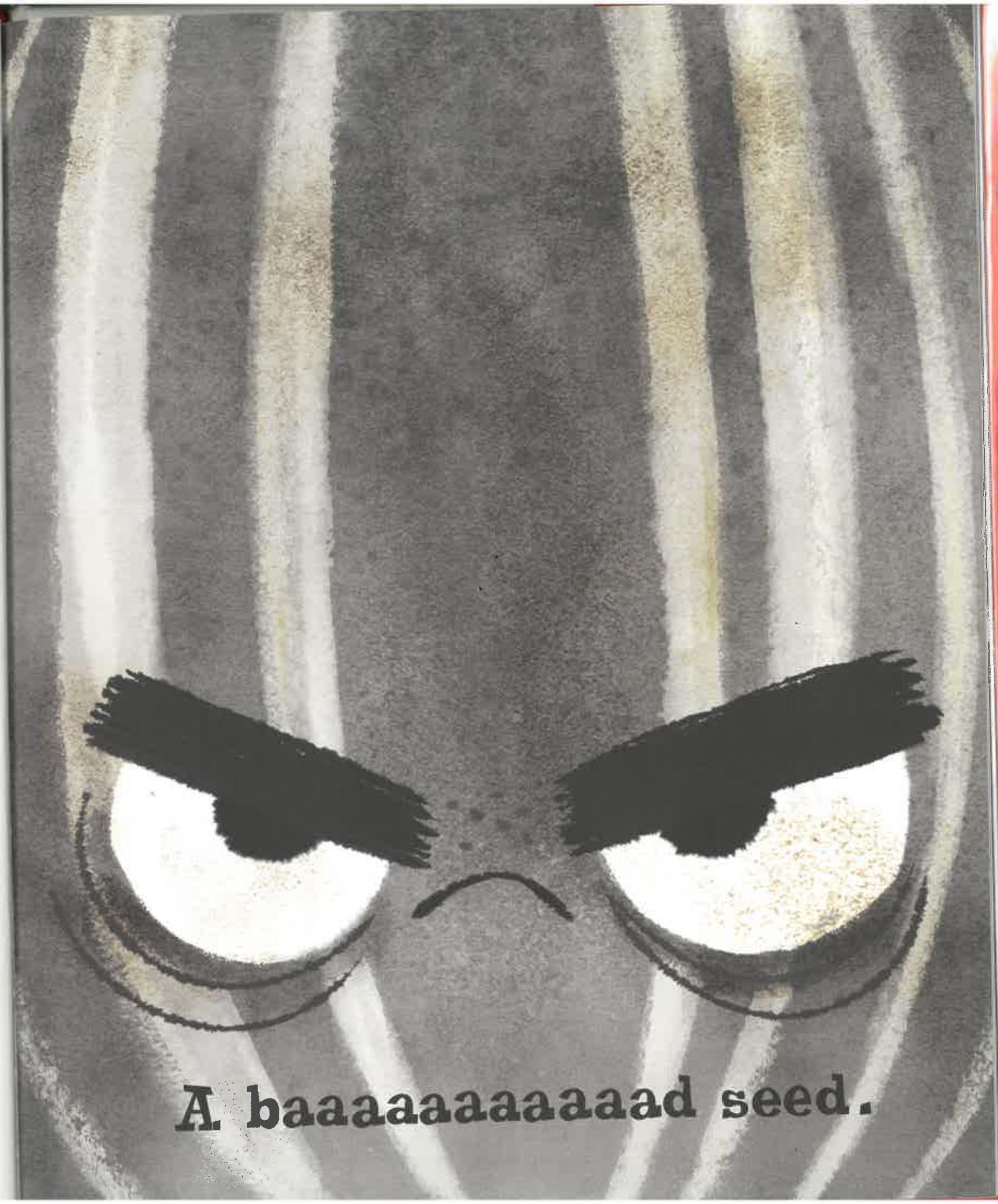




I'm a bad seed.

