

Like a rose

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I own nothing. o well.-----

The Rose

She stared at the unnatural beauty. Cradled so delicately in her pale hands. It almost blended in. How could something so small and unusual be so... flawless? The petals were an unnatural hue of plum, or deep violet. It was not a normal lavender. Nearly dark amethyst. It was the most gorgeous color she had ever seen. And the most, unusual. It was just like her eyes, strange and unusual. But not beautiful. They were odd, something odd could not be beautiful. But this rose could. This rose could bend and bow every law of the natural appearance, and still be lovely. The stem was even stranger, and just as flawless. It was long and a pure silver color. It shone in the late night moonlight. Causing it to practically glow in the otherwise complete darkness. The silence had engulfed her. Leaving her to wallow in her confusion and self-less imperfections. There were only two leaves, both were soft and fragile. The entire flower could fall to pieces at any moment. They were the same color as the stem. Just as strange. Just as pure. Just as beautiful. The stem was without a single thorn or bump, slice or mark on the entire flower. It could not harm, it could not anger. It could only captivate and confuse. The petals were all strait and smooth, aligned perfectly. In a swirling formation that continued to the very center. The smaller petals near the center were crimson red, like blood. Yet pure, like clear water. In the very center, completing the entire formation were three white miniscule petals, that bent in a natural fashion creating the slightest form of a heart. A white heart bleeding crimson blood on an amethyst platform supported by a silver prop with two other silver platforms containing vastness. He said the heart inside would live forever, even though, come the time, the outside would die away. With time, once the plum and crimson shell would shatter, a new white and navy one would erupt from the opened core. The center of that shell, would be a rather vibrant orange, that would shape the same as the white before it. Once this shell disappeared, he said he did not know what would erupt from beneath the orange center. But he said he knew it would be beautiful. Just as the previous was, and the following would. He said the stem and leaves would never change. Just as the soul can never alter. Whereas the appearance can never remain the same. He said that sometimes the flower would wilt, sometimes it would stand tall and proud. He said not to worry when it wilted. He said that just like a human, it can be so upset it wants to be destroyed, but can be so joyous it practically wants to sing. This made very little sense to her. That only brought her back to what he said when he gave it to her, *"It's the most unique and beautiful thing in the world. Many know very little about it. It may seem so simple at times, like there is nothing to know. But there is so much more to it than what is seen at a glance. One has to truly look at it, and observe everything about it before they judge it."* he gave a light chuckle as he placed in her hands with a delicate touch, *"Its almost like a flower reflection of...you."* He smiled at her as she stared in awe at the flawless thing in her scrawny hands. He had to smile at her reaction he whispered one last thing in her ear before kissing her cheek and disappearing into the silent night. *"Just like you...strange, and beautiful."* She was about to speak, but once she looked up, there was nothing there. Just her, the flawless flower in her hands, and the pink shade warming her pale cheeks. He must have been out of his mind. Either that or he had no idea what he was saying. No, no, he always knew what he was saying. Even when it made no sense to him he knew what he was saying. And he usually was aware of the impact it could have on some one. But another thing that confused her was when he said the center would never change. He said that the white core would erupt, framing new colors that had yet to come. Then he said the center would never change. What sense could that possibly make? One of his

statements clearly could not be true. "Or maybe," her meek voice sounded so distant as if it weren't hers in the open night air. "Maybe, maybe he meant the heart would never change." She paused a moment contemplating what she had said. "Maybe, the colors would change, but the shape never would." It sounded as if she had no idea what she was talking about. Her voice lacked the certainty she needed to believe it's words. Then she remembered the last thing he said to her before, she raised her hand to her cheek, being careful to support the rose in her one hand. The pink shade began to warm her cold face once more. 'was he saying I was strange and beautiful?' she shook her head replacing the shades with other thoughts. 'strange, I can understand, I am strange. I agree with that. But beautiful?' This had to be dream, it just had to be. None of this could be happening. Only in her dreams could such romantic and mysterious yet wonderful things happen. He would never go to the trouble of finding the rarest rose in the universe for her. Her, his best friend. Nothing more, and nothing less. That was the way things were, that was the way they would be forever. She would forever bask in her dreams revolving around only the deepest and truest love conceivable for him. She would forever wallow in the sharpening pain of daggers in her chest as she watched him slip away from her. She would forever bleed from the wounds of reality. She would always suffer beneath his blind loss for what was plainer than the color of the sky on a sunny day. 'Blue' just like his eyes. 'Just like what he said the flower would become.' She used both hands to support the rose once more. 'only not as dark.' She shook her head bluntly as a crystal slid down her cheek, shattering on the smooth stone surface beneath her. Only one crystalline tear fell. She knew more than her name that she could not mourn and brood on his blindness forever. It would not bring him any closer, it would not heal her wounds or lessen her pain. It would only reduce her sanity until she was lying in her own pool of crimson loss and regret. He wouldn't like that. Though he did not love her she knew he cared for her. In the way an overprotective brother would care for his younger sister. And as far as he was concerned, that's the only way she cared for him as well. Even if this all was a dream she decided to keep the flower, it was beautiful, even if it was not real. She went into a dark room laden with even darker features and walked over to a wooden platform holding a hollow glass bell on top of a glass plate. She carefully lifted the bell by its ceramic handle and placed the rose on the prop on top of the plate. It held the rose in the perfect position. Upright, showing its beauty and keeping it safe. She placed the bell back over the now occupied platform. There was enough room to wilt, enough room to stand up strait. And enough room for petals to fall allowing the magnificent eruption that could never be real. She gave one last look at the rose, and one look towards the window doors bearing entrance to a smooth stone balcony. Beholding nature at its finest. Vines were twisted around the short pillars that prevented one from falling off without jumping. With that she changed into a short black night dress and violet knee-highs and crawled into her rather oversized but comfy bed. Slipping under the purple covers she closed her eyes, waiting to wake up without a flower and once more, without her love. She unexpectedly drifted off into a peaceful sleep, simply assuming that normality was soon to follow signaling this was all a dream. ~*~*~*~*~the next morning her eyes opened to the incessant chirping of morning birds. It was still fairly dark outside. But she couldn't go back to sleep. She sat up in her bed looking directly across from her at the wooden vanity on the other side of her room. She lazily stretched her arms behind her head. Suddenly she saw something she swore she would never see again..... -----A/N:is it too deep? i think its too deep. what do you guys think? i think its too deep. is it too deep? i think it is. more to come worry not! if you even care of course..... is it too deep i think its too deep, do you think its too deep? answer me before this becomes an entire novel! (referring to the A/N)