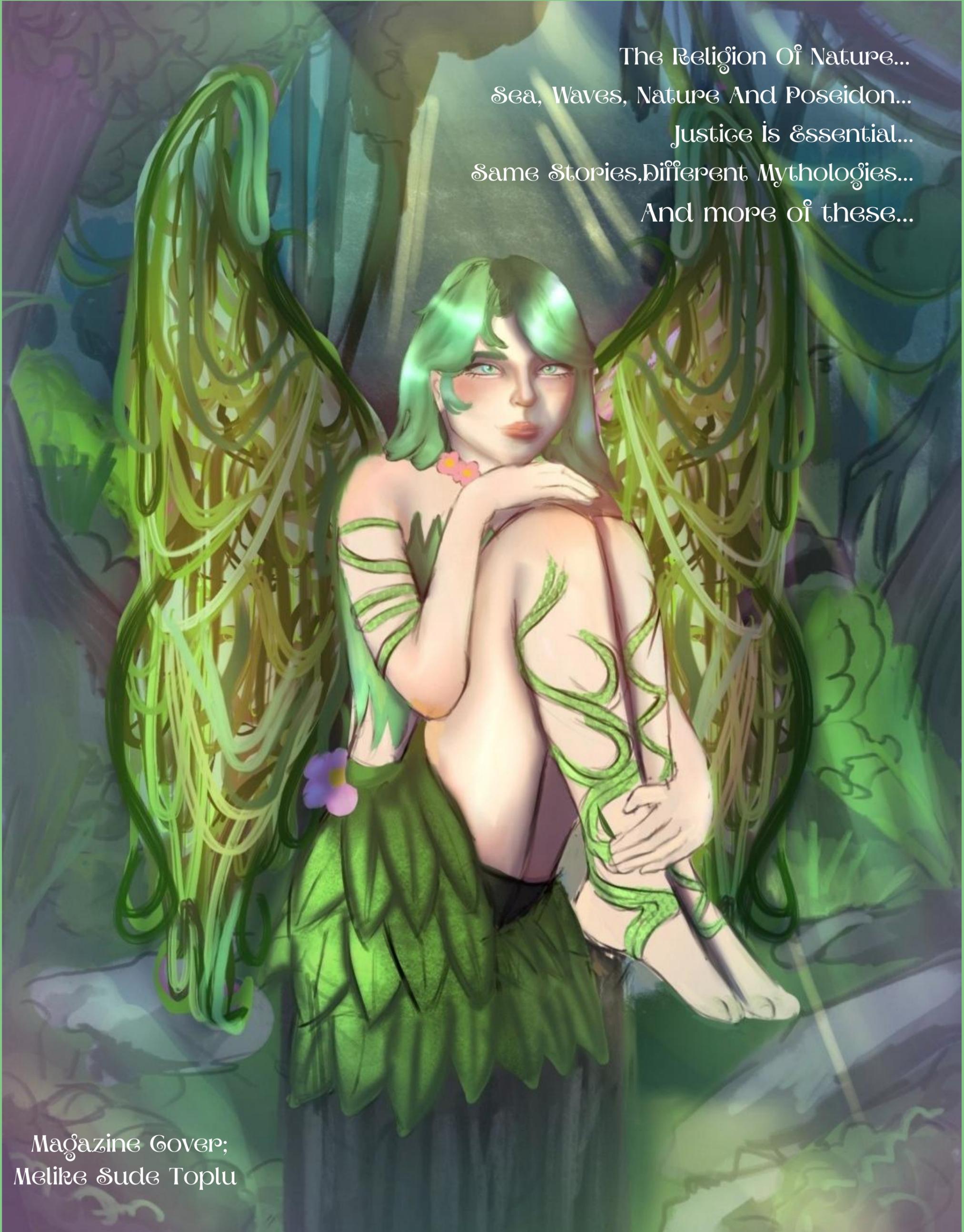


The Religion Of Nature...
Sea, Waves, Nature And Poseidon...
Justice is Essential...
Same Stories, Different Mythologies...
And more of these...

Magazine Cover;
Melike Sude Toplu





To the Dear Readers,

We, the Aethra team, are once again here with you. Our aim is to bring a touch of color, a bit of hope, and a spark of inspiration to the monotony of everyday life. If you feel lost, we are ready to shine a light for you—because we are Aethra. Aethra means heavenly light, and we are here to share that light with you.

We are deeply aware of the depth and value of young emotions. That's why we've set out to uncover these hidden treasures. As our team passionately creates their art, we hope that you, too, will find a piece of yourself between the lines.

This month's theme is nature—because everything begins and ends with it. As we explore the vast and boundless world of nature, we invite you to join us on this journey of learning and remembering together.

Inspired by the proverb “those who know owe something to those who don't; those who have to those who lack,” we are sharing not only our words but also our love with you. You can trust the sincerity of our pens and hearts—for every bit of effort we've poured into this issue is for you, our dear readers.

With love,
The Aethra Team



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Where The Pines Remember

The forest was quieter that day. Maybe it was always quiet, and I just hadn't paid attention before. Or maybe silence sounds louder when someone's missing. Either way, the trees didn't speak, but they felt full of stories I once lived. Stories with you.

I walked slowly along the trail we found last summer. It hadn't changed much—still covered in fallen pine needles, still wrapped in the smell of earth and sunlight. Back then, we walked side by side. You'd find strange-shaped rocks, and I'd pretend I didn't care, even though I loved how your eyes lit up. I kept thinking maybe I'd see you again, sitting on that same log where you first kissed me. It was sudden, awkward, kind of perfect. You tasted like mint gum and nervous laughter. We both blushed and pretended we didn't.

Today, the log was still there. Empty.

I sat anyway.

The breeze was light. It pushed the trees to whisper in that way they do when the world feels gentle. I leaned back and closed my eyes, letting the memories drift in. Your voice. Your laugh. The way you looked up through the branches like you were searching for constellations in the daylight. You always said the forest made you feel small in the best way. Like the universe didn't expect anything from us out here. Like we could breathe deeper than anywhere else.



You also said love felt like wind. Sometimes strong, sometimes soft—but always moving. I never understood what you meant until you were gone. It's not like we broke up in some big, dramatic way. There was no shouting. No blame. Just a quiet fading. School pulled you one way, life pulled me another. We stopped texting. Stopped calling. And then we just... stopped.

But nature remembers. Even when people forget.

I kept walking past the stream. The one you once dared me to cross barefoot. I slipped, you laughed, and I got mud all over my jeans. We spent an hour trying to dry them in the sun. I remember lying back in the grass, staring at the sky while you traced clouds with your fingers. You said one looked like a fox. I said it looked like nothing. You said I needed to learn how to see.

I think I'm starting to.

As the sun dipped lower, everything turned gold. The trees stretched shadows across the path like they were trying to hold me in place, to make me stay a little longer. So I did. I picked up a pine cone and rolled it between my palms. I imagined handing it to you and watching your face twist into a smile. I imagined us laughing about something dumb. I imagined you still loved me I guess that's why I came back—not to see you, but to feel something real. Something we built, even if it didn't last.

And in this forest, it still feels like it does.

Because here, the pines remember.



Nardugan

Did anybody hear something about "Ayaz Ata", "Ayaz Khan" "Ak Ayaz" "Nardugan". But what are they? What do they mean? And how did they come about?

Kazakhs and Kyrgyz people mostly recognise Ayaz Ata as the "God of Cold." Ayaz Ata is actually called this because he was created from moonlight and brought cold and frost. The six stars of the Pleiades constellation, one of the oldest cosmological figures of the Turks, symbolise the six voids in the sky. According to belief, Ayaz Ata blows cold air onto the earth through these holes, and in this way, winter comes. Among the Turks and in Anatolia, the seasons were determined according to this constellation. The words "Ulker" and "Urgel" referred to planets in Turkish mythology. The Yakut (Saka) Turks, on the other hand, regarded the word "Urgel" as a hole in the sky. Although it may seem rather barbaric, in one Yakut legend, a brave warrior sews thirty pairs of gloves made from the skins of the wolves he has hunted to close these "Urgel" holes and save the world from freezing cold. While discussing the Pleiades constellation, although it is somewhat off-topic, this constellation holds great importance not only in Turkish mythology but also in Greek mythology. Let us briefly discuss it and then continue with our main topic.



Although there are six stars in Turkish mythology instead of seven, in most world mythologies there are seven stars. Greek mythology, in particular, explains the reason for this very well. In Greek mythology, these seven stars are sisters. They are the daughters of the Titan Atlas and the sea nymph Pleione (Pleiades). While Titan was striving to possess the entire sky, he was unable to protect his daughters, and the Hunter (Orion) constantly harassed them. He appealed to Zeus, the god of gods, begging him to send his daughters to the sky as stars.



However, the youngest or most beautiful of the daughters fell in love with a mortal and hid herself, so only six of them became stars. That is why we see six stars instead of seven in the Pleiades constellation. We also encounter a similar story among the Australian Aborigines (the name given to the indigenous people of Australia). Returning to our topic, although Ayaz Ata is the one who blows the cold, he is also a saint, a great personality who appears to the helpless, the homeless, and the hungry who are about to freeze, and protects them.

Additionally, "Ayaz" etymologically means "bitter cold" for Turks. Ay Ata (Ayaz Ata) is also believed to bring the moon at night, which was considered a kind of gift for people. One of the worst situations for the nomadic Turkish society was Ayaz, which caused the loss of life of animals in barns and people stranded outside during long winter nights. This, of course, led to great despair. Although the Turks have had many cultures and traditions up to the present day, these traditions and beliefs gave rise to rituals. These rituals had to have a solid foundation. The painful losses I mentioned earlier led people to develop new beliefs. According to these beliefs, on the night of 22 December, day and night fought each other, and after a long battle, day prevailed.

After that, the melancholic and hopeless atmosphere brought by the night gave way to a joyful and hopeful atmosphere. People continued their lives happily with the victory of the day, that is, the light. In other words, Ayaz and the events that were painful in every sense turned themselves into fun and happiness, and not only that, but also gave rise to a ritual, or rather a tradition. The Central Asian Turks created the "Akçam Tree Decoration Tradition" to visualise and emphasise this joy and desire to continue living.



This tradition, which developed especially thanks to the Shaman Turks, has led to placing every element of nature at the centre of life. For this reason, it is not any tent or other object that is decorated, but trees and forests. The White pine tree also means that everything will flow regardless of what happens. One of the things that makes this tradition sacred and the reason for choosing this tree is this meaning. According to the Turks, the white pine tree carries meanings such as "Tree of Life" and "Centre of the World." The influence of this tree on the Turks continues to this day. Many women in Anatolia who are engaged in handicrafts such as embroidery and kilim weaving often use the white pine tree motif.

The Turks have incorporated this symbol not only into household items such as kilims, but also into their clothing. Let us now turn to our other topic, Nardugan. If we look at the etymology of the word Nardugan, Nar means "sun" and Tugan/Dugan means "rising," so Nardugan means "rising sun." During Nardugan, prayers were offered to the god Ülgen, and colourful fabrics were tied to the akçam tree. In Central Asia, the homeland of the reindeer, people would ride on the sleigh pulled by the reindeer. Thus, the tradition of Santa Claus and his reindeer-drawn sleigh, as seen in Christianity today, originates from Central Asia.

