

# The Girl Who Spoke to Whispers by Remy F.

In a quiet little town wrapped in tall pine trees and golden sunsets, there lived a girl named Elara.

Elara had no friends.

At school, children laughed in groups and shared secrets at lunch tables, but Elara always sat alone at the end of the bench. She wasn't mean or strange just quiet. So quiet that sometimes it felt like the world forgot she was there. But the world hadn't forgotten her.

It was just listening.

Because Elara had a secret.

She could talk to animals.

Not in silly barks or chirps but in real words. The birds told her about the clouds. The ants complained about careless footsteps. Even the wind carried messages from the owls at night.

Her best friend was a silver stray cat named Luma.

"You don't need them," Luma would say, flicking her tail. "Humans are loud. You're different. You hear the soft things."

Still. Elara's heart hurt sometimes.

One afternoon, while walking home through the woods, Elara heard something she had never heard before crying. Not animal crying.

Human crying.

She followed the sound to a small clearing where a boy about her age sat on a fallen log, wiping his eyes.

A fox perched nearby, whispering to her, He comes here every day. He thinks no one sees.

Elara stepped forward carefully.

"Are you okay?" she asked softly.

The boy looked startled. "You can't tell anyone I come here."

"I won't," she said. "The fox didn't either."

He blinked. "The fox?"

"Oh," she smiled nervously. "Right. That part sounds weird." Instead of laughing, the boy tilted his head. "You talk to animals?"

"Yes."

"Do they... talk back?"

"All the time."

He looked at the fox. The fox stared back. Then it gave a tiny nod.

The boy gasped. "I thought I was the only one who felt different."

Elara sat beside him. "You're different too?"

He nodded. "I can hear trees grow. It's slow, but they hum."

From above, the leaves rustled happily.

For the first time in her life, Elara didn't feel strange.

She felt understood.

They began meeting every day after school. The boy's name was Rowan. Together they listened to the forest really listened. They learned the squirrels' routes, the hawks' warnings, the secrets the river carried.

One day, Rowan reached for her hand.

"Maybe," he said shyly, "we're not lonely. Maybe we were just waiting for each other."

Elara felt warmth bloom in her chest brighter than sunlight through leaves.

The animals gathered quietly around them.

Luma the cat purred, See? Even humans can surprise you.

And from that day on, Elara still spoke to animals.

But she was never alone again.

Because sometimes, love doesn't arrive loudly.

Sometimes it whispers.