

In a quiet village nestled between rolling hills, twelve-year-old Lila often wandered into the Forest of Echoes—a place wrapped in mystery and silence. Legends said that those who entered could hear their deepest thoughts spoken aloud by the trees.

One autumn afternoon, Lila followed a trail of glowing mushrooms that pulsed gently with each step. As she ventured deeper, the forest whispered her worries: her fear of growing up, her longing to see her mother again, her doubts about who she wanted to become.

Suddenly, a silver fox appeared. It looked into her eyes without fear. “Not all questions have answers,” the fox seemed to say. Lila sat beside it in the clearing, feeling more seen than she ever had before.

She returned before sunset, carrying no treasure, no map—only a strange calm. When asked where she'd been, she simply smiled and said, “I listened.”

From that day on, Lila no longer feared the silence. She visited the forest often—not to find answers, but to remember that it was okay to ask.

— End of story —