# Story about a girl Lunibelle Lucifelle.

*In a small village between the mountains and the sea, there lived a quiet girl who loved to collect sounds. She didn’t speak much, but she always carried a wooden box where she said the sounds slept. She would sit near the river and “catch” the giggles of water, or run through fields and gather the songs of birds.*

**The villagers thought she was strange, but kind. She helped old Mr. Bramble hear his cat purr again. She gave a jar of morning breeze to a sad boy who missed his dog.**

No one knew her name. She never told anyone, and people just called her “the sound girl.”

One day, during a storm, all the sounds disappeared. The village was silent—no wind, no voices, not even the trees creaked. People were scared.

Then the girl walked to the center of the square, opened her box, and whispered her name into the sky. It was **Lunibelle**.

Suddenly, the wind danced, birds chirped, and the rain clapped like hands. The world was noisy again—but in the best way.

From that day on, everyone remembered her name, even though it was never heard again. But whenever the wind plays a soft tune, they smile.