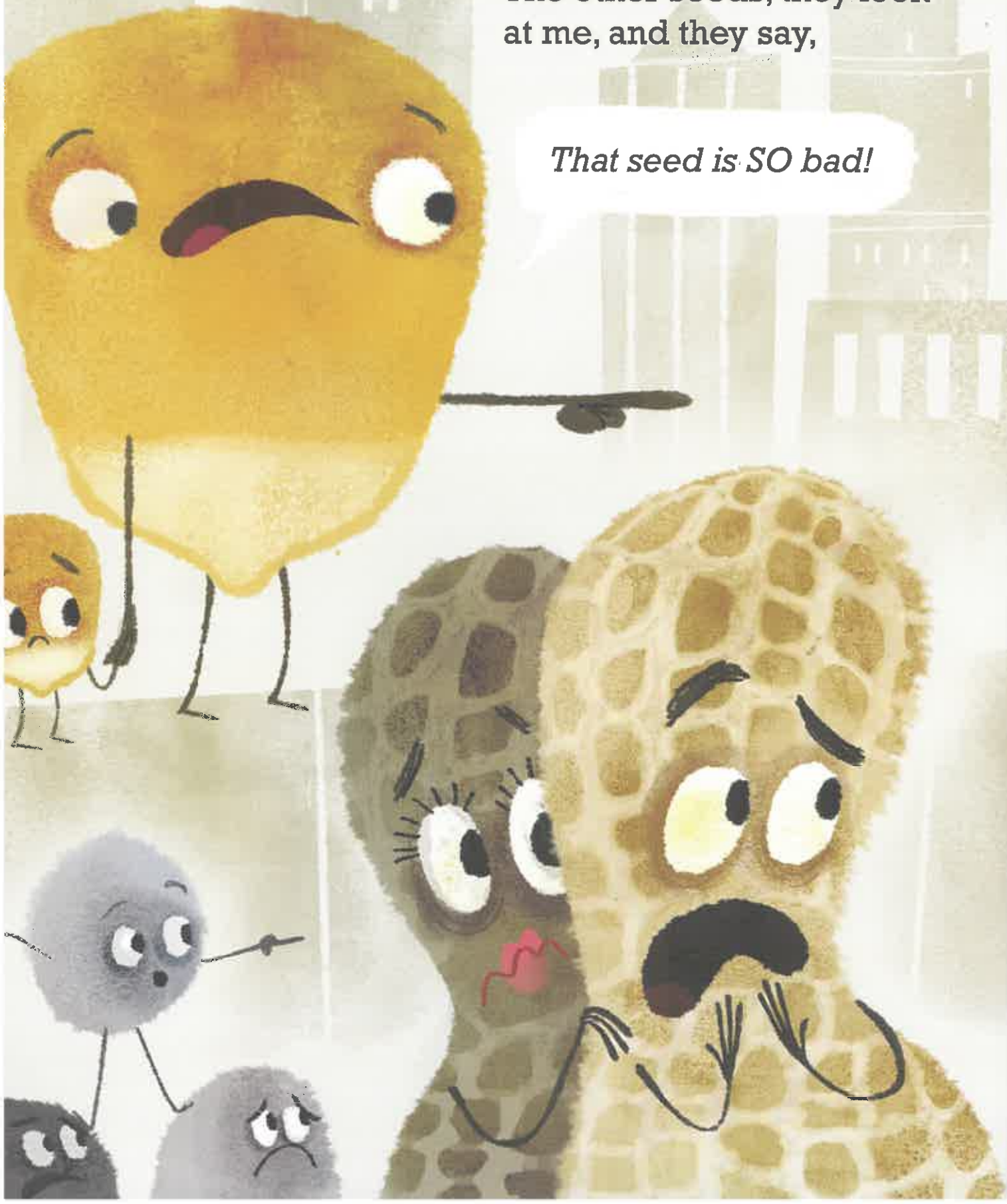


A baaaaaaaaaad seed.

Oh yeah. It's true.

