

The Heart



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The Heart

“The human heart is the shell in which the pearl of sincerity is found.”

Hazrat Inayat Khan (1882-1927)

There is a land where the sun rises in the east and sets in the west. A land where sometimes a rainbow appears - clear and distinct in an ocean of colors.

The red of the morning sun, which paints the dawning day in soft sweetness and brings warmth to the hearts that see, doesn't surpass the beauty of the evening sun's pastels. Precisely as none of them beats the unparalleled whirl of color in the rainbow.

In beauty, they are equals.

Faithfully, they show up in the sky and move souls and thoughts - as proof that beauty can still be found despite human disputes on earth.

As long as humans can see the beauty in nature and let it grow as love in their souls, then the world will remain, and the hearts will beat again - but exactly in this land, a few years ago, a weird and shady development happened.

This is where the adventure begins.

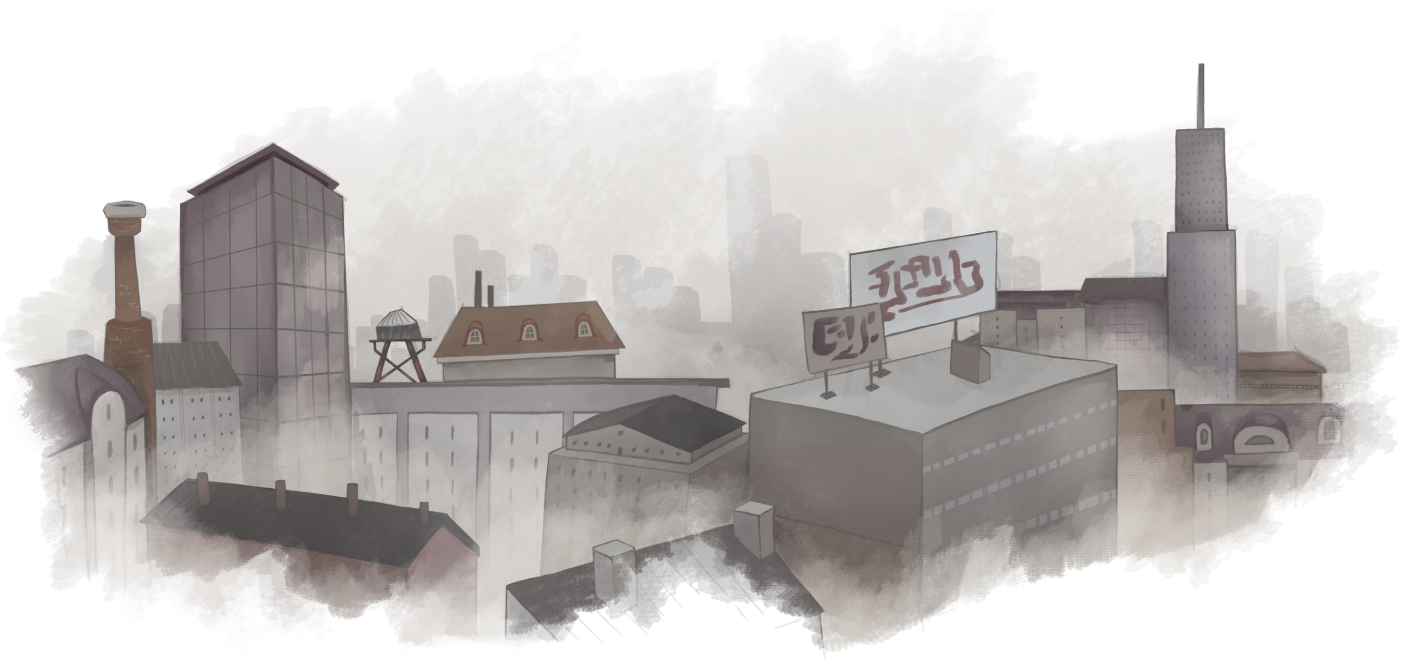
In this land, that doesn't need a name, humans had stopped looking up at the sky, both in morning and at night. Even the rainbow had become unimportant to them, reduced to a series of scientific formulas.

People set the alarm, got up when it rang, went to work, bought things on the internet, and set the alarm again before going to bed. They'd forgotten each other, well, actually themselves, in the everyday life they'd become a part of. Many completely forgot what they wanted, who they were, and what they liked.

The world grew ever grayer. The news was depressing and without joy. It was as if something important had been taken away from them, and instead something else - or even nothing - had taken its place. It's not like they worshipped the golden calf ... but still.

Even nature acted strange, but no one really noticed, until they realized that they couldn't ski where they used to. However, most people chose not to worry about it, and when someone broached the subject, they got shushed.

Loneliness and indifference lay like a desperate fog over the land.
Out of the few that were wondering, there was a lowly farmer's son and a clever princess.
One evening, they sat in opposite corners of the land and ate dinner with their parents.



“Everything is about money,” the king said casually.

“Yes, but also about time,” the queen added.

“I think it should be about love,” the princess interjected.



“Everything is about money,” the farmer said casually.
“Yes, but also about time,” the farmer’s wife added.
“I think it should be about love,” the farmer’s son interjected.



