



What is this book about ?

"Grandma Mysteria and the Garden of Wonders" is about the adventures of Leni and Ben, two children who discover the mysterious garden of their strange neighbor Grandma Mysteria and make fantastic discoveries in it.

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Chapter 1: The Strange Neighbor

It was a hot summer day.

The air shimmered over the little street, and even the birds were silent.

Paul and his sister Mia sat bored on the old swing in the garden.

The summer in her neighborhood was never particularly exciting. No adventures, no mysterious places.

Only the eternally same streets and neighbors who hardly greeted each other.

But today something was different.

"Did you hear that?" Mia asked suddenly.

She left the swing standing, which was just swinging slightly back and forth.

Paul put his book down.

"What?"

Mia pointed her finger. "From over there! From the old woman's garden."

The garden was a mystery. Hidden behind a high, overgrown hedge that almost looked like a green wall.

No one in the neighborhood had ever been able to see inside.

And the old woman who lived there was only called "Grandma Mysteria" by the children.

She had wild, gray hair, wore colorful scarves and always seemed to show up exactly when no one was expecting her.

Sometimes with a basket full of strange plants that glowed like fire.

"Something cracked," Mia whispered. "Maybe it's an animal."

Paul stood up. "Or a ghost." He grinned, but Mia glared at him.

"Not funny."

The two crept closer to the hedge.

Dense greenery, branches and leaves that hid the view inside.

It smelled of earth and a trail of flowers they had never smelled before. Sweet and somehow... magical.

Suddenly there was a rustling again. Paul stopped as if rooted to the spot.

Mia grabbed him by the arm.

"That came directly from there!" She pointed to a small, rusty gate, half hidden under a curtain of ivy.

"The goal wasn't there last week," Paul murmured.

Mia nodded. "Do you have the courage to go in?"

Paul hesitated. Something about the garden felt different. As if he were attracting them and warning them at the same time.

But before either of them could take a step, a voice sounded behind them.

"What are you doing there?"

Paul and Mia whirled around.

Grandma Mysteria was standing there. Her gray hair looked like a thunderstorm in the sky, and her eyes sparkled as if she could see directly into her thoughts.

"Children, some doors should be left closed," she said in a voice that sounded stern and friendly at the same time.

And then... she simply turned around and disappeared.

It was a hot summer day. The air shimmered over the little street, and even the birds were silent.

Paul and his sister Mia sat bored on the old swing in the garden.

The summer in her neighborhood was never particularly exciting. No adventures, no mysterious places.

Only the eternally same streets and neighbors who hardly greeted each other.

But today something was different.

"Did you hear that?" Mia asked suddenly. She left the swing standing, which was just swinging slightly back and forth. Paul put his book down.

"What?"

Mia pointed her finger. "From over there! From the old woman's garden."

The garden was a mystery. Hidden behind a high, overgrown hedge that almost looked like a green wall. No one in the neighborhood had ever been able to see inside.

And the old woman who lived there was only called "Grandma Mysteria" by the children .

She had wild, gray hair, wore colorful scarves and always seemed to show up exactly when no one was expecting her.

Sometimes with a basket full of strange plants that glowed like fire. Other times she pushed an old cart from which rose a cloud of herbal scents.

"Something cracked," Mia whispered. "Maybe it's an animal."

Paul stood up. "Or a ghost." He grinned, but Mia glared at him.

"Not funny."

The two crept closer to the hedge. Dense greenery, branches and leaves that hid the view inside.

It smelled of earth and a trail of flowers they had never smelled before. Sweet and somehow... magical.

"Do you think someone else lives there?" Mia whispered.

"Who should that be? Paul asked back quietly.

Mia shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe someone hiding there. There are these old stories that there used to be a witch's forest here."

"These are just fairy tales," Paul murmured, but his voice didn't sound particularly convinced.

Suddenly there was a rustling again. Paul stopped as if rooted to the spot. Mia grabbed him by the arm.

"It came directly from there!"

She pointed to a small, rusty gate, half hidden under a curtain of ivy.

"The gate wasn't there last week," Paul murmured.

Mia nodded. "Do you have the courage to go in?"

Paul hesitated. Something about the garden felt different. As if he were attracting them and warning them at the same time.

The gate was old, the iron dark with rust, and yet it seemed somehow alive.

A hint of cold crept through the hot air as the children looked at the gate.

"Maybe it's a secret entrance," Mia said.

"Or a trap," Paul replied.

„Pfft, Angsthase.“

Mia pushed aside the leaves that covered the gate and saw a small path that led into the darkness of the garden.

The trees there seemed to be taller, denser, almost like a green wall.

"It's just a garden," she said, stepping closer to the gate. But before she could touch it, a loud "Crack!"**.

The two flinched and turned around.

