Sinking into the plush armchair, she felt herself slipping into her daydream again. Robin had always been a daydreamer, falling so deeply into detailed worlds that she saw so vividly.

Feeling the caresses of the breeze on her skin, Robin opened her eyes, stunned. Her meandering thoughts about the deep pine forest outside her grandparent’s house seemed to have led her into something like a dream. Towering pines stood around her, allowing beams of light to shine through their branches and illuminate the path below. Mossy emerald boulders dotted the path she was on, bearing shelter to ferns and delicate lacy white wildflowers at their bases.

Entranced, she started along the path, smelling the musk of the forest and stepping over fallen logs now home to woodland creatures. She could hear the chittering of red squirrels and calls of magpies in the branches above, reminded of the sounds of her childhood summers in this very forest.

As she explored the path leading her under the canopy, she came across a small brook running across the path. Coming up to the brook, she stepped over the plank of wood meant to provide passage over the running water. As she stepped over the wood, her toe of her boot caught the head of a nail. Thrown off her balance, Robin stumbled from the makeshift bridge and one of her feet stepped into the shallow stream into the chilly mountain water.

Feeling a desire to return home to the comfort of dry shoes, Robin snapped back from her daydream and found herself back nestled into the armchair by the window, recognizing once again her home.

Puzzled, she looked down at her feet. One boot was damp and her wool sock inside was completely soaked.

Confused, she looked down incredulously. Had she transported herself to another place?