

The Beautiful Plant

It was raining outside, like it ~~did~~ always. No matter how you tried, you could not escape it. I lifted a book off the shelf and opened it.

My pink wall paper resembled no colour in the darkness of the grey overcast sky outside. I chose not to put the lights on, they just changed the way I felt about things. Music was my life, I could not live without it, we could not be separated, which is why I took this particular book off the shelf. It was a book I had found downstairs when I had ventured into the cellar for the first time. No one ever went into that cellar, I wasn't allowed to either, but that didn't stop me going, it looked like a giant library. This book was special though, it was bound by old hinges, it looked old, the pages were brown, and some were dotted with holes.

I decided to lie on my bed and I put the duvet over myself. With rain, there was coldness, it made me miserable and when I was miserable, music was the answer. It always cheered me up.

I opened the book to its first page and looked at it. All it said was "For Isabelle". Isabelle was my name as well, but obviously there were other people with the same name, it was just coincidence. I turned to the next page. It was titled "Decorus Sero" which I knew meant beautiful plant in Latin, which sped off even more mysteries. These were the only bits of information in the book; the rest of it was music, written in two piano staves.

So I read it and hummed the tune aloud, it was beautiful, I loved it. The music sounded like a chant, but it whispered through different melodic harmonies, like a snake, and then it went on, building into a crescendo. And it stopped, with gentle chords I was unable to hum, and then swirled through a short cascading area, as if into darkness, and it built rhythms and multiple melodies, flying like birds, intertwining each other, and then a pause, ~~and then it changed key, and went multiple octaves above.~~ and then it changed key, and went multiple octaves above.

Then there was no more writing, it wasn't finished, but there was however, a date at the bottom of the 82nd page, where the writing stopped. The date was the 18th of November 1743.

How odd?

But I was elsewhere, lost in thoughts of my own, it had grown pitch black outside, but the rain still hammered outside my window, I had fallen asleep. In my world, lushes green grasses swayed in planes where bison and horses roamed, trees swayed in the wind, nearby was a lake, birds skimmed off the waters, making small waves as the fish swam below them. In the sky small clouds fluted by, the sun shone making the scene even more surreal.

However in the real world, at the back of the book, a single leaf spouted, and then ~~and~~ another, and then another. And then a flower opened up and sprouted, it was pink, and red, lush in colour, and the night drifted on, slowly, I was dreaming.

I woke in the morning, horrified at what I saw; I stared at the... thing in front of me. Rising from the middle of the book was a plant, with flowers and leaves, it looked like a poppy, with red petals, but also pink shade to it. I picked up the book, and dangling from the bottom were roots, this was starting to bewilder me. The weather had also changed; it was now completely sunny, not a single cloud in the sky. But then, I looked at the book, the plant started to shrink, the roots, unwinding back into the book, the flower and petals closing up, closing back inside. Was I going out of my mind?

Then I had decided in my mind that I would go down to the cellar, to try to understand the magical mystery that was in front of me, but by now the flower had completely gone without trace, back into the book itself.

I stepped outside into the warm sun, it was never this warm. I went around the house and to the cellar door; the key was in the lock so I opened it and went inside, locking the door after me again. I had brought candles and lit them. Around me in the almost dark room, were bookshelves, piled with books against every wall. Cobwebs hung from every corner of the room, there was a gas lamp in the middle hanging from the ceiling. I moved it slightly, noticing the liquid splashing inside. I lit it and the room lit up, and I could see even more clearly, now, where to start I thought to myself, looking down at my dress to see a spider crawling up my skirt, which I flicked out of the way.