

# The Search for The Secret Rose



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I jump on the bike, hoping to catch the sunrise in time. Through the clouds you can see the sun already approaching. I have to race. The way I see all those early birds against the dawn I do not want to miss. A new day full of opportunities and challenges. Along the way I put on some music and ride faster and faster towards the water. Because the play of light which is reflected in the water, is truly beautiful. Just a little bit, and I'm there. All sweaty I arrive at a favorite spot, where you can sit out of the wind. The sun is rising and the birds are singing their early song, I sit down and when I want to get my water bottle, a lady passes on a silver bicycle. A little further on she stops and comes to me. She looks at me and says mysteriously: Here's a transcript describing a secret rose that can be found somewhere in Europe. I have worked on it for years, but I can not find out enough about it. Maybe you can do something with it. But, madam, why do you think there might be more? Look, you do not even know me? I know you better than you think. One day it might all be clear. Will you just please sit down, then we can just quietly talk about it. Not now, because I have an appointment, so when you get back, then we talk. But now I enjoy the sunrise. The woman disappeared on her silver bike and leaves me with a mysterious transcript of a secret rose that can be found somewhere in Europe. I open the leathery bag and remove the contents. I see a lovely sketched image of the secret rose. A breathtaking beautiful, wonderful, rose outlined in pearl. My heart pounds of wonder. I look forward and see that there are all sorts of travel documents in the leather case. One to Belgium. One to France, one to Italy and one to Greece. What is this? An envelope with the text: This one first. I'll open the envelope and it turns out to be a journey to England. But, this can not be true. This travel document is on today's date. Now what happens to me? Shall I do it, I ask myself. First I'm going to enjoy a moment of sunrise and do my daily prayers. I'm going to go there and dream away for a while in the rising

sun. I dream about the message of the secret rose. What will the secret rose mean? And are there several people looking for it? Good God, what did you put on my path. Should I go or not? Then I feel the first rays of the sun on my skin. A wonderful feeling. A feeling of love. The love which dispels the cold out from the darkness. I put on some music and take a thermos of tea from my bag, pour the tea and enjoy the heat of the mug, together with the rising sun. After about twenty minutes I decide to pack up and go home. I'll walk some along the water and watch the swans, who are awake as well. Moments later, I get on my bike and ride home. The moment I want to go, there is an old woman in the curve with beautiful white hair. She looks at me with a smiling timeless look and shouts: Good morning! I decide to ride to her and make a small chat. Hello Madam, how are you? All right, she says sweetly. How nice the sun is shining again this morning? Certainly. I walk a long way every day. And in this weather, it's all pure enjoyment. I always go. Even if it rains or storms. I do not care what the weather is like. Me too, it does not matter, madam. If you keep moving, you keep warm. You are quite right. Are there some nice things on your program today? You can say that again! I am looking for a secret rose. But I will tell you another time about it, when I see you. I have to go now. Ok, have a good day and good luck then. Thank you, you too dear lady. Bye. I jump on the bike and head home, with the leather bag and the transcript in it about the secret rose that can be found somewhere in Europe. Now I have become very curious. After ten minutes I ride into the street and put my bike inside quickly. When I came home I decide to make a nice cup of coffee and make a few sandwiches. One with honey and one with sprinkles. Delicious. I pick up the leather bag and spread out the contents on the table. What shall I do with this now? I will go find it or I'll just let it go, I ask myself? Everything is there. First I take a shower before I make a decision. Then the



phone rings. I pick up the phone, and it appears to be a friend, who has great knowledge about archeology. I tell her briefly about the secret rose and travel documents. Should I go? Go, she says, laughing. You never know. Maybe it's a very interesting trip. I do not even know the way and I'm just about to step into the shower. I'll call you later, all right? That is ok. I'll talk to you later. Ok, bye. I quickly jump into the shower and enjoy the moment. Once I came out of the shower I make a cup of coffee first, and ask myself the question, should I go or not? First I call the archeologist. It's me. Why did you call? I have made an archaeological find, and I just wanted to talk to you about it. Preferably while enjoying a nice cup of coffee. And maybe we can have dinner together, right. What did you find? What I wanted to talk to you about just now, but not on the phone. It's about a secret rose. About a secret rose?! Why do you react so hot? This morning I met a woman who gave me a leather bag full of travel documents, including a transcript of a secret rose that can be found somewhere in Europe. That is very strange. That's why I reacted so surprised. Now I understand. Where did you make the discovery, if I may ask? To be honest I have not done the find, but a good friend of mine. He is already working on an archaeological project at a certain place, but he does not want to tell you where that is. That's so mysterious. Say that's for sure. I open travel documents to England, Belgium, France, Italy and Greece from here. Shall I go? Yes, go. Maybe we're talking about the same secret rose. Or it has to do with it. Yes, it may be so. If you want something to eat and drink? I thought maybe we could meet. Near the boat just before departure, by which boat are you going anyway? Good question. I'll briefly look. To my great surprise, I see that it is a private yacht named... That's crazy. I see no name. There has to be a name. Take a good look. Wait a minute. Here I see something in there. What does it say? Quiet, because I do not know how to pronounce it. They look more like characters.