But in neither one nor the other home did the parents hear what was actually said, as they were absorbed in their own phones.

Both the princess and the farmer's son got up from the table in opposite corners of the land. One peculiar feeling had haunted their hearts for a while. A calling - of apprehension or agony? Something touched their hearts more than it used to. They both felt it.

In the night, they seemed to hear a calling - or perhaps an agonizing cry for help.

It created a feeling of unease inside, almost a kind of saddened anxiety. They were also slowly starting to notice too many worried or indifferent looks, and, worst of all, it seemed that even the children were becoming unimaginative, lonely, and sad, as if they had lost the joy of playing. The young looked lonely when they sat with their friends and acquaintances on screens. Something was seriously wrong, they always thought right before sleep took over their worries and turned them into dreams.

With all of that on their minds, they each went out to their own favorite place.

The princess sought the calm of her garden.

It was so big that you could get lost in it, but she knew every inch of it. Here, she spent a lot of time, mostly by herself.

Small fountains, springs, flowers, and trees received the gaze when standing in the middle of the garden, through which crinkled crooks and whimsical flowerbeds also twisted. The princess had a sense of that sort, and luckily, an old gardener, who understood both her and the garden's possibilities. It was happiness. The garden was encircled by an enormous thorn hedge as the king had commanded. But the princess had, in secret, cut a hole in it, so that she could see out into the world.

Her favorite place was in the back of the garden.

There was no cell service, but here she could see and talk to the flowers and animals of the garden, without anyone finding it strange. Especially the birds were her friends. They came with news from out there, and there was also a tiny bird that truly set her thoughts in motion - and later much more than that.

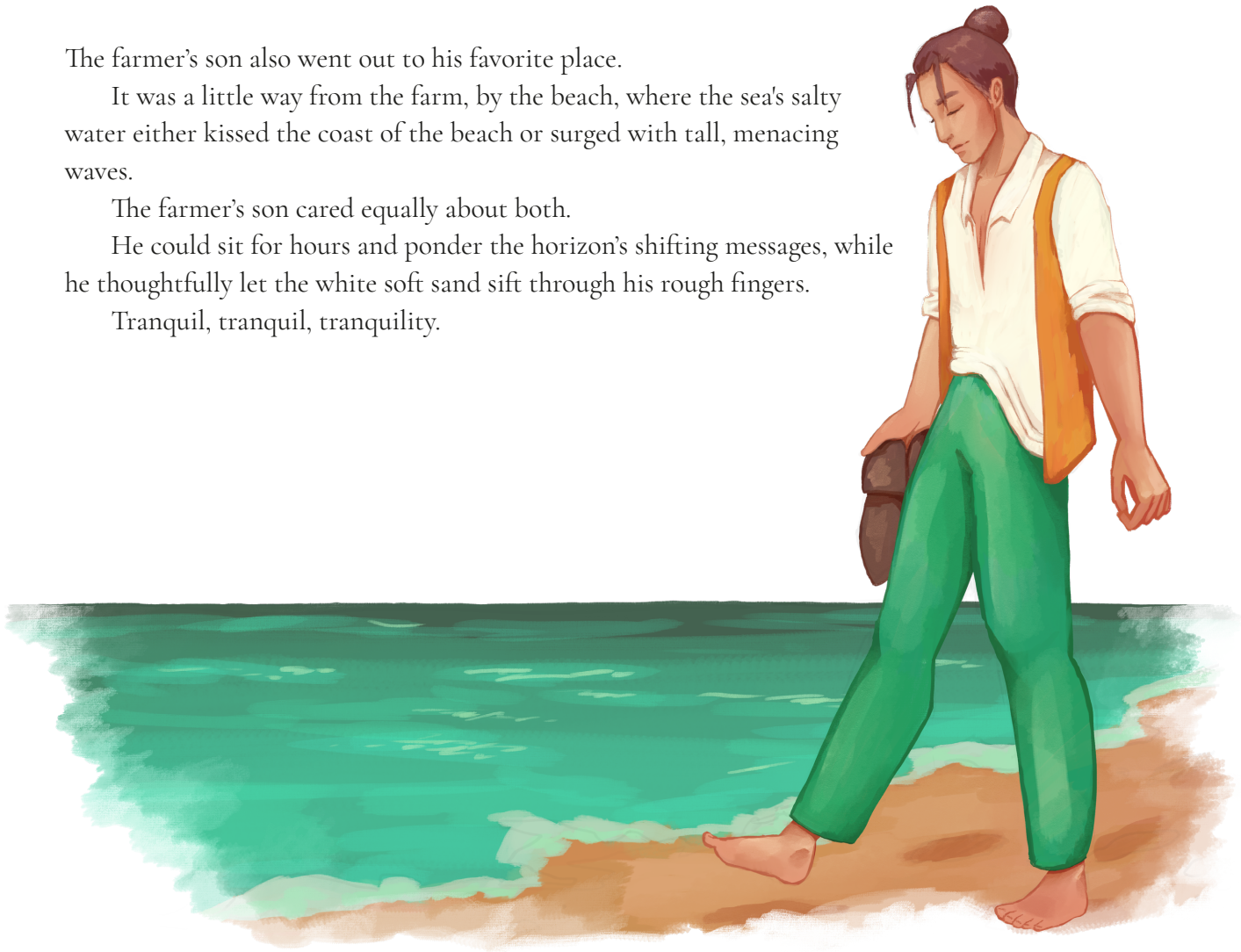
The farmer's son also went out to his favorite place.

