

Walk In Plants©

By

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March 15.

Ah spring is here at last. Can't wait to redo my beautiful garden and plant new roses in time for the Roses show. I only placed third last year, so I am determined to do better. I'm glad I subscribe to that International Gardener's magazine. They had some good suggestions about roses that might get me first place this year.

March 16.

Mrs. O'Leary stopped by again. She's that real estate lady that wants me to sell my house. She explained how people from Philadelphia want to live here in Germantown, because it is a suburb, yet it is close to Philadelphia and the parks. Then she raved how desirable my house is; "When I tell customers I have a house for them that is just two blocks from the Margie Spaulding Rose Garden house, right away they know exactly where I mean. See, Mrs. Spaulding, you and your house are famous, even in Philadelphia."

When I still said I'm not interested, she added, "I can get you more for your house today because with Obama care, people have more money left over for buying a nice house like yours." I finally got her out by assuring her we are friends and she can call me Margie anytime.

March 30

Sorry to skip so many days! But I have been BUSY! Planting and weeding and all. With early spring, my roses are starting to bud. Look how many colors! Red, pink, white, and others too! I will certainly be in line for the prize at the Roses show, or die trying! Yes, I get tired, but it's worth it if I win this year.

April 5.

Strangest thing. This plant came from nowhere – from the sky? It planted itself and kind of grew fast. Is it a weed? I am annoyed that it crowded out one of my pink roses. I am almost tempted to pull the thing, but that wouldn't be friendly would it. The plant is really odd, unlike anything I have ever seen. Wide leaves with black stripes, not even green! And very thin stalks. The roots are so thin! Like they were meant for easy moving! What is the name of that bird with very thin legs?

April 8

Strange, how some more of those walk-in plants have appeared in my garden. Where on earth do they come from? One or two is okay, but now there are a half dozen. I will be out of town this weekend, so I asked Mr. Rodriguez to pull them and he promised he would. He is such a nice man, with a lovely family. He showed me a picture of his new son – he is adorable. I will make sure to give him an extra five for a gift for his son when he finishes.

April 11

Gosh, who can you trust these days? Mr. Rodriguez promised he would take care of the walk-in plants and didn't. I am so disappointed in him; he has always been on time and helpful. I called his house to see if he will come this week, but his wife was quite rude! She asked me if I knew where he was! He left home to work at my house, she said, and never returned!

My word! The nerve of some people! As though I had run off with the man!

April 14.

What is this world coming to? I asked Mrs. Bernard's gardener from down the street, his name is Phillipe or something like that, to give me a price for getting rid of those strange plants. If I don't get them out, they will ruin my roses! They have already done damage. Gosh they are worse than weeds! Anyway, I asked Phillipe to check and give me a price. Can you imagine! He disappeared, I couldn't

find him! He just left without a how dee do. Such manners, or I should say lack of manners.

April 19.

A Mr. Southern came to ask me to sign a petition for better police patrol. Seems that there are thieves in the neighborhood who are kidnapping the dogs. Poor man, he was almost in tears about his dog! He has been putting up posters and is ready to pay whatever the kidnappers want. I wonder why the dog thieves are picking on this area? No millionaires live here.

April 21.

Mrs. O’Leary visited me. She complained that the weeds in my garden are defacing the neighborhood. She lost a sale because when they saw my yard, the buyers cancelled the sale; they don’t want to live where people have gardens full of weeds. Mrs. O’Leary asked, “Margie, what happened to those beautiful roses?”

That’s when I realized how those plants have simply overgrown my garden. She is absolutely right. They must go. She asked me in a nice way, but made it clear that if I didn’t restore my garden she would get a petition for me to do so.

Part Two

April 23

Oh my back! I didn’t know which kind of plant/weed killer to buy, so I bought three of them, all heavy. I got gloves, a sprayer, a mixer and mask and goggles. Tomorrow those plants die!

April 24

I didn’t realize before what a nice pleasant smell my pretty plants have. It’s not jasmine, but almost like that. I didn’t spray because the smell is so nice.

April 26

Yes my walk in plants are blooming and flourishing. They really like my rose plant food, and since the roses are gone anyway they can have that. See how tall they are; the aroma they give off is heavenly

April 28

The nerve of Mrs. O'Leary threatening me! I tried to show her how lovely my walk-in plants are but she kept screaming about losing her sale! I told her to just take a walk in my beautiful garden for a minute, smell the heavenly aroma. You know what she yelled? She screamed, "They are ugly and they stink!" Can you imagine! I said, just take a walk in my garden and you will see what I mean. If you still want them out, I swear I will get rid of them tomorrow." She agreed and did take a stroll, though reluctantly. I waited for her in the house. She never did come to say goodbye.