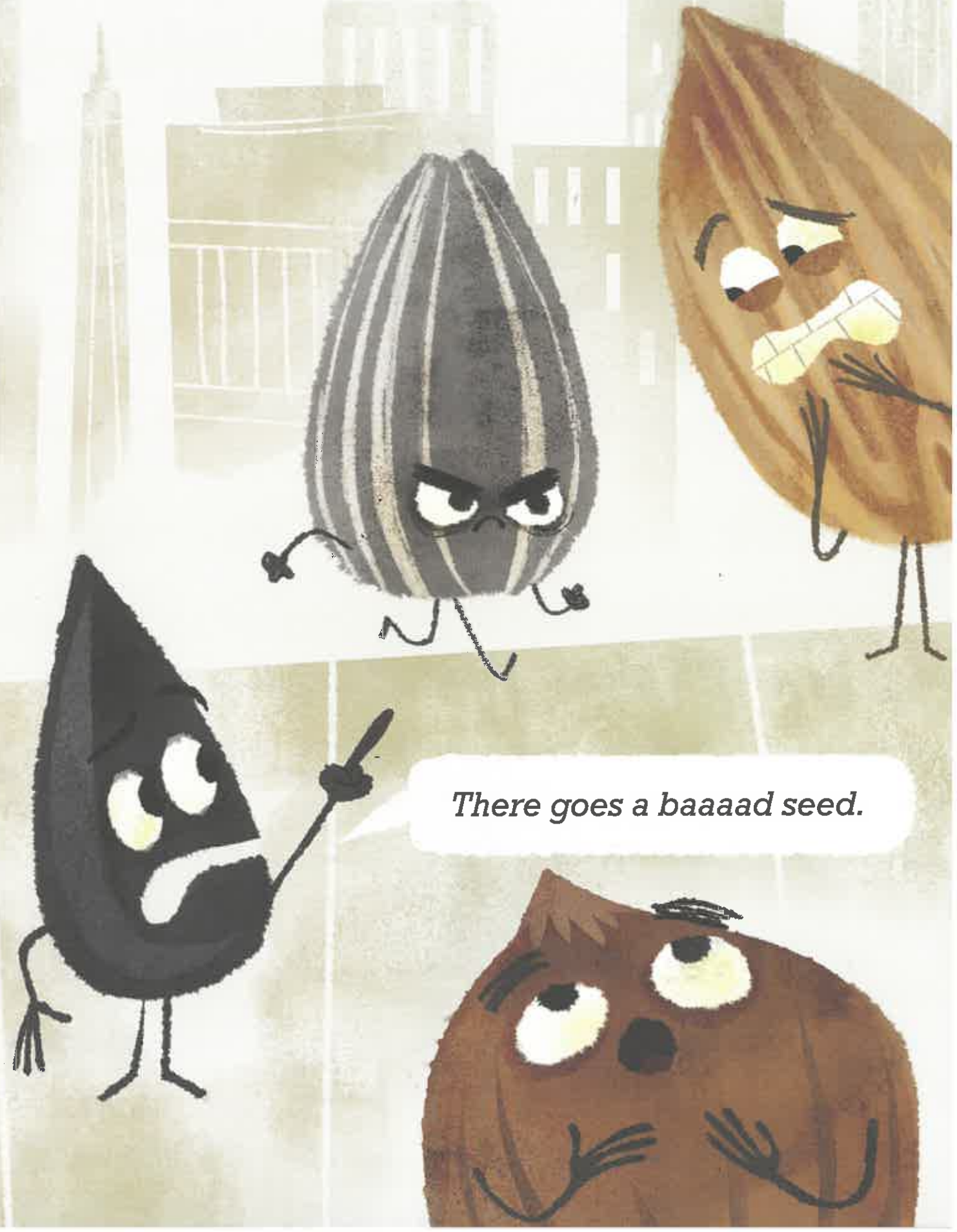
The other seeds, they look at me, and they say,

*That seed is SO bad!*



When they think I'm not listening, they mumble,

*There goes a baaaad seed.*





But I can hear them. I have good hearing for a seed.



How bad am I?

You really want to know?

Well ...

