

Tonight, you're going to be teleported somewhere gravity forgot to reach. A meadow suspended in endless sky where ancient oaks drift like thoughts between waking and dreaming, where rivers flow sideways through air thick as honey, where clouds gather beneath your feet in soft white mountains you could sleep on if you tried.

Nothing rushes there. The flowers take hours to open a single petal. The light moves across the landscape slower than your grandmother's rocking chair. Even the birds have forgotten how to hurry, their wings barely stirring as they swim through air that holds them the way water holds salt.

You'll walk gardens that hang between nothing and nowhere. You'll touch trees whose bark still holds warmth from sunlight that doesn't exist. And somewhere in that impossible floating world, you'll lie down in a hammock woven from mist and realize something you've been too tired to remember. You were never actually behind. You were never really late. You've just been moving at exactly the speed a human heart is supposed to move when it's healing.

If you've spent months feeling like everyone else got a manual you never received, if you've been running a race nobody clearly explained how to finish, if you're just so deeply tired of pretending you have energy you stopped feeling weeks ago, then this story was written for you tonight.

Welcome. I am Jay. and I'm so grateful you trusted me enough to be here. Before we leave this world behind, go ahead and subscribe to Snooze bay, so stories like this can always find you again when the noise gets too loud. Now settle your body comfortably in your bed. Pull the blanket a little higher if you need to. Let your head sink deeper into the pillow. Tonight isn't about doing anything right. Tonight is just about letting go.

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Breathe in slowly through your nose, pulling air all the way down past your chest into the base of your belly. Hold it there for three steady seconds. Now release it through your mouth in one long, smooth exhale that empties your lungs completely.

Do that again, but slower this time. Breathe in until you feel your ribs expand in all directions. Hold the fullness for just a moment. Then let it pour out of you like water from a pitcher, slow and continuous, until there's nothing left but the quiet space between breaths.

Start with your forehead. There are tiny muscles there that have been holding tension since early this morning. Let them go. Imagine a warm hand smoothing across your brow, erasing the small lines, softening the skin until your whole forehead feels wide and calm and unburdened.

Move down to the space around your eyes. So much focusing today. So much squinting at screens and trying to read expressions and searching for things you couldn't quite find. Let those muscles rest now. Your eyelids can feel pleasantly heavy, like curtains made of silk that want to stay closed.

Soften your cheeks. Unclench your jaw. Let your teeth separate slightly. Your tongue can rest easy against the roof of your mouth without pressing. Your lips can part just barely, enough that breathing feels effortless.

Feel the back of your neck lengthening as the weight of your head settles deeper into the surface beneath it. All those small muscles that have been gripping your skull can finally release their hold. Your neck is just a gentle bridge now between your head and your body, no longer a guard standing watch.

Let your shoulders drop. Not just a little. All the way. Imagine them melting down away from your ears like candle wax in slow motion. Feel the space that opens between your shoulder blades. Feel your collarbones widening as your chest opens without effort.

Warmth begins moving down both arms now, through the muscles of your upper arms, past your elbows, into your forearms where tension hides in places you never think to check. Let it reach your wrists, then your hands, then each individual finger until they all rest loose and open, holding nothing.

Bring your attention to your chest. Notice the quiet rhythm of your breath. You don't need to control it anymore. Let your body breathe itself. Your ribs expand when they need to, contract when they're ready. Your lungs know what to do. Your heart beats steadily in the background, a soft drum you can stop listening for.

Your stomach can soften completely now. No need to hold it in for anyone. Let your belly rise and fall naturally with each breath. All the organs inside you are being gently rocked by this movement, settling into their own rhythm.

Feel your lower back releasing into the mattress beneath you. Your hips grow heavy and still. Your thighs let go of whatever small tension they were storing. Both legs become dead weight, warm and relaxed from hip to knee to ankle to the very tips of your toes.

Your whole body is resting now. Breath is slow. Muscles are quiet. Thoughts are starting to lose their edges. You're ready to leave.

