



## The Valley of the Eternal Trees

The Valley of the Eternal Trees lay at the heart of a land forgotten by time. The valley was famous for its majestic trees, the leaves of which never fell, although they did change colour with the seasons, like an artist's brushstrokes on an infinite canvas. There were trees as white as snow, others in shades of dark orange and deep blue, and each one seemed to tell a different story.

Like a soft blanket, the rolling hills behind the trees covered the earth's ancient secrets, while, above, small suns and stars, intricately designed, seemed to hover in the blue, as if observing nature's harmonious display with wonder.

Both stars shone with a unique light, for they were no ordinary luminaries. Each visitor to the valley, moved by a pure heart, deposited their wishes there, and only the most genuine and selfless desires became part of that magical sky.

This was the valley's secret: only wishes born of a true intent, devoid of greed or selfishness, were to be accepted by the stars.

Laura, a curious and attentive young woman, had heard stories about this place ever since she was a child. One autumn morning, she set out to explore the valley on her own, in search of answers to the legends that fascinated her so much. As she arrived, a warm breeze brushed against her face, accompanied by a soft whisper, as if the valley itself were welcoming her.

As she walked among the trees, she noticed that each one bore small, shiny fruits that seemed to catch the sky's light. When she reached out to touch one, she heard a gentle voice:



*Each of these fruits holds a memory. If you choose one, you'll uncover its past and the role it played in shaping this place.*

Laura paused, sensing the deep significance of what she was about to do. Each tree, with its eternally colourful leaves, seemed to watch her in silence, as if respectfully awaiting her choice. Driven by an inexplicable impulse, she eventually chose a fruit with a vibrant orange colour. As soon as she touched it, a wave of heat ran through her body, and her mind bloomed with images.

She saw people from a time beyond memory, men and women gathered in communion with the earth. With calloused hands, they were carefully sowing the first seeds, each gesture filled with an almost sacred reverence.

Laura realized that these trees were not only trees; they were living legacies, fruits of a promise made to the stars, a silent pact of respect and harmony. Each root that spread across the land told a story of care and consideration, as if the soil itself carried the memories of past generations. The fruits were symbols of the commitment of a people who understood the profound interconnection between all forms of life.

In her vision, Laura noticed that the ancient ones treated each seed like a treasure, holding it in the palm of their hand with utmost gentleness. Before planting it in the ground, they uttered words of gratitude, as if asking the earth's consent for the new life to germinate. There was no rush or sudden gestures, only the quiet awareness that each tree would be a living thread in the endless tapestry that bound sky and earth.



The landscape of the valley became a testimony to such a connection. The stars that came down to illuminate the place seemed to reciprocate the people's care, ensuring that the trees would never wither away. The promise to preserve nature was not just a duty; it was a way of honouring life in all its manifestations.

Laura felt a soft warmth in her chest, as if a flame of responsibility was beginning to glow in her heart. She realised that the mission of the ancients was not over, and that it was up to each generation to ensure that the connection was respected. She now felt an urgent need to share this wisdom with other people, to inspire them to see the trees, the stars, and the earth itself, as parts of a whole that deserved to be protected.

With a grateful heart, Laura vowed to take care of the valley and share its stories with whoever wanted to hear them. As she left the place, she noticed a small golden luminary floating above her. It was the valley guarding her burgeoning wish *to forever protect the magic of the Eternal Trees.*