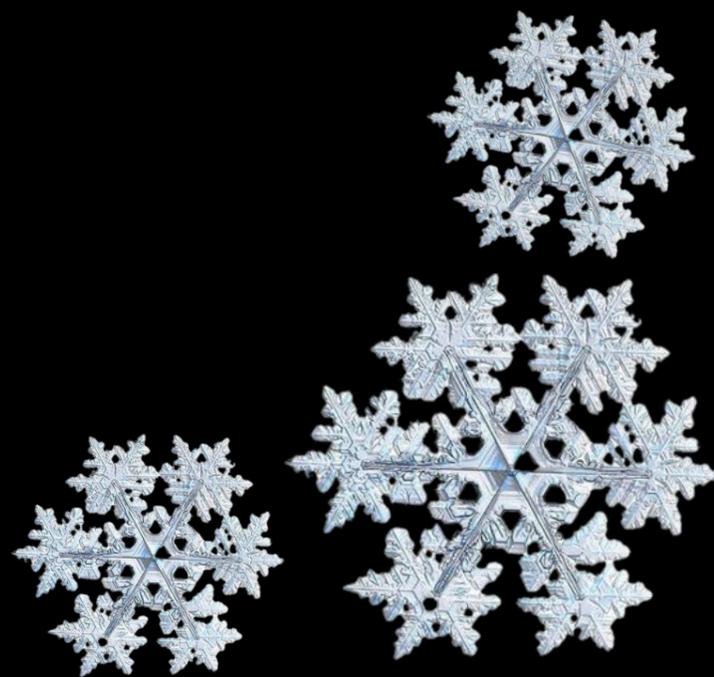
Every year when Nardugan came, Turks would clean their homes thoroughly and wear their most beautiful and ornate clothes on the holiday. They would place the gifts they wanted to offer to the god Ülgen under the largest and most magnificent fir tree in their neighbourhood and sing songs together. Of course, they did not forget to pray to the god Ülgen in return for the gifts they offered, expressing their wishes and gratitude. The "Snow Maiden," the granddaughter of Ayaz Ata, also participated in these ceremonies. As you can understand, the "Snow Maiden" here symbolises the snow.



The young girls and women distributed the ribbons they had made, enough for all the family members, to tie to the branches of the tree. The young girls, thinking of others, would bring extra fabric with them and distribute it to everyone. These decorative ribbons were usually woven from the hair of animals such as sheep and goats using a needle, and motifs of the tree of life were embroidered on them. Today, the tradition of tying cloth, fabric, etc. to the tree and making wishes comes from this very tradition. At the end of the festivities, the elders were visited and honoured. Meals were eaten together, and sweets were served.



So where did Christians learn this tradition? Researchers believe that this tradition was introduced to Christianity through the European Hun Empire. This is one of the most important examples of the Turks bringing their own traditions to the lands they conquered. We know that at this time, Christmas was associated with the birth of Jesus Christ. Researchers say that this event was understood in this way because of the behaviour and way of thinking of people in the modern era. One of the most prominent historians and researchers on Nardugan and Ayaz Ata, Associate Professor Dr. Haluk Berkmen, has written a book titled "Christmas and Nardugan," in which he thoroughly examines this topic. Those who wish to learn more about these subjects can review the research of Turkologist Murat Acı and Sumerologist Muazzez İlmiye Çığ.



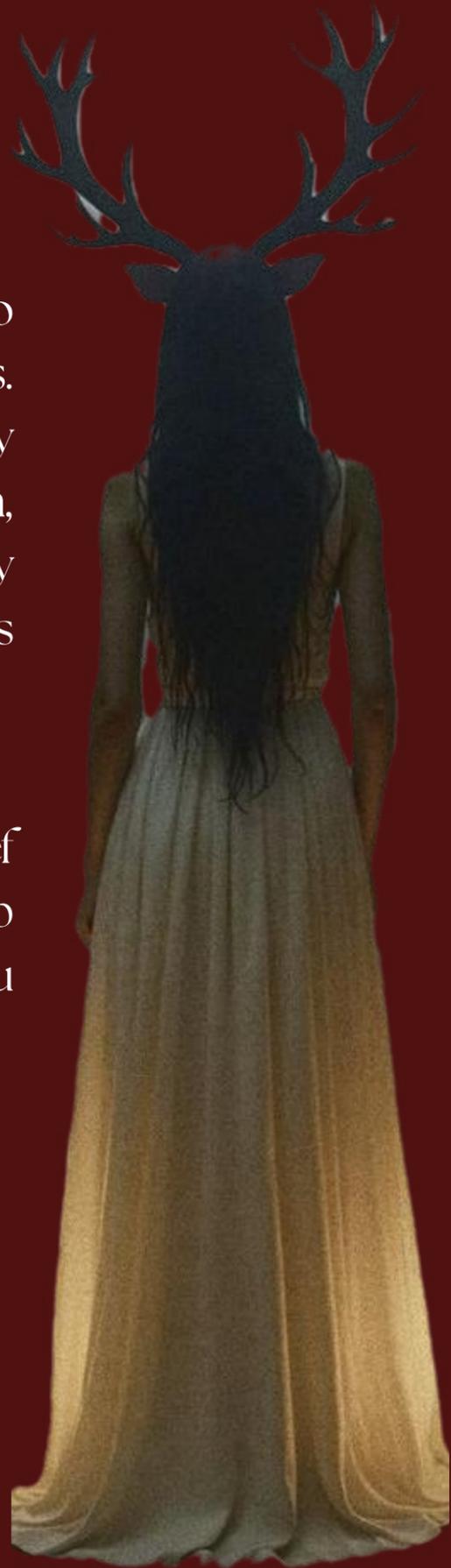
The Religion of Nature

Until the 20th century, Paganism was a term coined by the Church to refer to people who followed religions outside of the Abrahamic faiths. The word itself comes from the Latin *paganus*, meaning “country dweller” or “peasant.” Beyond this narrow definition given by the Church, defining Paganism becomes a bit more complex, as there are many different forms of it. You can think of these divisions as similar to sects within the Abrahamic religions.

In this piece, rather than explaining every branch or detail of this belief system, I would like to talk about its general beliefs and its relationship with nature. My aim is not to focus on terminology, but to help you understand why people embrace this faith.

We could say that Paganism is essentially made up of two key elements: nature and spirit. According to Pagan beliefs, nature is sacred; what is worshipped includes the sun, the moon, the sea, trees, and other such elements. These are not merely symbols — they carry their own meaning, their own spirit. Nature is not just a source of life, but also a spiritual center. In addition to this, a Pagan may believe in a god or a goddess.

A Pagan may also believe that everything holds a certain energy. In this article, I will most likely be describing a branch of Paganism known as pantheism. So, why do Pagans worship nature? God, by definition, is believed to be a supernatural being — something that exists and is greater than humanity.

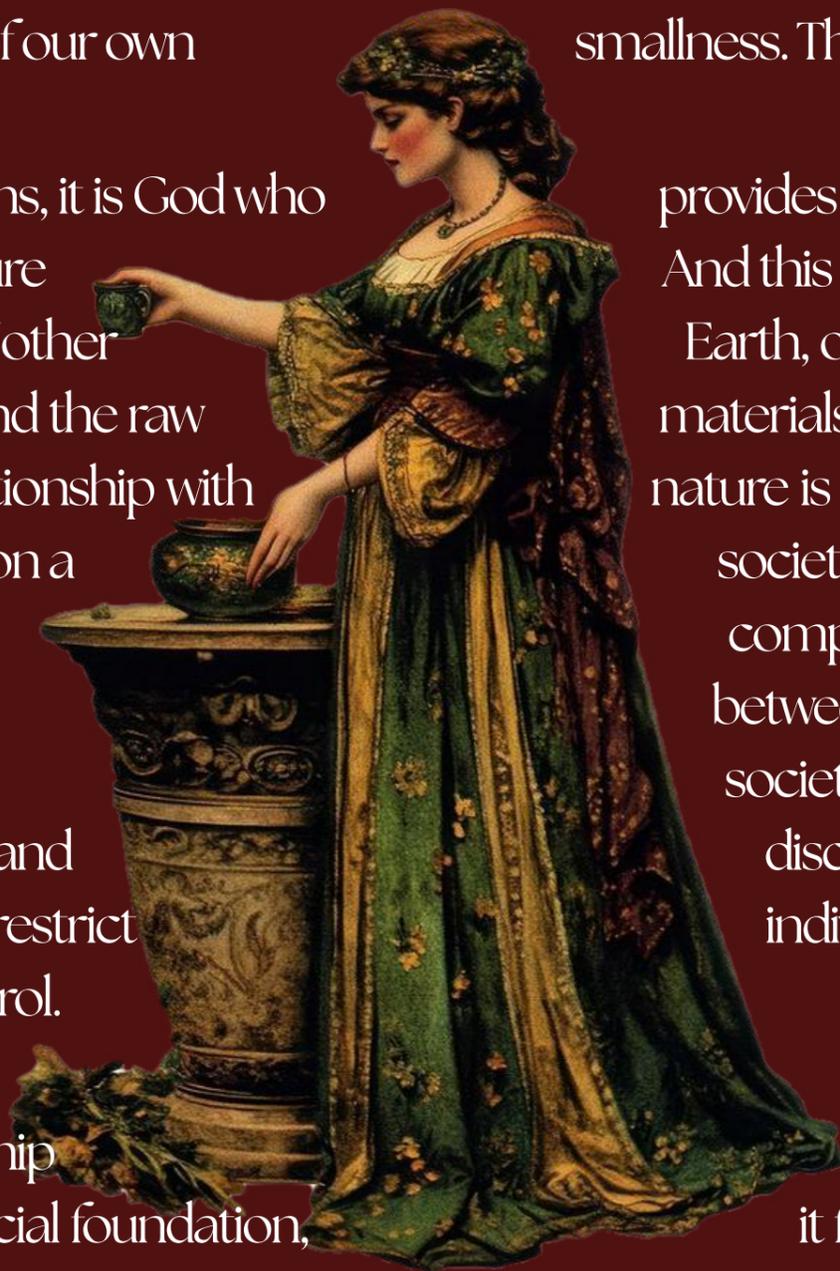


In Paganism, this “God” is nature itself: a force that can be proven to exist in countless ways and is undeniably superior to the human race. Here, nature is seen not only as a physical entity but also as a metaphysical power. Although humans are often seen as rulers over nature, the truth is that we cannot survive without it — whereas nature can thrive perfectly well without us. In fact, the human relationship with nature is not one of dominion and sovereignty, but rather one of exploitation.

At this point, we must recognize something important: religion originates from the human being — it is created as an attempt to find answers to our own crises of meaning. But the origin of God is the universe itself. The vastness, the cycles, and the immeasurable power of the universe remind us of our own smallness. That is the key difference

In the Abrahamic religions, it is God who that role belongs to nature receive our food from Mother flowing fresh streams, and the raw endless forests. This relationship with individual level, but also on a with nature is one of When the relationship is directly applied to of dogmas, oppression, and like Sharia, for example, restrict society under strict control.

However, if the relationship nature is placed on a social foundation, respects nature and knows how to live in harmony with it. Unlike systems that produce oppression, this relationship encourages balance. Most importantly, human beings are a part of nature and live within it. Paganism seeks to follow the rhythm of nature’s cycles: it celebrates the blooming of flowers, the shifting face of the moon, the rising of the sun, the arrival of the seasons.



