



HORT 101:

Dead Plant Essay

By Brooke Feder

We are gathered here today to celebrate the lives of my two best friends, Cilantro and Spider. My name is Swedish Ivy and I had the pleasure of knowing both of these wonderful plants, who I know will also be dearly missed by their survived brothers and sisters of Dr. Vincent's Horticulture 101 class. Although I only knew them a few mere months, we became very close living in the darkness of 9C7. Allow me to explain, our owner thought it would be a good idea to raise plants in her interior dorm. Yep, that's right no window. No window, no sunlight, no photosynthesis- we tried to make it work, but obviously Charles Darwin was right- only survival of the fittest, excuse me while I give myself, Swedish Ivy, a personal round of applause. I like to think of myself as USC's quar-

terback, I'm the third and final chance at survival, but I may go rotten in a few weeks time. Then again, I also feel like I'm in the musical Les Miserables because "all of my friends are dead", or maybe it's more like an episode of Game of Thrones, because everyone's favorites died and I am the one guy that knows why. Anyways, enough about me, we are here after all to talk about Cilantro and Spider. As they were both very sick for many weeks- they had time to record their thoughts and transcribe their final wishes. Here, is the final Will and Testament of Cilantro and Spider.

First off, we would like to thank our owner for having a ridiculous amount of optimism and positivity that foolishly led her to believe that growing plants in a windowless dorm would be successful. That is pretty much the only nice thing we have to say to our owner. Obviously we were going to die seeing as you let us rely on a hipster lamp from Target with a conventional incandescent light bulb as our source of light and life. Secondly, you were out of town

very often and left us under the not-so watchful eye of a Health Science major. She cares about the health of people, not plants. She has now received a terrible review on Care.com. As much as you played upbeat music for us, said encouraging words about growth and life, and had your FCA small group pray over us, we're sorry we could not thrive. At the end of the day, we have come to peace with our situation and just hope that no plants ever again have to endure the turmoil that we did. It is our final wish that our bodies be left to Mrs. Dixie Z Damrel of the Clemson University Herbarium so that they may be used for purposeful research here on Earth even when we have passed on.

So there you have it ladies and gentleman, the final wishes of my two dearest friends. You will be paying the greatest respects to them and carrying on their legacies by offering your plants or any future plants that you may have ample amounts of sunlight, water and love. It is pretty simple honestly.

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