“Hey buddy”, Gina whirled around, looking for the source of the noise, trying to work out who was speaking. “Hey, down here!” she looked down, but there was nothing there except the patch of dying grass that she was standing on. “Hello?” she called out hesitantly, feeling slightly foolish, apparently speaking to the air. “Look, I don’t mean to be rude, but if you could stop stepping on me, that would be great,” the voice replied. “It’s already difficult enough being a piece of grass in California, what with the climate and all that, so being stepped on really doesn’t help things.” Gina kept silent for a moment, trying to process exactly what she had heard. “I’m sorry, grass?” she asked. “I mean I actually have a name, its John, grass is a very general term.” “It’s actually quite rude” another voice added. “Each blade of grass is its own blade of grass you know?” Gina opened her mouth, closed it, and then opened it again. “I’m sorry, are you telling me that I’m having a conversation with two blades of grass right now?” There was a brief pause, and then both voices said “Yup!” in unison. “I’m going insane, there’s no other explanation for this!” Gina cried out. The stress of finals and school had finally gotten to her, and she was cracking under the pressure, that was the only explanation. “Nah, don’t worry about it,” John, the blade of grass, said. “We grass folk are pretty chill once you get to know us, admittedly we don’t do much, but hey, always nice to have a friend!” Gina pondered this for a moment. “I guess,” she said doubtfully, trying to convince herself that this was actually happening. “Wait, if I can talk to grass, can I also talk to trees? Or other plant life?” “No, don’t be ridiculous, trees don’t talk,” if grass could have facial expressions, Gina imagined that at this moment John’s would have been a mix of amusement and surprise at her apparent stupidity. Talking to grass was one thing, but a tree or anything else was apparently out of the question. “Hey, I told you my name, it’s only fair that you introduce yourself” John broke the silence. “Oh, it’s Gina. My name’s Gina.” From the grass patch in front of her Gina heard a chorus of other voice call out various greetings. “Oh, just wait until you meet the grass outside of your window,” John said enthusiastically, “Real talkative bunch, lovely grass, they’ll be so excited to have someone new to talk to, and they might not ever be quite again!” Gina sighed, apparently the sound of talking grass was something she would have to get used to.