Last night her son asked me if I knew where his mom was. How should I know? I told him she had left about 4:30, but didn't say where she was going.

April 30

My beautiful plants! They are so tall and lovely! I talk to them now, like I used to to my roses. You know I really think they listen to me. Want to hear something weird? I told them I had to leave to go shopping cause I didn't have any food in the house. Can you believe this? This morning there was fruit on my beautiful plants! Sort of like a grapefruit, but better. And delicious! Now I don't need to go out for food at the market.

May 2

Julia called me to ask me to go shopping with her. Told her I was just too busy. Asked about the rose show; she didn't believe that I no longer was interested in any rose show. She promised to drop by and visit.

May 4

A detective visited; seems like no one has seen Mrs. O'Leary. Asked me so many questions! Did he think I did her in? He said that they knew she was upset about my terrible garden and ...I stopped him there. You mean my beautiful garden, don't you? He sort of smiled, but didn't say much. I insisted that he come into my garden. Although he is a huge man, still I led him by the hand. As we approached he admitted that there was a nice odor to the plants. I saw a strange look come over him; his whole hostile manner changed. He seemed happy! As we strolled the path he admired how lovely the plants were. Then he begged me for some cuttings so he could plant them in his garden. He was so happy when he left!

I must find a way to get these plants to others so they can enjoy them and be happy too. No, I won't even ask for money for the seeds; I want others to enjoy my plants too.

May 5

Julia visited, but didn't stay. What is wrong with her? She seemed so astonished to see me; my goodness we have been friends for 20 years and she last saw me back in early March. She kept asking me what is wrong with me! I couldn't understand why she was so worried about my health? She asked if I were sleeping. I was honest and said I didn't have time because I needed to take care of my beautiful plants. I feel kind of hurt. When I offered her some of the fruit from my walk-in plants, she wouldn't even taste it!

When I took her hand, gently I am sure, to take her to the garden, she said I was hurting her, broke loose and fled from my house. Some of Julia's blood was on my hands when I tended my plants, and they kind of licked it, really liked the taste. Maybe Julia will come again?

May 10

The internet is so great! I have written to the International gardening club and we exchange ideas. I offered to send my walk-in plant seeds to them so they can enjoy them too. You are not supposed to send living seeds, but they told me how to disguise them as books, just get some used books and take out the center and put

them inside. As long as they are books, those agriculture inspectors never check. Now I have friends in Argentina, South Africa, France and all over and soon they will have the same beautiful plants I enjoy every day. And everyone will be happy too!

Part 3

May 16

What happened to Julia! She came with a man from the FBI, Mr. Jensen. He was nice looking. He asked me to step out of my house, into his van. When I got inside, he closed the door and turned on the air conditioning. He was taking a video of me, but something strange in that van – I fell asleep instantly! I hadn't realized that I hadn't had sleep for days! I could hear Julia saying:

Julia: "I know it sounds crazy, but this skeleton of a woman that looks like 80 was a bouncy normal woman of 40 who weighed 160 pounds before March this year. She had one passion, and that was her rose garden, that is all she talked about.

Fact: She no longer has a rose garden. This is after 20 years of tending roses, entering contests, living for her garden.

Fact: People have disappeared. The two gardeners, Mrs. O'Leary, that I know of. The entire neighborhood no longer has any dogs or cats, or even mice!

Fact: "She hasn't visited or been seen in any grocery store in months. Margie and I have never gone two months without shopping together! Now look at her!" She began to cry.

FBI: I know. We checked and she hasn't charged a single thing on her credit card.

Julia: She hasn't called any of her friends either.

FBI Mr. Jensen: Yes, we checked: No phone calls since March.

Julia: She used to call every single member of the Rose Club and discuss roses, contests, seeds, etc. I tell you, something changed this women from a 40 year old to an 80 year old over the past few months. I know it is crazy, but I know it is those plants. She pushed me towards those plants. I started to believe that the plants were beautiful, that I was feeling so good being there; I automatically took out my cell phone to take a picture of this beauty when my phone rang! It was an important call from my boss, thank God! I automatically ran to the curb to speak to him. You should have seen how she tried to drag me into those plants; I honestly had to fight my way free – look at my scratch marks! Officer, believe me, this is not some sort of psychological breakdown. Please, all I ask is that you hospitalize her, analyze her and for God’s sake, find out what the hell those weeds are. “

May 21.