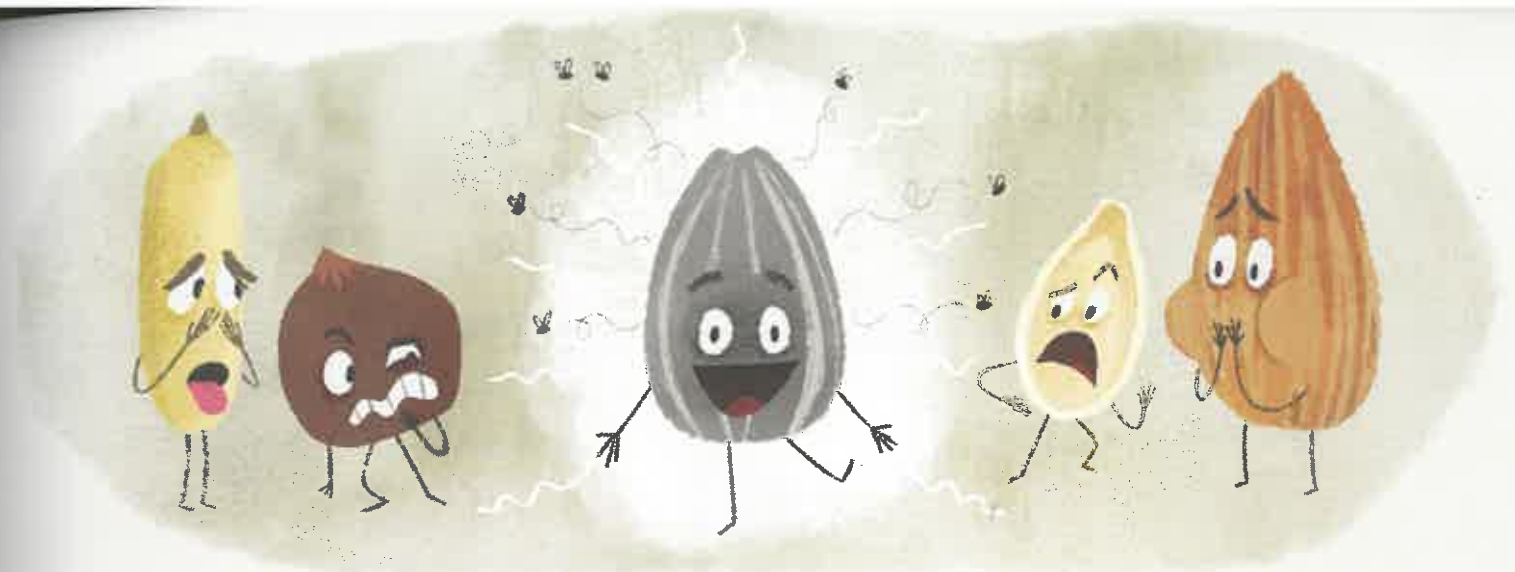


I never put things back where they belong.



I'm late to everything.

I tell long jokes with no punch lines.

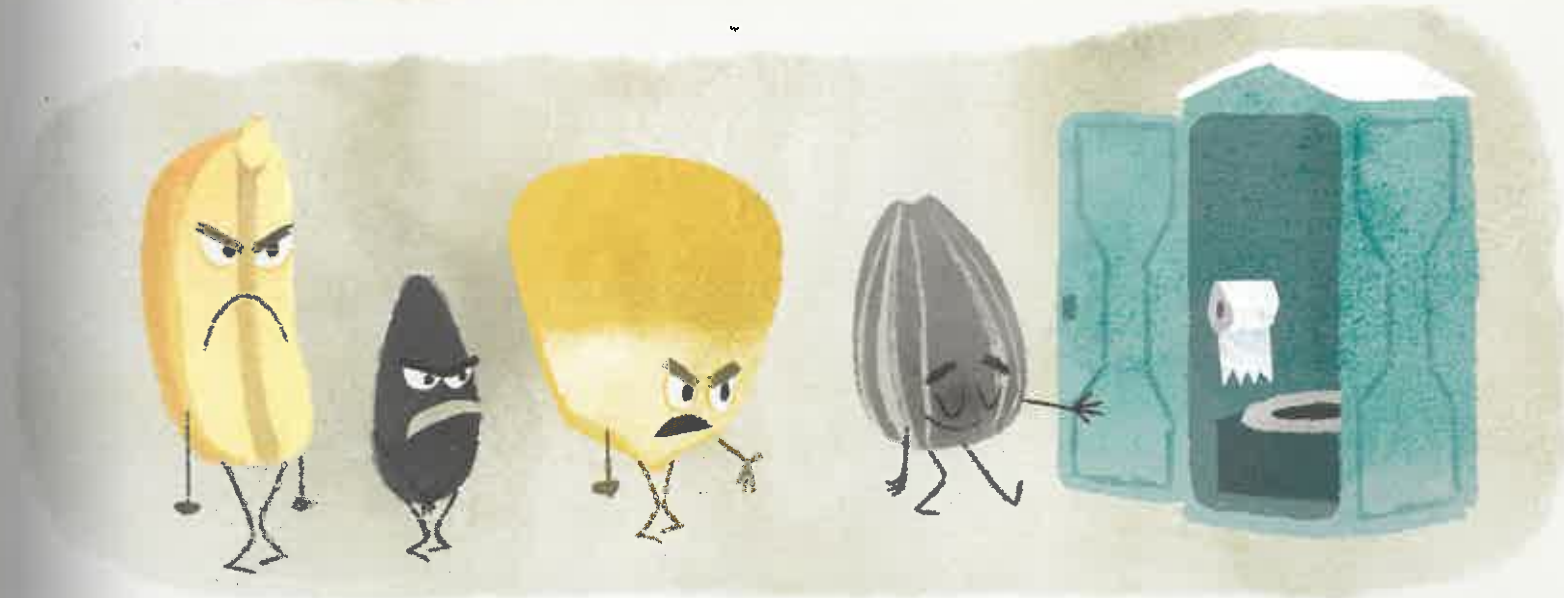


I never wash my hands.

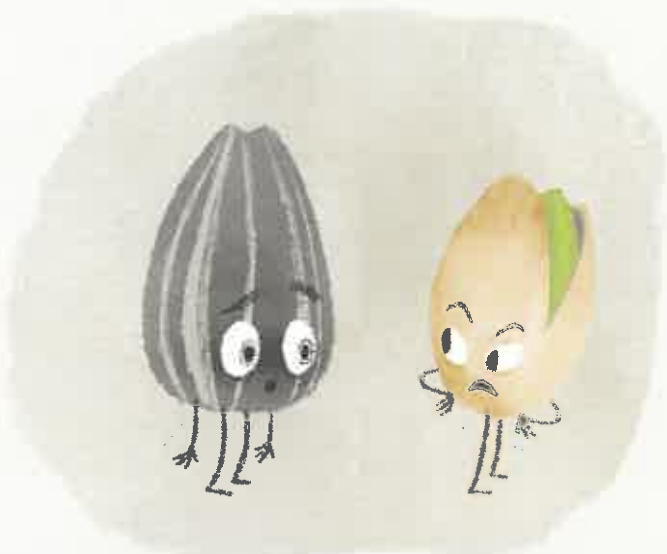
Or my feet.



