



Andre and the Whispering Woods

Vasilije



Andre, a curious 14-year-old, ventures deep into the vibrant Whispering Woods, a place he's always been told to avoid. He's sketching unusual plants in his notebook, his face alight with wonder. The towering, friendly-looking trees and glowing mushrooms make the forest feel alive.



A strange, shimmering light flickers between the ancient trees, catching Andre's eye. He shrugs it off, thinking it's just a trick of the light, but a faint, unsettling hum begins to resonate through the air. All the forest critters suddenly fall silent, their eyes wide.



A mischievous, shadowy figure with glowing eyes and long, coiling limbs emerges from the shimmering light. It's not outright terrifying, but its grin is too wide, its movements too fluid. It points a playful, bony finger at Andre and winks with a knowing gleam.



Andre, startled, turns to run, his heart pounding like a drum against his ribs. The shadowy figure, chuckling softly, begins to float after him, its coiling limbs stretching and contracting like springs. The chase has begun, a whimsical but terrifying dance through the woods.



Andre leaps over fallen logs and dodges ancient, gnarled trees, his cartoonishly long legs pumping furiously. The demon is always just a few steps behind, its exaggerated features showing a mix of amusement and relentless pursuit. Beads of sweat fly from Andre's brow as he pushes onward.



Andre dives into a thicket of glowing berry bushes, hoping to hide from his pursuer. He peeks out, his eyes wide with fear, as the demon glides past, its head swiveling comically. It seems to enjoy the game, its shadowy tail flicking impatiently.



Suddenly, the demon appears right in front of Andre, blocking his path through the trees. Andre gasps, his knees wobbly with exhaustion and fright. The demon's glowing eyes fix on him, no longer playful, but with a deep, ancient hunger that chills him to the bone.



Andre tries to push past, but the demon's form is like smoke and iron, utterly impenetrable. He stumbles, falling to the soft forest floor, his sketchpad scattering its pages around him. The demon looms over him, its vast shadow engulfing him completely.



The demon reaches out a long, shadowy hand, not to harm, but to envelop Andre completely. Andre looks up, his fear replaced by a strange, peaceful calm as the vibrant forest around him seems to brighten, then blur and soften at the edges.



Andre's form begins to shimmer and fade, dissolving into sparkling motes of light that drift upwards, becoming one with the glowing forest. His sketchpad lies open on the ground, a final drawing of a shimmering tree on its page, as the demon watches with a serene, almost satisfied expression. He became part of the magical forest he loved.