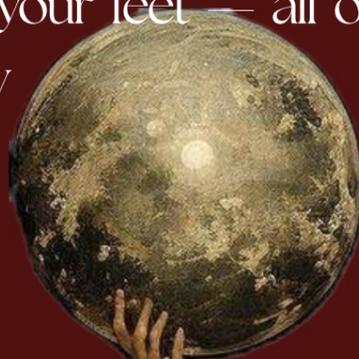
provides sustenance. In Paganism, And this is not an illogical view. We Earth, our drink from the joyfully materials for our belongings from nature is beneficial not only on an societal level. The bond formed compassion and sustainability. between the individual and God society, it often leads to the rise discrimination. Rigid systems individual freedom and place

between humans and it fosters a community that

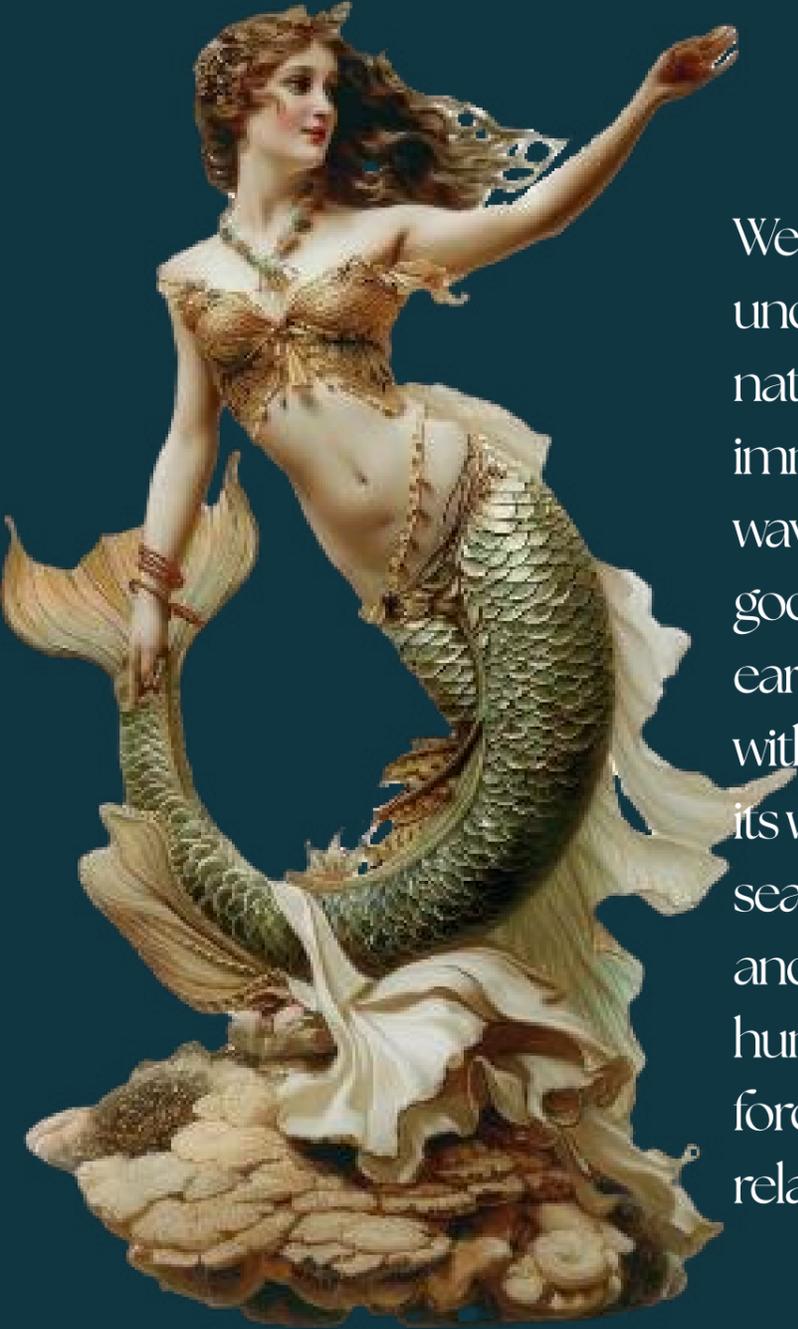
These moments are honored in their own way — because there is a deep sense of gratitude toward nature. A Pagan knows that by aligning with the natural flow, one can not only survive, but also find happiness and reconnect with the self.

In Paganism, time is not linear, but cyclical. This reflects the belief that, like nature, human beings are in a constant state of transformation. Change is encouraged; it is motion — not stagnation — that is considered sacred. God is not in the sky alone, but everywhere. Everything we see and touch contains the divine, because God is not a father watching over us — God is the universe itself. This is where its power lies: in its ability to take on infinite forms and exist eternally. It has always been, and it always will be.

In the end, Paganism invites the individual to remember something simple yet profound: you are not separate from nature — you are nature. The sun that warms your skin, the wind that touches your face, the soil beneath your feet — all of it is part of the same living, breathing whole. And in that quiet harmony with nature, you may find not answers, but a sense of peace that need no explanation.



Sea, Waves, Nature And Poseidon



We know about the Greek god Poseidon, but do we truly understand the crucial relationship between Poseidon and nature? Let's figure it out with this article. The name Poseidon immediately conjures images of the deep blue sea, roaring waves, and the mighty trident. As one of the twelve Olympian gods, Poseidon held dominion over the oceans, storms, earthquakes, and horses. His very essence was intertwined with the raw, untamed power of the natural world, particularly its watery domains. But to merely categorize him as "god of the sea" would be to scratch the surface of a far more profound and intricate connection—a connection that speaks to humanity's ancient awe, fear, and respect for the natural forces that shaped their lives. At the heart of Poseidon's relationship with nature lies the ocean itself.

For the ancient Greeks, the sea was not just a body of water; it was a living, breathing entity, a source of both sustenance and terror. Poseidon was its personification. His moods dictated its temperament. When he was calm, the seas were placid, allowing for safe passage and abundant catches. When his fury was roused, titanic waves would crash against shores, ships would be splintered, and lives would be lost. This direct correlation between a god's emotions and natural phenomena highlights a fundamental aspect of Greek mythology: the anthropomorphism of nature. The Greeks sought to understand and explain the unpredictable forces of their world by attributing them to divine will and temperament.

Consider the sheer scale of the ocean. It is vast, mysterious, and largely unexplored even today. For ancient mariners, venturing out onto the open sea was an act of immense courage and faith. They were at the mercy of Poseidon. Every gust of wind, every shift in current, every towering wave was a whisper or a roar from the god himself. Fishermen would offer prayers and sacrifices before setting sail, hoping to appease him and ensure a safe return. Sailors would meticulously read the signs in the sky and on the water, understanding that these were not merely meteorological events, but manifestations of divine intention.



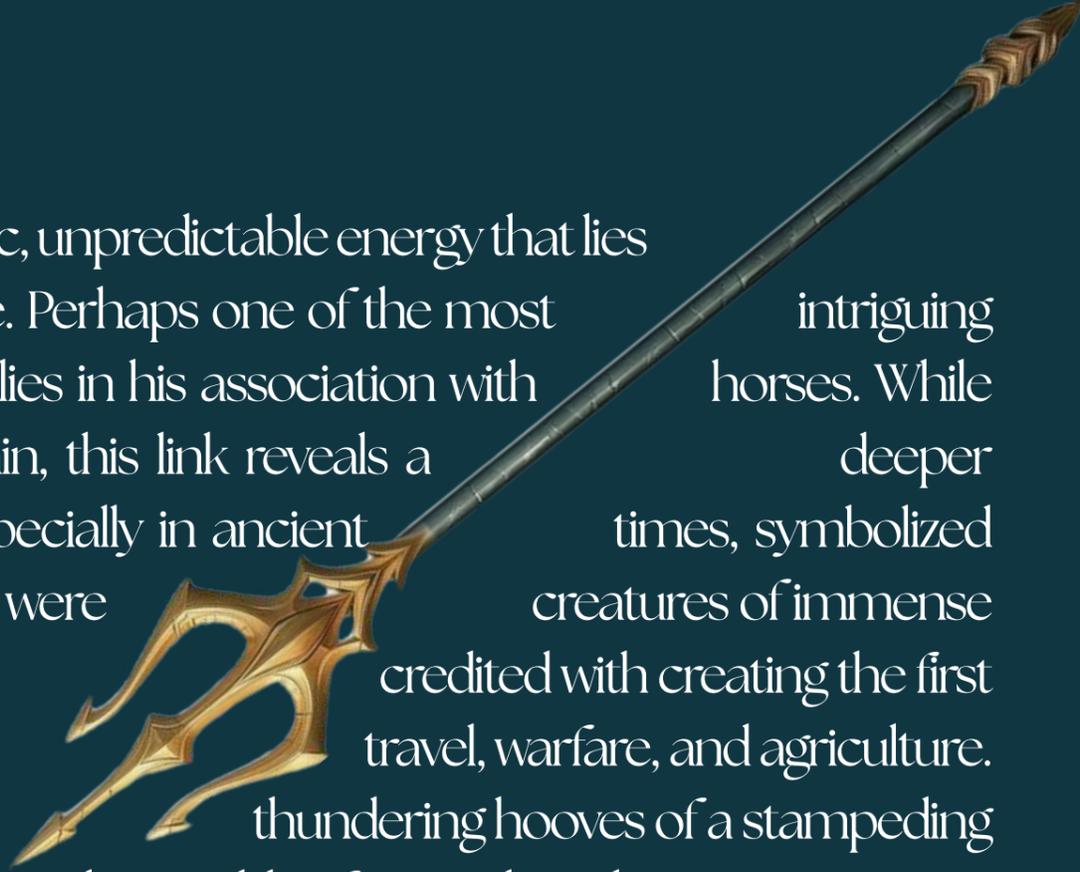
Poseidon's palace, often described as being at the bottom of the Aegean Sea, was not just a grand dwelling; it was an extension of the ocean's majesty. Adorned with coral, pearls, and all the treasures of the deep, it symbolized the hidden wonders and unfathomable depths under his control.

The creatures of the sea—dolphins, whales, fish of all kinds—were his subjects, moving with a grace and power that reflected their divine master. The very biodiversity of the marine ecosystem was a testament to Poseidon's dominion, a vibrant tapestry of life woven by his unseen hand. Beyond the immediate domain of the sea, Poseidon's influence extended to the very foundations of the earth. He was known as the "Earth-Shaker" (Enosichthon Ennosigaios), a title that speaks volumes about his power over tectonic activity. In a region prone to seismic events like Greece, the sudden, violent jolt of an earthquake was terrifying. It felt like the ground itself was alive, moving with an unpredictable, destructive force.

Attributing these tremors to Poseidon provided a mythological explanation for a devastating natural phenomenon. The connection here is not just about the destructive aspect. Earthquakes could reshape landscapes, create new islands, or submerge existing ones. This transformative power aligns with Poseidon's role as a force of constant change in nature. Just as the tides ebb and flow, constantly reshaping coastlines, so too could his seismic power dramatically alter the very land beneath human feet. The fear inspired by earthquakes was not just of physical destruction, but of the disruption of order, the fundamental instability of what was thought to be solid ground.



Poseidon, in this aspect, embodied the chaotic, unpredictable energy that lies beneath the earth's seemingly stable surface. Perhaps one of the most intriguing aspects of Poseidon's connection to nature lies in his association with horses. While seemingly disparate from his aquatic domain, this link reveals a deeper understanding of natural power. Horses, especially in ancient times, symbolized untamed strength, speed, and majesty. They were creatures of immense power, capable of great feats. Poseidon was credited with creating the first horse, a gift to humanity that revolutionized travel, warfare, and agriculture. This connection isn't just arbitrary. The thundering hooves of a stampeding herd could evoke the sound of crashing waves or the rumble of an earthquake



Horses were also vital for human interaction with the land—they helped cultivate it, traverse it, and defend it. In a way, Poseidon's gift of the horse represented his influence over the terrestrial realm, providing humans with a means to harness and interact with its power, much like he controlled the ocean. It was another facet of his multifaceted dominion over the natural world, bridging the gap between land and sea through the symbol of raw, dynamic energy. Poseidon's realm also encompassed storms and various weather phenomena at sea. While Zeus held ultimate sway over the skies and lightning, Poseidon was the master of tempests that churned the ocean. The sight of dark, ominous clouds gathering over the horizon, followed by lashing rain and ferocious winds, was a terrifying precursor to his wrath.

Sailors understood that these storms were not mere atmospheric events, but direct expressions of divine displeasure or power. The unpredictable nature of storms perfectly mirrored the unpredictable temper of the gods. A clear, calm day could suddenly turn into a violent tempest, wrecking ships and claiming lives. This constant potential for sudden, destructive change reinforced the idea that humanity was constantly at the mercy of powerful natural forces, embodied by figures like Poseidon. His control over these elements meant that he held the power of life and death over those who dared to venture into his domain. The chilling whispers of the wind, the deafening roar of thunder, and the blinding flash of lightning were all part of the symphony of his power, a testament to nature's awe-inspiring might.





Ultimately, Poseidon's relationship with nature is a complex tapestry of creation and destruction. He was not merely a destructive force; he was also a bringer of life and sustenance. The very waters he controlled nourished the earth, provided food, and served as pathways for trade and communication. Springs and rivers were sometimes attributed to his power, signifying his influence over all forms of water, not just the mighty ocean. However, his destructive potential served as a constant reminder of humanity's vulnerability in the face of nature's raw power.

His wrath could decimate entire fleets, swallow islands whole, and shatter the very ground beneath civilizations. This dual nature reflects the inherent duality of nature itself: beautiful and life-giving, yet capable of immense, indiscriminate destruction. The ancient Greeks, through their myths of Poseidon, sought to understand and cope with these powerful forces. By giving them a divine form, they could appeal to them, offer appeasement, and perhaps, find a sense of control or understanding in a world that often felt chaotic and unpredictable. Poseidon was not just a god; he was the embodiment of the vast, untamed, and often terrifying beauty of the natural world, a force to be respected, feared, and ultimately, revered. His story serves as a timeless reminder of humanity's enduring fascination and deep connection with the natural world that surrounds and shapes us.

