

A photograph of a traditional Japanese garden. In the foreground, a wide, flat, reddish-brown rock sits on a bed of light-colored gravel. Behind it, a path of similar gravel leads towards a cluster of large, grey, moss-covered rocks. The background is filled with dense, vibrant green foliage, including trees and shrubs, creating a lush and peaceful atmosphere.

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REIGN OF
ZOULVISIA

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Once upon a time, in the kingdom of Zoulvisia, there was a beautiful wise hermit who spent her days in meditation and visiting neighbouring villages to teach the children and help where she could. Her name was Iman, and everyone the whole county round loved her. Whenever she visited them, they felt just as serene and kind as she was, and their hard work became fun.

Iman lived up on a tall hilltop surrounded by lush green gardens that she tended daily. There was a lake and thatched hut where she slept, and even the birds were quiet and respectful as she spent time in meditation beside the bubbling brook.

Everything seemed to be going well for the young hermit, until a nearby witch heard about how happy and content the countryside had become. She hated seeing people happy.



Deep in the dark Forest of Dread, the cruel witch fumed at the peaceful villages. She drew her black magic from people who were afraid, angry, and hated others. Her powers drained by Iman's kindness, the witch decided to take what little magic she had left to bring chaos.

She snuck up the hillside one night, using the shadows of trees to hide in. Waiting until the hermit was fast asleep, the witch formed a flame in the palm of her hand and sent its magic right at the thatched roof of the hut. Within minutes, the entire cottage was in flames, and Iman barely made it out alive. The fire spread through her garden, blackening the flowers and shrivelling the trees. Animals and birds fled to the safety of the pond, but the evil witch threw her magic there also, boiling the water. The poor creatures ran on covered in burns. Cackling madly, the witch knew she had won.





Meanwhile, the heroes Isabel with her trusty companion Bob the Unicorn were fighting off bandits in a nearby province of the kingdom. Just as she back flipped over the last thief, using her sword to swipe away his weapon, they were both startled by wounded animals staggering into the meadow. Even the bandit paused as a poor little baby bunny hopped into the sunlight, dragging a broken leg with its fur singed right off. The greedy thief dropped his loot to help.

“Who could do this?” Isabel was furious.

Just then, Iman herself stumbled toward them, “The evil witch from the Forest of Dread!”

Leaving the hermit and now helpful bandits to assist the animals, Isabel and Bob set out for the burned hillside.



The smoke was so thick that Isabel had to put a scarf over her mouth to breathe. It wasn't hard to find the witch, they just followed the cruel laughter and flames.

"You cannot stop me now!" She shrieked, "Pain and fear are everywhere. I have power again!"

"Oh yeah?" Bob harumphed. Before she could gather up her black magic, the unicorn charged, stabbing the witch through with his magical horn. In a puff of smoke darker than her cruel heart, the evil witch was sucked into the ground never to return.

Slowly Iman's hillside regrew its plants and the streams ran crisp and cold again. The animals returned, and Iman's kind influence had even turned the bandits away from their life of crime.

THE END (for now)





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