

It's like a jungle in my grandmother's house because she has so many plants.	14
Even though she has enough plants out in her front yard, she still insists on having more. There are rows of tulips near her house, big clumps of ferns, and hedges of roses in the back. There are also pots of houseplants inside.	30
She brings as many of her outdoor plants inside as she can for the winter.	46
"I don't want the poor dears to freeze," she tells me, as I stare in awe at her rooms filled with greenery. "Besides," she likes to say, "a house full of plants is much cozier than a house without. And mark my words, there's more magic in a house filled with plants."	57
"Okay, Grandma," I say because I don't want to argue with her.	72
One night I slept in a sleeping bag on the floor of my grandma's front parlor. The front parlor by far has the most plants in the house. My two older brothers call it the jungle room because we can no longer see the wallpaper. All we see when we walk in the door are leaves and colorful flowers. It actually smells quite nice.	90
I was secretly excited to be camping out there because it would almost be like sleeping in a real forest minus the hard ground. Grandma made a fire in the fireplace that night so I could roast marshmallows and read books. I read until around midnight. At about that time, the fire went out and my aching eyes dropped shut. I closed my book and laid my head on the pillow.	105
It was then that I heard the rustling and the whispers.	120
"Hey," a tiny voice called out in the darkness, "do you think they're all asleep yet?"	124
"Be quiet," another one hissed. "We've got one right in the room with us."	136
I heard more rustling of leaves and whispers, more hissing and scolding, and then I saw them. Gnomes, I guess, is what they're called. They were short and skinny with pointed ears and glowing green eyes.	153
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