The amber yellow sun facing petals stood tall, heads always facing the sun with unwavering devotion. His body was built to follow the impossible sun. After the storm ripped through the field, broken stems and torn leaves littered the soil. Yet, by morning, the petals lifted their golden head once more, he’s bent stalk straining upward, droplets still clinging to his bruised petals as though refusing to bow to the storm’s triumph. His sun Mount Everest, unscalable, unreachable and unlike any other scene, was his dream from the beginning. For years every climb, every second of his training, every heartbeat, led him on a path of his aspiration. Then two weeks before the climb, his body deceived him. A major tear in his left calf. He fell faster than an eagle onto the cold ground with pain and agony. The Once proud face no longer looked at the sun but at the soil. The place where he had once risen, stretching his face towards the light now lying on the floor helpless. Every time he looked at the sun, he reminded himself about the dream he might never accomplish. But every morning, he lifted his head again, tilting toward the sun even after the night’s harsh wind had left him bent and battered. In the heavy drop of his head, new seeds begin to ripe. The injury broke his light, but he did not give up and made another one. He was no longer in the competition, no medals but with crotches. Inside the new seeds he found a person never stronger, never more deterrent, within the seeds he also found hope. He no longer needed the competition, he found strength from nothing. His newfound petals faced the bright golden sun, the light, higher and increasingly determined. And when the storm finally passed, the sun chaser still stood scarred, but unbroken his face once again turned toward the sun.