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Yaelokre

Quickly becoming one of the most enchanting voices of the digital age, Yaelokre is not just a musician, but also a storyteller, a visual artist, and the creator of an imaginary world. Born on September 4, the Filipino-Icelandic artist's real name is Keath Ósk. From the very first song, she invites her listeners into another world.

The Yaelokre project began in January 2024, when she started releasing her music. But what sets her apart from other musicians isn't just her beautiful voice or magical melodies — it's that every song is part of a story. This story takes place in a fictional world called Meadowlark and centers around four child characters known as "The Lark": Cole, Clémentine, Peregrine, and Kingsley. Each of them wears a mask and represents an animal (and sometimes a plant). Yaelokre not only gives voice to these characters, but also draws them herself.

In the world of Meadowlark, there are also mysterious characters called "The Harkers," such as the Storyteller, Bell-ringer, Enkindled, and Croon. These figures add more depth and layers to the story. All of this makes Yaelokre special not just through music, but also through imagination. Her debut song, "Harpy Hare," went viral in the summer of 2024, especially on TikTok and other social media platforms. It made its way onto the TikTok Billboard Top 50 and entered Spotify's Global Viral Chart. Very quickly, she gained a large fan base, and her story-driven universe caught great attention.

Keath Ósk has been surrounded by art since she was a child. Her mother taught her how to play guitar and piano chords, while her father helped her learn how to sing while telling stories. These early influences built the foundation of her music and imagination. As a child, her dream was to become a storybook writer. Later, she even planned to study to become a kindergarten teacher

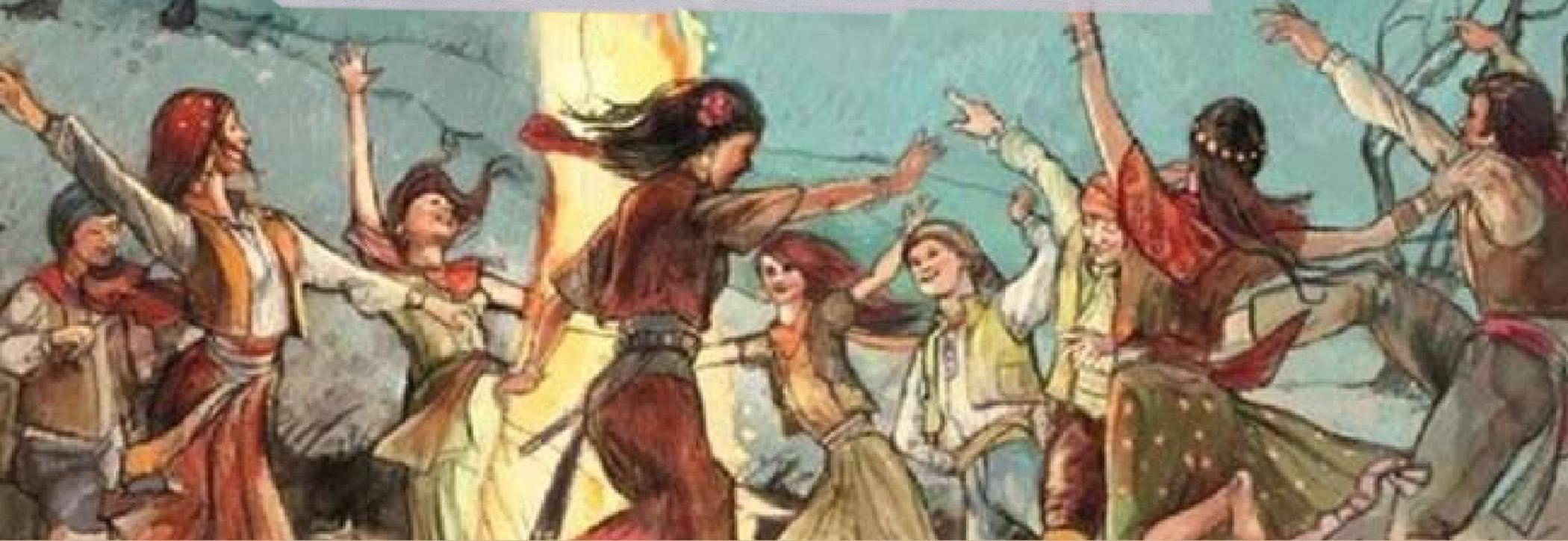


So far, Yaelokre has released two EPs — "Hayfields" and "Songs of Origin" — as well as two singles: "Cole's Response" and "Kid & Leveret." Each of these adds a new piece to her characters' stories and draws listeners even deeper into the world of Meadowlark.

As of summer 2025, Yaelokre gave her first solo concert in Manila and joined Aurora on tour. Gaining so much attention in just one year shows how unique and inspiring she truly is. She's not only someone who makes music — she's someone who builds a whole world and opens its doors to us.



An Old Tradition, Hıdırellez



After a long, harsh, and exhausting winter, the arrival of spring feels like a season granted to humanity for rest, renewal, and preparation. In Türkiye and many other regions, this change of seasons is celebrated with a festival known as Hıdırellez, held on the night connecting May 5th to May 6th. On this night, people gather, perform ancient rituals, and celebrate together — marking the end of nature’s long slumber and the hardships of winter. But what exactly is Hıdırellez? Where does it come from, and how is it celebrated? You’ll find all the answers in this issue. What is Hıdırellez?

Hıdırellez is a traditional spring festival celebrated in the Middle East, Anatolia, Central Asia, and the Balkans. It is believed to be the day when Hızır, regarded as the helper of those in need, and İlyas, known as the protector of seas, meet on Earth. Although its exact origins remain unclear, most scholars agree that it traces back to the ancient cultures of Central Asia and the Middle East — a theory that makes perfect sense when considering the region’s rich cultural history.

In 2010, efforts began to add Hıdırellez on UNESCO’s Representative List of the Intangible Cultural Heritage of Humanity, and it was officially inscribed in 2017.

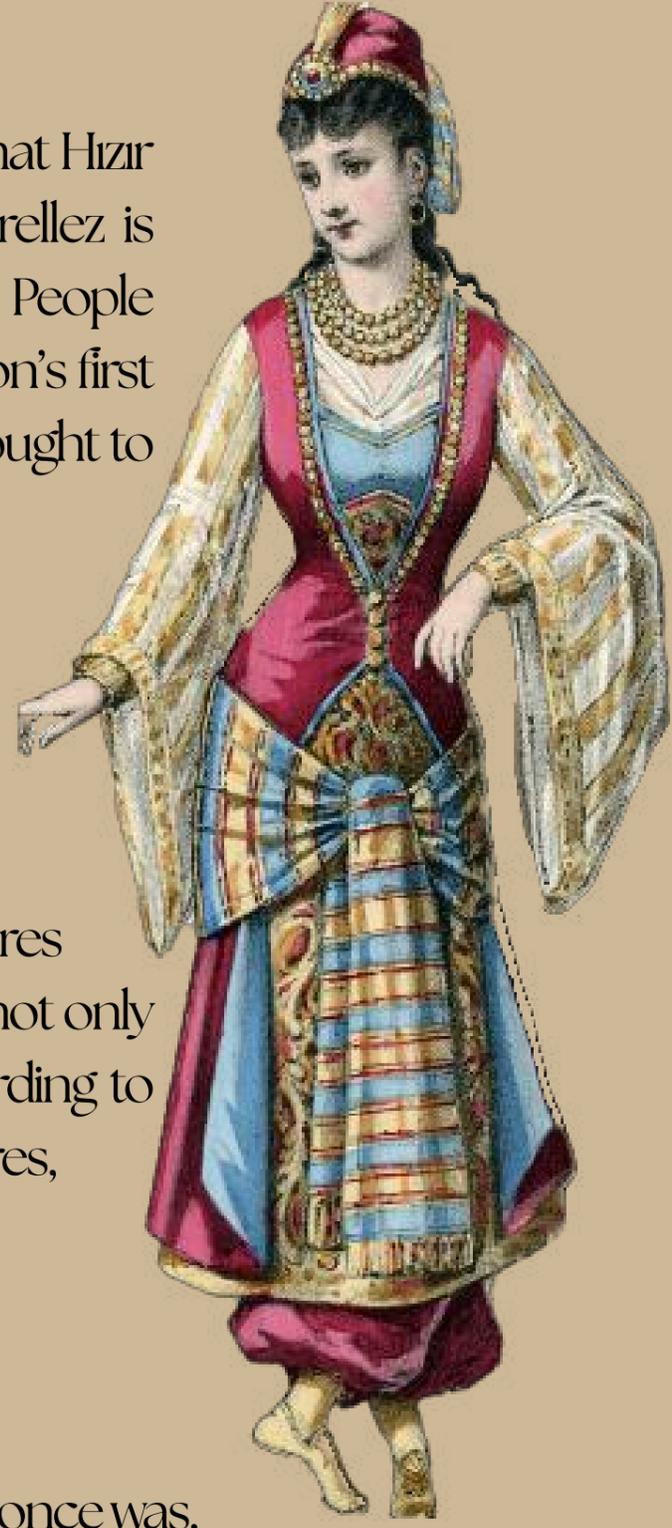
While modern city life and urban spaces have made it difficult to celebrate Hıdırellez with the same enthusiasm in big cities, it continues to be observed with joy and deep-rooted belief in small towns and villages. People come together to prepare rituals in hopes of receiving Hızır’s blessings. Some of the most common traditions include:

Fortune Rituals; These are especially popular among women seeking love and good fortune. Personal items like rings, earrings, and necklaces are placed inside a clay pot. Water is poured over them, and the pot is sealed and placed under a rose tree overnight. The next day, women gather to open the pot, singing traditional songs. In some regions, wishes are written on paper and either buried under a rose tree or released into flowing water.

Celebrating in Green Spaces and Animal Sacrifice It is believed that Hızır travels through lushes and green places. For this reason, Hıdırellez is often celebrated in areas rich with trees, flowers, and water. People picnic, play games, gather flowers, and sacrifice the spring season's first lamb. The water in which these collected flowers are boiled is thought to cure illnesses, while those who bathe in this water for 40 days are believed to grow more beautiful. Eating the meat of the lamb, sacrificed in honor of Hızır, is believed to bring good health.

Acts of Kindness and Charity In some communities, people give alms, feed the poor, or offer various acts of kindness. These gestures are made "for Hızır's sake" because it is believed that Hızır helps not only those in need but also those who assist the one in need. According to tradition, people would leave the lids of food containers, grain stores, and money pouches open, believing that anything touched by Hızır would be blessed with abundance.

Why Hıdırellez Still Matters Although not celebrated as widely as it once was, Hıdırellez remains one of the oldest and most meaningful traditions in our cultural heritage. It is a valuable reminder of our roots, our bond with nature, and our shared values of kindness, community, and hope. As Atatürk wisely said:
"A nation that forgets its history is doomed to disappear."





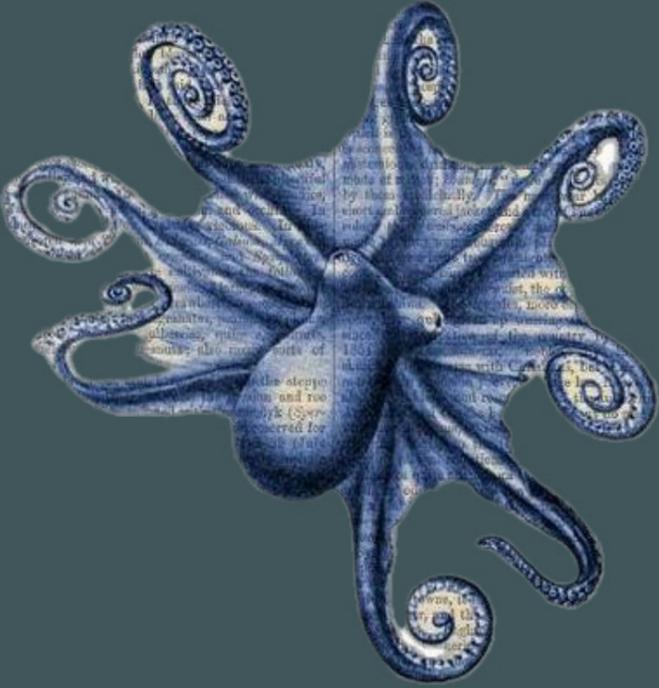
The Turtle Who Carries the World on Its Back

Sometimes, when one lifts their head toward the sky and gazes at the stars, an odd emptiness arises within. A question flickers in the mind—how did we come to exist here? How did this earth, this sea, this sky, take shape? Science offers explanations—the beginning of the universe, the formation of planets. But the human soul often longs for a story that transcends the borders of reason, a tale whispered directly to the heart, far older than memory itself. And in those moments, ancient voices stir, telling stories once shared around fires, passed from lips to eager ears. Stories carved into stones, whispered by winds, written in the veins of trees. One of those stories speaks of a turtle who carries the world on its back.