It was a little way from the farm, by the beach, where the sea's salty water either kissed the coast of the beach or surged with tall, menacing waves.

The farmer's son cared equally about both.

He could sit for hours and ponder the horizon's shifting messages, while he thoughtfully let the white soft sand sift through his rough fingers.

Tranquil, tranquil, tranquility.



Here, he often thought back on his childhood. He thought about how he, as a boy, went down to the sea many nights with his parents. They walked, talking fondly or just in silence, along the sea, through summer, fall, winter, and spring. Together, they saw the birds arrive, and later leave again, to a faraway place to keep warm. He remembered how they celebrated the sight of the bird's return in the spring. They saw each other, listened to the sea together, and talked about what it possibly could tell.

They felt the kiss of the wind, warm, soft, and cold. Together they looked after hollow stones, which they proudly showed each other.

At home, they put the stones on a string and hung them on fences and walls. Thinking of these nights, the farmer's son knew that there had been summers filled with love and happiness. Now, the strings were broken, tenderized by time, and the stones lay despondent on the ground among all the other stones without holes, happiness, or memories.

The son wondered what had happened.

Right here and now, he picked up a flat stone with a big sigh. He wanted to skip stones, but before he managed to throw the stone towards the surface of the sea, he discovered a small hummingbird buzzing in the air in front of him.

“You, little hummingbird, what are you doing by the salty sea?” he asked affectionately.
“There is neither nectar nor pollen here”.

The bird whirred closer. Its tiny, dainty beak seemed to move, while the small wings moved so quickly that the bluish-green colors stood out as in a flood of red and yellow. It was as if it danced with the finest tulle skirt rushing around it - just as small as it was itself.

“You look like a dancing rainbow when you move that quickly. You remind me of all those rainbows that I’ve seen with my parents, a long time ago. What is it that you want here?” he repeated.

Now, the little bird flew even closer toward the face of the farmer's son.
For the third time, the farmer's son asked: "What is it that you want here?"
The bird flew closer to the ear of the farmer's son, and with a silky voice, it sang
melancholically and quietly:

*"A lonely heart
For a troll to heavy
He stole the golden.
Alas, too deadly.*

*Two young people
must find the Heart.
But first, trouble and madness
must not drive them apart."*

The farmer's son looked confused at the small hummingbird: "Is that your message, - what you want to tell me?" Once more, the hummingbird whirred by his ear, and once more the same ballad:

*"A lonely heart
For a troll too heavy
He stole the golden.
Alas, too deadly.*

*Two young people
must find the Heart.
But first, trouble and madness
must not drive them apart."*

Before the farmer's son got the chance to ask who the two young people were, the hummingbird whirred away, while sending its little song to the farmer's son's thoughts.

"You are one of them," it sounded shortly from the rolling waves of the sea. "Off you go, before the Heart is extinguished for good. Then everything will be lost, and only nothingness remain".

"But I'm just a lowly farmer's son. Do you mean the big Heart, the one that beats for everything on Earth? The one that makes the birds sing and humans live in intimacy and happiness? The Heart, that connects everything - nature, the sky, and the living creatures? How am I to save that, and with whom?" The farmer's son had often talked to the sea, both with and without words.

The sea now hit the shore a little harder:

*"Take the hummingbird's words with you and go.
With ingenuity and heart, you will know."*

The young man understood, and the next day he departed by roads that were shown to him in his mind.

At the same time, the princess sat in her garden, and exactly like with the farmer's son, a small hummingbird came whirringly to meet her. Though she wasn't surprised, as she was used to the hummingbirds seeking nectar in the garden's flowers, while it simultaneously brought lovely news from the world out there.

The hummingbird neared her ear and sang with its silky voice:

*"A lonely heart
For a troll too heavy
He stole the golden.
Alas, too deadly.*

*Two young people
must find the Heart.
But first, trouble and madness
must not drive them apart"*

Then her heart was struck and beat faster and more worried than normal. Neither did she get an answer from the hummingbird, but the thornbush rattled with its thorns and leaves.

“You are one of them,” it sounded from the rattling leaves of the thornbush. “Off you go, before the Heart is extinguished for good. Then everything will be lost, and only nothingness remain”.

“But I’m just a princess. Do you mean the big Heart, the one that beats for everything on Earth? The one that makes birds sing and humans live in intimacy and happiness? The Heart, that connects everything - nature, the sky, and the living creatures? How am I to save that, and with whom?”

The bush now rattled more acutely with thorns and leaves. So acutely that individual thorns fell off, and with a strong and genuine voice, it said:

“Take the hummingbird’s words with you and go. With ingenuity and heart, you will know.”

The princess rose, brushed off her dress, and the next morning she departed. She also found roads which were shown to her in her mind.

