

The Boy Who Spoke to Trees

Once upon a time, in a peaceful valley surrounded by emerald-green forests, there lived a curious boy named Arin. He was different from other children in his village. While they played games, raced by the river, or helped their parents in the fields, Arin spent hours wandering in the forest, listening to the whispers of the wind and the rustling of leaves.

He believed the trees could talk. When he placed his ear against the bark of an old oak or a willow, he could hear faint murmurs — stories of rainstorms, seasons, and creatures that had taken shelter beneath their branches. To Arin, the forest was alive.

The villagers, however, did not understand. “Why waste your time talking to trees?” they mocked. “You should be learning real work — farming, carpentry, something useful!” Even his parents grew worried. “Dreams cannot fill your stomach, my son,” his father said. But Arin only smiled and replied, “The trees teach me more than you think.”

Years passed, and Arin grew into a young man — quiet, kind, and wise beyond his age. Then one year, something terrible happened. The rains failed to come. The sun blazed fiercely day after day. Rivers dried up, crops withered, and the earth cracked open in thirst. The once-happy village turned silent and desperate.

The elders prayed, the farmers dug deeper wells, and people traveled miles searching for water, but none was found. In despair, they turned to Arin — the boy they once mocked. “You spend your life in the forest,” they said. “If you truly hear the trees, ask them to help us now.”

Arin walked into the forest, weak from hunger but strong in faith. The air was still, and the leaves hung heavy with dust. Kneeling beside his favorite oak tree, Arin placed his hands on its trunk and whispered, “My friends, please — where can I find water?”

For a long moment, there was silence. Then, a gentle wind rose and swept through the forest. The leaves shimmered and pointed toward the distant hills. Arin followed their guidance and found a patch of land where the soil was cool and damp. He began to dig, and soon, a small stream of clear, sweet water bubbled up from the earth.

When Arin led the villagers there, they rejoiced, filling their pots and watering their fields once again. The forest had spoken — and Arin had listened. From that day forward, the people no longer laughed at him. Instead, they built a small stone shrine at the edge of the forest to honor the trees and the boy who had trusted their voice.

Moral: Never be ashamed of what makes you different — it may become your greatest strength.

Anish Anand (1RV22CD007)