# The sleepy hollow of Pineville awoke to the cry of a new dawn. The buttercups of youth are wilting in the heat as the tulips spring into action. It’s the time to start again; a new life, a new stage, a new identity. Or is it time to perish into ashes? That is the life of tulips and buttercups. The constant struggle for a spacious room within the earth to exist, and then to eventually die. What is the point of being born to only know that there is a Grim Reaper waiting for the spirits to forget the best times? To make a deal with the devil to be reborn into a moonflower will aspire buttercups instead of tulips. That is if they survive the annual rain of pebbles and the bouncing drum of leather. The life that buttercups wish will fulfil itself through the challenges of the Pagan elements of wind, earth, fire and water.

# The scythe billows into the earth, taking hostages without any concerns to the neighbouring hedges. The pretty buttercups had gone to their final resting place to be admired for eternal life. Is that the aim of life; to be stared at through glass or to be free to wander through the faults and achievements. The atmosphere of Pineville is losing reverence between different species as the unthinkable happens to the buttercups who are chosen to serve a higher purpose. Tulips wilt as the lifeblood of existence is exterminated on a dime. Life is too short to ponder these questions as the liquid jīn (metal) flows through to polish the disaster zone. Veins of jin, the bane of terra carve new wrinkles into history; cleansing the demons of Satan from the plain.

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# Freyr blessed the earth as he travelled the world seeing Prithvi crying to the angels of water. Drums of leather strike the Buttercups and jīn which ran until the nightmares plunged the goblet of fire in Charybdis. Torrents, torment, third-degree tempest toured the realm as fey shelter imploded into dust. As the dust fell, Prithvi longed for Freyr to return; Freyr continued to another plane that needed assistance. A full lunar cycle has come and gone since Freyr adored the skies.

All things have to have a beginning, don’t they? History is a story; told to the future generations as stories which serve as a warning. History shows a time before Freyr, leather drums or jin impacted the course of buttercup’s and tulip’s nature. Where tulips, buttercups and moonflowers wander around to congratulate of the survival of a harvest season. The screech of black dawn drove them to fear the future as jin commenced down Prithvi.

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# Skeletons of the past dot the disaster zone; through mud and murky, midnight air draws the breath of those long ago. What is the worst thing; to perceive the future with the certainty of death on the horizon or to know the sense of eternal decay? The fog of history bends the present to the past as the evergreens entangle the paperbark tree, strangling the daffodils and the tulips, destroying the apple tree towards the graveyard of death. The remains of the roots sow themselves into the landscape, forgetting the screams of daffodils to the buttercups as shards of death obliterate their ties to the mortal world. Shards of destiny to bring the Ragnarök. The death of the young, old, rich or poor, God or Devil; who discriminates in the time of need and evolution?

# The War raged throughout the earth, gobbling up anything from buttercups to jīn. No swain, skirt or ankle biters were spared to bring forth the new dawn. Leather drums break the darkest light as time resets. The scythes command the shards to detonate the future. Last choice, Last chance, Last saviour to encourage Freyr to grace the skies.

# How long can the earth take the endless bruising of conflict? What was the purpose of this fight? Time robs the best, strongest and most determined ones from the earth too early; Heaven or could it be Hell? The resolve, the purpose, the achievements, the glory and the harmony; forgotten to the ravages of time. Buttercups will not know the cooperation of different species while the tulips lament on lost youth. To what degree, is fighting just for family honour worth it?

# Pineville’s spectre of dawn deems the faithful from the dishonest. The buttercups adore the moonflowers as the eclipse digs into earth. These are the many challenges for the buttercups to reach the standards of tulips. As the doves fly overhead in the sleepy hollow, the signs of peace overshadowed by the fires of Hel. Freyr doesn’t discriminate; bring the dirty danger job of clearing the hedge.

# As the lights conquer the old dawn, the relief, the torture and the endless repetition of life and death fades into memory. The result is the destruction of the earth or to be the unique one. Is that a price to live in these conditions to know that it will be repeated when the dawn cries? Who knows what the world has install for humankind as it walks a fine line between utter annihilation and doves.

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# **FINI**

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