**Directions: Read the following story and underlined the literary devices and name them as simile, metaphor, and personification.**

**The Friendly Sunflower**

In a sunny garden, there stood a tall sunflower named Sunny, basking in the sunlight like a cheerful friend. One cheerful day, Sunny looked up at the sky, its blue as clear as the ocean. Clouds floated by like fluffy cotton candy, and the wind whispered secrets to the flowers.

Sunny felt warm and happy, its petals stretching towards the sun like arms reaching out for a hug. The sun smiled back, painting the sky with colors as vibrant as a painting.

Nearby, a chatty robin perched on a branch, its song as sweet as a melody. "Sunny, you're the happiest flower in the garden," chirped the robin, a friendly personification of nature.

Feeling loved, Sunny swayed gently in the breeze, its heart dancing with joy. The garden, too, seemed to come alive, the flowers nodding in agreement like a group of friends in conversation.

And so, in the friendly garden, Sunny the sunflower stood tall, basking in the sunlight like a cheerful friend, its presence bringing happiness to all.

As the day unfolded, the garden transformed into a tapestry of colors and sounds, a living masterpiece where each flower was a stroke of brilliance on nature's canvas. Butterflies, like living confetti, fluttered around, adding to the lively atmosphere. The grass beneath Sunny's roots tickled in the wind, a playful gesture from the earth itself.

Sunny's golden face followed the sun's journey across the sky, a sunflower clock marking the passage of time. Each moment was a brushstroke in the canvas of the day, and Sunny, the living embodiment of joy, soaked it all in.

As the sun began its descent, casting long shadows across the garden, Sunny's petals folded gently, like a storyteller closing the pages of a beloved tale. The robin, too, bid its adieu, promising to return with the morning sun, a feathered promise left hanging in the air like the echo of a beautiful refrain.

Under the silver glow of the moon, the garden became a serene sanctuary, a dreamscape where the flowers slept beneath the celestial nightlight. Yet, even in the quiet of the night, Sunny's spirit lingered. Its dreams were woven with the whispers of the wind, the rustle of leaves, and the promise of a new day—a nocturnal metaphor for hope.

And so, in the embrace of the night, Sunny, the sunflower, awaited the first light of dawn, ready to once again share its cheerful presence with the world, a metaphorical beacon of optimism in the vast garden of life.