Disney's Beauty and the Beast
Belle's Special Treat

Disney

# Beauty and the Beast

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“‘And from that moment on, the princess had flowers every day of her life. The End,’” Belle read, and closed the book with a sigh.

“What a treat!” she said to the Beast. She gazed out the library window at the cold, snowy hills. “The winter is lovely, of course … but I’d give anything to have flowers every day. Wouldn’t you?”

The Beast looked surprised. Flowers every day? He hadn’t really given it any thought. He’d had so much else on his mind, after all. But he really wanted Belle to be happy at his castle. He wondered what he could do about it. Then he remembered something. He had a greenhouse! He just hadn’t been there for years.

Later that night, after Belle had gone to sleep, the Beast decided to go to the greenhouse. He tiptoed down the hall, grabbed Lumiere the candelabrum, and headed into the snowy night.

"Are we really going where I think we're going?" Lumiere asked enthusiastically, as he lit the Beast's way.

His master only nodded. All of a sudden, the Beast was worried. What if the flowers he'd once taken such pride in (*too* much pride, many had said) had died from loneliness and neglect. They were, after all, rare and delicate species, collected from almost every corner of the world. And the Beast hadn't laid eyes on them since the day the enchantress had cast her spell on him and his castle. He just hadn't seen the point of caring for

the Beast and Lumiere.

The Beast stepped through the snow and finally reached the greenhouse.

He threw the door open and looked around. Plants were overgrown and flopped over, and leaves were everywhere.

"Ooh-la-la!" Lumiere exclaimed. "The greenhouse has changed a lot."

"Yes," the Beast replied, "but the flowers are all still alive."

Fortunately, the gardener, who was now a trowel, and his assistants, who had been transformed into a flowers anymore—especially when no one would be coming to compliment them.

Cogsworth the clock looked out the window as the Beast and Lumiere went by. What if the master needed something from the castle? he wondered. Lumiere wouldn't be able to leave him outside in the dark to go get it.

Cogsworth decided he'd better see if he could do anything to help, especially if the Beast was doing something to win Belle's heart. If it worked, maybe she would fall in love with him, and the spell over the castle would be broken. Quietly, the clock slipped outside and followed

pair of clippers and a watering can, had cared for the flowers as best they could.

"There's still a lot of work to be done," the Beast told Lumiere.

Just then, Cogsworth rushed in. "Allow me to help. I know Belle will love these flowers."

The Beast nodded, and they began to work.

The Beast worked in the greenhouse for days. He slipped away with Lumiere and Cogsworth whenever he thought Belle wouldn't notice.

He dug in the dirt, trimmed the plants, and pulled out weeds. Soon, flowers were blooming like never before!

The Beast decided it was time to surprise Belle. He wanted her to have a day she would never forget.

One morning, Belle woke up and saw that Mrs. Potts the teapot, her teacup son Chip, and the Wardrobe had brought her some daffodils.

"But it's still snowing outside," she said, utterly bewildered. "Where did these come from?"