Long, long ago, before the sky was separated from the earth, the world was nothing but endless water. No land existed—no mountains, no birds, no humans. Only water. Infinite, vast, and deep. The waves breathed, the waves sang, and the world slept beneath their lullaby. Yet above that infinite water, unseen spirits glided. They were the Great Spirits, the guardians of the beginning. And they yearned to shape the world—to create something solid, something enduring. Land. A place where life could root itself.

One of those spirits reached up into the void and declared: from these waters, a world shall rise. A patch of earth... crowned with mountains, woven with rivers, home to forests, animals, and eventually, humankind. But land could not simply appear—it had to be brought from the depths. For life always rises from the belly of darkness.

No one expected this. The turtle, slow and humble, with heavy steps and a simple shell, was not a creature of grand gestures. But it bowed its head, pulled in a breath, and slid gently into the water. The waves wrapped around it, embracing and swallowing it whole. Then, silence. Minutes passed. Then hours. The sky grew bored; the winds grew still. The eagle folded its wings in defeat. Fish floated beneath the surface, gazing upward. All believed the little turtle was lost in the endless, crushing depths.



And then... a ripple. A tiny bubble broke the surface, then another, and another. Suddenly, the water split open, and there it was—the turtle, emerging, gasping, its shell covered with a precious handful of mud. Its chest rose and fell rapidly, its eyes wide with exhaustion and something else—an unspoken knowing, a glimpse of what lies in the deepest places.

The spirit reached down, cupped that mud in its hands, and began to shape it. Slowly, it grew. First, a small mound, then broader, rising and swelling. The mud expanded across the turtle's back. Grasses unfurled, green tendrils reaching toward the newborn sky. Trees pushed their roots deep, anchoring themselves. Rivers carved paths, mountains rose, lakes gathered in hollows. Birds spread their wings. Fish traced silver lines through the rivers. And at last, came humans—small, curious, fragile. They stepped onto the earth for the first time, their hands reaching skyward, their bare feet feeling the warmth of the new ground.

Sometimes, when one lifts their head toward the sky and gazes at the stars, an odd emptiness arises within. A question flickers in the mind—how did we come to exist here? How did this earth, this sea, this sky, take shape? Science offers explanations—the beginning of the universe, the formation of planets. But the human soul often longs for a story that transcends the borders of reason, a tale whispered directly to the heart, far older than memory itself. And in those moments, ancient voices stir, telling stories once shared around fires, passed from lips to eager ears. Stories carved into stones, whispered by winds, written in the veins of trees. One of those stories speaks of a turtle who carries the world on its back.

And from that day forward, the world rests upon the turtle's back. It walks, slow but certain, its heavy steps beyond our sense of time. What feels like a lifetime to us is but a few steps to it. And sometimes, the turtle shifts. It breathes a little deeper. It stretches its neck or tilts its shell. That is when the mountains tremble, the seas swell, and the earth shakes. We call it an earthquake. But to the turtle, it is simply adjusting, finding a more comfortable posture beneath the weight of the world.

This story is not only about how we came to be. It's also a lesson in how we ought to live. The turtle is steady, patient, unhurried. It does not race. It does not compete. It understands that everything unfolds in its own time. The world on its back is a world built from patience and resilience.

Modern humans worship speed. Faster internet, faster cars, faster lives. But as everything accelerates, meaning slips through our fingers. People forget to pause, to look, to listen. Yet the world beneath our feet—this world riding upon the turtle's back—whispers a different truth. "Slow down. Feel the earth. Hear the wind's touch. Listen to the rhythm of the shell beneath your feet." The turtle's world is a cycle—birth, death, rebirth. A leaf falls, returns to the soil, nourishes a flower. And we, so busy racing forward, forget the cycle that sustains us. But the turtle does not forget. It walks. Slow, steady. Because it knows there's no need to rush. Life is not a race.

Perhaps that is why the world still turns. Because the turtle does not hurry. Because the secrets it brought back from the depths were not about power, not about dominance—but about patience. About silence. About leaving deep, gentle footprints that outlast the noise. And perhaps, every morning when we place our feet on the ground, we ought to remember—we are touching its shell. The world still rests on the back of that small, quiet, yet powerful turtle.



Nature Of Love



We all know how important this feeling is in our lives. Love is one of the strongest emotions in human nature. From the moment we are born, we want to be loved, and as we grow, we learn how to love. Opening our hearts to someone, laughing together, sometimes feeling sadness... but most of all, feeling like someone is a part of us... these are all parts of being human. Love is something that completes us, sometimes transforms us, and reveals our truest self.

When we start loving someone, it feels like we see the world with new eyes. We become more careful, softer, more hopeful. And then we realize how much love is like nature. Like nature, love grows on its own. Like a flower blooming, it needs time and patience. We cannot force it or speed it up. Like the sunrise, it happens when the time is right.



Love is not just an emotion; it is a way of seeing. When we go for a walk with the person we love, look at the sky, or hold hands in silence among the trees, we fall in love not only with that person but also with the beauty around us. Because love is not just about one person. It's about seeing the world differently with that person by our side.

Nature shows us the many forms of love. Sometimes it starts like spring; full of excitement and new hope. Everything feels fresh and bright. Then comes summer, full of warmth and intensity.

Everything is alive and shining. Autumn reminds us of the small changes in love. Feelings become deeper, and time seems to slow down. In winter, some loves pause, cool down, or even end. But we all know that winter does not last forever. Deep inside, there is always a love waiting to bloom again.

True love, just like nature, is not perfect but it is real. Sometimes it brings storms, sometimes rainbows. Sometimes it's easy, and sometimes it asks us to be patient. But in every form, it belongs to us as human beings. When we truly love someone, we don't try to change them. Just as we admire nature without interfering, we accept the person as they are. Love is not only in romantic movies or poems. It lives in our hearts, in our actions, in our looks. And every day, nature quietly reminds us: to love, to feel, and to connect is the most natural part of who we are. Because we, as humans, exist through love. And love is most like a human; fragile, brave, patient, and endlessly beautiful.



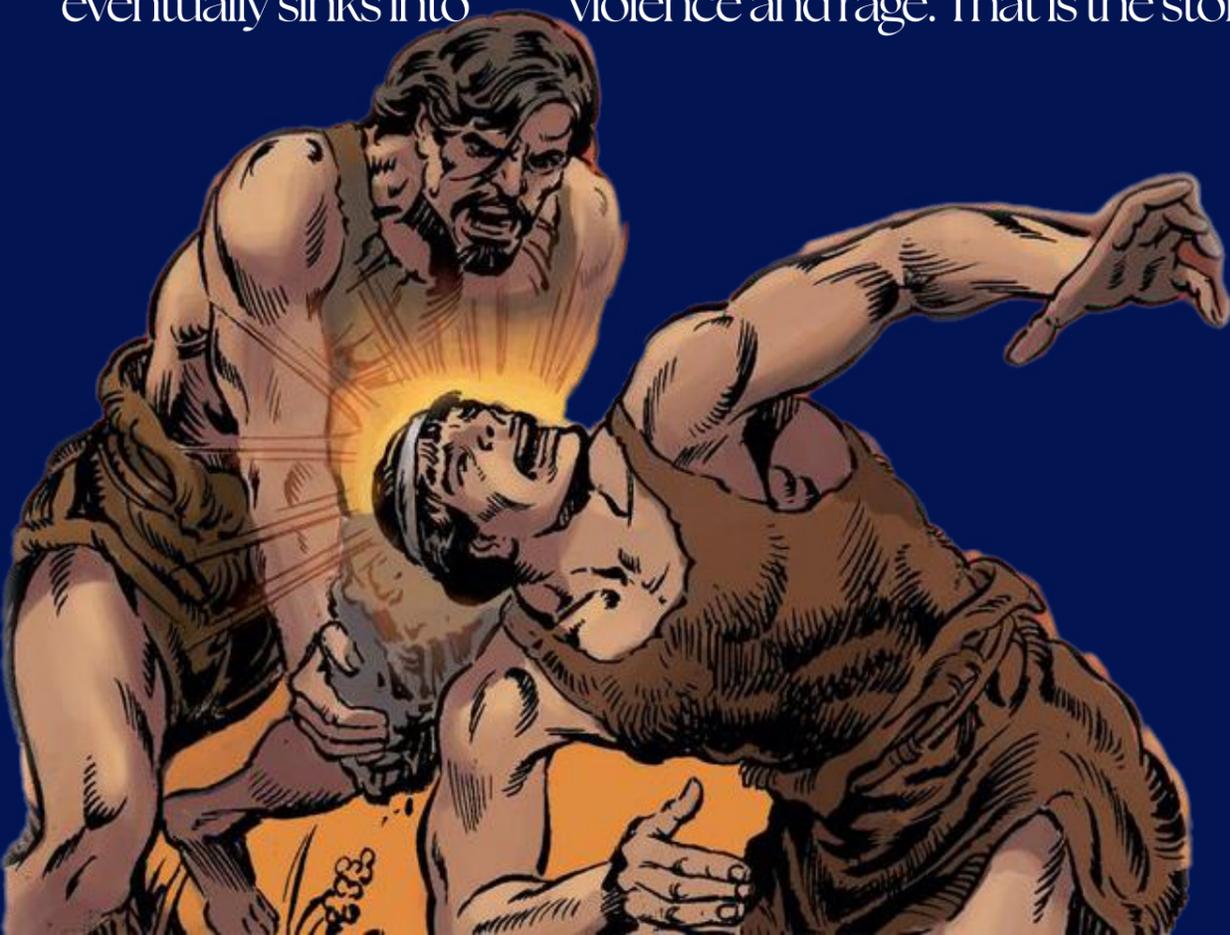
Same Stories, Different Mythologies

First of all, who are we talking about? For this article, we will take the examples of not-so-known people like Abel and his brother Cain, Romulus and Remus and also Asena and her brother. Each comes from very different regions, religion, but each tells the same story: siblinghood. But before exploring this notion, we will tell their story first. The story of Cain and Abel, found in the Book of Genesis 4:1–16 in the Bible, is the first narrative of murder and sibling rivalry in Abrahamic traditions. Cain and Abel are the two sons of Adam and Eve, the first humans created by God. Cain is a farmer who works the land, while Abel is a shepherd who tends flocks.

Both brothers bring offerings to God: Cain offers produce from his crops, and Abel offers the best portions of his sheep. However, God favors Abel's offering over Cain's. The text does not explicitly state why, but interpreters often suggest it was either due to the quality of the offering or the sincerity of Abel's heart. Cain becomes angry and jealous. God warns him that sin is "crouching at the door" and urges him to master it. Ignoring the warning, Cain lures Abel into the field and murders him, committing the first act of human violence in the biblical narrative.

When God confronts Cain, he denies responsibility with the famous line, "Am I my brother's keeper?" God, already knowing what happened, curses Cain. He is condemned to wander the earth as a fugitive and is marked by God, not as a punishment, but as a sign that no one should kill him. This mark of Cain ensures that Cain remains under God's protection despite his guilt.

But his curse doesn't prevent him from building a city down on earth, one he titles Enoch in honour of his son that he had with an unknown woman, and even created a legacy of his own, having well known descendants, such as Lamech. Oh, but doesn't that ring you a bell? You know you've heard a similar story, with somehow the same plot, including God, brothers, one that eventually sinks into violence and rage. That is the story of Romulus and Remus.



