

THE HIDDEN CIRCLE GAZETTE

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The Love Garden

BY JAN LOU — 2026-09-19



Let me tell you the charming tale of the weddings at Love Garden.

Once upon a time, there was a park that dwelt in a digital space, for many a long year. Unpretentious, untouched by rivalry, and free of all clamor, it was a quiet place, for it was never meant to hold hundreds of lively revellers dancing beneath the glare of a lavish stage.

There was no extravagance here, only peace and a touch of graphical enchantment. In truth, it had first been fashioned as an anniversary gift from a humble husband to his gentle wife. In time, its gates were opened to the world, offering a dreamlike haven of nature where weary digital wanderers might rest.



Then, one morning, the gardener chanced upon a message left by a couple who had visited in the dead of night: "*We were married in your garden, and it was sheer magic!*" Another day, as he walked amongst the bowers to water the blossoms, he happened upon a wedding taking place in a quiet corner of the park, a handful of friends gathered round a couple joining their hands in union. So he bade the castle fireworks be set off to honor the hour.

Later came yet another wedding, announced beforehand this time. And then still more, discovered by chance in galleries of images, or revealed long after by the newlyweds themselves. There were also private ceremonies, arranged with a touch of pageantry, a moment of dance or a modest feast set out by the master of the realm. And so it came to pass that the gardener of Love Garden was struck by a thought: he would carve hearts into the floor of the bandstand, bearing the initials of each wedded pair. Like a noble oak whose ancient trunk receives hearts carved with a blade, holding fast a moment of joy and growing ever onward with it.



Today, nearly five years since the park first opened its gates to the world, close to fifty weddings, at least those known to the gardener, have been celebrated and sometimes celebrated anew. Now and then, even a groom of former days returned to pledge himself to another. And just as many hearts stand carved upon the bandstand floor, alongside several renewals of vows, and many a simple betrothal. From time to time, a groom of old, or his lady of bygone days, returns to recapture a fleeting emotion, standing in quiet remembrance before the heart inscribed on their wedding day.

The gardener judges not, nor does he speak a word. Above all, he never erases a heart once carved, though the marriage itself be undone. For a heart remains a heart! *"One always returns to Love Garden,"* he muses softly to himself.





For at Love Garden, weddings are like love itself: freely given to all.

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