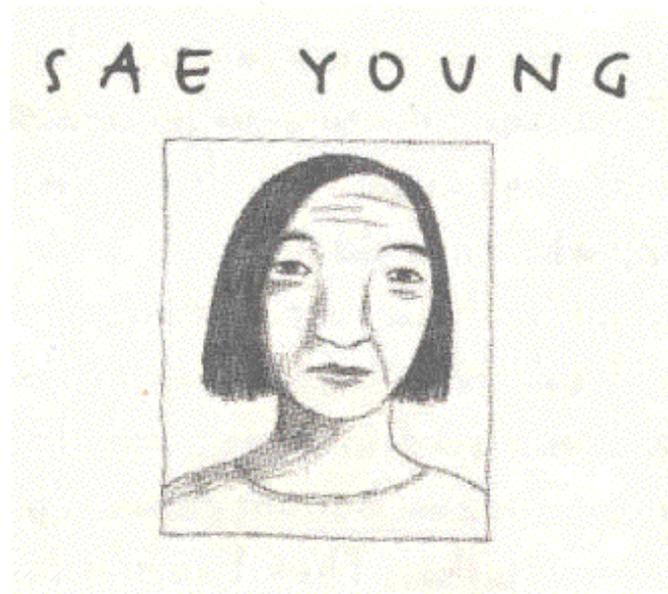


# SAE YOUNG: A SEQUEL



FIVE YEARS LATER



I stare outside my window. Under my gaze is the Gibb Street garden. Five years has past from my first meeting with the others. Kim, Sam, Curtis and many other who make one big family. Before I met them, my English was horrible, now I can speak almost fluently. All thanks to them. Everyday they taught me new words and introduced me to new people. I felt like part of a family for once.

I exit my apartment and wave to Kim who has grown over the years. We both head to the garden. The chilly autumn air nipped at our noses as we talked and talked about the garden and our plants. Even after all these years I still grow the same Korean peppers. As we enter the garden I take a good look at the scenery. Old, young, beefy, thin were helping each other prepare for the upcoming winter ahead of us. Summer is

the season for peppers, so in their place I planted dozens and dozens of flowers. Tulips, daisies, lila, camellia, and my personal favorite, hibiscus syriacus

I greet Nora and Mr Myles as I stroll through the garden. I remember how hard it was to talk to the other gardeners and how much I wanted to hide. Years ago, I would be appalled by the thought of socializing, but I didn't realize that there was nothing to be afraid of. I look around the garden and walk up to Sam, had really aged since five years ago. I wave to the Puerto Rican boy Sam hired ages ago to take care of his pumpkins. I turn back to Sam and we simply chat about how we were doing and how our plants were doing.

After a long day at the garden, I head back home. I trudged up to my apartment and slowly opened the door. Waiting there was my cat, Moon. She had been a street cat but something about her called me to take her home. Ever since then Moon has been nothing but good for my soul. I take a glance outside. Curtis is talking with Lateesha, his wife. I never thought that they would get married but nonetheless, I hope they have a happy marriage.

I look back at my past self and I wonder, 'What if I didn't meet the gardeners?' Well, I would probably still be a hermit. I have them to thank for giving me such hope and showing me so much hospitality. We're SeedFolks, and nothing can change that. Florence taught me that word when we first met. She passed away last year. The gardeners held her a small ceremony before attending the burial. I peek out my window and see

faces old and new helping each other. Suddenly, I realize that I shouldn't worry about the future. Whatever comes my way will have to also get through the gardeners. We are a family and nothing will change that. Not time, not age, not distance, nothing.