The Moon rose high into the sky, it's silver beams gleaming through the open window of Annebelle's room. Annebelle herself was taking the moment to go out onto her balcony, the light breeze gently rustling her silver hair and antennae. Her eyes, shaped and colored like the moon itself, glow softly as she looks up at her pale friend of the night. "Oh to be up there myself," she has often thought, and why not? Her body is the same shade and sparkle of the night sky before her, her frills and stripes just as dark and light as the aurora borealis if someone had taken the color from it.

But she knew she could not go up there, so she lives in her little tower, looking down on the sleeping village below her. The town looked quite peaceful, but that is because all the citizens were asleep. She sighs and looks at her home, the sparkle-flecked grey stone brinks that make up it's walls, the Thatched Roofing made of straw and worked logs to provide shelter from the odd rain that the area gets every now and again. It was simpler than she initially desired, but the view it grants Annebelle is well worth it.

The Forests and the river valley that surround and snake alongside, respectively, the small village are a delight to watch. The River as it almost glows and sparkles in the pale moonlight and how the gentle sway of the trees on the wind make the forest sound as if it too is sleeping for the night. The trees are common in this place, Pines and Maples, with a sprinkling here and there of the odd Birch with its ghostly white bark and paler leaves poking through all the deep greens of the other trees.

It was a simple place, but it was home enough, and Annebelle did her best to keep it that way.