According to Roman mythology, the twins were born to Rhea Silvia, a Vestal Virgin, and Mars, the god of war. Their birth was considered a threat to the rule of King Amulius, who had usurped the throne of Alba Longa from Rhea Silvia's father, Numitor. To eliminate the threat, Amulius ordered the infants to be drowned in the Tiber River. However, the river's waters receded, and the twins were left in a shallow pool. A she-wolf (lupa) discovered them and nursed them in a cave known as the Lupercal. Later, a shepherd named Faustulus found the boys and raised them with his wife.

As they grew, Romulus and Remus became strong and brave. Upon learning their true origins, they overthrew Amulius and restored Numitor to the throne. The brothers then set out to found a new city of their own. A dispute arose over where and who should lead the new city. They used augury, interpreting the flight of birds, as a sign from the gods. Romulus claimed victory, but Remus mocked him by leaping over the city's boundary trench.

In anger, Romulus killed Remus, declaring that no one would cross the walls of his city without punishment. He named the city Rome, after himself, and became its first king. The date of the city's founding is traditionally given as April 21, 753 BCE. He didn't have any descendants himself, but his most loyal lineage extended up to the era of Julius Caesar. In these two stories, national identity and birth of society and civilization always comes from sin, violence, jealousy, rivalry and hatred.



According to the legend, during a time of great conflict in the Gokturk region, in central asia, a young boy was the sole survivor of a massacre carried out against his people. Severely wounded and left to die, he was discovered by a mythical she-wolf named Asena. Moved by compassion, Asena nurtured the boy back to health and protected him in a remote cave, far from human civilization. Over time, the bond between them deepened, and eventually, Asena gave birth to several half-human, half-wolf sons, the most notable of whom would go on to become the ancestors of the Turkic tribes.

One version of the story mentions that among the offspring, a particularly strong and wise son led his people out of the wilderness and established the foundation of a great nation. In some retellings, the boy and his brother (possibly another survivor or one of the wolf's children) venture out together, becoming the progenitors of different branches of the Turkic lineage. Asena's role as a mother, protector, and divine guide cements her as a sacred figure, more than just a wolf, she is a symbol of resilience, identity, and the spiritual origin of the Turkic people.

The legend of Asena reflects the nomadic, warrior spirit of Turkic cultures and their deep respect for wolves, often seen as noble, clever, and loyal animals. It also ties the people to a divine and natural origin, elevating their history through myth into something sacred and heroic. The three stories depict the theme of siblinghood in mythological and religious narratives, focusing on how these relationships serve as symbolic frameworks for understanding violence, power, and the foundation of civilization. By examining three culturally distinct stories, Cain and Abel from the Bible, Romulus and Remus from Roman mythology, and Asena from Turkic legend, the text illustrates the contrasting roles that sibling dynamics can play in shaping collective identity.

The stories of Cain and Abel and Romulus and Remus both depict fratricide as a foundational act, implying that civilization is born out of jealousy, violence, and the disruption of familial bonds. In both cases, the divine plays a crucial role: God in the biblical account and Mars, the god of war, in the Roman myth. These deities either influence or witness the fatal conflicts between brothers, signaling that divine will or cosmic fate underlies the formation of nations. The repetition of sibling violence highlights a cultural belief that order and power are inextricably linked to conflict and moral failure.

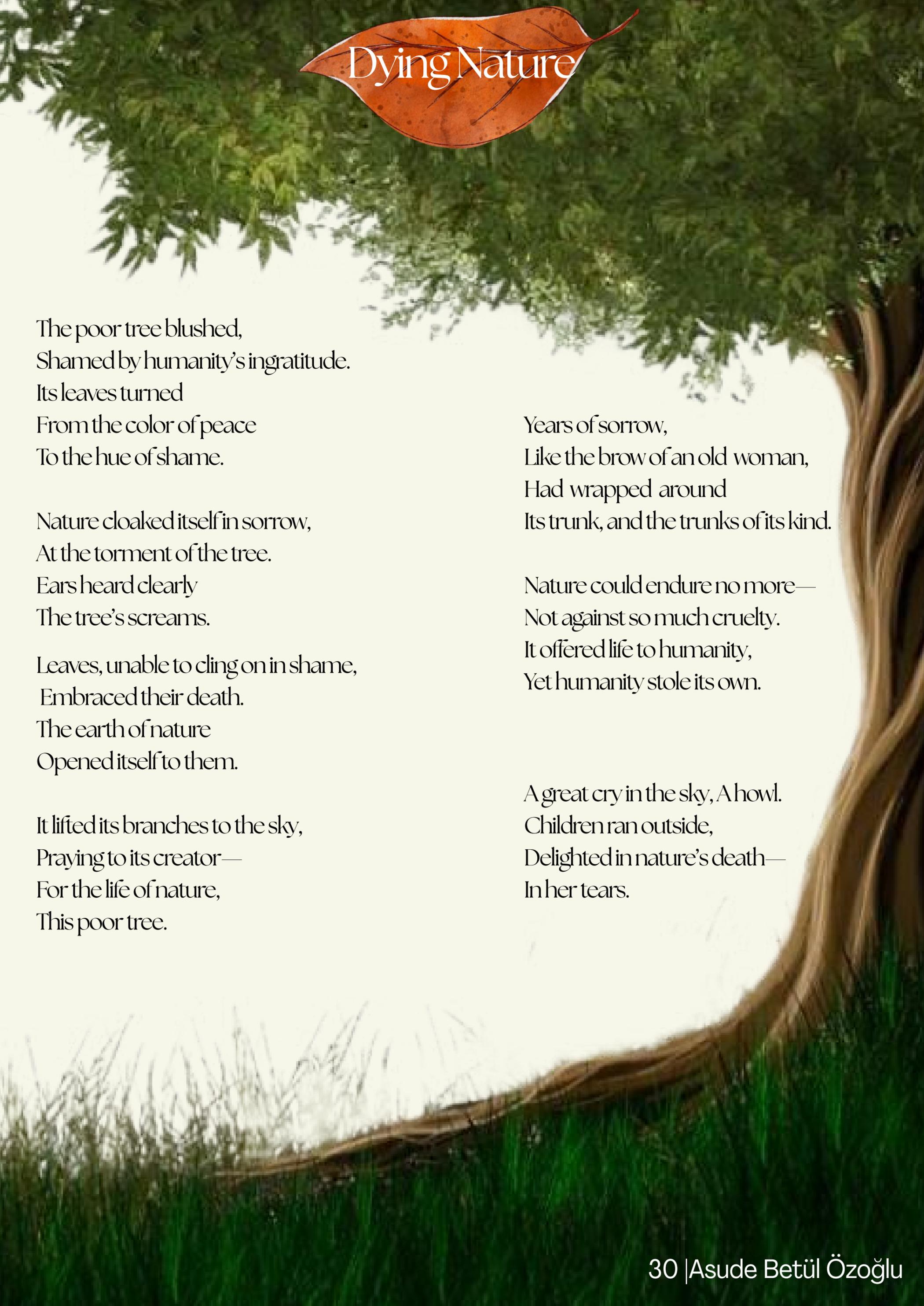


Elif Yildiran



In contrast, the Asena myth offers a radically different narrative. Here, the foundation of a people arises not from murder, but from compassion and resilience. The divine figure, a she-wolf, nurtures rather than punishes, and the resulting lineage is one of strength and unity rather than betrayal. This myth reflects different values: survival, unity with nature, and respect for ancestral origins.

The juxtaposition of these stories invites reflection on how cultures use myth to explain their origins. While some emphasize struggle and dominance, others uplift healing and guidance. This contrast reveals broader societal values encoded in mythology, suggesting that the lens through which siblinghood is interpreted shapes national identity and moral worldview.



Dying Nature

The poor tree blushed,
Shamed by humanity's ingratitude.
Its leaves turned
From the color of peace
To the hue of shame.

Nature cloaked itself in sorrow,
At the torment of the tree.
Ears heard clearly
The tree's screams.

Leaves, unable to cling on in shame,
Embraced their death.
The earth of nature
Opened itself to them.

It lifted its branches to the sky,
Praying to its creator—
For the life of nature,
This poor tree.

Years of sorrow,
Like the brow of an old woman,
Had wrapped around
Its trunk, and the trunks of its kind.

Nature could endure no more—
Not against so much cruelty.
It offered life to humanity,
Yet humanity stole its own.

A great cry in the sky, A howl.
Children ran outside,
Delighted in nature's death—
In her tears.



Desperate Side Of Love

At its heart, the poignant Greek myth of Daphne and Apollo isn't merely a tale of divine infatuation and rejection. It's a profound exploration of desire, freedom, and humanity's intricate relationship with the natural world. This ancient narrative holds up a mirror to our own existential questions.

The story begins with Apollo, the radiant god of the sun and music, basking in the glory of slaying the monstrous Python. His pride, however, leads him to mock Eros, the god of love. Eros's retaliation is swift and cruel: he strikes Apollo's heart with a golden arrow, plunging him into a delirious passion. Then, he pierces Daphne, a free-spirited water nymph, with a lead-tipped arrow, making her utterly indifferent to love.

These two arrows, pulling in opposite directions yet intertwined by fate, ignite an epic chase. The moment Apollo sees Daphne, he's consumed by an overwhelming desire. Her grace, her natural beauty as she hunts through the forest, captivates the god's heart. Yet, this "love" quickly twists into an urge to possess. Apollo's impassioned cries are not compliments to Daphne, but threats. She is simply a being who wishes to live freely, refusing to become the object of another's yearning. Apollo's relentless pursuit vividly illustrates how even the mightiest powers can act irrationally and selfishly when driven by unchecked desire. The very moment divine might becomes personal whim, it casts a shadow that disregards another's right to exist. This aspect of the myth, while speaking to the deep yearning for connection, also subtly whispers a warning: love should never crush the autonomy of another. Daphne's desperate flight is an epic of unwavering commitment to freedom. She utterly refuses to let her self be defined or surrendered to another's desire. With Apollo's breath on her neck, just as he's about to grasp her, she cries out to the heart of nature itself – to her father, the river god Peneus, or to Mother Earth.



This plea isn't just for physical escape; it's an existential shriek: "Save me from this fate!" The answer arrives as a startling transformation. The nymph's delicate skin turns to bark, her arms become branches, her hair, leaves. Her feet root themselves into the earth. Daphne is now a laurel tree. This moment is the myth's most potent philosophical turning point: daring to fundamentally change one's mode of existence to preserve one's freedom. By recreating herself in a new form, she mounts the ultimate resistance against Apollo's possessive urge. This stands as a symbol of how will and self-determination can stand firm, even against the most powerful external pressures. Daphne's transformation into a tree underscores that nature is not merely a backdrop but possesses its own will and transformative power. Nature becomes Daphne's sanctuary and her salvation. This reminds us of an ancient perspective where the natural world was seen not just as a resource, but as a living, sacred entity brimming with its own mysteries.

Apollo is filled with shock and sorrow when he sees that the woman he loved is now a tree. He cannot physically possess her, yet his love for her doesn't end. He touches the laurel tree, caresses its branches, and vows to hold it sacred forever. Thus, the laurel tree becomes the emblem that crowns Apollo's poets, seers, and champions – a symbol of victory, honor, and immortality. Daphne's transformation grants her a different kind of immortality. She transcends being just a story, becoming an inseparable part of both nature and human culture. Her tale subtly whispers that true freedom might sometimes be found not in outward escape, but in a profound inner transformation. And ultimately, no matter how great desire or power may be, nature's stubborn spirit and the individual's quest for liberty will always find their own way.



A World Of Insects

Although they are everywhere in life there are small details we sometimes cannot notice. Insects are among them, with their tiny bodies, sometimes unsettling legs and elegant wings. For some their colorful shells offer a visual feast, while for others, their presence can cause a strange discomfort. Still even if they are ignored, they are at the very center of life. In different cultures and geographies, insects are not only seen as biological creatures but also as symbolic figures with deep meanings. These symbols vary from country to country and reflect how people see nature, life, and death.