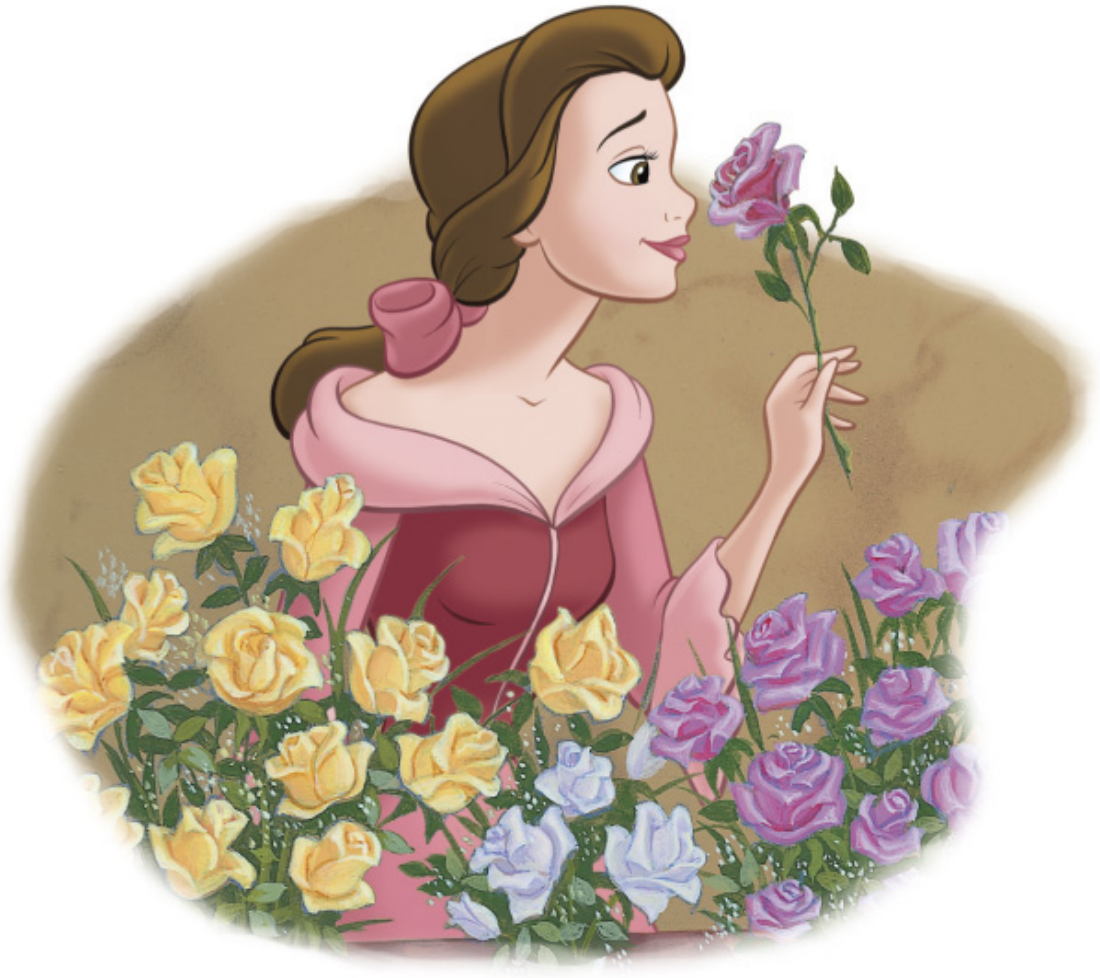
Mrs. Potts just smiled. "Have a cup of tea, then, love," she said.

Belle smiled back and leaned forward to smell the beautiful flowers. What a special treat! It's a wonderful way to start the morning, she thought to herself.

That day, Belle discovered flowers all over the castle. There were tulips in the dining room, lilies in the library, and six different colors of roses in the ballroom. Each bouquet was beautifully arranged.

“It’s all too mysterious and wonderful, isn’t it?” she said to Chip.

And yet, something was missing. Why wasn’t her friend the Beast here to enjoy these precious gifts with her?



Finally, just as the sun was setting, Belle heard a knock on her bedroom door.

It was the Beast.

"Where have you been?" Belle exclaimed. "I missed you."

"Really?" The Beast looked surprised.

"Really," Belle assured him. "I wanted to tell you about—"

Just then, Belle noticed leaves in the Beast's thick fur and on his cape.

"Why, the flowers are from *you*!" she exclaimed.

“Oh, um …” the Beast answered gruffly. Then he added, “There’s something I’d like to show you … that is, if you’re willing.”

“Of course,” Belle said with a smile.

The Beast led Belle to the greenhouse. The colorful blooms nearly took her breath away.

“I’d almost forgotten about this place,” the Beast confessed, “that is, until you reminded me. Then I realized there *was* a way to have flowers every day.”

“I don’t know how to thank you,” Belle said, still amazed.

“Just enjoy them,” the Beast told her. “I did this to make you happy.”

Belle smiled, glad to have the Beast as a friend.