

Long Live The Rose

Amy Montella is in love with her rose. Just thought it would make sense to clarify right off the bat. She takes it everywhere she goes. She got it about 8 years back, from her grandmother. The rose represents love no matter what number of chances a person is on. In other words, it's a day to day reminder of how amazing you can possibly be to anyone, no matter what the circumstances are. It may sound like the weirdest thing you've literally ever heard, but believe me, it's a story worth telling.

It all started in the year of 2770. The year of misfortune, misery, and hostility. This raged out, all because of Rhode Tallsman. Rhode is a big dictator that is promoting animal slaughter, and if the people don't agree, long story short - off with their head. Amy and her sister, Laura, both have a *thing* with flowers. Except for Laura, lilacs are her favorite.

On February 21st, Amy was just looking out of the window at the dinner table, with her mind anywhere but the horrid Earth she lives on.

"Amy! Amy! Aunt Larissa said that if we are ready by 8 o'clock, we can go to her penthouse, and meet our newborn, baby cousin!", Laura ran out of her bedroom screaming. Amy didn't hear a word she was saying because she was in her own world. A better one. One where all dreams come true, and peace is in the atmosphere. Just about as unrealistic as it sounds, it seems as if she was already there, based on how she was staring outside.

"Hello?", she asked, like I was some ignorant turtle. "AMY!", Laura finished. She shook and practically jumped outside of her skin.

"O-Oh! W-w-what?", Amy said absolutely shocked.

She must've heard enough, because she quickly ran to get her coat on, and grabbed her rose. Except, it wasn't in the same spot as usual. It's always in the exact same spot on the ledge by the stairs. Now that she searched, it's not even there. Laura was starting to get annoyed with Amy, because she yelled "Meet you in the car!", and slammed the door. Now, it took no detective to have found the thorns of roses leading up the stairs. Filled with fright, Amy bent down to pick one up. Low and behold, right next to each thorne, lay a pedal.

Amy ran up the stairs, as quickly and quietly as she could. She was breathing heavily, and closed her eyes. She quickly thought to herself, “If you don’t like the place you’re in, imagine the place you *want* to be”. Even though she had probably heard that in a movie a trillion times, she still thought back to her mystical and magical place. As she slowly returned back to her situation, she spat up the courage to creak open the door to unleash whatever was the cause of this mishap. She turned the knob, with her heart beating 6374 times a second. Just as she caught one simple glimpse of her mother that supposedly died 6 years ago, she woke up with sweat dripping down her forehead.

The rose was tucked underneath her papers of homework for 7th grade. With each petal perfectly put, and each thorne delicately placed. With the dreams of Amy Montella unravelled - at last. So finally, the land has been redeemed, with the World, that Amy has been praying for in all glory. Long live the rose. As well as the people around it. With happiness, and joy smothered into the cusps. ***Long Live The Rose.***

Long Live The Rose.

Oh, just let it live.