I lie about pointless stuff.



I cut in line. Every time.



I stare at everybody.



I glare at everybody.

I finish everybody's sentences. And I never listen.



And I do *lots* of other bad things, too. Know why? Because I'm a bad seed.



**A baaaaaaaaaad seed.**

I just can't help it.



Sure, I wasn't *always* this bad.  
I was born a humble seed, on a simple sunflower,  
in an unremarkable field.



I had a big family.  
Seeds everywhere.  
We found ways of having fun.  
We were close.

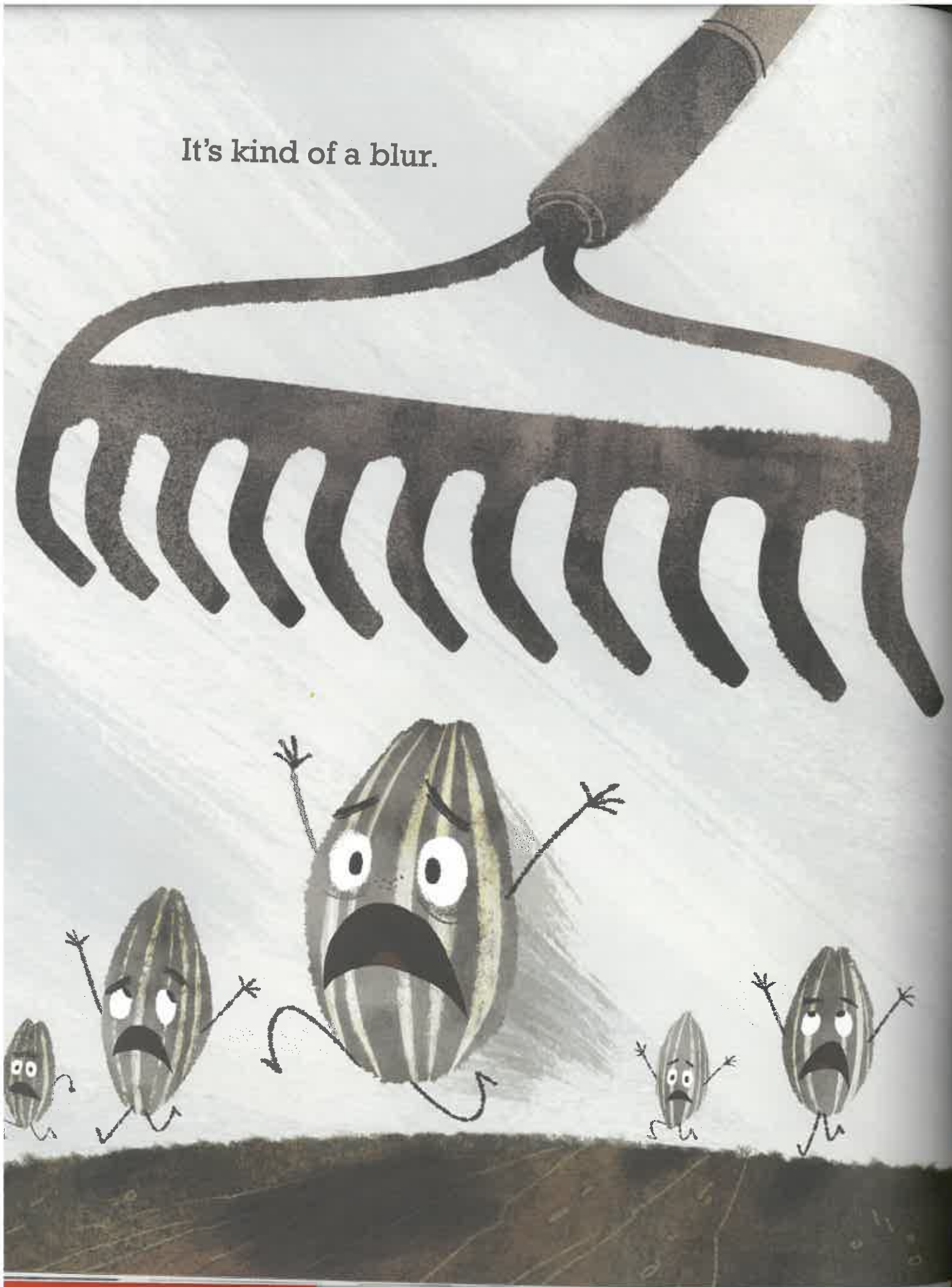


But then the petals dropped.



