

# Magic meets realm

Once upon a time, a young girl named Dechen used to live in an isolated country enclosed by thick forests and rolling mountains.

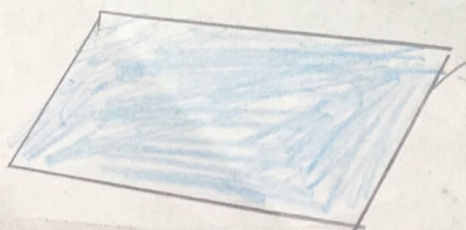


She was renowned all over the settlement for her bright hair and blue eyes, which were the perfect match to her cheerful attitude.

Dechen was an extraordinary individual amid the villagers because she had a vibrant imagination and a heart that was as pure as the place she termed home. Dechen lived with her granny, Gyalmo, in a comfortable hut on the suburbs of the village.



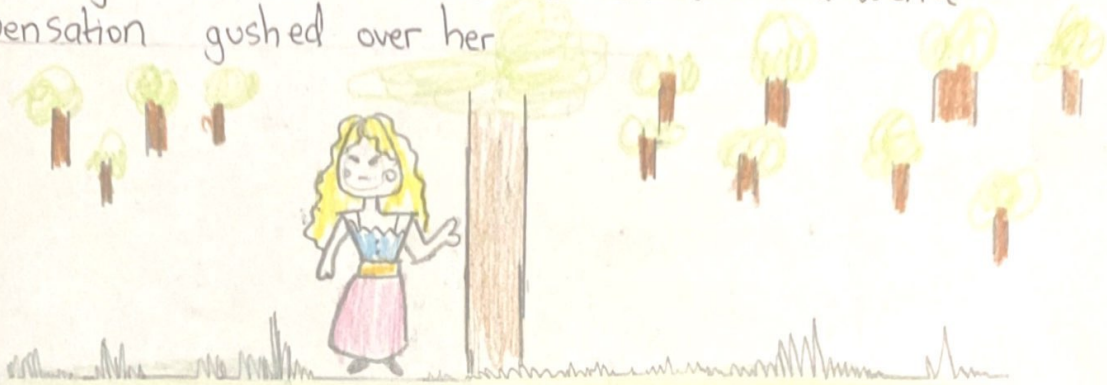
Gyalmo was sensible and kind, with white hair that glittered like the moon. She had raised Dechen from an early age, filling her imagination with stories of enchanted creatures and far-flung parks. Every evening, they would sit by the inglenook, and Gyalmo would tell mesmerizing stories that smeared Dechen's imagination with vibrant colors.



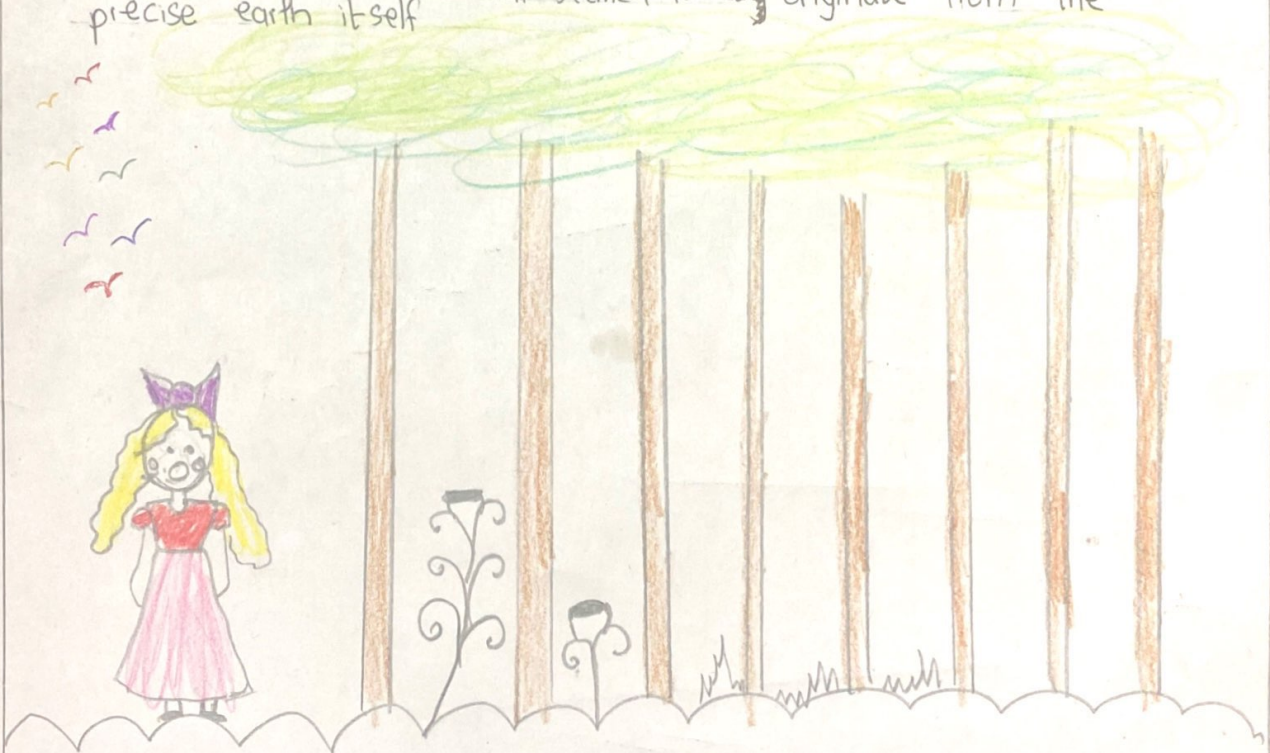
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One regular autumn day, as Dechen wandered in the woods gathering dropped leaves, she toppled upon a strange tree. Its bark was very dark, and its branches were curled into sophisticated shapes that appeared to dance in the wind. Dechen felt a tempting desire to touch it, and as her fingers touched the tree's distorted surface, a weird sensation gushed over her.



