Weed

It was definitely a weed. Sally frowned. She didn't recognize what kind, though. It didn't resemble nightshade, goosegrass, or ragwort. Best to call in reinforcements, she fished her phone out of her apron pocket. Snapped a photo and sent it to the family chat. One of them was bound to identify the plant. It didn't take long for the messages to roll in.

*Grandma, why are you growing weed?*

*Yes, but what kind?*

*WEED!*

They really were most unhelpful, and she didn't have time to sit around and play this silly game. There were raspberries, corn, and beans in the garden to pick and process. Sally shook her head and gave the poor thing a bit more water. No point killing it. Maybe once it grows a bit more, she'd be able to identify it. And who knows, if it was a native plant, she might even get something edible.

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Word: garden

Action: someone plants something they aren't supposed to