And our flower drooped.

It's kind of a blur.



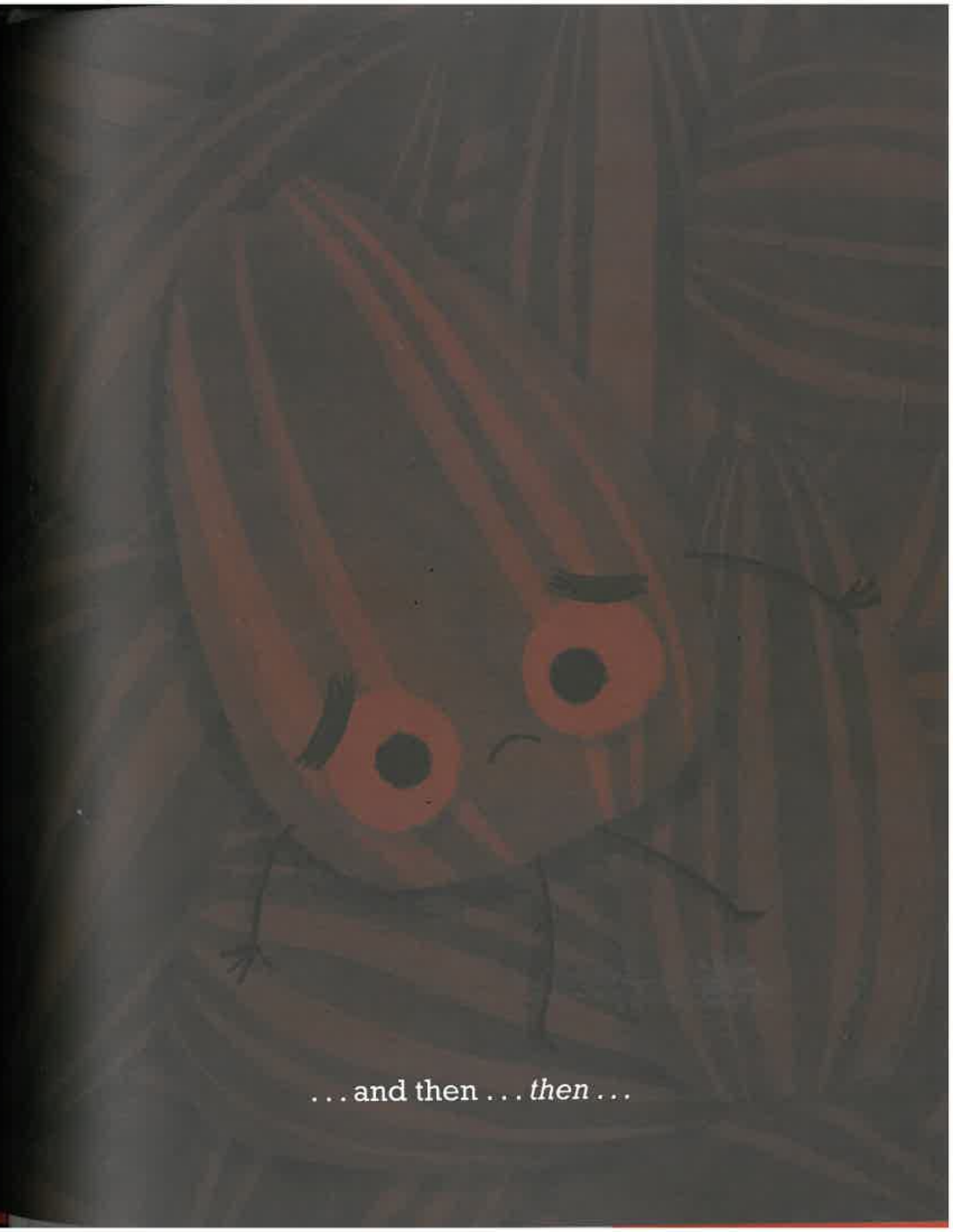
# SUNFLOWER SEEDS



I remember a bag. . . .

