

QUERY LENGTH LIMIT EXCEEDED. MAX ALLOWED QUERY : 500 CHARS

stepped into the woods for the first time. The trees stood tall and ancient, their gnarled roots coiled like serpents across the forest floor. She tightened her grip on the lantern in her hand, the flickering light barely strong enough to push back the thickening shadows. Somewhere in these woods lay the answers she sought—answers that had haunted her dreams for weeks. “Don’t go,” her brother Elias had pleaded earlier that evening. “The Whispering Forest is cursed. No one who enters ever comes back the same.” But Mira couldn’t stay away. Not after the dreams. Every night, she had seen the same vision: a silver tree with leaves like starlight, standing in the heart of the forest. It called to her, a soft whisper in her mind: Come find me, Mira. Your destiny awaits.