



## The Keeper of Forgotten Tales

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**AILU** AND THE **ECHOS** OF **CYG**



High in the mountains, near the shore of a crystal-clear lake, lived a little girl named Ailu. She spent hours sitting on the soft grass, listening to the mysterious whispers of the wind and believing that every ancient stone held its own unique story.



One evening, as the golden sun began to sink slowly behind the snow-capped peaks, painting the sky in hues of pink and gold, Ailu noticed an unusual shimmer. Near the water's edge, among the reeds, a soft and mysterious light was glowing.



Approaching closer, the girl saw a tiny, radiant sphere floating in the air like a fallen star. A quiet, melodic voice spoke from the light, telling her not to be afraid and revealing that it was the guardian of tales that people had begun to forget.



Ailu looked at the guest with wonder, not understanding how something as beautiful as a story could simply disappear. The guardian glowed sadly, explaining that without a storyteller, tales lose their power and eventually dissolve into nothingness.



The glowing sphere whispered that it was looking for someone whose heart was big enough to breathe life into these legends once more. Ailu felt a warmth spreading through her chest and knew in that moment that she wanted to help the stories return to the world.



With a kind smile, the girl promised the guardian that she would become the voice for all the forgotten tales. She decided to tell them to everyone who would listen, from the smallest bird to the mighty mountain wind.



From that day on, every morning Ailu went to the lake and began her storytelling. She recalled ancient legends and invented new ones, while the clear water of the lake listened intently to every word she spoke.



The wind caught her voice and carried the stories through deep valleys and high mountain passes. The mountain birds memorized the melodies of her words and carried them on their wings far beyond the horizon.



Soon, people in distant villages began to notice the world around them filling with wonder once again. They heard fragments of stories in the rustling leaves and began to tell them to one another during long evenings by the hearth.



Now, if you listen to the rustle of the grass by the lake on a quiet evening, you will hear more than just the wind. You will hear the echoes of the stories Ailu saved from oblivion, living on forever in the hearts of those who tell them.