

## Follow the White Rabbit

Once, in the hush between moments, Elara found a message scrawled upon the wind:  
**"Follow the White Rabbit."**

She hesitated—was this not the call of dreamers? But the air shimmered, and before her stood a rabbit, its fur woven from moonlight, its eyes deep as forgotten prayers. It turned, its ears twitching like a secret only the universe dared speak.

She followed.

Through alleys where neon dripped like liquid stars, through doorways that led to forgotten places—where time pooled in golden puddles, where silence hummed in colors unseen. The rabbit moved like an invitation, a question without words, a promise without form.

*"Where am I going?"* she whispered.

*"Where you have always longed to be,"* the rabbit answered, though its mouth did not move.

With each step, gravity softened. Walls became rivers, and rivers became roads. She was no longer walking—she was remembering how to fly.

*"All that you seek has been seeking you,"* the rabbit murmured.

And then—just as suddenly as she had begun—she stood at the edge of everything. A threshold woven from starlight and longing.

The rabbit turned to her one last time.

*"Leap, and the sky will catch you."*

Elara smiled. She had never truly doubted.

She stepped forward—

—And was swallowed by wonder.

Each step sent ripples through the luminous paths, the walls expanding and contracting like a living dream. She was neither falling nor flying, only moving, carried by the pulse of unseen music, the rhythm of something vast and knowing.

Then, without warning, the tunnels opened, spilling into open air.

A great **waterfall of color** cascaded before her—rivers of crimson, sapphire, and gold, flowing like silk unfurling from the heavens. She leapt into it, the currents wrapping around her, lifting her in their embrace. The water was not water—it was light, it was breath, it was the feeling of being alive in a way she had never understood before.

She laughed, spinning in its embrace, surrendering to the rush of something impossibly beautiful. She could stay here forever.

But then—softly, gently—the light began to fade.

Her body grew lighter. The colors softened, dissolving into mist, into whispers, into quiet air.

And when she opened her eyes, she was lying in her bed.

The morning light stretched lazily across the room, pooling in golden patches on the floor. The ceiling did not pulse with cosmic energy; the walls did not hum with hidden passageways. She was here. She had always been here.

A dream.

And yet, when she turned her palm upward, she swore she could still feel it—the sensation of light curling against her fingertips, the echo of color wrapping itself around her skin.