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In the space behind your closed eyes, a stone archway appears. It stands alone against an empty horizon, pale and smooth as bone, weathered by centuries of wind you'll never feel. Thin veins of silver run through the stone like rivers on an old map, catching light that comes from nowhere you can name.

Through the center of the arch, the air trembles. Not violently. Gently. The way heat rises from pavement in summer, blurring the view just enough to make you curious. But instead of warmth, you feel coolness drifting toward you, carrying the scent of rain that hasn't fallen yet and flowers you've never seen.

Walk toward it now. Your steps are slow and deliberate. There's no hurry. The archway isn't going anywhere, and neither is the world waiting on the other side. When you reach the threshold, pause. Feel the change in air pressure. Feel the way sound seems to soften here, as if the space beyond absorbs noise the way moss absorbs water.

Step through.

The moment your body crosses into that shimmering air, the ground vanishes beneath your feet. But you don't fall. There's no stomach-drop, no panic, no flailing. Your body simply becomes lighter, the way a piece of paper becomes lighter when you stop gripping it. Invisible hands catch you mid-step and hold you suspended in air that feels cool and silk-smooth against your skin.

A low hum vibrates through your chest. Not loud. Barely there. Just a steady frequency that matches your heartbeat so perfectly you can't tell where the sound ends and your pulse begins. It feels like the world is breathing with you, not at you.

You've been teleported. This is the Sky Meadow, and nothing here remembers how to rush.

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The world assembles itself around you in layers, the way dawn assembles itself in gradual light. At first, everything is soft-edged and glowing. Then shapes begin to clarify. Trees. Dozens of them. Maybe hundreds. All floating.

Not spinning wildly. Not tumbling. Just drifting. The way leaves drift on the surface of a pond when the wind is gentle and the water is glass. Each tree is whole and intact, roots trailing beneath like long hair underwater, trunks solid and textured, branches spreading wide with leaves that shimmer faintly in light that comes from everywhere at once.

One tree passes close to you, an old oak with a trunk so thick you couldn't wrap your arms around it if you tried. Its bark is deeply furrowed, rough under your palm when you reach out to

touch it. Warm, like it's been holding onto sunshine. The tree moves at the pace of deep breathing, slow and unbothered, turning in a lazy spiral that seems to have no destination and no concern about finding one.

Another tree hangs motionless in the distance, a tall birch with papery white bark peeling in delicate curls. It hovers in place as if it decided this exact spot was exactly where it wanted to be and saw no reason to leave. Its leaves are small and round and they tremble slightly, catching the light in tiny flashes.

The sky around you isn't one color. Near the horizon, it glows a soft gold like the last moments before sunset. Higher up, it fades into pale lavender, then deeper violet, then a blue so light it's almost white. There's no visible sun, no harsh light source, just an even radiance that feels kind to your eyes.

Beneath you—or around you, since direction has become negotiable here—clouds stretch in thick, rolling waves. They're not flat. They have depth, dimension, texture. Some are bright white and fluffy as fresh snow. Others carry faint blue shadows in their folds. They move at different speeds. One long cloud drifts past slowly from left to right. Another smaller one spins in a gentle circle. A third hasn't moved since you arrived, perfectly still, perfectly content.

A bird glides by at eye level. Its feathers shimmer blue-grey, catching light like brushed metal. Its wings move so slowly you can count the beats. One. Two. Three. Glide. One. Two. Three. Glide. It looks at you with dark, calm eyes that hold no fear, no curiosity, just quiet acknowledgment. Then it continues on its way, leaving only stillness behind.

You notice something important settling into your body. Everything here moves at its own pace. Some things drift. Some hover. Some barely move at all. And none of them seem concerned about what the others are doing. None of them are racing. None of them are comparing. They're just being what they are, where they are, moving how they move.

Your nervous system, so used to scanning for danger and deadlines, begins to quiet. The constant hum of anxiety that's been running in the background for weeks—maybe months—starts to fade. Not all at once. Gradually. Like someone turning down the volume on a radio you didn't realize was playing.

