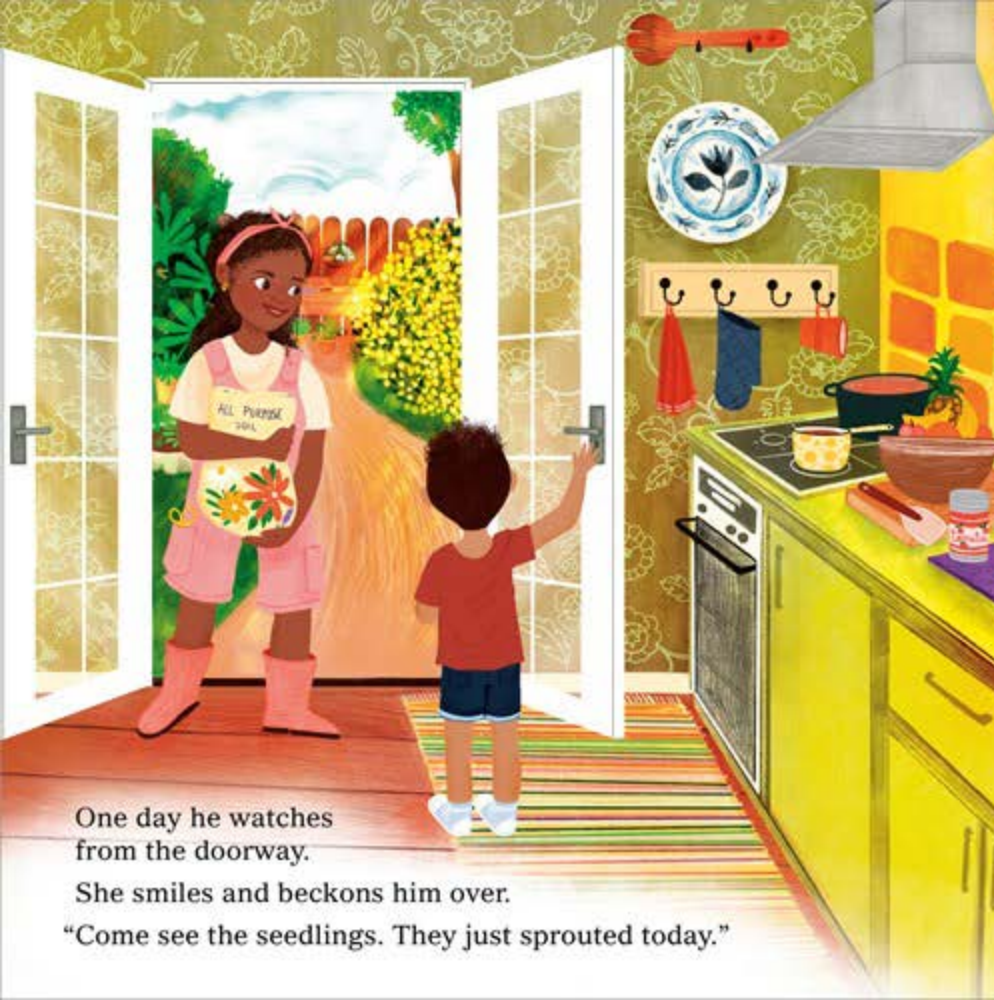


Lamar steps out of the car and looks at all the plants.  
"What a mess," he mumbles.



In his new room, Lamar unpacks his bag

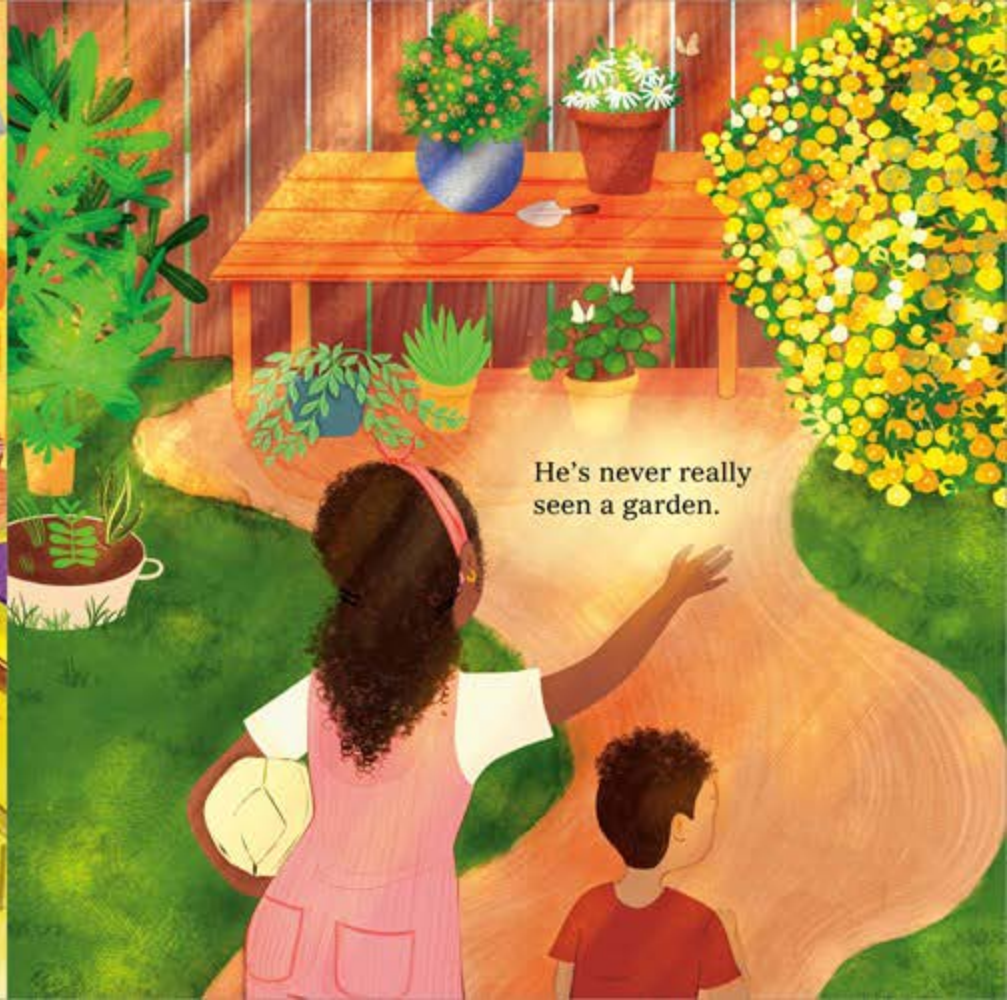
"Do you want to see the garden?" his new foster mother asks. Lamar shakes his head.



