

Dreamland and Otherland - World Collection 2022

Release XII of *WindySilver's
World Collections 2022*

N. WS. Jokela

Contents

[Front Matter](#)

[About this collection](#)

[Prose-ject 2020 Day 4: Banishment Day 155](#)

[Flash Prompts 1: Always](#)

[Back Matter](#)

Dreamland and Otherland - World Collection 2022

Written by N. WS. Jokela under the name WindySilver
Copyright 2023 N. WS. Jokela

About this collection

Dreamland and Otherland (as it is currently titled) is a fantasy world divided into two lands: Dreamland and Otherland. Every time you sleep in Otherland, you visit Dreamland. You can, however, be banished from Dreamland — especially if you are one of its inhabitants — and forced to live an insomniac in Otherland. That is what happened to the story's protagonist, Diyeka, who has to come to terms with the consequences of their own actions.

Right now, there are only two stories: [*Banishment Day 155*](#), which is set very early into the storyline, and [*Always*](#), which effectively ends it. Will there be more someday? Potentially, considering that the last story was written in 2020. When? Hard to tell; this is one of my lowest-priority worlds right now, so getting new stories here anytime soon is unlikely.

Banishment Day 155

Collected in [*The Journey's End*](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 4. Prompt: [Mountain River](#) by [Markkus76](#).

My first months stuck in Otherland had been tough on me, even after winter had turned to spring and all the remaining snow ran down the mountain on the other side of the cold river. Perhaps once summer would hit the valley I had been tossed down to, the water would be warm enough to drink without a long time spent heating it up.

However, the absolute worst of my banishment from Dreamland was my insomnia. I have not slept in literal months, all nonstop. Luckily, it did not hinder me at all, but the amount of time I spent awake felt inhuman. I had no respite, not even a nap, in the form of sleep anymore.

All because of what I had done out of greed.

The moments leading to that point were already blurry in my memories. What had I been thinking? I had little idea anymore. What I had done was just... unfathomable at this point. Just unfathomable. What was I thinking? What was I thinking I would achieve with stealing our most powerful gemstone? Why had I thought that hurting Laytaha and the others was the only way out of the situation with or without the gemstone after getting caught red-handed?

I just don't get it anymore, no matter how hard I try to summon clear memories of what had happened. Had

someone tempted me or had I been the only one to blame?

I wish I knew so that I could make amends when the others would decide that it is time to see if I felt remorse. But, truth to be told, I don't have a single idea.

It is day 155 of my banishment, I think. I can no longer count the lines in my notebook well enough to keep track as each day melds into the ones around it and I have no sleep to regulate my sense of time.

Whatever happens here on out... I guess I deserve it for what I did.

Always

Collected in [Modern Problem](#)

Challenge: The story must take place in a magical world that is separate from the more mundane world the main character(s), revolve around a return trip to the world and include some kind of sacrifice.

It has been a very long time since the last time I visited the Dreamland. How long has my banishment, my insomnia, lasted anyway? I can't remember anymore. My notebook is too full of lines to tell me.

"Deya, what's wrong?" I am asked by my fellows all the time as I stare at the stars and the aurora borealis. They are the closest thing I have for a home anymore. As a reply I always mutter something about missing my home. At first they understood; after all, I was a new traveler. But nowadays they don't understand.

They know I never sleep. I hear many of them whispering when they think I can't hear them. But tonight my eyelids are feeling heavy. With joy I let them fall.

I am home now. Laytaha is there to meet me.

"You can now return, Diyeka, but for that you must make a sacrifice. Now," she said.

"I'll give up anything, everything," I said immediately.

"Good. Then you shall lose your body immediately with no way to return back to the Otherworld," Laytaha said with her ever-calm voice.

"Now? But... I didn't say goodbye to the others!" I shrieked.

"The others' don't matter anymore."

"But... This is not fair!" my voice is even higher-pitched.

"Neither was what you did to me. What you did to the others *here*." Laytaha did not even sound or look blaming. This was her way to punish me and make me suffer. The Otherworld's fellows had become dear to me on our voyages.

"I... Can't I go back just to say goodbye and then come here?"

"You can go, but if you do so, you sacrifice your existence here. Either way you sacrifice, but for what? Do you sacrifice goodbyes for your home or your home for goodbyes?"

I bit my lip. Which should I choose?

I stare into the world of mine. I am not wanted here. The Otherworld's folks are suspicious about me, but they welcome me always. I am one of them. Here I am not part of the folk.

I turn to look at Laytaha with pride and defiance.

"I won't sacrifice my home for goodbyes. I will sacrifice my place in a world I no longer belong to in order to be in a world and group I belong to. Say goodbyes to others for me, if you wish to." I turn my back on Laytaha and remember everything of this visit.

I wake up. It's day already and everyone's looking at me, worried.

"Fell asleep. Oops. Won't happen again," I said.

"Are you sure, Deya?" I am asked.

"I am," I replied.

With my place in the Dreamland gone, I will never sleep. But the aurora borealis and the stars alongside my fellows will always be there.

Always.

Find N. WS. Jokela Online

[WordPress](#)

[Smashwords](#)

[Goodreads](#)

[Twitter](#)

[GitHub](#)

[itch.io](#)

If you liked this, please check out my other work on my
WordPress website!