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A Garden of My Own

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A Garden of My Own

Author Bio

Alexi is a Theatre Arts and English with a Writing Concentration double major. She is involved in the theatre and music communities in Gettysburg. She is currently the president of Sigma Alpha Iota, Epsilon Beta chapter. She spends her free time working on writing an original musical.

A Garden of My Own

ALEXI J. RALSTON

Each day as I walked home from the bus stop in second grade, the old woman who lived next door was outside tending to her flowers, the blues and whites and melon-pinks bringing to life the monotonous stretch of clipped lawns down our quiet street.

She must have caught me staring, for one day, she offered to help me start a garden of my own. With my mother's approval, a blue perennial was purchased and we broke ground on the front lawn, peeling away the perfect sod to unearth

dark brown soil underneath, messier than I thought it would be. My nails filled with dirt as we packed the flower's delicate roots snugly into the ground, my elderly neighbor instructing me to be careful as we worked, but the work soon grew tiring.

I restlessly awaited the final step, filling the old yellow watering can in the kitchen sink and letting the water spill wildly from the spout, drenching my small blue flowers until the soil turned black. I did everything right, just as I had been told.

I prayed for my flowers to mark our boring green lawn with bright bursts of baby blue, proof that I had claim over this grass— I had planted roots on this house that only I could keep alive. But as the weeks went on,

I wondered why the old woman's plants grew happily while my small garden began to sag and shrink, blue petals with brown edges covering our lawn like old confetti while the party blazed brightly in the garden next door.