



Magic Mountain

It was the only place where one was allowed to be themselves. It was filled with wonder, chaos, amusement, and joy. It was visited by children far and wide and only if they knew how to get there.



Luckily, Sam and Ted were one of those familiar with the intricacies of the best-kept secret of their generation. It was a place one could only visit if they dug to the deepest parts of their imagination.

The duo knew how to get there and had become the famous magic mountain gatekeepers. They were among the few the renowned fantasy had chosen to guard its entrances. It had been a journey of fighting the most intense creatures and even combating a dragon.

Their most memorable adventure was when the mountain was attacked by little people who were only three inches tall. It was as though they had lived through the fairy-tale life of Gulliver; Only, that was folklore passed on for generations, and theirs was real life.

They would miss the mountain and how it had kept them together. It had provided solace when Ted lost his brother and when Sam's parents decided not to stay married.

Amazingly, there was no one to guide them in their fantasy land, but the wondrous vegetative hills always had a way to communicate with them and instruct them. They were the mountain's favourite amongst the myriads of children that came every year.

It was a journey of a lifetime, and this was the day they would hand over the reins. They had donned their best clothes on D-Day and had found their way to the small lake the mountain had directed them to.

It was quiet and serene, and it seemed as though the winding streams of the lake were the mountain's tears. The wind was quaint and caressed their cheek when an all-familiar voice whispered into their ears

"Do you want to leave me? I can make it so that you stay forever."

