



The Keeper of Unspoken Echoes

Enid Orona



High above the world, the Cloud City of Veda glowed at sunset, a majestic place of golden domes where every citizen carried a glass jar to collect their daily achievements.



While others filled their jars with loud victories and bright sparks of success, Elara watched thoughtfully as the heavy glow of pride began to weigh down the people around her.



Beyond the busy streets, Elara discovered a secret garden hidden among the clouds, filled with hundreds of jars glowing with a soft, feathery golden light.



These were the Unspoken Echoes—the beautiful moments of kindness that no one saw, like a path stepped aside to share or a harsh word chosen to be left unsaid.

ELARA

THE HERBALIST-EXPLORER



Elara began to collect these gentle whispers of light, her jar filling with a weightless shimmer that felt as soft as kindness and as quiet as peace.



Back in the city, the jars of great achievements grew so heavy that the clouds could no longer hold them, and the golden city of Veda began to sink.



Panicked citizens rushed to add even more bright victories to their jars, but the added weight only made the city tilt and fall faster into the swirling mists below.



Elara stepped to the edge of the sinking city and opened her jar, releasing the shimmering Unspoken Echoes into the darkening sky.



The weightless light poured out like golden feathers, swirling beneath the city and lifting the heavy buildings back toward the stars with the power of quiet kindness.



The people of Veda watched in wonder as their city floated higher than ever before, finally understanding that the gentlest choices are often the ones that carry us the furthest.