

Exhausted both emotionally and physically, his knees buckle and he collapses to the ground. As he falls, he feels kinship with the tower that fell only minutes earlier. He lies parallel with the wreckage, breathing heavily and crying quietly. All is silent as the night passes and morning comes again. The second day he does not move from his spot. He lets the grass grow beneath him and the bugs crawl over him, he feels all of the soil beneath him and the island in its entirety. He feels like he is grounded and floating at once, like his sister's outburst was a dream. When he thinks of her, he becomes aware again of who was once his mentor and captor, of how he no longer has any obligations and of how the man's body must be nearby. Eventually he stands up, looking past the ruin and the grass and seeing the festering pool of blood the man who claimed to be his caretaker lies in. The only care this man took was the calculated nature of which he 'trained' the boy, the tortuous manner of respiteless combat the boy had to endure. He considers leaving this place, where he spent his youth suffering, but he decides against it.

He begins by gathering the scrap of the tower, sorting it into piles of intact and broken materials. A neatly stacked set of bricks and boards next to a mass of rubble. He cleans the earth where the tower used to stand. He constructs a small home out of the salvageable pieces, which he spends the night in. The next day he visits the corpse again. He buries the man and drags buckets from the river to clear the blood. The man's rot had stripped the grasses beneath him of their health, so where he once laid there was now a stain of bare earth and yellowed foliage. He would start a garden outside of the home he built, and expand the home to be more comforting than the bare brick walls he slept in on that first night. Though he spent much of his time in the garden, he took much more care in healing the stain of dead grass. The boy poured so much love into the land around him, growing pumpkins and befriending animals and making the most beautiful garden that did or ever will exist. He cooked delicious meals and stewed flavorful tea and crafted entrancing sweets.

As the years passed and he aged into adulthood and past it, he did not continue to age. He could only assume this affliction had to do with his parentage, but this conflicted with the reality that his sister had inherited all of its benefits and he had gained none of them. He wasn't upset about this circumstance, but he wondered nonetheless where his aging had gone. Eventually he decided it was just because of his tranquility that he was able to continue healing the land around him and spreading love to the soils. When visitors began to arrive at his farm, he welcomed them in and allowed them to stay as long as they liked, cooking meals for them and offering bedding and shelter. He never spoke to them, though. He never spoke at all. None of the creatures made sounds and the visitors all understood the sanctity of the silence. His farm became known around the lands, but the number of visitors never changed. They came and went as they pleased, it was a place of welcome for all. Even as the oceans swayed and moved the island, the beaches were never scraped away. They say that his farm is the safest place to ever exist, just like it is the most beautiful and the most silent. Visitors say he teaches all who come his perfect caramel recipe, that he reveals the secrets of the soils wordlessly and with great care.