As the moons exchanged places with the sun in the now azure sky, a misty haze began to form under the canopy of swaying trees. What was this place? Why was it so unnerving? Curling around thick spiraling branches were constricting vines, which braced and creaked – taking choking holds of the helpless trunks within. Dangling down from the layer of moss, vast leaves flickered like flames in the growing bluster of wind. Dust, grit and grime drifted through the archways created by the curving branches which overshadowed the dimming the forest.

However, the most puzzling of all the sights was the strange, exotic, unfamiliar plants. Sapphire, ruby and emerald pierced the sometimes dull surroundings filling it with an eeriness except for the silence except for the trill of the cicadas These supernatural forms danced and twisted in an attempt to hypnotize and entice any being. Vulnerable was exactly how Suzie felt as she stood lost in this strange setting. This place was truly special, but for the wrong reasons. She could feel the eyes of the forest fixed upon her!