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You start moving forward without deciding to. A slight intention is all it takes. You think about drifting left, and your body glides left. You imagine moving higher, and you rise. There's no effort. No resistance. Just response.

You're alone here. Completely alone. No other travelers. No distant figures. No voices calling. Just you and this infinite, gentle world. It's not lonely, though. It's the opposite of lonely. It's the kind of solitude that feels like finally being able to hear yourself think after months in a crowded room.

If you want, you can imagine someone you love floating beside you. Not talking. Not asking anything of you. Just there. A quiet presence. Hand in yours maybe, or just close enough to feel their warmth. But they don't need you to entertain them or explain anything or make sure they're comfortable. They're fine. You're fine. You're just existing together in easy silence.

Or you can stay alone. Either way, you're held here. Either way, you're safe.

You drift between the floating trees, feeling soft air move across your face and arms. Each breath you take feels cleaner than the last, like this air knows how to rinse thoughts the way water rinses dust. Your body back in your bed is getting heavier, sinking deeper, while your mind floats lighter here.

Quiet sounds reach you. The soft rustle of leaves turning slowly in invisible currents. The gentle whisper of cloud layers brushing past one another. Somewhere distant, a sound like wind chimes made of glass, so faint you're not sure if you're hearing it or imagining it. Every sound is spaced out, leaving long pools of silence between them.

The silence here doesn't make you uncomfortable. It doesn't demand to be filled. It just is. Patient. Open. Kind.

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The space ahead begins to fill with color. You're entering a garden that has never known soil.

Flowers bloom on thin stems that hang suspended in open air, their roots nowhere, their blossoms turning slowly like ballerinas in a music box winding down. Violet petals unfold in slow motion, one at a time, each opening taking minutes. The color is deep and saturated, darker toward the center where thin lines of burgundy trace delicate patterns.

You watch one flower complete its opening. It's hypnotic. There's no rushing. No forcing. Just a steady, inevitable unfurling that happens exactly when it's ready. When the last petal finally settles into place, the flower seems to exhale, and you realize you've been holding your breath. You let it go.

White blossoms cluster on nearby vines, each one glowing with soft inner light, like someone placed tiny lamps inside them. Their glow is warm, not harsh. It makes the air around them

shimmer faintly. You lean close and breathe in their scent. Clean. Sweet. A mix of rain on stone and honey and something else you can't name but somehow remember.

The vines themselves spiral gently through space, forming loose arcs and curves that seem more like suggestions than structures. They don't grip anything. They don't climb. They just hang there, moving slightly, as if listening to music only they can hear. Their leaves are glossy and deep green, catching light in small bright points that wink on and off as the vines slowly turn.

You reach out and run your fingers along a stem. It gives slightly under your touch, bending but not breaking, then returns to its original shape after you pass. Everything here can be touched without being damaged. It's as if the whole world is designed to be gentle with you, and to let you be gentle in return.

Droplets of water hang scattered through the garden. Not falling. Just suspended. Each one is perfectly round and clear as glass. Light passes through them and splits into tiny rainbows that dance across nearby petals in shifting patterns of red, orange, yellow, green, blue.

You bring your hand close to one droplet. It drifts lazily toward your skin, drawn by some invisible force. When it touches your fingertip, the cold is shocking in the best way. Clean. Alive. Awake. Then it pulls away again, resuming its slow orbit, leaving your finger damp and cool.

To your right, a stream flows through empty air. Not falling. Just flowing. Horizontally. The water is crystal clear, lit from within by a faint blue glow like bioluminescence. It moves in a gentle curve, winding through space as if following a path only it can see.

You float alongside it, trailing your fingers through the current. The water wraps around your hand, cold and silky, moving with gentle pressure. You can feel it carrying something away from you. Not anything physical. Just weight. Invisible weight you've been holding in your chest and shoulders and jaw. The water takes it and carries it onward, downstream to wherever streams go when they're not bound by gravity or shores.

