



**Fantastica**

**Surreal**

**Prose & Poetry**

andrea lightfoot



*Fantastica - Surreal Prose & Poetry is a guide to Fantastica, one of the most mystical and mysterious places on Earth. It is the nearest place to Fairyland and there is an immense number of magical and paranormal folk who reside here. You will find stories, poems, interviews and information created by Fantastica residents and visitors from other places and countries designed to inspire you.*

# **Fantastica – Surreal Prose & Poetry**

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# **Fantastica – Surreal Prose & Poetry**

**By Andrea Lightfoot**

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## A Letter to Diana

***(Written by two sisters, who live in Fantastica, to a close friend, living elsewhere, when they were guests for the first time at one of the most beautiful hotels in Fantastica. They are currently employed there and enjoy the complimentary benefits of working for this five star guesthouse).***

Dear Diana,

You should see the room in the Fantasium Hotel that Zophia and I are staying in while we're on holiday. It's absolutely beautiful. You'd love it. It is on the second floor and it is enormous.

The curtains are a deep purple, luxurious velvet and if only you could be here to see the magnificent view! Our room faces the stately gardens where you can see the flowers, trees, maze, gazebo and fountains.

The room is painted black, and white, silver, blue and pink stars glitter in the dark. There are candles which are set into black metal holders that are

attached to the wall, and tiny fairy lights which are dotted all over the dark ceiling.

The carpet is the same colour as the curtains and is so soft, you can walk on it barefoot.

The little kitchen has a black and white glittery floor and the cupboards are made of pine wood. There's an oven and also a fireplace. Upon the mantelpiece stand curious knick-knacks.

Then there's our beds! Double beds, with white sheets, and sky blue quilt covers and pillows – apparently they're blue because it is a “relaxing”, “tranquil” colour used to help aid sleep.

The bathroom has black and white checked marble tiles and the bath is huge! It is pristine white and has gold taps, one with a ruby on top to show it is the hot tap, the other with a sapphire to indicate it as the cold tap. There is also a “dream-shower” cubicle. We're bringing home a complimentary set of “Fairy-Dust Natural Bath Bubbles, shower gel and shampoo. They smell heavenly. There's also a Jacuzzi.

*Andrea Lightfoot*

We're both going out for tea with Mum and Dad,  
then we're going salsa dancing.

Next year, we're coming back, and we're going to  
bring you with us. Our parents know you well, and  
your folks know us, so it shouldn't be a problem.

Tomorrow we will be going ice-skating.  
Goodnight, sweet dreams and see you when we  
return home,

Love,

Anastasia and Zophia 😊

## Down Steps

***(The events outlined below are regular occurrences in one of Fantastica's underground passageways, known as the 'Mystical Meander', and they inspired the yoga teacher who wrote 'Calm inside the Bubble' to also create this piece. It is sometimes used by yoga teachers in the last relaxation part of a yoga session).***

You open a door, and find some stone steps. You close the door behind you and holding tight to the rail on the stone wall, make your descent. As you go, you see that the walls are adorned by tiles of glowing gentle colours of pink, blue, and white. You put a hand on a pink tile and find that you have left a blue handprint. You touch a blue tile and leave a white handprint. You touch a white tile and leave a pink handprint.

Then you move on down the steps and you leave the tiles behind. As you continue your descent, you see a rainbow in front of you. It never leaves your line of vision and seems to move downwards with you, until gradually it fades away to nothingness.



Then gentle pan-pipe music replaces the rainbow and you listen, soothed and relaxed as you go down these straight stone steps. As the pan-pipe music continues, you see that the walls are adorned with pictures of dolphins, and you see that the dolphins are moving, diving into the pictures of waves.

Eventually the pan-pipe music fades and the moving dolphins are left behind, and replaced by precious and semi-precious stones that sparkle and glitter. You pick a ruby, a sapphire and a topaz, and then you find a moonstone and a carnelian and put them in your pocket to take home.

Now as you travel down the steps, you see white candles, with their flames gently flickering, in little alcoves in the walls. Around the base of each candle there are red roses and spray carnations. You also notice that the flames change colour, from white, to yellow, to orange then red and back to white. You stop to rest and watch them. Then after a while you go on your way.

Now you've come to a flat piece of stony ground, and rest on the stone bench there against the wall.

There is more music, but this time it is the sound of an orchestra playing Brahms Lullaby. You close your eyes, sit back and listen to the soothing music. The music ends and you are ready to move on.

There is another door, and more steps, but this time they move upwards. As you ascend, you see that the grey uninteresting steps are turning into different colours of the rainbow and that the walls, now white and light pink, feel like cotton wool to your touch. Then the steps return to their former state, and the walls turn back to stone.

You carry on upwards and notice that at each side of the steps candles are glowing. Like the ones you saw before, their flames are changing colour, but these candles are gold and glittery. You take care to stay in the middle of the staircase, as not to knock the pretty candles over, and soon leave them behind.

Now mist is covering the walls and ceiling, and the only thing you can see are the steps, now covered in neon lights, and these guide you to a silver metallic door.

You step through and find yourself floating in mid-air. You have a feeling of peace and tranquillity. As you float, your mind runs through the wonderful things you have seen and heard. Right now you can hear the sounds of pan-pipes reaching your ears through the rainbow hued mist.

You begin to float slowly down one dark corridor, then down another one which is filled with soft light and thousands of bubbles. You soon discover that you are no longer surrounded by steps or walls, but by beautiful countryside.