One day he watches  
from the doorway.

She smiles and beckons him over.

“Come see the seedlings. They just sprouted today.”



He's never really  
seen a garden.



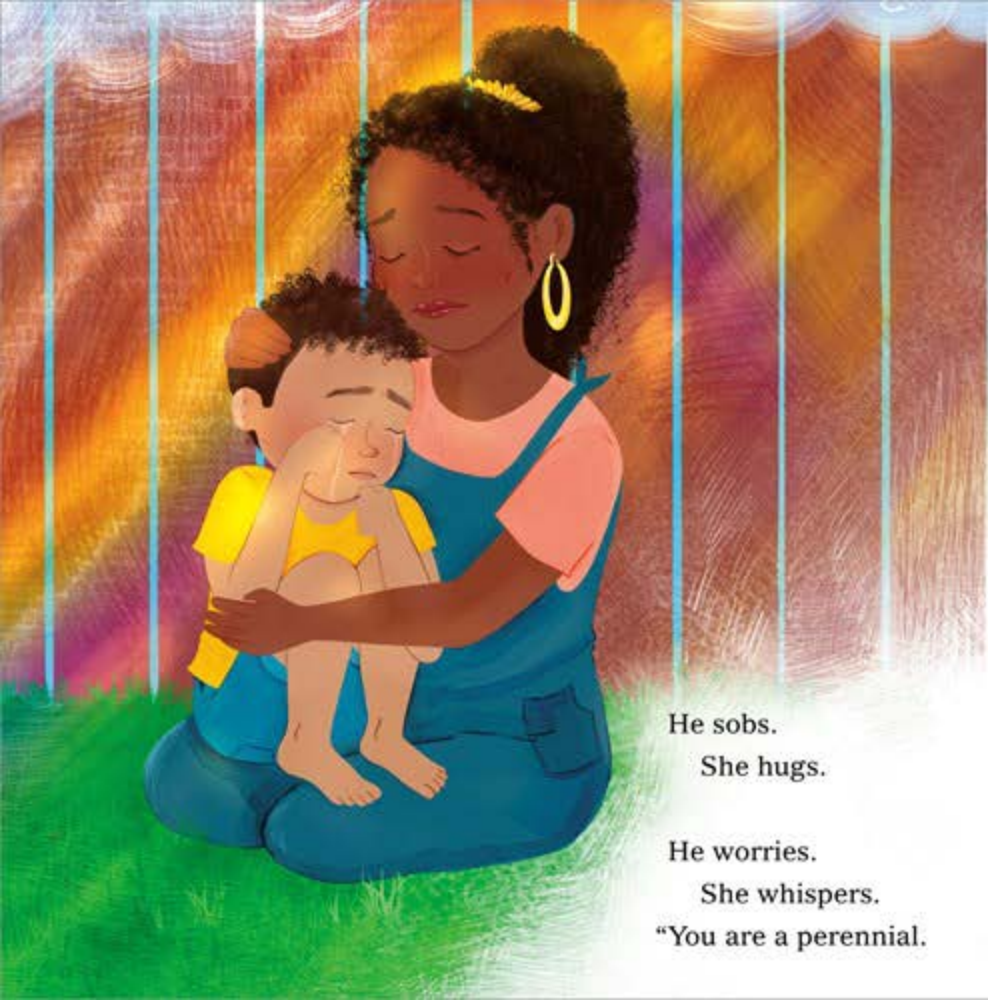
Together, they weed.  
Together, they water.  
Together, they wait.



"Daisies are perennials. They flower year after year," she says.  
"Petunias are annuals. They need to be replanted every year."

Lamar thinks about all the  
times he's had to start over.  
Weighed down by memories,  
he asks, "Am I an annual?"





He sobs.  
She hugs.

He worries.  
She whispers.  
"You are a perennial.



You are wanted.  
You are planted.  
You are loved."