Butterflies symbolize the lightness of the soul, new beginnings, and life after death. Bees represent hard work, order, and social cooperation. Ladybugs are seen as signs of good luck and protection, while fireflies stand for hope, magic, and inspiration. Ants represent community, determination, hard work, and strength.

These tiny creatures play big roles in nature's balance. They are often essential in keeping the ecosystem stable. Insects play an important part in the pollination of plants. Thanks to bees, butterflies, and some other insects, plants can reproduce and agricultural production can continue. In addition, some insects break down organic matter in the soil and increase its fertility, helping both nature and humans live in balance. Insects are also a food source for many animals, forming an important link in the food chain. Birds, reptiles, and some mammals rely on them for food.

Some insect species also help in natural pest control, reducing the need for chemical pesticides. For example, a small wasp species called *Trichogramma* lays its eggs inside the eggs of other insects, stopping harmful pests from reproducing. This forms the basis of biological pest control methods. By helping with plant reproduction, insects contribute to pollination in both natural and agricultural ecosystems. Their life cycle is closely linked to the lives of other creatures, and each insect has a different role that supports the continuity of the ecosystem.



Praying Mantis (Mantid)

Known for catching prey with its long front legs and standing still, this insect is a master of camouflage. It waits patiently and strikes quickly. It can hunt other insects and even its own kind.

Beetles (Coleoptera)

These insects (like ladybugs and armored beetles) are strong due to their hard outer shells. Some protect crops by eating pests, while others harm plants.

Termites

They live in colonies and are known for their organized structure. They consume wood and cellulose-based materials, helping break down dead material in the ecosystem. However, they can damage human structures.

Bedbugs

With small, flat bodies, they can easily hide. Some types feed on blood and are disturbing to humans. Their presence in homes is usually unwanted.

Sunn Pest (Eurygaster)

This species harms crops, especially wheat, causing serious losses. It's closely monitored in agricultural protection.

Stag Beetles (Lucanidae)

The males have large jaw-like mandibles. They feed on tree bark and have an important role in forest ecosystems.

Aphids

Masters of camouflage, they look like leaves and feed on plant sap. They are considered harmful because they weaken plants and spread disease. They are found in Southeast Asia and surrounding areas.



Trichogramma (Egg Parasitoid)

Used in biological pest control. They lay their eggs in other insects eggs to neutralize them. It is one of the most preferred species for agricultural pest control.

Fireflies (Lampyridae)

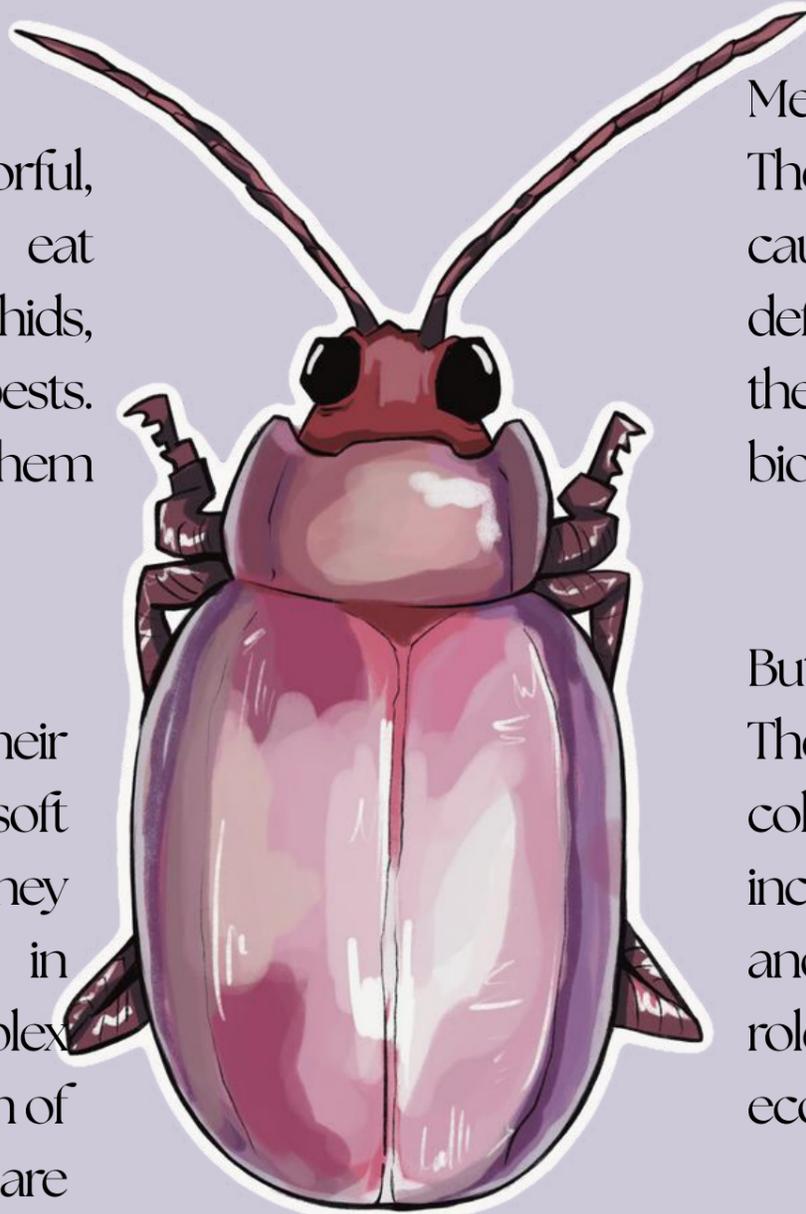
Known for their glowing lights in the dark, used in mating communication. They hunt in damp soil or swampy areas and inject neurotoxins into their prey.

Ladybugs (Coccinellidae)

Recognized by their colorful, spotted shells. They eat harmful insects like aphids, helping naturally control pests. Their cute look makes them popular among people.

Bees (Apis mellifera)

Unlike most insects, their bodies are covered in soft hairs. They produce honey and play a key role in pollination. Their complex social structure and division of labor are notable. They are strongly connected to their colonies.



Meloidae (Blister Beetle)

They release a chemical that causes blisters on skin as a defense. Although harmful, they are important in biodiversity.

Butterflies (Lepidoptera)

They attract attention with their colorful patterns. Their life cycle includes egg, caterpillar, pupa, and adult stages. They play a role in pollination in ecosystems.

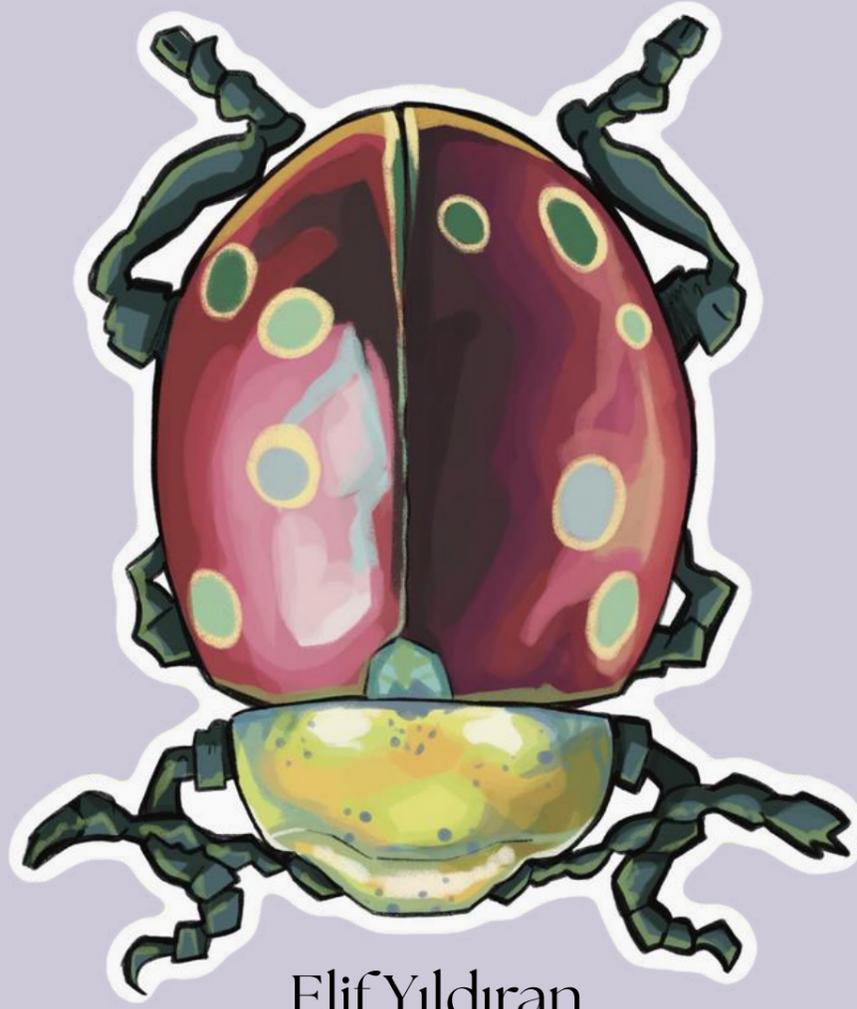
Elif Yıldırım

Spiders (Araneae)

Contrary to common belief, they are not technically insects, but they are arthropods. They hunt insects with their webs and help maintain natural balance. Over 50,000 species are known.

Tiger Beetles (Cicindelinae)

Fast runners and effective hunters. They live underground and hunt small insects. Sadly, they are at risk of extinction.



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Mosquitoes (Culicidae)

Feed on the blood of humans and animals. Only female mosquitoes suck blood. Female mosquitoes need blood protein to develop their eggs. Male mosquitoes feed only on nectar and plant sap. Due to their role as disease carriers, they are significant for public health.

Dragonflies (Odonata)

Fast-flying insects with life cycles in aquatic environments. Their larvae live underwater. They help control harmful insects.

Longhorn Beetles (Cerambycidae)

Known for their long antennae. In the larval stage, they eat wood inside trees. They can be both helpful and harmful in forest ecosystems.

In conclusion, insects are important creatures that represent the richness and complexity of nature. Their diversity, biological roles, and effects make them important in ecology, agriculture, medicine, food safety, and many other fields. They also play a major role in human interaction with nature and are essential for understanding and protecting the natural world





Walking Forest

Have you ever heard the curse of the forest, little one? The walking forest.

Many years ago, there was a small human community living between the mountains and forests—a small village. But suddenly, it was cursed by nature itself, and the forest that once gave them life took their lives instead!

Ah, little one, why do you think nature took their lives? How could something so sacred and good become a demon? Or maybe... it had to become one. What do you think?

The forest had become an indispensable part of the villagers' lives.

They felt cold—they went to the forest and cut down trees.

They needed shelter—they went to the forest and cut down trees.

They needed weapons—they went to the forest and cut down trees.

They needed tools—again, they went.

They needed furniture—again, they went...

The forest gave them more than they needed—or rather, was forced to give.

None of them asked.

The forest gave them life thousands of times so that someone else's life could be better.

But the heart of the forest could no longer endure. If life continued like this, there would be no life at all.

The poor forest heard the silent screams of each tree that died. And while it did, it also heard the sighs and complaints of the woodcutters: "These logs are heavy."

The forest had to act.

And so it did.

One night, a storm broke out. Thunder rumbled, and lightning struck.

Soon after, the scream of a person living near the forest woke the entire village.

The trees were coming.

To find the murderers of their families and kill them with their sharp, long branches!

The villagers tried to run, screaming. They were defenseless against the walking forest.

The trees found most of the murderers, and many of them died in front of their families.

Now the soil was fed with human blood and flesh. The trees would feed their roots with them.

Those who managed to escape took refuge in other villages, but they were now considered mad.

They got used to it—or accepted it—but there was one thing they never stopped saying:

"Be careful with the forest or live far from it. If you value your life, don't harm them.

Or do.

But don't be surprised when you see the Walking Forest."



Justice is Essential

FOR JUSTICE, DO NOT REMAIN SILENT, DO NOT FORGET, TÜRKIYE

"Which Parent Raised This Crime?!"

14-year-old Mattia Ahmet Minguzzi was a child who brought hope and joy to those around him. He was full of life. The common phrase from everyone who met him was always the same: "He was such a beautiful person." Unfortunately, the beauty he brought to this world was violently taken from him. Following the incident, a shared shock reverberated across Türkiye. But we are not only talking about a mere "murder," but a much deeper societal collapse.

