The Chrono-Botanical Conspiracy

31/12/1899 – I furrowed my brow as I examined the puny holes on the punch cards, clutched by my tensing hands. There was no mistaking it: some of these plants had skipped their growth stages, transmuting to a fully grown plant and then withering away in the blink of an eye. Others seemed to be frozen in time, with no sign of activity in the past few months, stumping us and perplexing even the most acquainted of botanists. We had to accept the enigmatic truth – these specimens could bend the very fabric of time.

Our limited specimens of these temporal plants all radiated fluctuating waves, undetectable by our radio receivers. However, watches and other types of chronometers sped and lagged, in accordance with the unmethodical recursion of waves. As my palpitating hands clutched my pocket-watch, I realized with a tingle down my spine that all these plants emanated similar vibes, all gesticulating at the same point of time.

I gulped, though I knew I had to do this. Placing our hands on the trunk of the temporal tree, we had effectively time-traveled into a period of burning buildings, flying Zeppelins and anti-aircraft guns unleashing the might of their firepower at the dirigibles. There was no mistaking it – it was the middle of the Great War. A horrible truth struck my mind. History was changing because of the chrono-plants. They effectively decided the world’s fate.

I had to leave as soon as possible, to prevent history turnage. I was here to preserve history, but not to destroy it. My actions may positively affect the fate of the world, though I did not have the courage to take chances. I sweated at breakneck speed as the blast of bombs ringed through my ears. I clutched the trunk of the plant again, embracing any period it offered me.

The stench of smoke infiltrated my nose, as I slowly realized the temporal tree had teleported me to the Great Fire of London in 1666. I watched in horror as the raging red flames consumed the houses, silencing the voices of the burnt. I had to help. Dragging a wooden boat to some screaming survivors, I hurriedly rushed back to the plant to transport me back to the present, though I could not shake off the feeling that something was wrong. I cursed myself for my foolishness. I changed history. Now, I only had myself to blame if the world was unrecognizable.

However, my thoughts were cleared as I realized Victorian England was pretty much like before, though someone else perched on Nelson’s column, the water flowing with more vigour. The temporal plant was still, miraculously, safely growing in its pot, warping space-time around it. I had to spread the news of the special property of this plant.