

# What's Planted in My Dream I Fantastical Garden

By Arya Dhvani

Out of all my years of dream gardening, I had never encountered a lost cause. Not one. I spent years slowly clawing my way to the top of the rankings, only to have it all ruined the day I got assigned to Jiya West. Theoretically, she should've been an easy gig, her whole family full of dreamers. But, she's a realist. And if I can't get her garden to grow, she'll be a black spot on my record. Now, I've dealt with realists before. They usually only need a miracle or two to become dreamers. Jiya's different, she hasn't a creative seed in her soil. I tried to plant love, but that withered quickly. I tried to plant a career, but weeds sprouted. I tried to plant adventure, but pests ate that (I even went so far as to use inorganic pesticides, but that failed as well.) UGHH! It's like her brain is anti-garden. I finally decided to go to my friend Cecile for help, and she recommended a technique that had only been used in stories: I should go meet Jiya. At first, I laughed, After all, a farmer meeting their assignment?! What a thing to say. It wasn't even legal. But, exams were nearing, and I had to get a good grade on my pre-test. So, I snuck out at 4:00, when everyone was too busy watering their crops. Getting to the human world was easy enough. All I had to do was walk through the door that was marked Portal To The Human World. Finding Jiya was a whole different story. It took me twelve days and three-hundred cups of coffee, but I tracked her down. I was dressed in my dream farmer trainee uniform, so it wasn't the most normal getup, but Jiya seemed unfazed. In fact, she looked annoyed. "Why won't you plant anything for me?" she asked while glaring. "Huh?" I replied, confused. She sighed. "For my dream garden." Jiya said slowly. "I...I mean to say\_well...umm," I stuttered. "Of course," she sighed. "Just my luck that I got an incompetent farmer." "It's not my fault that nothing will grow in your dream garden. You're just indecisive. What do you want to do with your life? Tell me, and that's what grow." I defended myself. Jiya pondered for a bit, then whispered confidently, A few weeks later, I was looking at a long, thriving vine. "Hey, Arya," Cecile called. "What is that?" "Possibility," I replied, smiling. "I told you I wouldn't have any lost causes."