

## Blowing Grass Empire (i)

She took the child to the crest of a green hill overlooking an immense land, and swept her arm across the horizon. Look, there. Everything, as far as the eye can see, every home, every family, every enterprising man and handsome girl, every

tree, bird, fruit, every farm, church, market, tavern, cobbler, butcher, every unseen deer that beds through the daytime, every blade of blowing grass that fans this empire; I need you to consider it all, every hidden corner. For it is time that you know.

You, child, are the noble heir to none of it. None of this is yours. And what is more, you are incapable of possession. Instead, you will live a brief and futile span, and when you die, only a small hewn stone will mark your passing, whose

engraving the wind will soon wear away. No one will remember you. Your unimportance in this place cannot be overstated. You have, however, been granted a single permission. You have been given leave to hold in your hands, anything, anything down there

that allows you to do so, for a moment. You may take in colours, smells, sounds. You may even sample, to taste. Perhaps you will come to see how generous is this offer. Now go. And remember your place.