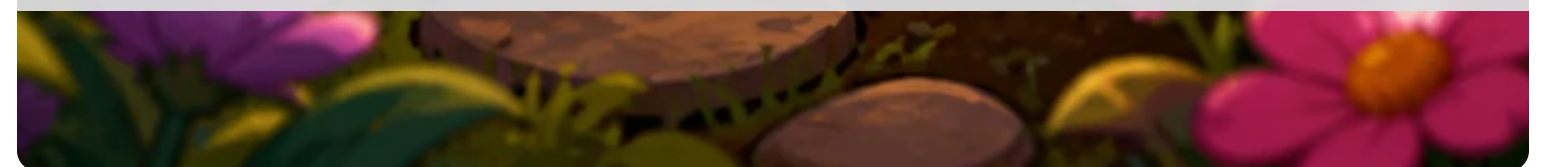


# The Whispering Rose of Lumina

Mu Ryan





Lily skipped through her grandmother's garden, where the sunflowers stood like tall soldiers and the air smelled of damp earth and honey. She loved exploring the tangled corners where the weeds grew thick and the butterflies danced in rhythmic circles.



Deep within a cluster of wild ferns, she spotted a single, vibrant crimson rose that seemed to shimmer with its own inner light. As she leaned in to smell it, the petals ruffled gently despite there being no breeze at all in the quiet afternoon.



Hello there, little seeker, a soft, velvety voice whispered, making Lily jump back in surprise. The rose tilted its head toward her, its golden center glowing as it spoke of a time when flowers and humans shared ancient secrets.



The rose told a tale of Lumina, a forgotten magical world that had been tucked away behind the Great Ivy Wall for a hundred years. It explained that the magic was fading because no one remembered the songs that kept the heart of the forest beating.



Driven by curiosity and a brave heart, Lily followed the rose's instructions to the very back of the garden where the ivy grew densest. When she placed her hand against the cool, waxy leaves, the vines shivered and pulled back to reveal a shimmering golden archway.



Stepping through the arch, Lily found herself in a forest where the trees were made of silver bark and the leaves were translucent like stained glass. The air was filled with a soft, humming sound that felt like a melody from a distant, beautiful memory.



Small, winged sprites with wings like dragonflies emerged from the hollows of the trees, looking tired and grey. They explained to Lily that they had forgotten how to fly high because the music of their world had gone silent long ago.



Lily remembered a lullaby her grandmother used to sing and began to hum the sweet, simple melody into the stillness. As the notes drifted through the trees, the sprites began to glow with vibrant blues and pinks, dancing joyfully around her head.



To thank her for bringing the magic back to life, the sprites gifted Lily a tiny, glowing golden seed wrapped in a soft leaf. They told her that as long as she shared her songs, the bridge between their worlds would never truly close again.



Lily stepped back through the ivy wall just as the sun began to set, the golden seed tucked safely in her pocket. She planted it right next to the talking rose, knowing that her garden would now always be a place where magic and wonder bloomed.