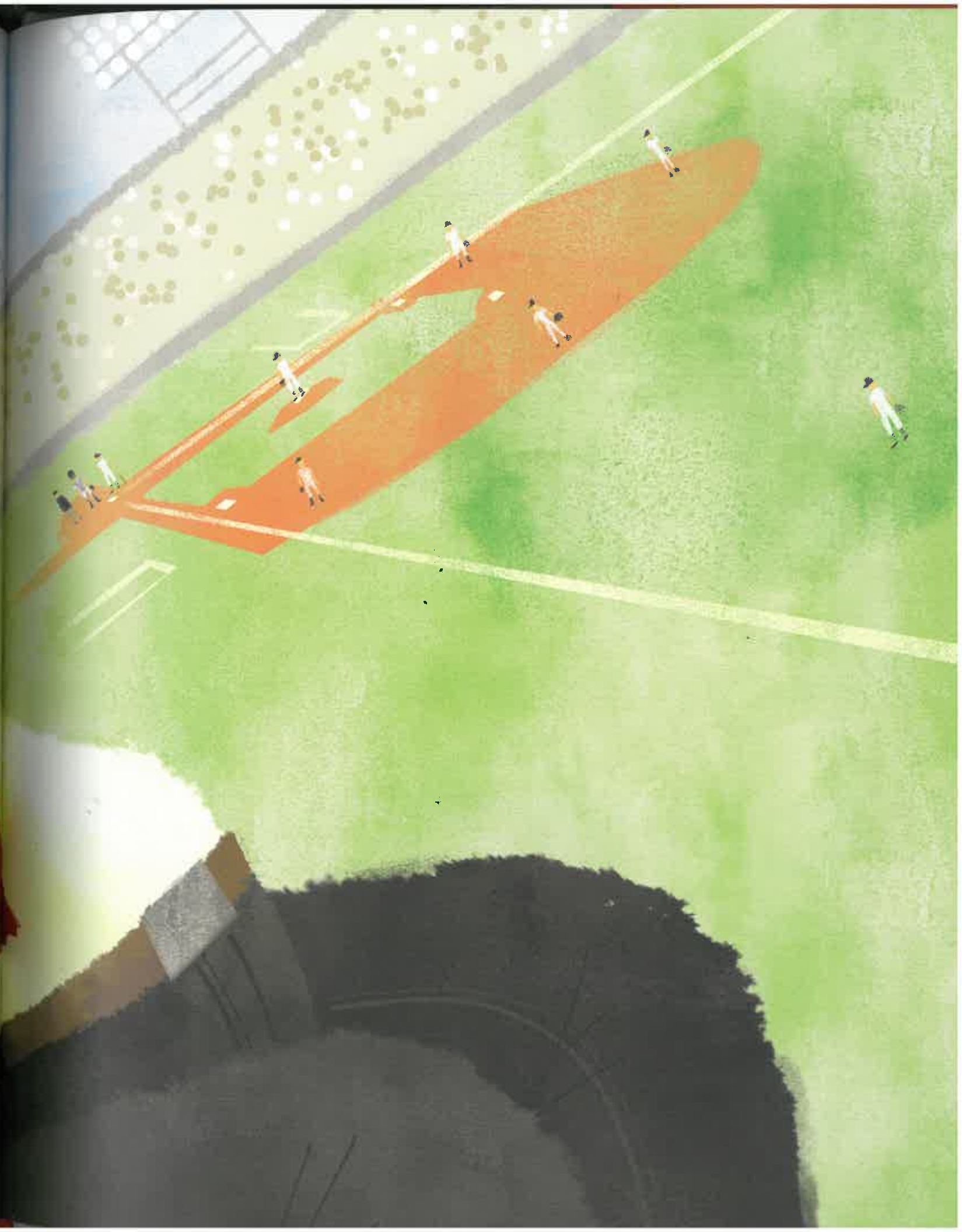


Everything went dark . . .



. . . and then . . . *then* . . .

... a giant!



I thought I was a goner. . . .  
I thought I was done for. . . .  
I screamed and I hollered. . . .

A large, stylized illustration of a person's open mouth, showing white teeth and a dark red tongue. A small fly is flying inside the mouth. The text "AHHHHHHHHH!" is written across the tongue area.

AHHHHHHHHH!

A large, stylized illustration of a person's face, showing a nose and a large open mouth. A stream of spit is being ejected from the mouth. The text "PLOOOOOOOOO!" is written above the spit stream.

"PLOOOOOOOOO!"

But I was spit out at the  
last possible second.

I flew through the air, and I landed  
under the bleachers with  
a huge thud.

**THUD!**

When I woke up, it was dark outside.  
A wad of gum had softened my fall.  
I felt OK. But something had changed in me.  
I'd become a different seed entirely.

**I'd become a bad seed.**





**A baaaaaaaaaad seed.**



**That's right.  
I stopped smiling.  
I kept to myself.  
I drifted.**

**I was friend to nobody  
and bad to everybody.  
I was lost on purpose.  
I lived inside a soda can.**



**I didn't care.  
And it suited me.**



Until recently.



