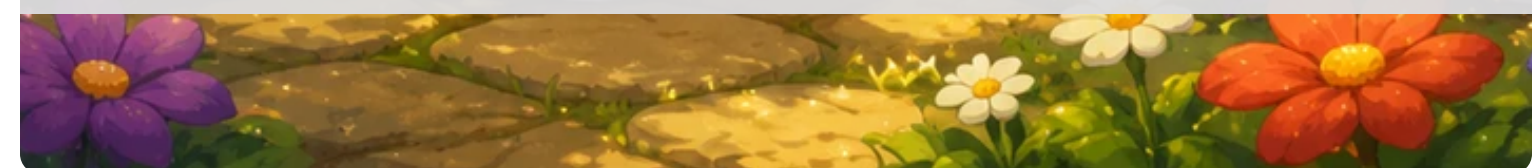




The Magical Seed of Sharing

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Young Milo loved spending his sunny afternoons wandering through his grandmother's enchanting garden, surrounded by fragrant blossoms and fluttering butterflies. The soft breeze whispered through the leaves, filling the quiet space with warmth and peace. It was his absolute favorite place in the world to dream and explore.



While taking a gentle stroll near the edge of the yard, Milo noticed a curious glint on the ground beneath the old mango tree. Kneeling down, he discovered a tiny, luminescent seed glowing with a soft, warm light. As he cupped it in his hands, a sweet, velvety voice whispered from within, asking to be planted in the soil.



Without a moment of hesitation, Milo dug a small, cozy pit in the rich earth with his hands. He gently placed the whispering seed inside like a secret treasure and covered it with a soft blanket of fresh soil. He patted the earth softly, promising to tend to it every single day.



Every morning, Milo raced outside with his little watering can to give the sleeping seed a fresh drink. He sat beside the tiny patch of ground for hours, watching eagerly for any sign of life. Patience filled his young heart as he waited for the hidden miracle to awaken.



One bright morning, a tiny, vibrant green sprout pushed its way up through the dark soil into the warm sunlight. Milo cheered with delight, dancing around the fledgling plant in joyous celebration. He leaned down close to marvel at the green miracle that was finally beginning to grow.



As the weeks passed, the humble sprout transformed into a magnificent tree with strong branches and lush, emerald leaves. Hanging from its boughs were dazzling, radiant fruits that shone with the brilliant brilliance of captured starlight. Milo stood in awe at the breathtaking canopy towering over the garden.



Intrigued by their supernatural glow, Milo reached up his hand to pluck one of the shimmering fruits. But the moment his fingers brushed against the branch, the glowing fruit vanished instantly into thin air. He blinked in surprise, searching all around the empty foliage for where the magical fruit had gone.



Confused and disappointed, Milo went to his grandmother, who listened with a calm, knowing smile. She patted his shoulder gently and suggested that perhaps the tree felt lonely and did not wish to be taken from. She reminded him that some wondrous things in life need companionship to blossom fully.



The following afternoon, Milo invited his neighborhood friends over to gather beneath the sweeping shade of the magical tree. They spread a picnic blanket, shared sweet treats, played games, and filled the garden with joyous laughter until twilight arrived.



As their warm laughter resounded through the dusk, the branches above burst into a glorious, multi-colored glow, overflowing with abundant ripe fruit. The magic returned completely, enabling every child to easily reach up and harvest a shining treat. Milo smiled brightly, realizing that life's sweetest magic is always meant to be shared.