



# The Magical Forest

# *Editorial Note*

Welcome, curious minds and daring dreamers!

In this issue, we venture into the heart of imagination, a place where trees whisper secrets, animals wear top hats, and doors in tree trunks lead to unknown worlds. This month's theme, "The Magical Forest," invited young writers to step beyond the path and discover what lies in the wild wonder of woods untouched by time.

# MIDNIGHT DOOR

BY AVA

When Ella moved to her grandmother's cottage in the countryside, she didn't expect anything exciting to happen. The tiny house was surrounded by trees that stretched toward the sky like green towers, and her grandmother always warned her not to go too deep into the woods. "Strange things live in the forest," Grandma said. "Some are wonderful. Some are not."

Ella wasn't sure what that meant, but one night, curiosity got the better of her. Under the silver light of a full moon, she tiptoed out the back door, following a trail of glowing mushrooms. The deeper she walked, the quieter the forest became. No birds chirped. No wind rustled the leaves. It was like the trees were holding their breath.

Then she saw it – a wooden door standing all by itself, not connected to anything. It had vines curling around its frame and a brass handle shaped like a fox.

Ella hesitated. Then, with a deep breath, she turned the handle. The door opened to a world of color and music. Trees had leaves of gold and silver. Animals danced in circles, wearing tiny clothes. A bear in a bowtie offered her tea. A deer with wings nodded politely. Fairies zoomed by overhead, leaving trails of sparkles.

Ella wandered through this magical world, amazed. She climbed a tree with spiral stairs, rode a flying squirrel, and helped a weeping willow write poetry.

But soon, the sky turned purple, and a shadow crept across the land. “The Queen is coming,” whispered a rabbit in spectacles. “She doesn’t like humans.”

Ella hid behind a mushroom, but it was too late. The Queen of the Forest appeared in a gown made of petals and thorns. Her eyes glowed like emeralds.

“A human girl?” she said. “You opened the Midnight Door.”

“I didn’t mean to intrude,” Ella said, trembling.

The Queen stared at her, then smiled. “Very well. But remember: the door only opens once.”

Ella ran back, heart pounding, and barely made it through the door before it vanished behind her.

She never found the door again, no matter how often she searched. But sometimes, when the moon is full, she hears music in the wind and smiles, remembering the night she stepped into the Magical Forest.

# WAKES

By TFH

When the sun begins to fall,  
The forest sings, trees stand tall.  
Mushrooms giggle, fairies fly,  
Stars are twinkling in the sky.  
Owls in glasses read aloud,  
Clouds drift by like sleeping shrouds.  
A fox in boots does a little jig,  
Next to a squirrel in a powdered wig.  
If you listen, you might hear  
The whispers of the nighttime cheer.  
But only those with hearts so light  
Can hear the forest wake at night.



Dear Adventure Journal,

Today was the BEST day of my life. No exaggeration. I found a magical place. Like, real magic. I'm writing it all down before I forget anything. It started when I was exploring the woods behind our school. I was supposed to be collecting leaves for science class, but come on... leaves are boring. So I wandered off the path and found a hollow tree. It was HUGE and kind of shaped like a spiral. At the base, there was a strange humming sound, like music made of wind and stars. I crawled inside, and guess what? There was a slide inside the tree trunk! A real slide! I slid down for what felt like hours until I landed in soft moss at the bottom. When I stood up, I wasn't in our forest anymore.

I was in Pineberry Hollow.

How do I describe it? Imagine the coziest place ever, but full of magic. There were floating lanterns shaped like acorns. Dragonflies the size of cats buzzed lazily through the air. The trees were pink and blue with bark like velvet. I met a small creature named Pip – he's half squirrel, half something else. He wears a tiny vest and talks really fast. Pip showed me around. There's a library carved into a mushroom, where books whisper their stories. A bakery run by a family of hedgehogs (they make cinnamon rolls with glitter sugar). I even met an old turtle who paints dreams.

But the best part? Pip said the Hollow chooses who gets to visit. That means I was chosen. ME!

I helped them gather moonberries for a festival. When we lit the lanterns, the sky turned into a river of stars. Everyone danced. Even me. I don't usually dance, but it felt like the right thing to do. Pip gave me a pineberry seed and said, "Plant this, and you'll always find your way back."

I planted it in a pot by my window. I don't know if it'll grow. But tonight, I swear I heard tiny music coming from the soil.

End of entry,  
L.

**Secrets of  
Pineberry Hollow**



# *The Guardians* OF MOSSLIGHT

In the village of Thistlebrook told stories of the Mosslight Forest – a place filled with ancient spirits, talking animals, and trees older than time. Most believed it was just a legend, but not Harper. She knew it was real.

One afternoon, during a storm, Harper found a glowing stone near the river. It pulsed with light and whispered her name. That night, she dreamed of a fox with golden eyes who told her: “You have been chosen.”

When she woke, the stone was floating in the air. A map had appeared on her bedroom wall, drawn in vines and stars.

She followed it.

The path led her through the abandoned orchard, past the Whispering Rocks, and into a part of the forest she'd never seen. The air shimmered. The grass hummed. And then she met the guardians.



There were four of them:

- Liora the Fox, keeper of firelight and courage.
- Bran the Bear, guardian of strength and the earth.
- Nyx the Owl, protector of wisdom and dreams.
- Selene the Deer, spirit of healing and song.

They told Harper that the balance of the forest was breaking. A shadow called the Hollowroot was spreading, turning trees to ash and silencing the rivers. Only someone with a pure heart and the Stone of Echoes could stop it.

Harper didn't feel brave. She was just a girl who liked books and climbing trees. But the guardians believed in her.

With Liora at her side, Harper traveled to the Heart Tree, where the Hollowroot had begun. Along the way, she helped a weeping willow find its voice, lit lanterns to guide lost spirits, and faced her greatest fear: being alone.

In the final battle, Harper held up the Stone of Echoes and sang.

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Not a loud song. Not a perfect one.

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But a true one.

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The forest joined her. The trees swayed. The wind howled in harmony. And slowly, the Hollowroot faded.

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The guardians bowed. Harper was now one of them.

When she returned home, the stone was gone. But the forest felt warmer, and the wind sometimes whispered her name.



# Fox named Clover

Letter

Dear Jake,

You won't believe what happened! I met a talking fox named Clover! She wears a green scarf and walks like a queen. She found me while I was building a fort in the woods and said, "You look like someone who needs a quest."

I said, "Okay."

We had to find a lost acorn that grants wishes. We crossed a river of giggling fish and climbed a mountain made of moss. We found the acorn under a sleeping bear (don't worry, he was friendly).

I made a wish, but I can't tell you what it was or it won't come true. Clover said she'll come back when the stars spell my name.  
I'll be watching the sky tonight.

Your friend,

Ben

# THE FOREST ONLY CHILDREN SEE

There's a forest that hides in the  
fold of a dream,  
where rivers run backward and  
stars softly gleam.  
Only the children with hearts full of  
light  
Can enter the forest in the middle  
of night.  
The trees tell jokes, the rocks hum  
tunes,  
The owls wear glasses and read  
under moons.  
You won't find it drawn on a  
regular map—  
You enter through whispers or a  
curious nap.  
So close your eyes and believe with  
your soul,  
The forest is waiting to make you  
whole.