I'll let you see it later while we're eating, ok? That is good. The boat still leaves at ten o'clock tonight. So when we meet at six o'clock, we still have plenty of time. Wait a minute. There is also a boat leaving earlier, according to the information I have here. Will there be more boats to the same destination? I namely see a departure time at eight o'clock. Let's meet six-thirty, right? Then we have plenty of time to figure it out. Don't you want to go with me? No, I've got so much archaeological research work, that is not possible unfortunately. Maybe another time. I'll see you later in the restaurant at the harbor, where we meet more often, all right? That is perfect. See you then. See you later. I think by myself a while and decide to do a little nap. Suddenly I woke up by a slamming window. What's the time I ask myself right away. I look at the clock and see that it's been five o'clock. About half an hour I should already be at my appointment, so I have to hurry. I quickly put some things in my backpack, along with the leather case and the transcript with the information about the secret rose and quickly jump on my bike. It's definitely a twenty minutes drive, so that is still rushing. I put on some music and go racing only. On the way I see all sorts of stalls, because apparently there is market today. I see beautiful flower stalls and all sorts of stalls selling antiques like stuff. I'd just like to go and look, but I do not have time. I have to go on. I only have eight minutes to be on time. Occasionally I see in my peripheral vision birds, which collect branches, for their warm nest. In the distance I already see the flags fluttering on the square near the harbor, where I have to go. I put the gear a bit heavier to cycle a little faster and then just to sit down, in time for departure and even just eat something nice together. Again I arrive sweaty and I therefore I directly like to take to a shower, which unfortunately at this time just is not available. I look through the window and it seems that my appointment is not there yet. Then I can freshen up a bit before we eat. I put away my

bike and lock it and then walk in the direction of the restrooms. To my surprise there is my appointment coming from the ladies' room, which is opposite the gents. We greet each other with a big kiss on the cheek. I have a quick freshening up, okay? I'll see you later, ok? That's fine. Take it easy. I'll already go and find a table. Okay, fine. See you later then. I walk to the sinks, and I suddenly see that there is just a hand dry blazer hanging on the wall next to the sinks. I decide to keep my sweaty back under the warm blazer and sprinkle a little cold water over my head and then go to the meal. The moment I open the door to exit the toilets, I see a mysterious woman dressed all in red going into the ladies toilets. I call it mysterious, because she really is all dressed in red. She looks at me straight in my eyes, when my heart almost beats wildly. I recognize her from somewhere. With a fast-beating heart I run to the restaurant in the harbor and see my appointment already sitting at a table overlooking the water. I walk over to her and sit down opposite her. After all this time I still do not know your name. And we're going to keep it nice, she said, smiling back. Call me what you want. I have to laugh actually. Right you are. All those names. What happened to you? You're looking all red. I thought I know.. Oh, let me think for a moment. Do you know already what you're going to order? That seems to be a problem just now. The kitchen is closed actually. Closed? Yes, closed. But, there's a note on the display, that if you still want to eat, you have a choice of five options. Which you then need to warm up, if necessary. Let's just take a couple of toasts, right? I find it a bit odd though. Yes, me too, but we have no choice now. And toasts are tasty also. I see there are tasty fruit drinks, so in terms of vitamins we will be fine. I'm going for toasts for both of us and make it right? If you would like to do that, then I just can make a phone call. No problem. Right back. Then I walk towards the kitchen and see the woman in red again. She looks at me in a very unusual way, but simply passes. I

quickly look where she is going. Toasts was the decision. Then I see her go through a side door of the building, which is attached to the dining room and down a staircase. There will not be the yacht that I will take to England soon. Unfortunately I just can not see what name is on the boat. It is a beautiful big ship. With eight masts. I think the ship can be both motor and sailing ship. The ship is almost all white. Now I have to return real quick because the toasts will burn. I come around the bend at the restaurant, and already there are a few people a bit heated at the sandwich maker to wonder whether I had done this. I apologize and go take the toasts to the table, where she is watching next to the window, with a book on her lap. Here you are two toasts. Lovely, thank you. No thanks. I have seen a yacht just around the corner but could not read the name of the yacht. Would you care perhaps just to take a look? I would really be tremendously grateful to you. You're all red, what have you done? I just put the toasts in and I saw a woman in red go in the hallway, down the stairs and board a white boat. And when that is the same boat, where I soon will be on also. I'm also very curious about who is this beautiful woman in red. Trip to England? I recognize her from somewhere. I also met her earlier near the toilets. But I will not continue to keep following her. Do not worry. I think it's actually nice. We shall soon have a look if we can find her on the ship, you're talking about a name. You told me on the phone what you had done. An archaeological find. At least a good friend. Yes right, it was an image in stone, of a rose, with special characters and numbers around it. About the meaning of the characters we know nothing yet. As soon as I know more about it, I'll let you know right away. Of course, that is always interesting. Thank you. Shall I get some yummy fruit drinks for us? That would be very nice. I look at the picture of the rose once more and now surely become very excited. I do not know whether the ship is there below, or that there will be another ship coming

