WATCH OUT! WE ARE GUERRILLAS – AND WE'RE ARMED!

...with lots of compost, a dibber and some very nice red flowers

By Tony Saint

A now quiet patch of land in the city as I walked at the agreed rendezvous and turned off the car's engine. I picked up the purchase inspector's manual and set it aside. I made sure I was in the right place. Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a man in a t-shirt with a loud white logo on it entered the scene. He approached the assembled group and shouted, "You the guy from the paper?" I asked, "What's going on?"

"I got notarized and saw you move in. They said I'd be a nuisance. This is a public park, but it looks like you're doing something illegal."

I noticed a few people looking at me suspiciously. One of them had a camera, and I realized I was being recorded. I said, "I'm just here to do some gardening."

The man in the t-shirt replied, "Gardening? In this weather?"

I explained that I was simply transplanting some flowers from one part of the garden to another, and that the weather was not an issue. "I've been here for months, and it's been great."

"Well, you better move before the cops show up. They hate people who do stuff like this."

I nodded, "I understand. I'll be moving your flowers as well."

I noticed a group of people moving nearby, and I realized that they were the "guerrillas" the man had mentioned. They were carrying shovels and rakes, and they were wearing safety vests with the word "guerrilla" on them. I asked, "What are you guys doing?"

"We're just trying to beautify the city," one of them said. "We've been doing this for months, and it's been a lot of fun."

I smiled, "That sounds great. I'm glad you're doing something positive."

We continued our way through the garden, transplanting flowers and chatting with each other. It was a beautiful day, and the flowers were blooming everywhere. I knew I would be back, and I was excited to see what we could do next. It was a great day, and I was proud to be part of this movement.