Where am I

As I began to dial the number, something strange started to happen. I had gone to the telephone box at the end of my street to call my friend after our landline had been disconnected. I Heard a loud clicking noise behind me. I turned around to see the door was closed. I tried to open the door pushing it with my bare hands, but the door stood stubbornly in its place. A shudder ran through me. Trapped. I was trapped. I was confined within this telephone box. I felt claustrophobic. The light in the telephone box faded quickly, and then it began to shake like a rattle. Suddenly the door flung open and I was drawn out by a force of wind. It was like been a piece of dust sucked up a hoover. As I looked around all I could see was emerald surroundings. All the trees were tightly knit apart from the bulky tree that stood in front of me, movement of a whirlwind but look of a witch, the dangling vines were everywhere. The dark trees lining the horizon overhanging branches coated thickly in pale sage moss. What was happening to me? Where was I? How was I going to get back?