

### Elephant In The Room:

There isn't much green in the city. On the seventh floor of an old brick building, not a window box in sight, there is no green at all. But somehow, there is a tree in the middle of my living room.

I've always wanted a garden. But this is not a garden. This tree is an anomaly in the middle of a concrete jungle.

"If we-" my father started. We sat on the couch after having to inch through the doorway when we came home to discover it wouldn't fully open. "If we went downstairs, do the roots go through the floor?"

It was a good question but the better question was where it came from in the first place.

"It's blocking the path to my bedroom," I said.

"I don't want to pay for a new carpet," my father said.

I hadn't considered the carpet. Or the tile of the kitchen that cracked under the roots that had stretched themselves out as far as they could go. But we didn't get rid of the tree. We just sat, watching, waiting, to see if it would disappear as mysteriously as it grew.