The art of Crafted Dreams
In a vast and desolate land there was a man who lingered in its lap, the wind counting his many days where he awaited for his time to end.
She was beautifully made, her hair reflected the utter calm of the reddish sunset, and attached to it, the puppeteer crafted a very special key, a symbol of hope for the colorless world.
After so many wakening days, his brother soul had a last impulse of hope and strength, by grabbing his hammer as it was his own heart, he tried to revive his lost happiness by creating a new being. But this time around it wasn’t a ‘boy’ for his world, instead she was a treasure holding the light and hope of the world.