In an instant, Dechen found herself on cloud nine in a magical kingdom. It was a totally different place unlike her world which she had never imagined, with gigantic trees that touched for the sky, their leaves shining in shades of red and white. Birds with dazzling quills flew about, and the air was filled with a harmonious whine that seemed to originate from the precise earth itself.





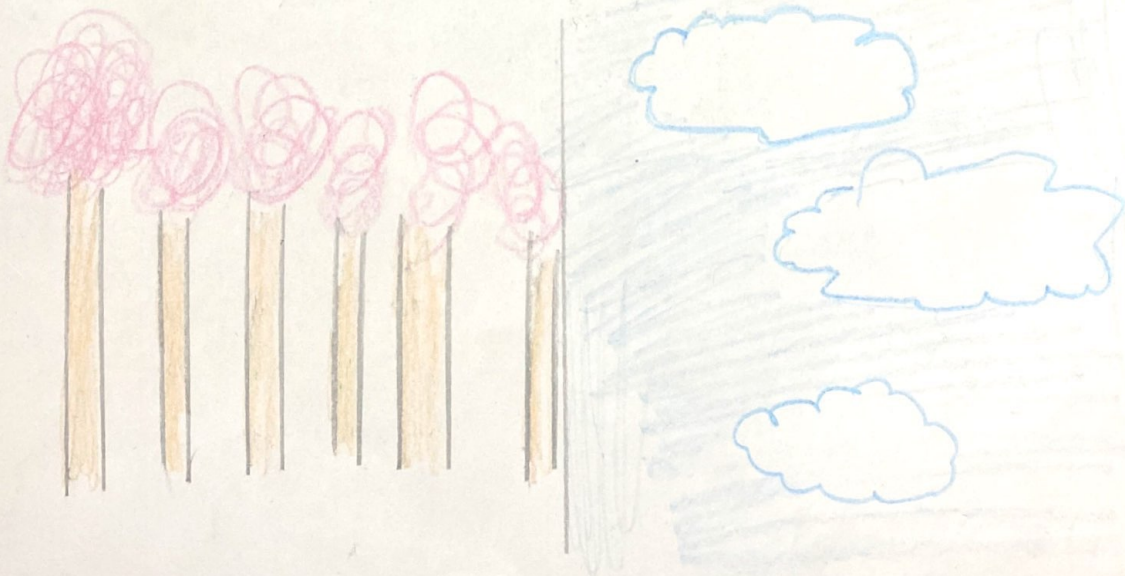
Dechen's heart ascended with delight as she travelled around this phenomenal land. She met speaking animals who amused her with stories of their own, and she even swayed with fireflies that ignited up the night like a thousand little stars.



But what charmed her the most was a magnificent unicorn named Kestrel, a creature of incomparable gorgeousness and elegance.



Kestrel had the ability to make Dechen's weirdest imaginings come factual. With a touch of her horn, the world would change before Dechen's eyes. She had the power to create magical forests, gaudily tinted skies, and fairy-tale creatures that came to life. They went on immeasurable expeditions together, soaring through the air and swaying in crystal-clear seas.





