

In a quiet village nestled between rolling green hills, a mysterious blue door appeared overnight in the middle of the town square. No one knew who had built it or why it was there—it stood upright without any support and opened to nothing but air. Children played around it, daring each other to step through, while adults debated whether it was art, a prank, or something more. Despite its stillness, some swore they heard whispers when they walked by at night. Over time, the villagers stopped questioning the door's purpose and simply accepted it as part of their landscape—a quiet reminder that not everything needed an explanation.