with which I departure. Here you are, a fruit drink, sir. Thank you. Shall we still so go and see with which boat we could be together. That sounds like a good plan. How long do you think you stay away. I think a week, maybe longer. I am so curious about this mysterious woman. I hope the woman in red goes with the same boat. I already had this conjecture. I often hope I'm not alone, because it is so lonely sometimes. What will be will be. You do not really know, and if I told you, you do not believe it. Now I will follow the mystery of the secret rose and leave the rest for what it is. Shall we now just have a look from where you will soon be leaving? That is good. We walk down the stairs where the white ship should have been, but to our surprise that ship apparently already left. Luckily it's still very early. Or, this ship will be returning shortly. Or, there will soon be another boat. Just wait and take it easy. I have to leave behind the best seeker to the secret rose. We keep in touch, okay? Yes, definitely. Once I know more, you hear it from me directly. I'll stay here and sit by the water if you do not mind? Right you are. Talk to you soon. Sure. I decide to wait on the stairs and go to pray, Dear good God, I want to thank you deeply, for every second of my life. I hope and want to ask you to protect her and me during this quest for the secret rose always. And that I can find out about the mystery of the secret rose. Know more Good God, will you please help me take the right decision in every situation You made the waterfalls and the mountains. You made the sun and the stars. And everyone finding the right job. Do you want to show everyone in the world and beyond, the best paths to peace in love. So that a harmonious world can and will come. Suddenly I hear a horn of a ship and thereby scare a little bit out of my prayer. I look up and see a large white yacht starting to sail. True, it is a different ship than that was previously docked. This one is much smaller. I see a star in beautiful colors. All kinds of signs around it on the bow of the ship. Will this be the ship on which I'm leaving

soon? Or will this be another ship? It is now about half past seven and it would leave tonight. A ship at eight and at ten o'clock. After twenty minutes the ship is in front of me. The signs were actually images of animals To the blue gold star I see a dolphin, a whale and I see all sorts of other still unknown marine life depicted. Suddenly I see that someone from the ship comes walking toward me. Hello sir. Did you have a good trip? Certainly. Will you sail with this boat along to England, or leave by ship from ten o'clock? I show the man the travel document and see that he looks at it carefully. Well, he said after a while a little bit worried. The place where you have this travel document from according to it, is unfortunately closed because of archaeological work. We can be about a hundred kilometers away to mooring and you should see a different way to continue your trip. Won't you mister. May I ask you some questions, sir? Yes of course, go ahead. Do you happen to route the same kind of sailing as this show boating? Yes, I do. Do you know where they go? Also towards the same spot where you're going, I think. Maybe you're earlier in the specified destination here than they are, because this boat is twice as fast, at least if all goes well. Maybe you get that other boat. That would be nice, sir. But this boat is slightly smaller than the other? That's right. That is also the reason that we can sail, as the wind and currents at least are clements. We leave in about half an hour. You may determine to board if you want. That is good. I grab my stuff, walk down the stairs, up the ramp and step inside the ship. It all looks beautiful inside. There suddenly a beautiful lady comes to me and asks for my travel documents. I showed her the travel documents and the lady guides me to the hut where I will stay throughout the crossing. It is a beautiful cabin. A small shower and toilet, a bench with large pillows and a large table in the corner and a TV with a relax chair. And not to forget, a wonderful double bed. At nine o'clock you can get some food if you want, the lady tells me with a

friendly smile. That is nice. I grabbed my stuff from the table and studied the card that was tied at the transcript. Suddenly I hear all kinds of noise and decide to go see what it is. It turns out the cables were reeled in on which the ship was anchored. We're about to leave and then my phone rang.

You now have to leave that ship, I was told by the lady with whom I've been to lunch. You can not go. We are on the verge of leaving. Just do it. I'll explain everything later. I hastily grab everything and run down the hall, up the stairs to the exit. Just before lifting the gangplank, I can just jump off the boat ashore. Why don't you travel with us, cried the man at the gangway after me? I decide not to answer and just keep walking. I directly go to the girl to ask why I have to leave that ship? Now come directly to me, because I have to show you something. Then I'll get there soon, I answered her. I jump on the bike and ride fast to her. Luckily it's only a short bike ride to her. The street, turn left over the bridge and I'm already there. Shortly before I want to ring the bell, the door already opens. I saw you coming by bike, she said with a dazzling look. She shows me a different picture of a rose at home, then that is the place where to go. This picture looks a lot more like the transcript, which you have received from the woman with the silver bike. And this rose is indeed found in a place more than two hundred kilometers of the place, where the boat you were on has its destination. That's why I called, before you would be a hundred miles from the direction of the place where you should be. I take out the original image of my transcript and compare the images of the rose carefully with the image she had received. And we both come to the conclusion that it had to be the same rose. Luckily there is a boat at ten o'clock tonight. But, I do hope that they drop me in a place where I should be able to go to my destination. I'm not going to be too far away. I fortunately have no more than two hours before the boat leaves. What shall we do? You want something to drink? That sounds good.