I, a curious creature, explore unbeknownst territory that common hearsay only began to foretell.

From the edge of the island, I spot an unmissable valley; the many mountains forming it resemble arching spikes, long protrusions of dirt and rock that canopy the valley interior, each spaced out from one another in rows, one row for the two sides of the valley.

I walk between the mountains, and enter the valley lair. Inside, an unending plain of vibrant rose blooms. The sight enraptures my core, my curious mind must know more.

Pollen gathers on the pores of the roses. I run my fingers through the red haze and they retract their thorns before me. Sunrays pour in over the canopies and they gently kiss my skin. The sky gazes upon me with entrancing blue eyes. The roses tilt towards the upper center of the valley, gesturing me.

I follow the roses commands, I can see the end of the path, the goal the roses meant for me: A monolithic tree adorning a crowd of permanent fall leaves, each currently shifting their hues from yellow to red. The leaves gently glowing as if the tree is supplying its own sun. Its branches flock the sky above, nearly stretching out of the valley dome. I look down and notice its roots running beneath the floor, they expand to fuel the entire valley with the tree's presence.

The roses command me yet again: They point to a watering can resting just by the tree's beginning. The can is made entirely of rose vines and grass, yet it holds its contents quite

well. I grab the handle, the rose vines tickle at my fingers instead of pricking. I tilt the can towards the tree, and pour water into the soil beneath it.

I look up, and the tree thanks me. Its leaves smile at me, its branches wave towards me, and its kindred roses bloom greater than ever. I sit beneath the branches' shade. The tree invites me to rest and I accept. It's warm hug lulls me into peaceful rest.

I will water you each and every day. To be a part of your presence is enough.