



Breath Be: The Hidden Pulse

Từ Đại



Elara lives in a city where the sun is a pale ghost behind a heavy curtain of permanent grey smog. Like everyone else, she wears a bulky respirator, her breath sounding loud and rhythmic against the eerie silence of the muffled, soot-covered streets.



During a particularly fierce pollution storm, a sharp flash of emerald light catches Elara's eye amidst the swirling ash and debris. She reaches into a pile of industrial scrap and pulls out a jagged, glowing fragment of ancient jade that feels warm against her palm.



As Elara brushes the soot from the stone, the world around her shudders and transforms into a realm of vibrant, ink-washed colors. The towering steel factory across the street suddenly takes the form of a slumbering, stone-skinned giant covered in weeping black moss.



She realizes that the thick smoke isn't just pollution, but a dark ink spreading across a hidden, spiritual mountain range. The highways she walks every day appear as deep, wounded canyons where the spirit of the earth itself seems to be crying out for help.



Closing her eyes, Elara focuses on her breathing, matching her heart's steady rhythm to the pulse of the jade fragment. With every slow, deliberate exhale, the oppressive smog thins, revealing the shimmering ghosts of ancient trees that once grew where skyscrapers now stand.



She follows a trail of glowing petals that only she can see, leading her through a maze of rusted pipes and humming wires. The harsh sounds of the city—the honking and grinding of metal—transform into the low, mournful songs of trapped nature spirits calling from the shadows.



Elara finds a group of people sitting on a park bench, their eyes vacant and grey, completely unaware of the beautiful spirit world overlapping their reality. She holds the jade close, realizing how easily the heart forgets what it has lost when the sky stays dark for too long.



At the heart of the industrial zone, she encounters a massive shadow creature born from the city's toxic breath and collective neglect. Instead of running, she stands her ground and breathes deeply, projecting a wave of clarity and ancient light from her glowing fragment.



The shadow creature begins to dissolve into a gentle, cleansing rain, and for the first time in years, the sound of a real bird chirps from a nearby iron railing. A small patch of green moss begins to glow with a life that isn't artificial, responding to the purity of her intent.



Elara stands on the highest rooftop at twilight, looking out at the dual nature of her home where the modern and spiritual worlds collide. Though the city remains grey to most, she now carries the vibrant colors of the hidden world in her lungs, vowing to breathe life back into the forgotten earth.