



LOST IN WONDERLAND

BY AMBER ELLIOTT



## THE JOURNAL: VOICES INTERTWINED



WITH PEN POISED ABOVE A BLANK PAGE, I PAUSE AS ETHEREAL INK BEGINS TO MATERIALIZE. IT'S HER AGAIN—THE WANDERER WHO TREAD THIS PATH BEFORE ME.

“EVERY SEASON HOLDS A PURPOSE,” SHE INSCRIBES, HER WORDS SPIRALING ACROSS THE PAGE LIKE TENDRILS OF IVY. “WINTER IMPARTS THE WISDOM OF REST; SPRING IGNITES THE SPIRIT OF GROWTH. YET, GROWTH DEMANDS BRAVERY—FEAR NOT THE STUMBLE, FOR EVEN THE SEED THAT FALLS FINDS ITS WAY TO BLOSSOM.”

I CARESS HER WORDS, ALLOWING THEIR ESSENCE TO SEEP INTO MY BEING. IT FEELS AS THOUGH SHE SPEAKS DIRECTLY TO MY SOUL, THOUGH I KNOW SHE COULD NOT HAVE FORESEEN MY PRESENCE HERE.

“CLEVER, ISN'T SHE?” BO MUSES, LEANING OVER MY SHOULDER, A TEACUP CRADLED IN HIS HAND. “ALWAYS KNEW JUST WHAT TO SAY. QUITE IRRITATING, REALLY.”

I GRIN, FLIPPING TO ANOTHER PAGE. HERE, I DISCOVER A SKETCH OF A WINDING GOLDEN PATH THAT VANISHES INTO A MYSTICAL FOREST. BENEATH THE ILLUSTRATION, IN GRACEFUL SCRIPT, SHE HAS PENNED:

“THE WAY FORWARD ISN'T ALWAYS ILLUMINATED. AT TIMES, YOU MUST TAKE THE LEAP BEFORE THE JOURNEY UNVEILS ITSELF.”