You stand up, and head for home, guided by instinct. Once there, you run yourself a lovely hot bath and lie back and relax. When you get out, you wrap yourself in a large fluffy white towel to dry, then you put on your nightclothes and settle down in an armchair, next to merrily blazing coal fire.

Surely this was just a beautiful dream? You recall putting some precious and semi-precious stones in your pocket, just before you saw the candles with their colour changing flames, and you check your pockets.

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You pick out the ruby, sapphire, topaz, moonstone,  
and carnelian and you gaze at them while holding  
them in the palms of your hands.

So you weren't dreaming.

## Mysterious Dream

***(A vivid, prophetic dream, recorded by a wise man of Fantastica as he sits beside gifted psychic, Toyanna, at her bedside. Whether the occurrences in this vision have come true or not have not yet come to light, and the meaning of the vision has not been revealed. Additional reporting is by an anonymous reporter).***

She's walking along a passageway. The floor is a glittery white, and the tiled walls are a polished pink and silver. Along these walls are mirrors, each showing not her reflection, as would be expected, but beautiful landscapes found all over the world. The door is at the end. It opens, showing rolling, sky-blue mist and blue lights that flicker like candle flames. The dreamer feels calm and relaxed but vaguely wonders why she is wearing a dress. She doesn't even wear dresses!

The dream has changed. She can't see herself now but observes the ghost of an old woman sitting at a low wooden table surrounded by Native Americans.

Her hair is silver rather than grey and is worn in a long plait. There are only a few wrinkles on her face. In front of her, in a hole in the table, a fire burns, its glow lighting the faces of the people around it. The Native Americans appear not to be able to see the ghostly lady, for they do not talk to her. The old lady is smiling, as if she approves of what the Native Americans say. They are telling stories of their “dreamtime legends”.

Now the dreamer can see herself again and can see, as well, a pretty young maiden with flowing red curls down to her waist standing at the platform of a train station. Who is this redheaded girl? Nobody she can think of that she has ever met. In the dream, the train station could be anywhere. It does not occur to her to look for any signs that would tell her what train station she is standing at. A train rushes through, a blur of many colours, and then disappears. So does the girl. Could have asked her who she was.

There’s another change of scene. She’s holding the hands of a little boy and girl, and they are looking down a pitch-black hole.

The hole is dark, but a man plays a haunting tune on a cello. If only she could stay here forever, the music is so hypnotic and therapeutic. There is a rainbow, spilling colours into the starry night sky.

Then all this vanishes, and as if told to by an invisible person, all three look up at the sky. They are surrounded by nebulae, and they can see a star here and there twinkling through the clouds. The dream-children disappear and she is left alone, but once again she is invisible to herself. Who were these children, she wonders, and why didn't she ask them who they were when she had the chance?

Invisibility still cloaks her, but she can now see a teenage girl lying on her back on the grass, looking up at the fairy toadstool houses and the tall trees surrounding her. Another person that is unrecognisable. She sees fairy-folk flitting among the tall grasses and around the girl and in the sky. Her heart takes a leap as she sees something very few people do. Nobody sees her.

Just as she decides to ask the dream-teenager who she is, the youth and fairy-folk disappear, to be replaced by another vision.

The dreamer stands on rocks, visible to herself again. There, seen among the roaring turquoise waves of the sea are fish, dolphins, and mermaids, whose beautiful haunting melodies seem to lift her spirits. Mermaids! Her heart takes another excited leap.

Very few people have seen fairies, and even fewer have seen mermaids, unless they are believers in these mythological beings, whether they live in Fantastica or not.

Then she is somewhere looking down from the sky. It gives her a feeling of elation. The wind howls and shakes the trees of a dream-forest where nothing but weeds, nettles, and brambles are growing. She is glad to be above out of the gales way. A dream fire tears through the forest, the wind pushing it and howling its encouragement, where the tall trees block out the light, making it dark and dismal.



As the forest fire travels rapidly through the sinister looking woodland the forest changes. Trees fall, allowing younger, smaller plants to grow, the nettles, weeds and brambles are destroyed, and flowers and other plants sprout in their place, and the forest is lit up, as the rays of sunshine finally penetrate, and a rainbow shines over the treetops. A smile lights up the dreamers' face, as if she is a person who knows that good has triumphed over evil.

*Toyanna wakes to see familiar faces at her bedside. She looks up at her parents, and her brother who look puzzled and a wise man who has been studying her while she has slept.*

*"Take heed. These dreams tell us of the future," says the wise man. He leaves them to wonder what he means.*

## Skylights

***(This year's winner for the Museum of Literature poetry competition is Aria Orlando, an undergraduate at Fantastica University. She is reading a degree in witchcraft and defence against black magic, after her non-magic-wielding parents were killed by wizards for her mother's topaz necklace that she was wearing that fateful day. Aria escaped to her grandmother's house. The poem has been written in their memory).***

There above the world burns the sun, a spherical furnace, a fiery skylight over our planet.

There above the world shines the moon, a silver chandelier, a glowing skylight over our planet.

There above the world sparkle the stars, specks of silvery-white glitter, twinkling skylights over our planet.

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There above the world flutter the tiny fairies,  
glowing little elementals, casting their sleeping  
spells on the people of our planet.

There above my parents watch over me, my  
guardian angels to guide me and keep me safe.



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