I've made a big decision.  
I've decided I don't want to be  
a bad seed anymore.  
I'm ready to be happy.

It's hard to be good when  
you're so used to being bad.  
But I'm trying.  
I'm taking it one day at a time.

Sure, I still forget to listen.



And I still show up late.



And I still talk during movies. And I do all kinds of other bad stuff.

But I also say thank you.



And I say please. And I smile.



And I hold doors open for people.  
Not always. But sometimes.

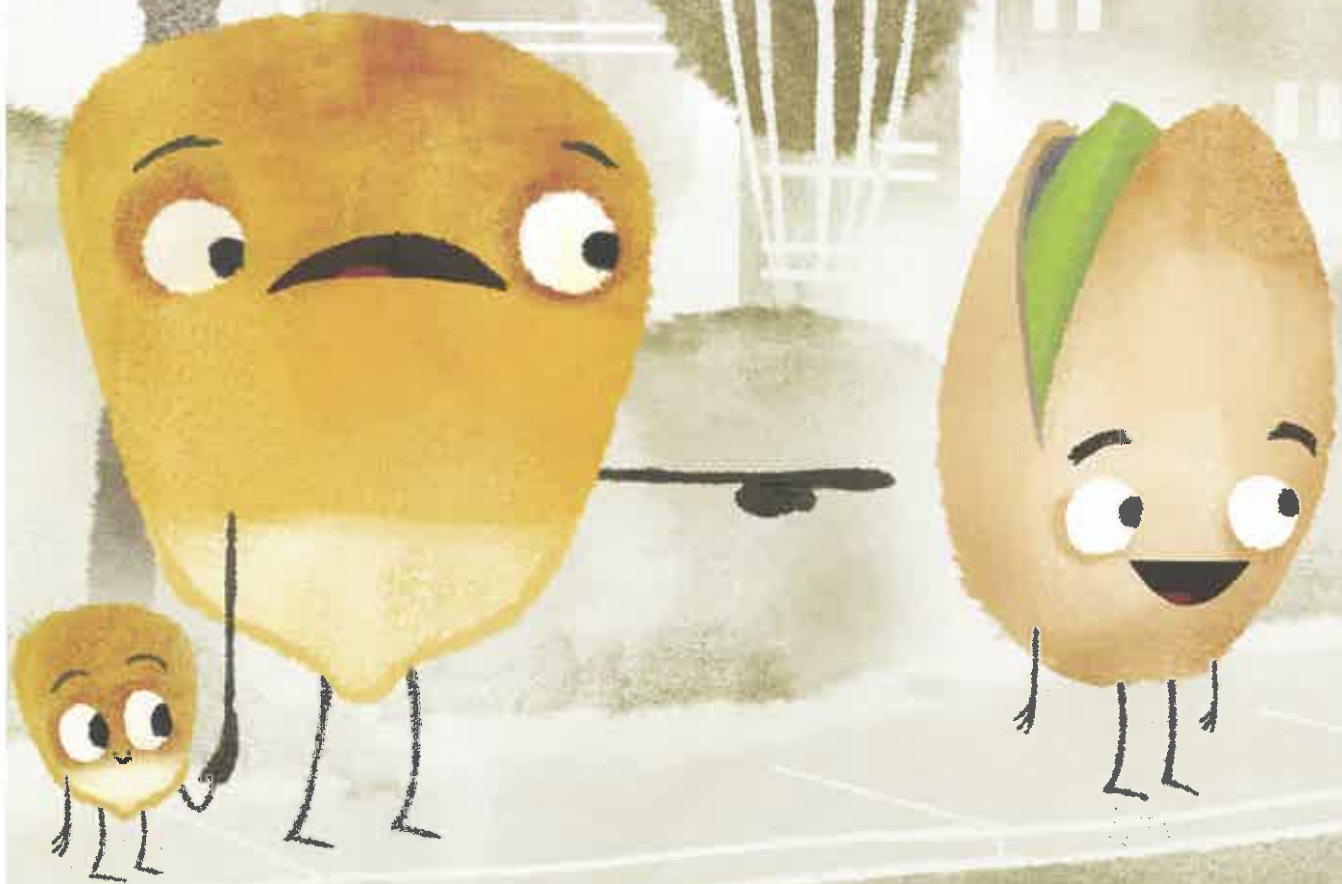
And even though I still feel bad, sometimes,  
I also feel kind of good.  
It's sort of a mix.



All I can do is keep trying.  
And keep thinking,  
Maybe I'm not such a bad seed after all.

*Hey, look, there goes  
that bad seed. . . .*

*Actually, he's not  
all that bad anymore.*



*I heard that.*