Day 1, Day 2

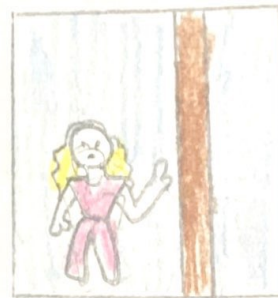
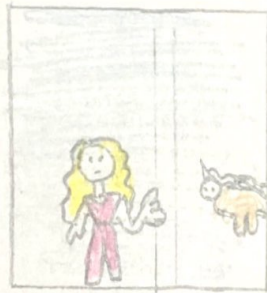


Week 1, Week 2

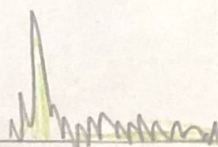
As the days became weeks, Dechen and Kestrel's bonding became deep and indestructible. But with each day passing, a craving grew within her heart, a longing for her grandmother's warm hug and the accustomed luxuries of home.



One evening, as Dechen and Kestrel observed the sun incline beneath the skyline, forming a work of shades across the sky, Dechen knew it was time for leave-taking. She could sense the attraction of her own world, the one she had left behind. With a hefty sentiment, she bid good-bye to her much-loved unicorn friend and touched the enigmatic tree once more.

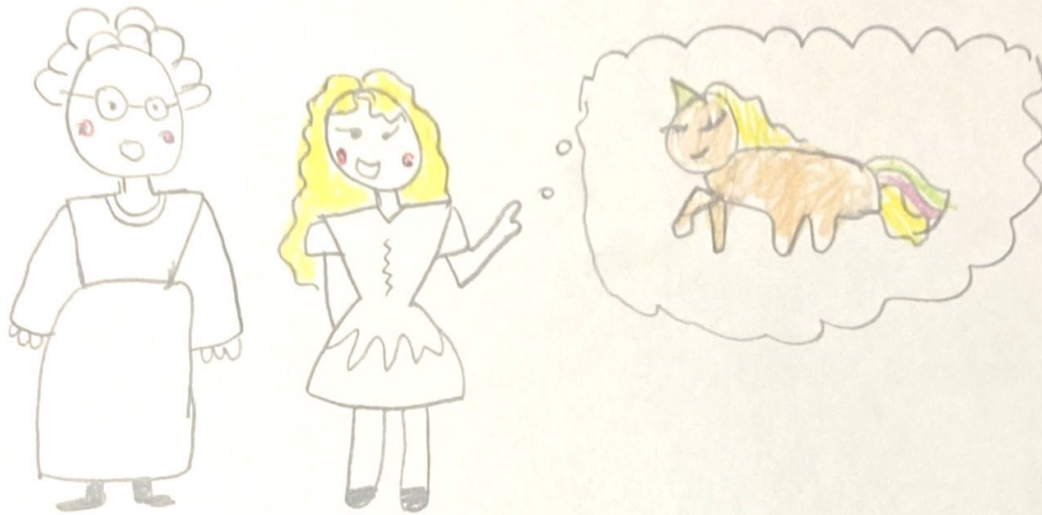


In a prompt, Dechen found herself back in her grandmother's cottage, her heart filled with both delight and unhappiness. She rushed into Gyalmo's arms, tears of gratefulness flowing down her cheeks as she narrated her implausible expedition.





Gyalmo listened keenly, her eyes sparkling with empathy. She knew that Dechen's venture in the enchanted realm was a gift, a testimony to the power of dreams and the limitless opportunities it held. She encouraged Dechen to carry the lessons and understandings from her voyage with her, to continue fostering her thoughts, and to pass the magic with others.



And so, Dechen did just that. She became recognized all over the village as a narrator, lacing stories of her explorations with kestrel and the miracles of the enraptured world. Her stories brought joy and encouragement to all who heard them, retelling them of the magic that survives in the world, waiting to be found out by those ~~who were sleeping~~ with vulnerable hearts and limitless imaginations.



Dechen's hair became as white as her grandmother's as the years passed by, and her stories were passed to the newer generations as folktales. With flowers that shined in the moonlight and animals that told mysteries to those who were snooping, the town itself seemed to have been exaggerated by the magic.



And though Dechen never went back to the enchanted realm, she knew that it existed on in her heart, a place where imaginings ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ and reality entangled, where the normal became ~~unusual~~ unusual, and where the power of imaginings could truly change the world.



Thanks to this girl named Dechen and her extraordinary voyage into a land of miracle, the essence of venture and the fascination of dreams sustained to flower in the land of rolling mountains and think forests.

# THE END