

The cover features a close-up of a woman's face with her hand to her chin, set against a background of a stone circle at night. The woman has light-colored eyes and long, wavy hair. The stone circle consists of several large, rectangular stones, some of which have glowing symbols on them: a crescent moon, a face, a triskelion, and a circle. The overall color palette is dark with purple and blue tones.

MICHELLE MURRAY

the

DREAM WALKER

**LAND of MYSTICA Series
VOLUME 1**

The Dream Walker: Land of Mystica Series Volume 1

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Dream Walker Poem

Clouds of White

Swirl

Twirl

On a velvet purple cape

Gliding

As she moves

It is like the sky

Walking on the ground

In her mind

Dreams appear

Places to be

Worlds to save

Spells to say

Words that set things right

It is her destiny.

The Dream Magic

The Dream Magic was searching. It was searching for someone to give its powers to. A person that would use the powers for good, and not their own purposes. It needed a strong person, one that would not give in to the Darkness whispers.

It could feel things were changing. A sense that the balance between good and evil was once again going to be disrupted. Magic belonged in the world of Mystica once again.

There were some remnants of magic about. The Priestess of the Goddess of the Sun had some, and pockets of magic were strewn about the kingdom. Nothing compared to the might of the wizards. They moved mountains, commanded spiders, controlled the weather, and were able to make storms out on the sea.

The Dream Magic looked for someone it could give its magic to and fulfill its quest of freeing the wizards' magic for all of Mystica to use. It would not be easy. Once the magic was given, the dreams would come. The visions would reveal to the person their destiny. It would show them places to go, spells to say. It was up to the person to follow the dreams, and do as they bid.

This person not only had to be strong, but compassionate. It had to be someone who would want to help people. This was a powerful magic, and if in the wrong hands, could be detrimental to the kingdom of Mystica and all future Dream Walkers.

The magic could be used to help, or destroy. There were safeguards in place, just in case a Dream Walker turned to the dark. It did not want to take these measures, if not necessary. It was like taking someone's soul away. Once the magic was given, it was linked to that person for life. The Dream Walkers that successfully completed their quests rested peacefully in the Cloud of Dreams. The Cloud of Dreams was all white with big white puffy clouds to lay on. There, their magic could be gathered for they were no longer on the Earthly realm. When there was great need, they were allowed to watch and assist the next Dream Walker.

The Dream Magic gathered its silvery essence. It flew through Mystica, looking for its next owner. It looked. It watched. No one stood out to it that could handle this next quest. It went further.

It traveled to a different world. A world where lights came on with a switch, and contraptions zoomed by at a high speed. Tall buildings reached

into the sky. People crowded the streets, pushing and shoving each other. It thought to itself, there are a lot of people on this world. It should be able to find someone here.

As it flew through this new world, it came to a library. In the library, it saw a young girl reading. Something about the girl drew its attention. It came closer. It watched her. It saw how she opened the door for people. It listened to her cheerful greetings and responses. She always had a friendly hello and a smile on her face. Still, the magic sensed a great sadness about her. This intrigued it. It stayed and watched her some more.

Miranda tried to go about her daily life after her parents died. She studied, read, and tutored children. The library was one of her favorite places to hang out. She tried not to think of her parents, but when she did, she hoped she was making them proud.

After watching the girl for some time, the Dream Magic decided this girl was going to be the next Dream Walker. It entered her soul in her sleep and starting to give her the dreams. It would be up to her what to do with them.

It hoped it choose correctly.

Miranda

Miranda on the outside was doing well. She had straight A's and B's, and won herself a scholarship to college. To observers, a smile came to her face, and her hand waved to people she knew. No one would ever suspect. No one would know the sadness, the feeling of not belonging that she kept hidden inside her.

She was a young girl, just graduated high school, trying to find her way. This was made more difficult by the fact that her parents had died a car accident barely a year ago. She had no other family. Miranda had only herself to rely on.

When not studying, she spent her free time at her favorite place, the library. She felt she could be herself there. There was no hiding, no pretending. The books and stories she read made the sadness inside dissipate, even just for a little while. When the library had story time, she found herself reading aloud to the young children. Seeing their excited faces, and little ears perked up for their favorite tales delighted her. The kids would sit in a circle around her, waiting for her to pick a book to read to them. The circle of children would whoop in delight at their favorite parts of the tales. Miranda would laugh, and tried to shush them before the librarian came by.

At the end of the story, sometimes the library did crafts to go along with the tale they had read. Caterpillars were created using pipe cleaners. Empty toilet paper rolls became wheels for a bus. Using her hands and imagination kept Miranda busy and the despair away from her mind.

Miranda continued going to the library, and with her school work. She knew her parents would want her to continue. Her parents encouraged her to pursue her dreams. Though it seemed some days, she was just going through the motions. Just getting through the day.

She was glad about the scholarship for an opportunity to go to school, meet new people, and be in new surroundings. Perhaps that was exactly what she needed.

Miranda would be away from all the looks, all the stares, and worse all the pity. Since her parents had died, it was like she had a big mark on her forehead or something. It seemed everyone looked at her differently.

As she packed her meager belongings for the trip to the college dormitory, she couldn't help but think of all the happy memories she had there. The times she hid in the closet, though her parents knew where to find her. Christmas time, when the house was all decorated with lights and the tree.

The tree that held the ornaments she had made in school. Now, someone else would live her. Someone else would make memories. Even with her parents' life insurance, she could not afford this place. There was a for sale sign in the yard. Ironically, the post was by her mom's favorite spot, her garden with the white roses.

She reminded herself she couldn't think of these things, she had to look forward, not back. Miranda put her suitcases, quilt, and some books in her red car, and made her way to Southern University.

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