

The Seedling Curse

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LEE ANNE DE KORT

THE SEEDLING
CURSE

I dedicate this book to my
daughter Steffy, whom I
love very much.

Lee Anne de Kort

I

Regina woke up, drenched in sweat and gasping for air. As she sat up and the rays of bright sunshine caressed her face she realized that she had just had another revealing dream. One of her many, nightly visions. She quickly tried to remember all the details – knowing by experience that if she waited too long it would fade very rapidly.

The dream began in a room that was designed to perfection. With long elegant, dark- red curtains draping the windows – and between them – a broad window-seat covered with gold-coloured silk-cushions. The wooden floors were covered with thick, soft carpets in the same shade of red, as the curtains. There was a large four-poster-bed in the middle, with a woman upon it – who was in labor. The rich, gold-coloured, satin covers were protected by sheets-of-cotton, so they would not get stained. The lighting was low, but adequate for the task being done. The woman was clearly having a difficult time. The doctor instructed her to keep pushing.

But the nurse had just walked away with a beautiful baby girl! Why must she then keep pushing?

After another ten minutes of agony the woman gave birth to another beautiful baby girl.

Twins! How delightful.

But then – before she could hang on to it – the second baby was also rapidly taken away. After the bed was cleaned and the woman was washed the doctor checked if everything was okay and left the room – with a deep sigh – leaving the woman alone – crying despairingly – in the big four-poster-bed. In the hallway the nurse was putting the two babies in a double-baby-carriage which was lined with fine, Persian-silk in an exquisite

shade-of-lilac. After tucking the cute, pink, baby girls in a quilt – made of many different shades of purple – she opened the door and walked in the direction of the street. She walked towards the big iron gate – behind which a taxi was waiting.

At this point – in the continuing dream – Regina began to feel what the woman felt. Her throat contracted which made it almost impossible to breath. Her feet thrashed at the covers, as if running and her hands reached towards the ceiling, as if she was trying to take hold of it. In a thick damp layer-of-mist the dream continued.

While her white cotton nightgown clung to her bare, wet legs she ran forth in the misty night continually reaching for something, but never succeeding.

Then Regina awakened. Sitting in bed with the sweat trickling down her wet hair – her throat still sore from the experience and her blankets all array – she asked herself what the dream could mean. She knew enough of psychology to know it had to mean something. Losing something in a dream – and trying to find it – could mean that she was trying to find her identity. But Regina didn't believe so. It was a real vision. Regina was only twenty and was still studying to become a psychologist. Her study was progressing remarkably, but she still missed something. She couldn't put her finger on it. It was a deep feeling of not belonging, as if she was put on this earth to do something great, but yet had to find out what that great deed may be. She decided that tonight after school she would go home and talk to her mother about her dream and ask her if she knew what it meant. Maybe it was something from her mother's past?

She managed to get out of bed – by pulling the blankets off her wet body – and walked to the large mirror hanging on the bedroom wall. She peered into it and observed her reflection for quite awhile. Regina had curly, black hair down to her waist. She had a soft oval-shaped face, with a peach-complexion, a small elegant nose and large hazel-

colored eyes – which made her look younger than the twenty years she was. She was always pleased when she was judged younger – which was often. Her figure was also perfect, with long slender legs, a small waist and breasts to die for. Two years ago a well known fashion designer had asked her “to become his model”, but she had declined. Ever since she was a young girl she had wanted to get into people’s heads and the best way to do that was to study psychology. In about two years she would graduate. She had already skipped years of schooling by studying almost day and night.

She glanced at the clock and realized that she had to make haste. She quickly washed herself in the basin situated in her small room where she now lived since the beginning of her studies. It was a very pleasant room. Against the wall stood a single mahogany bed with on each side a mahogany nightstand. Against the other wall stood a mahogany chest of drawers with above it a large mirror and in the corner a small mahogany table – with upon it a TV. By the glass stained window stood a blue, leather sofa and in front of it a small, round mahogany table and underneath it a rich-blue, long-haired carpet. Till deep in the night she often sat there studying until she was too exhausted to read. Against the other wall – next to the door – was a mahogany wardrobe which she quickly opened, took out a pair of faded blue-jeans and a tank-top and put them on. On top of this she put a T-shirt which she had cut into ribbons in the front – almost from top-to-bottom – to make it look unique. Then she reached for her gym shoes, put them on and walked quickly back to the mirror. She combed her long, black hair and put on some make up. Usually she took her time doing this, but today she was already late, so she took one last glance in the mirror, grabbed her purse and ran out the door.

It had been another long day of attending classes and while driving to her mother's house – in her soft green cabriolet, with the top folded down – she felt the wind blow threw her long, black hair and began to feel the weariness ebb away. She was so pleased with her new BMW and almost died when her mother and father had given it to her on her birthday. She often wondered how they could afford everything they bought her. They weren't very rich. Her father worked as an electrician and worked very hard every day, but being able to put her through university and being able to buy her such a nice car, pay for her room and board, vacations, nice trendy clothes and such – was another story. She would always be grateful to her parents for giving her anything she wanted.

As she pulled up the driveway – to the house she grew up in – she felt smug and content with her life. She walked towards the front door, searched for the key in her purse and opened it. She had kept her key ever since she had moved out of her parent's house. Her mother had said, "you never know when you will unexpectedly need it".

As she walked toward the kitchen she smelled the sweet air of fresh baked cookies. Her mother was just taking them out of the oven en placing them on the counter. Regina walked towards her mother just as she looked up and saw the big smile appear on her face. She hugged her very warmly and commented on the tasty looking cookies which were cooling off on the plate. Her mother began making a pot-of-coffee while Regina picked up one of the hot cookies from the plate and started to cautiously nibble on it, as she sat down at the kitchen table. She looked at her mother, as she rambled on about the neighbors, the garden, the family, everyday life, and felt very much at home. She now realized how much she had missed the talks with her mother. They