!"

Svetla stumbled to a nearby door, pulling it open to reveal a set of vibrantly coloured dresses. She reached for the green dress that had a floral pattern along the rim, she quickly changed into it before making her way down the nearby staircase with a hurried pace.

"What first?!" Her head turned to the pile of cardboard boxes in the corner and then to the cluttered dusty shelves before moving over to the boxes. Using the claw on her pointer finger Svetla cut open the box, lifted the flaps and reached inside, pulling out a simple orange clay pot and placing it beside the box before reaching in and retrieving another pot. She continued to do this until she had a total of six pots, each one was a different colour. They were all just a single colour and their colours consisted of orange, blue, green, yellow, purple and grey.

Now with six pots out of the box Svetla grabbed two of them and moved them onto the wooden table. She moved back to the box, grabbing another two and placing them on the bench before making another trip to grab the last two.

With all the pots now set upon the table the Gravent returned to the box, digging around until she retrieved her target. She leaned back, pulling out a worn leather satchel held within her right hand.

Svetla placed the satchel on the table before hurrying back to the box, lifting a medium sized plastic bag out with a huff. She headed back towards the table, although this time at a slowed pace.

The Gravent plopped the plastic bag on the table with a thud, eyes glancing at the picture on it; it was a crooked holding a small pot in one hand and the words "soil" written above them. She moved the pots closer to her before ripping a tear into the plastic bag, now carefully scooping its contents with her hands into the pots until all six were full of soil.

She reached for the satchel, pouring out its contents onto the table. Numerous seeds of varying shapes and sizes fell onto the table, creating a pile of assorted seeds.

Svetla delicately picked up six individual seeds, pressing each one into the middle of a pot and then covering it up with soil.

With a grin across her face she picked up two of the pots and made her way to the front door, she carefully maneuvered the plants in her arms to free up a hand to open the door.

The door swung open to reveal a field of grass and in the distance an ongoing construction site. She exited the building and proceeded to set the pots down on the grass off the porch before heading back inside to grab the others. She did this several times until all six of the pots were carefully laid out on the grass.

Svetla went back into the house with a hurried pace, once more heading towards the box though this time she went behind it, retrieving a bright blue watering can covered in painted on clouds. She headed back outside and moved to the side of the house, finding a tap she began to fill the watering can until it was overflowing, water seeping from its top.

She staggered back to the pots, positioning herself in front of them before struggling to carefully pour the water onto each and every one of the pots.

Once all six had been watered she put the watering can down beside them with an exhale, “there, you’re all watered now. I can’t wait to see what you all grow into.” She spoke with short breaths and a smile upon her face.