

The paragraph you are about to read is true, only the name has been changed to protect the humility of the author.

SMELL

Written by Rebecca Thein

Crossing the threshold of her courtyard, Julie abruptly stopped. She quickly pinched her nose as an overwhelming pungent odor of death permeated her nostrils. She stood frozen as her eyes darted around. Flies were circling in a frenzy of delight as they made their way to dinner. Julie slowly gathered the courage to forage through the foliage toward the emanating aroma of decay. With every step, her legs became weaker. “Oh God, please don’t let it be my cat.” She whispered, as the intensity of the stench consumed her mind. Leaning closer to the smell, Julie caught sight of one exquisite tropical flower. It reflected hues of royal purple that would make an emperor proud. “Could it be?” Julie thought, inhaling a whiff, triggering her to gag uncontrollably. “How could such a gorgeous flower smell so appalling?” Julie stood there holding her breath as she admired the flower. With no choice, she went in her house and grabbed her camera and garden shears. Happy with the photos she took of the flower, Julie without hesitation clipped the flower and disposed of it.

Go to Next page to see photo I took.

This is the actually the *Dracunculus Vulgaris*. Also known by several other names like Dragon Arum, Stink Lily and Black Dragon.

I took this photo in my courtyard.
Yes, this lovely plant blooms once a year.



Copyright 2009