

In an old monastery deep in the forest, monks guarded a mysterious **book** known as *The Book of Roots and Dreams*. No one knew who had written it or how old it was. Its pages were filled with drawings of trees whose **roots** intertwined with stars, and poems that spoke about **dreams** growing like branches. One winter night, a novice monk named Elias stayed up reading the forbidden volume. As he turned each page, the ink seemed to move, forming new shapes and words. The walls around him shimmered, and he found himself standing in a forest under a sky made of golden leaves. A voice whispered, "To understand the world, you must learn to read its roots." When he awoke, the **book** lay open before him, but the drawings had vanished. Only a single line remained: "*What you dream shapes what will be.*" From that day on, Elias dedicated his life to planting trees across the barren hills, believing that each **root** carried a fragment of the world's forgotten **dream**.