

La Traviata

Jimmy San



Airon Press

La Traviata

FLASH FICTION

J. P. SAN



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Be Kind.

About the author

J.P. San, also known as Jimmy, is an American novelist known for weaving suspense, drama, and a touch of the surreal. From a young age, he was deeply attuned to the spiritual world, receiving a profound vision through his grandparents' intercession. This sparked his lifelong journey as a dreamer, seeking hope and guidance through divine signs. Drawing inspiration from everyday moments and human complexities, Jimmy creates emotionally resonant narratives. Outside of writing, he enjoys hiking, coffee, and exploring new places. He currently lives with his family in Rockville, Maryland, USA.



Jimmy San

Introductory Note from Telel

My dear readers,
You'll probably want to know what this story means. Mortals usually do. They like beginnings, middles, and tidy endings that tie everything up with a bow. If that's what you expect, too bad. *La Traviata* isn't tidy, and neither is the city of glass where this story takes place.

The traveler wanders, the siren defies, the monks whistle tunes that don't belong to them. And still, nothing changes. Or maybe everything does. It depends on how you read it—and how it reads you.

Don't look for a moral here. Jimmy San is trying to leave a small itch in the back of your mind: a phrase that won't leave you alone, a fragment of cardamom scent that follows you into tomorrow's breakfast. That's how you'll know you've really read it.

Now go on. Step carefully. The glass is thinner than you think.

—Telel

La Traviata

There once was a heartbroken traveler, restless and unmoored, who wandered the City of Glass: transparent, endless, and cold. His youth had been filled with joy, but life eventually calcified into burdens and disillusion.

Now he drifted along a nearby stream that ran through the Valley of Butterscotch Chrysanthemums, a hapless crayon-blue sky skirting the horizon above him. He felt slightly blue, muttering ancient banterings that slowly tensed his body and edged his demeanor toward tangerine red. The water's fleeting ripples and enticing gurgles offered him hollow relief, pleasures that promised more than they gave. All the while, he searched earnestly for a remedy for his pain: a path, a prophetic voice, a drink to forget, a miracle. All eluded him; of those he tried, none proved true.

He was no longer a traveler but a meanderer, circling himself.
Stuck.

Frozen.

He pressed against the fracture that muted his essence. The fracture pressed so hard that in his stillness, he nearly fell into a slumber. A beauty, who had happened into this place, woke him,

soon becoming his source of hope and pleasure, and became his betrothed. Even she grew bitter due to her love's inability to move beyond the dome. She encouraged and supported the Meanderer. In desperation and heartache, she died in his arms of boredom.

The hunt for the exit halted; he acknowledged his failure with resignation. Thus he abandoned the search for the path; with his love gone, instead of healing, he allowed these and the sorrows of others he did not know, to seep in. Their tears became his own, an omen for the living.

The traveler's sorrows overwhelmed him, and his gathering tears rushed downward to become a great lake, threatening to drown him and all who lived in the Valley.

No one knew why he returned to his quest. He had invited death to his bed. But as suddenly as he had resigned, hands on hip and chest puffed out, he began to search for an escape again, a way from that which held him captive, a door leading to freedom. He searched for a crack, a chink in the armor, the slightest exposed breach: an exit for the sake of his progeny.

For their sake, he removed his hand from his side and placed it on his plow. He could see it, almost feel it, but could never cross its threshold; his heart was in the land his feet touched. To his dismay, as he gained ground towards the destination, the other side dissolved.

He questioned the wind.

He prayed to angels.

He listened to the stars.

But no answer came.