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

First published in the United Kingdom in 2024 by Lantana Publishing Ltd.
Clavier House, 21 Fifth Road, Newbury RG14 6DN, United Kingdom
www.lantanapublishing.com | info@lantanapublishing.com

Text © Shyala Smith, 2024
Illustration © Aaron Asis, 2024

The moral rights of the author and illustrator have been asserted.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the copyright owner.

A CIP catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-915244-89-5
eBook PDF: 978-1-915244-90-1
ePub3: 978-1-915244-91-8

Printed and bound in China on sustainably sourced paper using plant-based inks.
Original artwork created using gouache and digital.

The Language of Flowers



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
Cheerful sunflowers
Calming hydrangeas
Courageous gladioli
Resilient heliconias
Soothing marigolds
"I'm ready!"