

My Fantastical Garden

By Lucas Jeon

He unlocked the door, not knowing what was inside. After years of walking past the moss infested door, the boy had never paused to think of what was on the other side. His uncle had always claimed that he had lost the key to the garden, so the boy made it his mission to find a way to open it. Now, he was 12 years old, and had finally inherited a rusty old key from his uncle. The key fit in place with a chink, and he stepped inside to reveal an amazing garden.

The place was lit with a pale but calming green light, with large leaves and flowers littering the entrance. The boy stood, transfixed, on the magnificent sight that stood before him. Snapping out of his gaze, he shook his head and walked forward on the dim stones that led to the center of the room. On the sides of the stones, large pots were placed which were inhabited by many plants that had sharp fangs and pretty leaves. One experimentally snapped at the boy, and he jumped aside. The grassy floor was littered with watering wells, and the water seemed to glow as he walked over. He smiled, and the boy could hear a peaceful buzzing noise coming from the mossy earth.

He turned and saw small balls of light floating upward from the plants, and all his troubles seemed to melt inside of his stomach. In the middle of the room, a statue of a man with a pot stood. Neatly balanced on top of its pedestal. There, he could see his uncle's name engraved upon it, worn down but peaceful. The boy was about to rush home and tell his friends about this amazing discovery when he turned to see a cascade of faces staring down at him. He jumped back and said, "Who are you?" the faces replied, "We guard the endangered plants that are in our protection." The boy simply stared at the faces and turned his attention to a yellow star shaped plant, swaying in sync with the soft breeze.

The boy looked at all of these plants, that he had never even heard of before, and thought of how future generations might not be able to see them. "Your uncle gathered these exotic plants." the faces told him. "He preserved them." The boy had always liked plants more than anything else, and now that he saw this wonderful sight of flowers and plants and much more, he knew what to do. He looked at the faces one last time and smiled, then turned around and left the room, walking towards the smells of dinner.

Afterwards, the boy dedicated his life to saving and preserving plants in that very room, and he traveled all around the world. He was recognized as a symbol of perseverance and life, and would soon share the wonderful room he had carefully preserved to the public, once he was done, anyways.