

Purple Chilli

The old oak tree stood proudly at the edge of the meadow, its gnarled branches reaching out like welcoming arms. As the sun began to set, the leaves whispered secrets to the gentle breeze, sharing tales of long-forgotten days. Shadows danced playfully across the ground, while the golden light of dusk embraced the tree in a warm hug. The tree seemed to sigh with contentment, its roots firmly gripping the earth as if to say, "I am home." In that quiet moment, the oak tree was not just a plant; it was a wise elder, quietly watching over the world around it.