

# The Strange Forest

There was no other home the Null's would rather have than the one they owned. It was not the kind of home one would be willing to bring their friends to, nor was it the kind that would allow one to have bragging rights. It was the kind of home you would journey through portals and worlds to get to.

It was located in the heart of the Phoenix river.

Most people never visited the area, not because of fear from its mythical guardian but because they were afraid that the forest had a mind of its own.

It was no surprise that no group of persons except the Null's dared to venture into the canopied fortresses and the bravery to make a home there. The Null's were of the extinct forest dwellers ancestry. They were known for taking from the forest and giving back whatever it demanded. It was a trade-by-barter relationship that offered protection in place for long life.

Unfortunately, when it came to the forest, the Null ancestors did not know that the trees never kept their word, and when it came to the greater good, they would wipe out generations without remorse.

It all seemed like a far fetched fantasy until it happened. The Null's were destroyed save for the three youngest children.

The forest took it upon herself to raise those boys to the kind of men she wanted them to be. She did not need them to have the lofty mindset of their ancestors, who had secretly planned to use the foliage's sacred healing bark to make money.

She would train them to be the kind of loyal, truthful men and those whose words were their bonds. She would teach them to be good people. She would train them to be children of the strange forest.

