

Ardor

Written by Hasan Abir

A land. The spine; bistre ground, beige grass, like its own planet wafts alone on a light peach river, either too soft or too sturdy, to keep a balance it strives, suits life.

Over the spine, trees. The speechless; deep violet barks, stark yellow leaves all seasons, reasonably still in midsummer, reasonably afraid of storms, a hundred feet tall, fall to the ground only when in need, ancient but how ancient is always a question, a fine home to nests rigidly built by the toughest bird lives, suits land life.

Between the speechless, a society. The speechful; by the name *Ardor*, three centuries young, multitudes of groups knit into one, the jade-colored tribe believes in a Bee God the cyan in a Ladybug the lime in a Firefly the olivine in a Dragonfly, few to none believe in belittlement, few to none can come to settle with their judgments, never huge establishments, always white houses with their own private wells and garden beds all cool under a bloom of yellow canopy, no two houses situated next to each other, sows to grow mainly potatoes and wheat but also a variety of fruits and vegetables along with breeding cows pigs and chickens enough to keep itself fed and diligent, no luck in the river for the eels protecting their naive cousins, mobile carts to meet the constant demands of rations, open markets in every neighborhood to meet the constant demands of the mobile carts, sawmills in every third neighborhood to meet the constant demands of new houses, the few horses around rather than to get around used only for racing, facing no major crisis prospers by itself without any foreign contact.

With an origin. Initially it was mostly the foreign parties that conjoined the *Ardor* of today (Long before this land looked lived-in, it was first home to, along with the wild plants and animals, two jade men and a lime woman.

*...The rest of this story should be published elsewhere
(This note is not part of the story)*