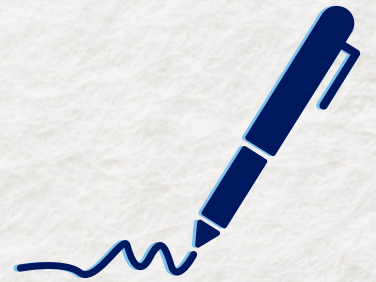


The White Stag

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Age: 12



A deer as white as winter's first snow stood amongst the bracken and ferns, staring through the leaf hung branches of the forest to set his gaze upon the person with their black box that clicks to capture time. The clicking echoed through the trees as the person pressed the box's button, the cylinder of night black set with the purest circle of crystal facing the stag and freezing time.

As his gaze lay upon the person, a memory stirred and awakened, drifting gently through the stag's mind. A memory of midnight, snow and magic.

A new day came closer with each tick of a clock as the night drew in and darkened the land. Scattered stars twinkled in the faraway heavens and the world was silent.

And in a garden, in a village, in the middle of the countryside, stood a stag of silvery bright lights, glowing beneath the winter sky. A deer made of lights of the same colour as winter's first snow who stood amongst icy grass, it's hooves firmly planted on the frozen ground.

Quiet and peaceful, the deer of lights shone gently through the darkness. And as the clock struck midnight a shooting star shot across the deep sky, leaving a trail of stardust and wishes, stirring the wild and awakening magic.

A shimmering mist of silver began to appear, drifting gently from the furthest corners of the countryside garden and gathering around the silent deer. The stag of lights disappeared in the silver mist as it swirled and twisted through the frost touched air, a cloud of magic and winter wishes.

A flash of purest light shone through the night and the mist disappeared as quickly as it had come. And in the place of the deer made of lights stood a magnificent stag as white as winter's first snow.

The stag lifted his snowy head to the sky and watched as delicate crystals of ice began to fall from the cloudless sky, as gracefully as ballerinas, floating gently down to offer true winter to the world. As the snowflakes touched him, the stag began to glow gently, growing brighter and brighter to the most spellbinding white as more snow landed on his glossy coat.



The stag slowly began to walk across the snowy grass, his eyes set upon the midnight sky, towards the low-wood fence that separated the serene garden from the outside world.

The fence that separated a life of limits and security from a life of wild freedom.

The deer as white as the winters first snow that fell softly around him, reflected the heavens stars from his eyes of deepest brown, mirroring the dreams and freedom that the skies held within them.

The dreams and freedom that he now held in his heart.

And under the fall of winters first snow the deer of magic and midnight leapt gracefully over the fence of the country garden he'd stood in for too long a time and cantered off, rising up into the icy skies as he went.

Running on midnight air, the stag soared off towards hope, adventure and freedom, in a life of woods and wilderness, underneath the watches of the deepest blue sky and the scattered stars of the heavens.

And through the flurry of snow flew a deer of winter magic, white as the icy crystals that swirled around him, soaring through the sky before disappearing over the horizon.

The deer as white as winter's first snow stood amongst the bracken and ferns, a memory of midnight, snow and magic drifting to an end.

The stag kept his gaze on the person with their black box that clicks to capture time. Capturing a moment of when a deer as white as winter's first snow stood amongst the trees, a memory of midnight, snow and magic on his mind.