I feel awful. That busy body Julia! Somehow, she had me forced from my home and hospitalized. Oh God! I looked in the mirror and I look horrible! What kind of illness do I have? That Mr. Erskine keeps asking me who has seeds from my plants, who has cuttings, as though I did something terrible by sending a couple of seeds! I confess my crime! I sent a couple of seeds to friends. No, I don’t have names; the name of the group? I told you – The International Gardeners Association. Yes, they are listed on the internet. No, I don’t have records of the persons, just members of the group. Gosh, I don’t know how many. Yes, they were in a book. No! I don’t remember the names of the books.

Gee, when I told Mr. Erskine the name of the used book store where I got the books He jumped up and ran out of the room! I wonder why?

All day they give me that intravenous stuff. I tried regular food, but they must be giving me spoiled foods because everything they give me I throw up. I explained that the foods I got from my plants were just fine. They were fresh and delicious and nourishing. But those bad people won’t have the courtesy to get me the foods that are good for me.

I asked Freddy, the guy that empties the waste baskets to sneak to my house and get me my food. He claims I am in a lock down jail facility; my house is under

quarantine. He says he passed by my house the other day and for a ten-block area, there are armed guards with machine guns patrolling the area!

My goodness, I am in jail for sending a few seeds illegally! Don't the FBI have anything better to do than to go after a rose gardener?

What happened to my rose garden? I remember I was getting ready for the show. Then those plants came in and I fed them instead of my roses. How could that have happened? Gee, all I do now is sleep and answer questions.

May 22

Today, while Mr. Jensen was repeatedly asking me for names – that sounds like the Gestapo – I accidentally remembered that nice detective that took home some seeds from my walk in plants. Gosh, he ran out so fast, like he was on fire! I hope his isn't going to arrest that detective like he did me!

This Doctor Brown has been seeing me every day. Today he asked me the name of the governor, the president, and he was so very happy that I knew the answers! We had a nice talk. He told me he was having problems with his yellow rose bush and I explained what kind of mulch to use and how often to water. You would think I told him the winning ticket to the lottery! Hey, a bit of the Ensure stayed down! I asked for a Coca Cola and they rushed to get it for me! You should see the happiness on the nurses and Doctor Brown! My drinking a Coca Cola made everyone happy! Nothing is making sense here. However, I do seem to look better today.

May 25

No wonder! Today Mr. Jensen explained what happened to me. Yes, I am responsible for tending to plants that may have come from another world. Yes, I caused the deaths of Mr. Rodriguez, and the other gardener, Mrs. O'Leary and almost killed Julia, my best friend! If she hadn't freed herself from my grasp, she would be dead too. Maybe God intervened; she was shocked out of her "hypnotic" state by that phone call that came just as she was becoming controlled by the plants!

But Mr. Jensen assured me that I wasn't to blame. Somehow these weeds or whatever they are – they haven't decided what they are yet, somehow, they took hold of my brain, my will power, and got me to do their bidding – including sending seeds to others.

This had resulted in a world crisis. Teams of experts have sought those seeds. Where they landed, people were controlled just as I was. Yes, there have been deaths too.

No, my house is gone. Every stick and piece of paper has been superheated and destroyed. No, nothing could possibly grow within a mile of that spot.

Now that I can eat food again, I can see my skin start to fill out. That nice Freddy, who tidy's the rooms, asked me to go with him to see a movie that they are showing in the hospital auditorium. It seems that I am quite a celebrity now, though not in a nice way. I have gotten calls from book agents and TV appearances, but Jensen said no to that. He explained; "Until we are absolutely sure that these invaders are eradicated, we can't publicize what has happened. We don't know what their ability is to tap into our communications. We know that they understood who was a threat and who was a benefactor to them. Until then, no interviews. We are moving you to a nicer place, a nice home where you will be able to plant a rose garden."

I started to thank Mr. Jensen but he held up his hand, "No, frankly this is so you can help us. We just don't know what they are capable of. This is why you were X Rayed from head to toe. We will be monitoring you 24/7 to see if they show up again. Still, you are free to grow your roses as you did before. Yes, sure, you can enter them in the contests. As a matter of fact, I hope you will give me some to take to my wife; Julia tells me you grow beautiful roses."

Gosh, in one of the Smithsonian magazines they have here, there was an article about plants that respond to human feelings. I felt a cold sweat – did those walk-in plants change somehow? No, actually my roses have always done better because they know how much I care for them!