

Name _____

The Door to Worlds Unseen

In a forgotten corner of a dusty old attic,
A door stood, hidden, a mysterious magic.
It gleamed with colors, vibrant and bright,
A portal to worlds, hidden from sight.
With a creak and a groan, the door swung wide,
Revealing a path to worlds far and wide.
Each realm held secrets, symbolic and deep,
A journey of wonder, a secret to keep.
The first world was cloaked in emerald green,
Nature's realm, a tranquil, serene scene.
Here, the trees whispered secrets to the breeze,
And the rivers flowed with wisdom, at ease.
The second world shimmered with golden light,
A realm of knowledge, where day turned to night.
Books filled with tales of the past and the new,
A library of dreams where answers were true.
The third world was painted in shades of blue,
An ocean of emotions, where feelings grew.
Waves of joy and sorrow danced in the tide,
A sea of empathy where hearts could confide.
The fourth world was a realm of endless skies,



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Infinite possibilities where dreams could rise.

Clouds of ambition floated on high,

Where aspirations and hopes touched the sky.

The fifth world was a garden of vibrant blooms,

A place of creativity where art entombs.

Colors and shapes swirled in a joyful array,

A canvas of expression where ideas held sway.

Now, the attic door beckons to all who dare,

To explore these worlds, each unique and rare.

A symbol of endless possibilities untold,

A journey of discovery, an adventure to behold.

