

Hesperos' garden was his safe space. He loved to spend as much time as possible tending to the many plants and flowers growing throughout it. There he could while away the hours, never a thought to the outside world beyond weather patterns and fertilizer and pH levels of the soil. When he was gardening he could find his center. It was only with his hands deep in the rich black soil of the garden that he felt content.

The large floppy brim of his hat would guard his delicate features from the sun, his teeth flashing brightly from the almost permanent smile that graced his face when he was tending to his flowers. He had many different varieties, some rare and some common, all well-loved and tended with the utmost care. There were roses of every color- white, pink, red, orange, purple. He had dandelions and hydrangea bushes, daffodils, and tulips in the spring. Foxgloves and marigolds threaded through the beds with lovely pastel petals.

There was even an herb garden, where he grew various kitchen staples like thyme and rosemary. They lent the air of the garden, already heady with the many perfumes of the flowers therein, with a truly ambrosial scent. Many of the herbs he grew ended up in dishes he cooked for himself and his friends. He grew vegetables as well, and these were often given away as gifts throughout the growing season. Many times he had a friend come to beg him for a cucumber or two, a tomato or an eggplant. His fruits and vegetables grew large and were extremely flavorful, and he loved hearing the praise his friends heaped on him when they tasted the produce he had so lovingly tended.

When he was in his garden everything was right with the world. He could truly be himself in this place, away from prying eyes and hidden from the worries of the rest of the world.