Grandma Mysteria stood behind them. Her gray hair looked like a thunderstorm in the sky, and her eyes sparkled as if she could see directly into her thoughts.

She wore a long, flowing dress that looked like a rainbow of withered leaves, and in her hand she held a strange plant whose flower heads glowed softly.

"Children, some doors are better left closed," she said in a voice that sounded stern and friendly at the same time.

Mia opened her mouth to say something, but Grandma Mysteria raised a hand.

"I know you're curious. All children are. But this garden is not like the other gardens. He has his secrets, and secrets should not be revealed without permission."

Paul and Mia exchanged a look.

They wanted to know more, but the words stuck in their throats.

"Come with me," Grandma Mysteria said suddenly, pointing to her own little path that led to the front of the garden.

The children followed her reluctantly. When they arrived at her house, she sat down on an old bench.

Around them were flower pots with plants that looked as if they came from another world.

Flowers that shone like stars, leaves that shimmered silvery, and a plant that made a soft hum at regular intervals.

"Why are you hiding the garden?" Mia finally asked.

Grandma Mysteria looked at her, her eyes shining.

"Not everything that is hidden is hidden. Some things just wait for the right moment."

The children did not know what to answer. But they felt that what they had just experienced was just the beginning.

It was a hot summer day. The sun burned mercilessly from the sky, and the asphalt of the road shimmered as if it were made of liquid silver.

Leni and Ben sat on the old swing in the garden and tried to escape the boredom.

But that was easier said than done. Nothing exciting ever happened in their small neighborhood.

"Hey, did you hear that?" Leni suddenly asked and abruptly left the swing standing.

She peered at the hedge at the edge of the garden, which blocked the view of the neighbor's property like a green wall.

Ben looked up from his cell phone. "What? I don't hear anything."

"From over there," Leni whispered and pointed to the hedge.

"There was such a noise, such a... Crack. As if someone was sneaking around."

Ben rolled his eyes, shoved the phone into his pocket and stood up.

"You're just imagining it. Only this old woman with her creepy garden lives there."

The old woman, who was called "Mrs. Mysteria" by everyone , was a kind of legend in the neighborhood.

With her wild, gray hair, colorful scarves and strange plants, she was the topic of conversation in the neighborhood.

Some claimed that she was a witch.

Others said she was a mad scientist who was doing secret experiments in her garden.

But no one knew for sure, because their property was hidden behind a dense, overgrown hedge.

"There was really something," Leni insisted. She pulled Ben's arm. "Come on, let's take a look!"

"Man, don't do it!" Ben grumbled, but followed her anyway.

The two crept closer to the hedge. It was so high that not even Ben, who was already quite tall, could look over it.

Between the leaves there was a light scent in the air, sweet and floral, but also somehow strange.

"Do you smell that?Leni asked.

Ben nodded. "Yes, somehow... strange. Smells like... no idea how to coke mixed with flowers."

"Do you think she has something crass about it? Any magical plants or something?Leni pushed some branches aside and discovered something unexpected.

"Look there!She pointed to a small, rusty gate half hidden under ivy.

The frame was old and decorated with intricate patterns that looked like small leaves or waves.

"The goal wasn't there last week," Ben said suspiciously.

Leni grinned. "Maybe she put it there especially for us."

Ben laughed dryly. "Yes, of course, definitely. So that we can walk in and she can turn us into frogs."

"Scaredy-cat. Leni stepped closer to the gate and examined the rusty patterns.

She put a hand on the cool surface and was about to take a step further when it crackled again. This time louder.

Ben grabbed her by the arm. "Wait! There's really something!"

The two turned around, and their hearts skipped a beat for a moment. Madame Mysteria stood right behind them.

She was barefoot, her gray hair shining in the sunlight like a wreath of silver, and she held a basket of plants that glowed in all the colors of the rainbow.

"Children," she said in a voice that sounded calm, but also a bit eerie. "What are you doing here at my gate?"

Leni and Ben stood there as if petrified.

"We... we didn't do anything," Ben finally stammered.

Mysteria smiled. "The gate is not for children like you. Better go back to your garden and play. There are things that are better not touched."

Leni wanted to protest, but Mysteria raised a hand.

"You are curious. This is good. But remember: sometimes secrets are safest when they remain secret."

She pointed with her head to the swing in the neighboring garden. "Go back. The garden has its own rules, and I can't break them – not even for curious children."

Ben pulled on Leni's arm. "Come on, we should go."

Leni hesitated, but finally she followed him back to the swing. From there, they watched Mysteria disappear through the gate. The ivy closed behind her, as if it had a will of its own.

"And now?" Ben finally asked, while they were still staring at the place where the neighbor had disappeared.

"I don't know," Leni murmured. "But I think we've just discovered something pretty big."

Ben nodded slowly. The strange scent was still in the air.

But whatever happened in the garden, they felt that this was just the beginning.