The sound of the water is barely there. A soft murmur. A whisper. Soothing in a way that makes your eyelids heavy back in your real body. Your breath is slowing. Your thoughts are softening.

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Near the heart of the garden, you notice something new. Thin threads of golden light hang in the air like spider silk catching sunrise. They drift slowly, waiting.

You understand without being told. These threads are for words. The ones you never got to say. The thoughts you never had time to finish. The feelings you didn't feel safe enough to speak out loud.

You reach out and take one thread between your fingers. It's warm. Weightless. It hums faintly, like it's alive. You think of something that's been sitting heavy in your chest. Maybe it's, "I'm so tired of pretending I'm fine." Maybe it's, "I don't know what I'm doing and I'm scared everyone can tell." Maybe it's something only you know, something you've never spoken to anyone, not even yourself.

As you think the words, they appear along the thread, glowing softly, written in light. You watch them for a moment. They're real. They're seen. Then slowly, they begin to fade, dissolving into the air like sugar into water, until nothing remains but the empty thread, ready for whatever comes next.

You take another thread. Another truth. "I feel like I'm always behind." The words glow, linger, disappear. Another thread. "I don't think I'm doing enough." Glow. Fade. Gone.

You keep going. One thread after another. Pulling out all the small heavy things you've been carrying around inside your chest like stones in your pockets. Regrets. Fears. Shame. Exhaustion. The belief that you should be farther along by now. The guilt for resting when you think you should be working. The fear that you're not as capable as people think you are.

Each confession appears in light, is witnessed by the sky, then released. Each time a thread clears, you feel a little lighter. Your shoulders drop a little lower. Your jaw unclenches a fraction more. Your breath moves a little deeper.

The garden waits patiently. The trees keep their slow drift. The flowers continue their gentle turning. Time doesn't exist here. You can take as long as you need.

Finally, no more threads call to you. Your hands rest at your sides. Your chest feels open. Spacious. Like a room that was cluttered and is now clean. Not empty. Just clear.

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You float there in the center of the garden, surrounded by drifting flowers and turning vines and slow-moving trees, and something rises in you. Not a thought exactly. More like a knowing that's been buried and is finally surfacing.

Everything here is allowed to move at its own pace.

Not one flower apologizes for opening slowly. Not one tree feels guilty for hovering instead of traveling. Not one cloud rushes to keep up with the cloud beside it. They just exist, moving or not moving, fast or slow or still, without judgment, without comparison, without shame.

You are the same. You've always been the same.

Your life has its own pace. Your healing moves at the speed it needs to move. Your growth happens in the timing it happens. None of it is wrong. None of it is less valuable because it doesn't match someone else's timeline.

The world taught you to hurry. To catch up. To measure yourself against invisible standards and panic when you didn't meet them. But that was always a lie. A story someone else wrote that you picked up and carried without realizing it didn't belong to you.

You were never actually behind. You were just moving like a human moves—sometimes fast, sometimes slow, sometimes not at all, just resting and breathing and trying to survive.

And survival is enough. It's always been enough.

You are not a machine that produces results on schedule. You are not a project with a deadline. You are a living, breathing soul with a body that gets tired and a heart that sometimes breaks and a mind that needs rest just as much as it needs stimulation.

The pressure to be further along is not truth. It's just another thread. And here, in this floating world, you can finally see it for what it is. Light. Impermanent. Something you can let dissolve.

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As this understanding settles into your bones, you notice something soft ahead. Between two drifting trees, a hammock hangs in the air, woven entirely from cloud.

It's thick and white, almost glowing in the gentle light, edges soft and undefined. It sways slightly, rocking with a rhythm you recognize immediately. The rhythm of breathing. Slow, steady, safe.

You glide toward it, your body already anticipating the relief of lying down. When you reach it, you lower yourself carefully onto its surface. The cloud doesn't collapse or scatter. It holds you. Perfectly.

The moment your back settles, the cloud adjusts. It cradles your head in a soft pillow that forms beneath your skull. It supports your spine in all the right places. It wraps gently around your hips, your thighs, your calves. Every part of you is held without pressure, without gaps.

