**It was a miracle happening right before my eyes. The old oak tree, gnarled and ancient, stood at the heart of the meadow as it always had, but tonight, under the pale glow of the full moon, it shimmered with an ethereal light. Its bark seemed to pulse, each groove and crevice glowing faintly, as if the tree itself was alive with some otherworldly energy.**

**I took a hesitant step closer, my breath caught in my chest. The air around the oak felt charged, like the moment before a storm breaks. My heart raced, torn between awe and a thread of fear, but curiosity urged me forward.**

**As I reached the base of the tree, the light grew brighter, enveloping me in warmth. It wasn’t blinding—more like the gentle embrace of dawn’s first rays. And then, as though the tree could sense my presence, its bark began to shift. Slowly, methodically, it parted to reveal a hollow at its core, glowing with a soft golden hue. Inside, nestled like a treasure, was something I never could have imagined: a small, crystalline orb, spinning lazily in midair. Its surface swirled with colours that seemed to hold the very essence of life—deep greens of the forest, vibrant blues of the sky, and streaks of sunlight’s golden warmth.**

**I reached out a trembling hand, drawn to the orb by a force I couldn’t explain. The moment my fingers brushed against its cool surface, a rush of images and sensations flooded my mind. I saw memories that weren’t my own—ancient forests teeming with life, generations of creatures seeking shelter under the oak’s mighty branches, and whispers of a time when the world was whole and unbroken.**

**The tree spoke, not with words, but with feelings, with an understanding that transcended language. *Protect this. Nurture it. The world depends on it.***

**And just as suddenly as it had begun, the vision faded. The hollow closed, the light dimmed, and the meadow was silent once more. I stood there, clutching the orb, feeling its faint hum of life against my palm. The responsibility was overwhelming, but so was the hope it carried. This was no ordinary miracle—it was a second chance for a world that had forgotten how to listen.**

**The weight of the orb grew heavier in my hand, as if it carried the burden of ages. As I turned to leave the meadow, a low, melodic hum emerged from the orb—a sound so gentle and pure it seemed to echo through my very soul. With each step I took, the hum grew stronger, resonating with the rhythm of my heartbeat.**

**Around me, the world seemed to shift subtly. Leaves glimmered with renewed vitality, and the air carried the scent of rain-soaked earth, even though the sky was clear. The orb's light pulsed gently, like a guiding beacon. I realised then that this miracle wasn’t just for me—it was for everything and everyone. This was only the beginning**.