

Despite this, not every harvest is fruitful. The land is still healing, and there is lots to relearn for all of us. There have been times when lingering radiation in the soil has resulted in abnormal vegetables of monstrous proportions, sadly inedible, or when freak weather conditions have ruined weeks of hard work - but still we remain determined.

The droughts can be punishing, but we have huge reserves of rainwater from the winter months, and those of us who migrated here from dryer lands have been sharing their knowledge - so together we are creating ever more resilient crops.

In damp underground chambers, we cultivate mushrooms, another vital food source but also a highly versatile material. The full extent of fungi's usability is just now being fully realised.



A huge network of ponds and waterways flows throughout the garden-city, along which extensive beaver-made dams create habitat for a whole host of wildlife thought to be long gone. The sound of frogs croaking, birds singing, and dragonflies darting across the surface permeates the air on this summer night.

Everyone has a roof over their head, a place to call home. These are mostly small, simple, and efficient dwellings, but each is unique. Many people live in a home they built with their own two hands.

All around them the wildflowers are blooming in their thousands, pollinated by the recovering insect populations. Arguably the most hardworking of all are the honeybees, buzzing to and from the community apiary. The honey produced in these hives is used in baking sweet treats and cakes relished especially by the youngest.

What once were supermarkets delivering robots and police droids, have now been reprogrammed to assist in that gargantuan task - near-endless litterpicking. Along the old roads, through the meadows and wading through the toxic sludge left behind by an age of unchecked, greed-driven industry, these machines collect decades' worth of waste.

The city is our garden, a place of beauty and practicality that belongs to us all.



From the ruins of the old world, we are building something better. Here, the wellbeing of the community and the land is put above all else. Everyone is given the best job for them, and together we work to the rhythm of the seasons: mulching, sewing, tending, growing, picking, sorting, distributing.

THE CITY IS OUR GARDEN



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