

## Garden Guardian

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I enjoy the beautiful sunshine on my lustiest, vivid green lawn. The roses gently swaying as the breeze pushes softly against the petals. I work hard protecting and growing this beautiful garden.

This is my lawn! I will defend it against anything that steps foot on this tall green grass. I will put myself in harm's way to chase those dark, giant dogs away from my lawn. I hate kids. They all deserve a foul punishment for playing on my lawn and damaging the radiant, precious rose petals.

I yell at the kids walking across my territory, those giant humans, but they never hear me. I hate them; I hate them all -- all but the one that take's care of my turf. I would tackle any one of those bullies that bullies on my home; they can take it somewhere else!

You see, I'm very kind and forgiving -- you could even say I am like Jesus protecting those who defile his holy temple. But yet I am cursed with things that I cannot undo; I cannot move unlike those tormentors. I sit here watching them destroy my sacred ground.

Fools: all of them. If I could, I would destroy them all; those beasts of the air that eat the seed of my life. They eat my friends; the worms that bring air into the ground and provide a healthier lawn. Praise the ladybug for eating all the aphids -- those disgusting creatures that feast upon my plants.

Holidays are of praise and cheer but yet I fear these the most. My precious can I only dread and pray and watch as those "monsters on two feet" throw bottles and waste on to my lawn. The night becomes magnificent as it explodes into orange, blue and green. But I wish the sky would stay burning in the sky and not on my beautiful art; those monstrosities light their amusement upon my beauty.

Every year when the air becomes bitterly cold, that is the time when death comes upon my luscious green grass and lovely roses. I have to watch in horror as my magnificence turns brown, and the bushes lose their leaves. The dry winter month's are of death and torment. The snow that falls upon my lawn is like glass cutting away at my life. They do not bring a new beauty; for there is no color to praise and sing about, only brown and white do you see over the boxes that my nightmares live.

When spring breathes life back into my beauty, a moment later it is cut. Not by the rain, nor the knife, but by the lawn mower that cuts the first crop. The cutting and trimming of my peaceful garden brought hate back into my heart, for when the crop first grows so does my heart. I lost my foot and a bit of my arm, fighting for my beauty against that loud, cutting machine. That battle was fierce. Sparks did fly. The machine cried in anguish as I bent the blade. Why does the caretaker of my heart do such a

campaign against my pride and me? This Holocaust will not stand! For I will be victorious, and bring down this plague.

My love's warden decided he didn't want her anymore. He made the decision to move to a different cage twenty-seven floors up, or whatever that means. The monstrosities he sold my love to have plans of destroying my beauty, my work. They are going to make the cave bigger by expanding it onto my love. I felt helpless as I could only watch the caretaker move his furniture into the back of his moving, demonic machine. He then picked me up and placed me on top of his old desk where I watched as those atrocities that owned the cave that my beauty's caretaker lived would eventually destroy my beauty. They got into their demonic carnages to follow us with the rest of the caretaker's items.

I knew it was my time to act. To defend my beauty was my purpose and I would give my life for it. I watched as the machine followed us closely, taking a left and a right, then truck hit a pothole and I jumped into the air; my porcelain garden shovel glisten in the sun. I flew high and fell hard onto the demonic machine's windshield: my cracked stone smile shone at the beasts within as I shattered the windshield on contact. My green legs and small unmovable body flew into tiny shards like fragments of china as I hit the car. I could only hear the squealing of the shoes on the machine, then the crunch of a tree and then the smell of leaking gas. A spark lit and it was all over.

I am the guardian of my love. I have fulfilled my duties in protecting the beauty of the lawn.