Childhood is not just an age; it is a conscience.

The perpetrators of the incident were 15 years old. Yet every media outlet, every official source referred to them as "children." However, this label sits uncomfortably. Because a child holds a pen. A child does their homework, grows with love, and shares their toys. A child is the very embodiment of conscience.



We come together
to stand by the
family and pursue
justice.

It's not the perpetrator, but the mentality that nurtured this crime! This incident didn't appear suddenly. The perpetrator(s) were shaped in front of society's eyes — through a lack of love, neglect, and indifference...

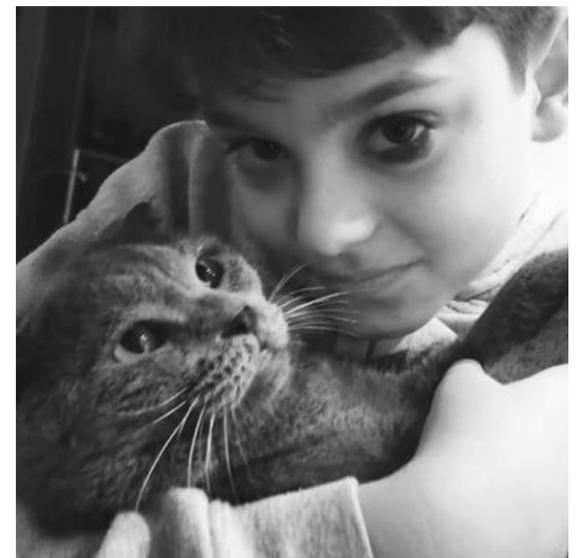
In short, the seeds of this crime didn't only grow in one household; they sprouted in the streets, on social media, on screens, in schools, and in our silence.

Therefore, the question that must be asked is clear: Which parent(s), which environment, which society nurtured this crime? This incident also exposed a wound that has long been ignored in Türkiye: Lost individuals, uncontrolled anger, unchecked violence. Shaped by the collective negligence of families, teachers, neighborhoods, the state, and the digital world, this 'uncontrolled anger' has not only taken the life of a child but also stolen our faith in the future. You didn't like your photos being shared, but please don't be mad at us, for justice...

Not Freedom of the Press, But Exploitation!

The release of footage showing Mattia's final moments without the family's consent is, in fact, the second death of conscience in the pursuit of views. While the family suffers, some news sites turned this trauma into clickable content.

Journalism provides information, it does not exploit. The press delivers the news; it does not spread ruthlessness. The curiosity and comments these contents provoke reflect the state of our society. A child's death is not "content." It is a tragedy.

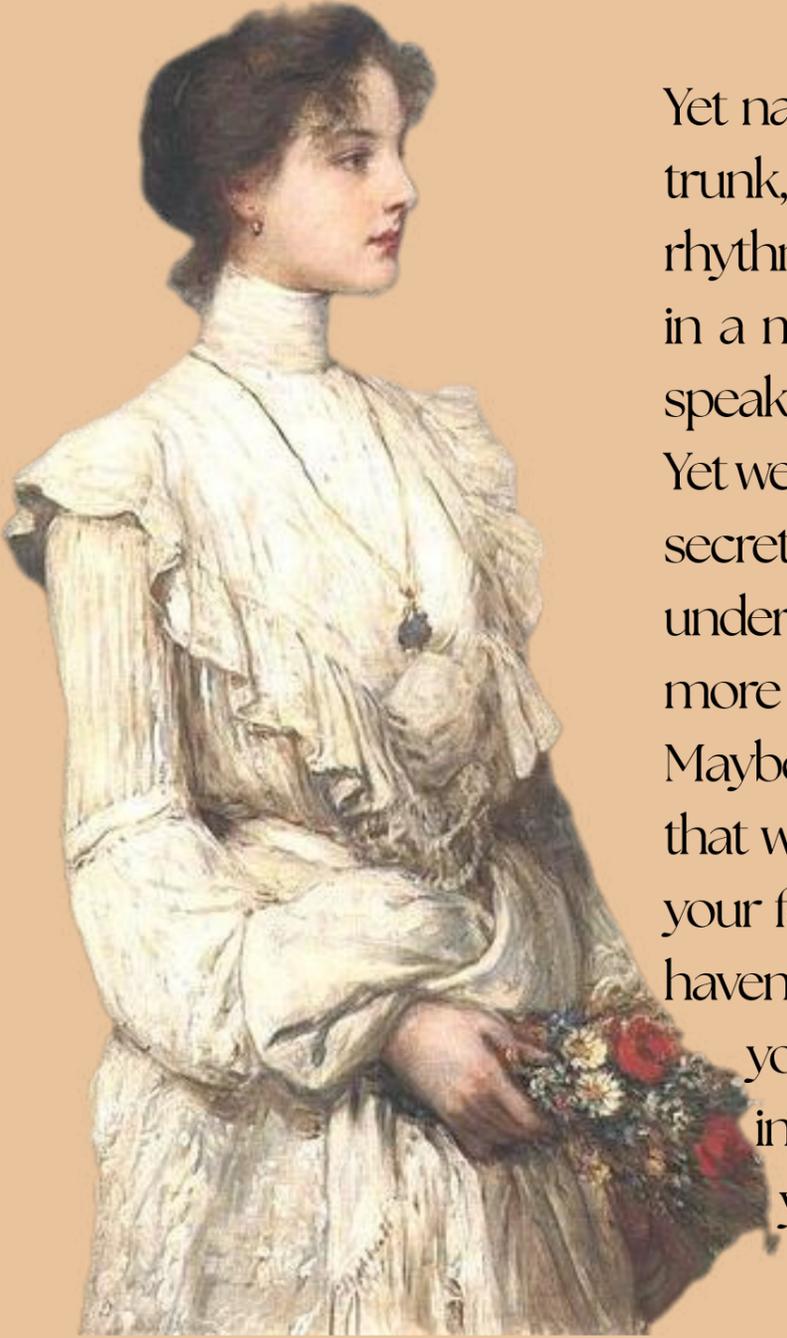


The Voice Of Nature



Close your eyes and take a deep breath. The air is filled with the blend of fresh flowers and green leaves. As you walk deeper into the forest, the soft earth beneath your feet welcomes you like a gentle carpet. Sunbeams filter through the trees, shining like golden sparks dancing between the leaves. A bird's chirping breaks the silence, the most beautiful melody in the wild. In the distance, the sound of a stream merges with the gentle noise of water splashing against rocks. This natural symphony soothes your soul and invites you to embrace the moment. A little further ahead, you come across a field of flowers. Their vibrant colors dazzle your eyes—purple, yellow, blue, and white blossoms sway gracefully in the breeze. Each flower stands as a masterpiece of nature. As you walk among them, the soft ground beneath pulls you deeper into the heart of this tranquil world. Nature holds a story in every corner.

A tree has stood tall against storms for years; a flower has bloomed, waiting for the warm touch of sunlight. Each carries the essence of life's rhythm and nature's strength. As you experience this moment, you absorb the peace and beauty nature offers. The chaos of life fades away for a brief instant, leaving only the joy of being present. Nature, as always, nourishes and renews your soul. Nature calls to me—it symbolizes peace, simplicity, and a return to the essence of life. The sound of the wind, the singing of birds, the scent of earth, and the infinity of the sky draw one back into their inner world. It also reminds us of life's cycle and the rhythm in everything—like the awakening of spring and the farewell of autumn. Some mornings, you open your window, and the world seems unaware of your existence. Birds speak in their own language, and the wind carries whispers through the branches. In that moment, beneath the noisy shell of the city, you sense a secret: nature is still there. And it always has been. From the first seed beneath the asphalt to the damp soil on a village path, life is hidden everywhere. People forget this. They take screens in their hands, voices in their ears, and retreat behind walls of their own making.



Yet nature never stops calling us. When you lean against a tree trunk, you realize it has a heartbeat—just like yours. In the same rhythm. Nature flows like time—it neither rushes nor waits. Even in a mountain’s silence, wisdom resides. It says nothing, yet it speaks of everything. Even the fall of a leaf is not a coincidence. Yet we try to fit meaning into human words. Perhaps the greatest secret is that nature has no words at all—yet everything can be understood. When you lean in to smell a flower, what you feel is more than just the scent: it is life whispering something to you. Maybe, in a world you hope will remember you, there is a world that wants you to remember it. One morning, when you press your foot carefully against the earth, you notice something you haven’t seen in years. It is so simple—a droplet of water on a leaf, your eyes following an ant, or the pale shade of a flower. But in that moment, you feel as if the world revolves only around you.

By grasping the meaning of the smallest things, you question the meaning of the entire universe. Nature presents every moment as a masterpiece. When you stand on a mountaintop, you realize nothing ever stays still. The sky is in constant change—clouds shift, winds alter their course, and the day embraces the night. Yet everything moves in order, in harmony. Once you recognize this, you feel less lost. The world will always exist in its own rhythm, but to truly understand it, one must have patience and observation. Nature always calls us back,

A gentle breeze rustles through the trees, carrying with it the scent of damp earth and wildflowers. The sunlight softens, taking on a golden hue as dusk settles in. Shadows stretch across the land, weaving patterns on the forest floor.

Nature never truly rests—it merely shifts its rhythm, moving seamlessly from day to night. As the sky darkens, the first stars emerge, blinking shyly in the vast expanse above. A quiet hum lingers in the air—the distant call of an owl, the soft crackling of leaves underfoot. In this moment, the world feels ancient yet ever new, a place where time moves at its own pace, unburdened by haste.

The stream continues its song, now deeper, more deliberate. Its waters reflect the silver glow of the moon, revealing the delicate movements of creatures that thrive in the quiet of the night. Fireflies flicker like tiny lanterns, illuminating the path in brief bursts of light. Everything has its place, its purpose. Even now, beneath the surface, unseen roots stretch and grow. Flowers close their petals, waiting patiently for the return of sunlight. The trees stand firm, whispering stories carried by the wind. Nature teaches without words, offering lessons in patience, resilience, and quiet wonder. In the stillness of this nocturnal world, one begins to understand—nature does not seek to impress, nor demand attention. It simply exists, a constant presence, a quiet reminder that beauty is found in both movement and stillness. And in this realization, the heart finds peace, attuned to the gentle rhythm of life itself. Night deepens, wrapping the world in a quiet embrace.

The forest breathes, alive in its own subtle way—branches sway with the gentle rhythm of the wind, while distant echoes of nocturnal creatures add layers to the symphony of the dark. Every rustling leaf carries a secret, every shifting shadow hints at stories only nature knows.

The sky above stretches endlessly, speckled with countless stars, each pulsing with its own silent energy. The moon watches over the earth, casting soft light upon the land, revealing textures and movements unseen in daylight. Beneath its glow, the landscape becomes almost dreamlike—a place suspended between reality and imagination.

A small ripple disturbs the water as something moves beneath the surface, unseen yet undeniably present. The stream flows with ease, tracing paths carved long before human footsteps ever touched the ground. It does not question its course; it simply follows, knowing that every bend, every rock, is part of a journey much larger than itself.



In this serene wilderness, time loses meaning. There is no rush, no urgency—only existence. Nature does not ask for understanding, nor demand attention. Yet, in its quiet persistence, it invites connection. It whispers to those who are willing to listen, reminding them that they, too, are part of this grand, unspoken rhythm. You stand still, breathing in the cool night air. And for a moment, everything makes sense—not through words, nor logic, but through the simple presence of being. The universe does not explain itself; it only offers fragments of its beauty. And that is enough. The night whispers its final secrets as the world drifts toward the quiet embrace of dawn. The stars, once bright and unwavering, fade gently into the vast sky, surrendering to the approaching light. The forest sighs, its rhythm shifting once more—a slow breath, a silent promise.

As the first golden streaks of morning filter through the trees, the earth awakens, stretching beneath the soft touch of sunlight. The stream hums a familiar tune, carrying the memories of night into the day. Flowers unfurl their petals, greeting the warmth that sustains them.

Nature moves forward, never hesitating, never looking back. And yet, in its simplicity, it reminds us—every ending is merely the beginning of something new.



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