

Thirteen years ago the little girl's eyes widened as her pencil created magic along the page. There it was: her mind lay bare. She didn't know it was possible to put your thoughts onto pages. This was a life changing discovery. "Look!" She told everyone. "Look what we can do!"

Those around her didn't seem to understand. They didn't grasp the importance of her discovery. They gave her strange looks. She tried again. "It's my thoughts, right here!" She tried again.

"She's so sensitive," someone muttered.

"Ungrateful for what we already have," another echoed.

The little girl frowned and looked down at the piece of paper. Were they right? Was she the one confused? Had she imagined her discovery?

No! She hadn't!

This just wasn't the right example. She turned to the bookshelf. She read and read until she was certain she had the right words. The right thoughts.

Ten years ago, she tried again. She made magic along the page. She displayed her thoughts. She showed it to everyone but she got the same responses. Confused as to what she had done wrong, she returned to the bookshelf, begging it for answers. She read and read and read and read.

Eight years ago, she gasped, tears filling her eyes as one of the people cut off her long hair. "That's what you get for being an ungrateful, sensitive brat!" They sneered. She fell to her knees, sniffing, looking at her creations. She didn't know what she was doing wrong. What was the matter? Why didn't they see? It was just her words on a page. Did they not like her? Did she not matter?

Five years ago, things were a bit better. The girl's hair had grown back and she felt more independent. She had read nearly every book in the library. She was certain she had the right words this time.

Three years ago, the library was set on fire. The girl stared at it, gaping, fearing she'd never get the words again. She saved what she could. She scribbled furiously along pages. People were looking at her desperate efforts. They inched closer and for a moment, she thought they finally understood.

Then they threw fuel into the fire and she cried harder. All her time. All those years. She ran and ran, determined to find a new library, telling herself that maybe it was for the best, maybe that one had the wrong words the whole time and that's why this was happening.

She wandered into the new library, surprised to see this one had a

librarian. The librarian noticed her tears and she shakily held up her papers. The librarian gave her a sweet smile.

“It’s ok dear, you’re welcome here. We’ll help you find the words you’re looking for.”

The girl smiled as the librarian gave her a tour. This was so much easier from having to find it all herself. She told the librarian what she was looking for and the librarian continued through the library. Eventually she .stopped.

“Is something wrong?” the girl asked.

“Yes,” the librarian answered. “We don’t have what you’re looking for.”

“What?” she gasped. “B-but all these books!”

The librarian placed a hand on her shoulder.

“I could give you all the words in the world,” she started gently. “But no matter how you said it, it wouldn’t change the ears on those who don’t want to listen.”

The girl blinked, her life starting to make sense.

“You mean...” the girl started. “There was nothing wrong with my pages all this time?”

The librarian nodded, giving her a sad smile.

“No, dear. But you’re welcome to stay here. Words are still a wonderful thing. All you have to do is find people who are willing to listen. Then you can talk in simple words. Or complicated words. Or random words. Whatever you want.”

So, now, present day, the girl had made herself at home, content with the librarian’s reassurance and her new realization. She wrote her words on the page and added her own books to the library, determined to find the right listeners.