The hammock begins to rock you. Not because you asked it to. Because it knows. Left and right. Up and down. Slow. Gentle. The motion is exactly the rhythm your body needs. Not too fast. Not too still. Just the perfect sway that tells your nervous system, "You're safe. You can stop watching. You can rest."

From here, you can still see the Sky Meadow around you. Trees continuing their slow drift. Flowers turning their glowing faces toward nothing and everything. The stream winding its patient path. Clouds rolling in layers beneath you. Everything moving at its own speed. Everything content.

You realize you don't need to manage any of this. Nothing requires your attention. Nothing is waiting for your decision. The world is taking care of itself without you, and that is not a failure on your part. That is how it's supposed to work.

Your only job right now is to lie here. Breathe. Let go.

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The hammock continues its gentle sway. Back and forth. Up and down. Rocking you the way the ocean rocks a boat, the way wind rocks branches, the way time rocks all of us eventually into stillness.

Your body back in your bed feels so heavy now. Limbs like lead. Head like stone. But it's a good heavy. The weight of deep relaxation. The weight of safety. The weight of finally, finally letting go.

Your breath is slower than it's been in days. Maybe weeks. Each inhale takes its time. Each exhale lasts forever. The space between breaths grows longer. You're not controlling it anymore. Your body is breathing itself, and it's choosing rest.

With every exhale, imagine one more small weight lifting off you. One more expectation you don't need to meet tonight. One more standard you don't need to measure yourself against. One more thought about tomorrow that doesn't belong in this moment.

They float away. Not falling. Just drifting. Getting smaller. Disappearing into the soft clouds below. By the time they're gone, you can't even remember what they were.

The light around you is dimming. Not going dark. Just softening. Fading into a gentler glow. The golden horizon blurs into lavender. The lavender deepens into a blue so soft it's almost grey. The trees become silhouettes. The flowers become glowing points of light. Everything is transitioning from day to dusk to the edge of night.

Your thoughts are barely thoughts anymore. They arrive as fragments. Impressions. Feelings without words. A sense of warmth. A memory of safety. The image of something soft and blue. They drift through your mind like those droplets of water hung in the garden, touching nothing, changing nothing, just passing through.

If a thought tries to form into worry, it dissolves before it can finish. This world doesn't hold worry. Worry is too heavy. It sinks through the clouds and disappears into the stars below.

You're so close to sleep now. So close. The hammock rocks you. Your breath barely moves. Your heartbeat is slow and distant, like a drum being played in another room, muffled and calm.

You can let go now. Completely. You don't need to hold onto consciousness anymore. You don't need to supervise your own sleep. Your body knows what to do. It's been doing this your entire life. It knows how to let you fall.

Fall now. Gently. Slowly. Into the soft dark that's been waiting for you all along.

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The person who came here tonight, carrying exhaustion and pressure and the belief that they weren't moving fast enough, is asleep now. They're floating in a hammock made of cloud in a world where pace doesn't matter and time doesn't press. They found what they needed. Permission. Relief. Rest.

And so have you.

This knowing doesn't disappear when you wake. You can carry it back with you. You were never behind. You were always moving at exactly the speed you needed to move. Your pace is not a problem. It's a truth.

Tomorrow the world will try to convince you otherwise. It will tell you to hurry. To catch up. To do more. But you'll remember this place. You'll remember the trees that drifted without apology. The flowers that opened when they were ready. The clouds that moved or didn't move and were never wrong either way.

You are not a race. You are not a deadline. You are a person. And people heal slowly. People grow at their own pace. People need rest even when they haven't "earned" it by some arbitrary standard.

You are allowed to move slowly. You are allowed to pause. You are allowed to exist without constantly producing proof of your worth.

Take one last slow breath in. Let it fill you completely.  
Exhale everything you've been carrying that isn't yours.

You can rest now, deeply, safely, completely. Sleep well, love. You are exactly where you need to be.

