As I stepped through the trunk of a tree into another foreign world a gust of minty air surged through me. This forest silences the clocks, for this place of root and branch is the dominion of the eternal soul. A hug of browns, a shelter of extended limbs, seven resting beneath foliage hues, the forest is protective mother, the promise of holy sanctuary.

A happy arboreal flock flapped their branches in the warming wind. Their outstretched twiggy hands played with the strengthening light. Between them birds did flitter spring, bouncing wings full wide, singing as if it were their song that commanded winter’s retreat.

But as the fusion of colours paled down into a vast expanse with a hint of specks of stars, denuded twigs whiplashed in the gloom. A battery of clouds sank low and lower still, until they fogged each forest-vista as blindfold. What was cold became freezing. What was an aromatic fragrance became a lurking malodour. What was dingy became pitch dark. No more happy melodies, only a deafening silence. The moonlight that had played on the lake silently erased itself. Though the rays of sunlight were consoled by constellations far and wide, the devil declared itself ascended. Astrid fumbled to lean against a trunk, to pray that this darkness would soon be over.

This forest is a place of ancient souls, of the creatures who used to dwelled with the sweet sounds of moving water and bird song. But even though it seemed as though they had been turned into devils, somehow this place felt more home than home for Astrid. Maybe she would find out why, one day.

The next day, the forest became yet another orchestra of Astrid’s mind, playing one enchanting symphony after another. Her leaves dance to an unheard beat, whispering their songs to the wind. Here, sheltered by the mighty trees, is every kind of life, from the humble beetle to enchanting birds of every colour. She holds her hands up to feel the cascading light, a brilliant white shaft illuminating the path that takes me onward and to a place that was like home.

Astrid felt confused yet amused. At night the atmosphere was so gloomy that it was palpable, yet in the light of the sun it seemed so cheerful. This continued for days until Astrid realised something. Maybe this had something to do with the people of this world?

As Astrid finally stepped into this world of people, she noticed there were hydrokinetics, pyrokinetics, telepaths, empaths, flashers and lots more. This was her childhood dream, but determined to fix the issue of the night she bravely stepped up and asked. But her requests were greeted with a mix of waving hands and people reassuring her. As they gave her a place to stay, she couldn’t help but feel that something was wrong. So her next stop was the ancient library. She pushed the wooden brass door open, a fresh gust of air greeted her. As she marvelled at the intricacy of the walls, and the ornate carvings she noticed something, something strange. One of the carvings had her face on it, and it showed the gloomy nights she experienced. It also showed that she saved this world from the night. Was this just a coincidence or something more.

Determined to prove herself, Astrid studied the night. And noticed that this phenomenon could be fixed with simple chemistry. She also realised that this world only had artificial air, and that having actual oxygen could change that. So she got to work, using fairy dust, and many other things she finally pumped a gust of air into the eerie night sky, which transported her back to the real world. Looking into the translucent trunk, she smiled at the moonlit sky that seeked to wink at her. Maybe that was her legacy.