

The Boy Who Lost His Voice

Enjoy Alts



In the glowing city of Luma, where screens buzzed and people hurried, lived a boy named Rayan who loved silence. Buildings twinkled with digital light, and busy folks chatted quickly, but Rayan often sought quiet moments. He enjoyed the calm in a world full of constant noise and bright distractions.



One rainy afternoon, Rayan found a shimmering new game on his tablet. Its dark, inviting glow promised a different kind of fun. A mysterious message popped up: "Welcome. Here, voices are unnecessary." Rayan smiled, finding the idea of a silent game appealing, and quickly immersed himself in pointing, flashing symbols, and winning level after level.



That evening, when his mother called for dinner, Rayan opened his mouth to answer, but no sound came out. He tried to clear his throat and shout "Coming!", but only empty air whispered past his lips. Running to the mirror, he watched himself silently shout, his eyes growing wide with a sudden, worried realization.



Later, his tablet on his pillow glowed with a new message: "You traded your voice. You no longer need it." Rayan shook his head fiercely, grabbing the tablet. He tried to yell "I DO need it!", but the room remained hushed, amplifying his silent panic. The screen flickered one last, sly message: "Then learn to listen."



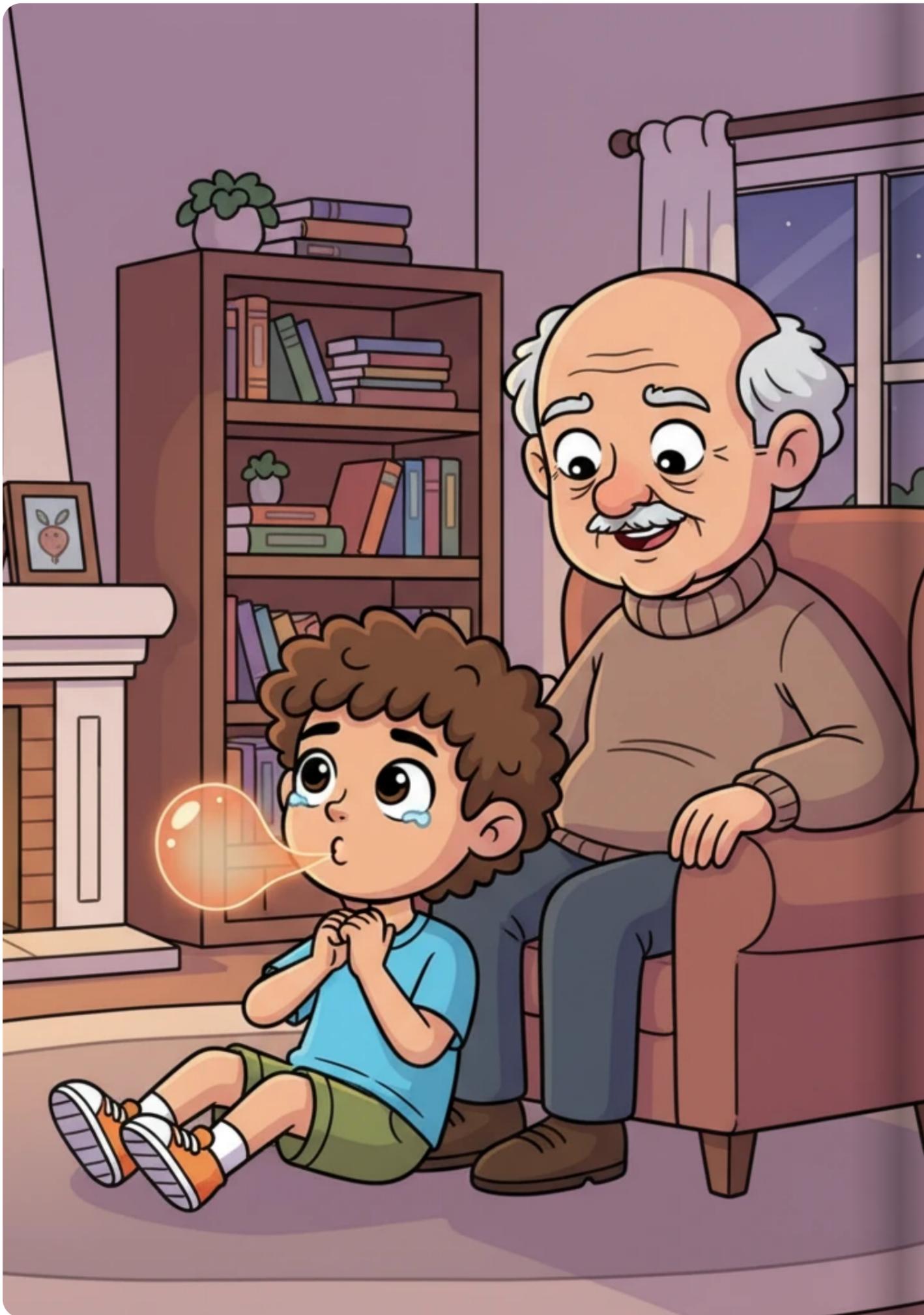
Rayan wandered through his noisy house, feeling like a silent island amidst the chaos. His sister laughed loudly on a video call, and the blaring news on the TV seemed to form an impenetrable wall of sound. He longed for quiet, remembering the one room in the house where the constant buzz of Luma city rarely reached.



He found his way to his grandfather's room, a haven without screens, filled instead with soft-covered books, a gently ticking clock, and a comfortable wooden chair. Rayan sat quietly on the rug. His grandfather looked up from his reading, noticing Rayan's unusual silence and the worry on his face. He nodded slowly, understanding the boy's unspoken distress.



His grandfather began to speak, not of hurried city matters, but of slow, gentle things: the singing of a kettle, the rustle of a single leaf, the anticipation of a handwritten letter. Rayan listened intently, the fear slowly fading from his heart. He heard the rhythm in his grandfather's voice and realized the room's silence wasn't empty, but full of stories, memories, and peace.



As his grandfather's story concluded, Rayan felt a gentle warmth spread in his throat, like sipping comforting hot cocoa. "Grandpa..." he whispered, the word soft and a little raspy, but unmistakably there. It floated like a precious bubble in the quiet room. His grandfather's eyes crinkled with a knowing smile, assuring him, "Voices return when they are needed, not wasted."



That night, the game on his nightstand pulsed with a familiar glow. "Come back," it seemed to whisper, "No voices. No waiting. Just win." Rayan looked at the tempting screen, remembering the hollow silence of the game versus the rich quiet of his grandfather's room. With a thoughtful expression, he reached out and firmly turned the tablet face down, then opened his window to the world outside.



The city hummed below, but now Rayan could distinguish individual sounds: the distant whistle of a train, the soft murmur of the breeze, a faint melody from someone's radio. At breakfast, he slowly asked for the toast and truly listened to his sister's dream, without interruption. His voice wasn't the loudest, but it was his, and it was enough. The tablet in his bag remained dark and still. He had learned that a voice is a bridge to connect, and true listening brings all other sounds back to life.