Abram Williams

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 The Climatron was a beautiful place. Not just because it felt and sounded like a peaceful forest that brought zen upon the world, though that was true. It was beautiful because of the plants. The spreading plants, the trees, the fruit bearing plants and the coffee bean plants. Some plants were velvety, smoother than the best silk. Other plants were made of many leaves that felt like flipping through the pages in a book when stroked. A few of the plants bore luscious fruit, pineapples and berries. Miniscule plants spread across the ground like ivy. Bamboo towered towards the heavens with its woody stalks, following the trees.

The trees themselves were more varied and yet more beautiful than the plants. Some trees split into roots above ground, fanning out like a wooden lightning bolt. One reached through the air, grabbing at other trees and wrapping around them, supporting itself. These plants could not grow anywhere else in the city, could only grow here, in this large, lush, green plant filled glass dome with its fake streams. This place that felt and sounded like a rainforest. This dome of glass that seemed to be the origin of life, the originator of tea and all things peaceful, this deafening yet silent place of rest and quiet. This was peace.

 James rested in the beauty of the place as he walked through and checked the mechanisms that kept the place alive, with all its huge trees and small grasses. The colors were everywhere, one of his favorites, a small white fuzzy spreading plant standing out from the rest.

 Then James noticed something. It was a plant, but not one of the Climatron’s plants. It was a crab grass growing just out of reach on the back wall. Just growing, and sitting there, looking just like the ugly North American weed it was. James stared at it for a long moment, amazed at its ability to dirty up the environment. Then he shook his head and moved on, unable to get the stupid plant out of his thoughts.

Throughout the weeks James would come through the Climatron, fixing equipment and admiring plants until he came upon the crabgrass, just brazenly growing in the center of everything, ignoring authorities, like the Americans who ripped it up daily. And James grew to hate that plant, ruining everything of beauty in this place, just SITTING there in the MIDDLE OF EVERYTHING! And one day, he simply could not stand it there one SECOND more, and just ripped his way over the plant breaking tree limbs and crushing his plants, even his favorite plant, the white spreading and ripped up the crab grass. And he laughed and laughed and laughed, and he laughed his way to the truck in the straightjacket, and laughed his way to the Asylum, and laughed his way to the room, and was still laughing when the door slammed shut, and continued to laugh and laugh and laugh because he had done it! He had ripped up that crab grass and it was gone! The evil plant was gone and he had DONE IT! HE HAD FIXED THE PERFECTION! **HE HAD DONE IT!** And he laughed and laughed and laughed.