


THE FOREST OF DREAMS

MERVE ATILGAN


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In the blink of an eye, with a soft *whoosh*,
I slip through a hidden path, following the
great snake's trail. Its rose-tinted scales
shimmer, coiling through gnarled roots
into the enchanted woods.

Every time, it feels like stepping into
a dream spun by the forest itself.



As I emerge into the deep forest, fireflies twinkle around me, their golden light leading me through the dark. "Where is the forest?" I hear you ask. Ah, that's the greatest mystery of all.

The forest grows within me, its roots in the quiet of my mind. *I am the forest, and the forest is me.* With each thought, it grows – a world where moss dances on ancient trees and leaves flutter with forgotten secrets.

I dive into the deep forest, where the paths are as
curious as they are endless. I walk upside down,
sideways like a crab, sometimes even on my head!

Why not? It's all part of the magic –
this is my forest, after all.



If you wander here one day, beware the
playful roots; they might just whisk you
away, tumbling... straight into the sky!



After the rain, mushrooms sprout everywhere – in the
nooks of trees, under rocks, in the most unexpected
places. Some mushrooms look at me with curious eyes,
while others hide shyly from my gaze. Don't ask me,
“Can mushrooms be shy?” I already told you –
this is a very strange place.

