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I’ve been growing a plant lately. A money plant. If you ask me why, well, it’s because it grows green leaves. And then if you ask me what is so dear about the leaves being green, I’d quote to you from some scientific research that green is the most perceptible color to human eyes, stimulating the rods and cones alike.

Green leaves give pleasure to eyes, have such a fine granular surface and are at their best when fresh and crisp. And happy eyes mean a happy me, right? So, I’ve been growing a money plant lately. A money plant with green leaves. The best part is that it doesn’t merely grow, it climbs. I am so tempted to stand as its support, secretly wishing that it would climb on to me and reach my head, but then I feel, it’s already inside my head.

Trying to be a nice gardener, I graft it a little so that it can grow  more rapidly. And behold! it spurts even more. Who said happiness grows when shared. It's these green leaves when spent.

It is sun shy, does not need to see much sun, or else it just withers away. Putting it out in the sun, where every one can see it is the rarest of all events. It suffices and thrives in closed rooms, small rooms.

People come and go, and everyone has something to show. We all love preaching. The other day someone told me about fertilizers. He said it works faster than any grafting technique. He almost had me there, I was tempted as hell. But when I added a pinch of it, I saw my plant's root cringe and shrink. He said it was okay, I tried to believe him too, but the fading color of my plant only heightened my apprehensions.

I never saw that man again. I will never use those fertilizers either. I'll grow a money plant!