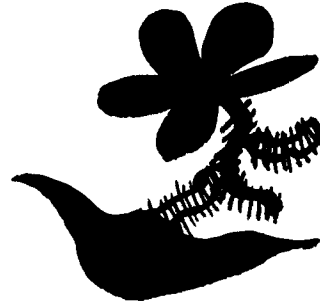


"The Weed That Wasn't"



...My new neighbor greeted me warmly. She admired my lovely new gardening hat and gloves, and then she glanced down at my cleared garden plot in utter shock - recalling, I now suppose, her former neighbor's garden as it looked each summer before we moved in. I think she missed those intimate talks about seeds and proper fertilizer, for she suddenly shouted out in an alarming way.

"Why, my dear, you've torn out all of Madeline's perennials!" Then her eyes riveted in disbelief at the depression I had just filled in after my battle with the big weed. "And her prize poppy...it's gone!"...

....I understood about the root system, and perennials; but they were all gone. It was too late.