



Last spring, something very exciting happened at the gardens. A local potato chip company decided to have a potato-growing competition.

We all wanted to win. Gran said that plants love music. She played the violin to her potatoes every day. Len said vegetables love seaweed. He piled lots and lots of seaweed onto his garden. Helen and Marty said that plants like company. They set up deckchairs beside their garden and chatted away to their potatoes. I just weeded around *my* potatoes. I figured they'd know how to grow without too much help from me.



