



# Lumi and the Heart-Maps

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In the bustling town of Glimmerbrook, lived a curious child named Lumi, whose eyes missed nothing. She loved watching people, their varied expressions a constant source of wonder. Every day was an adventure of observation for Lumi.



One sunny afternoon, while watching two friends chat, Lumi saw something peculiar. Faint, shimmering lines of light seemed to stretch between their eyes, like invisible threads dancing in the air. She blinked, wondering if she was seeing things.



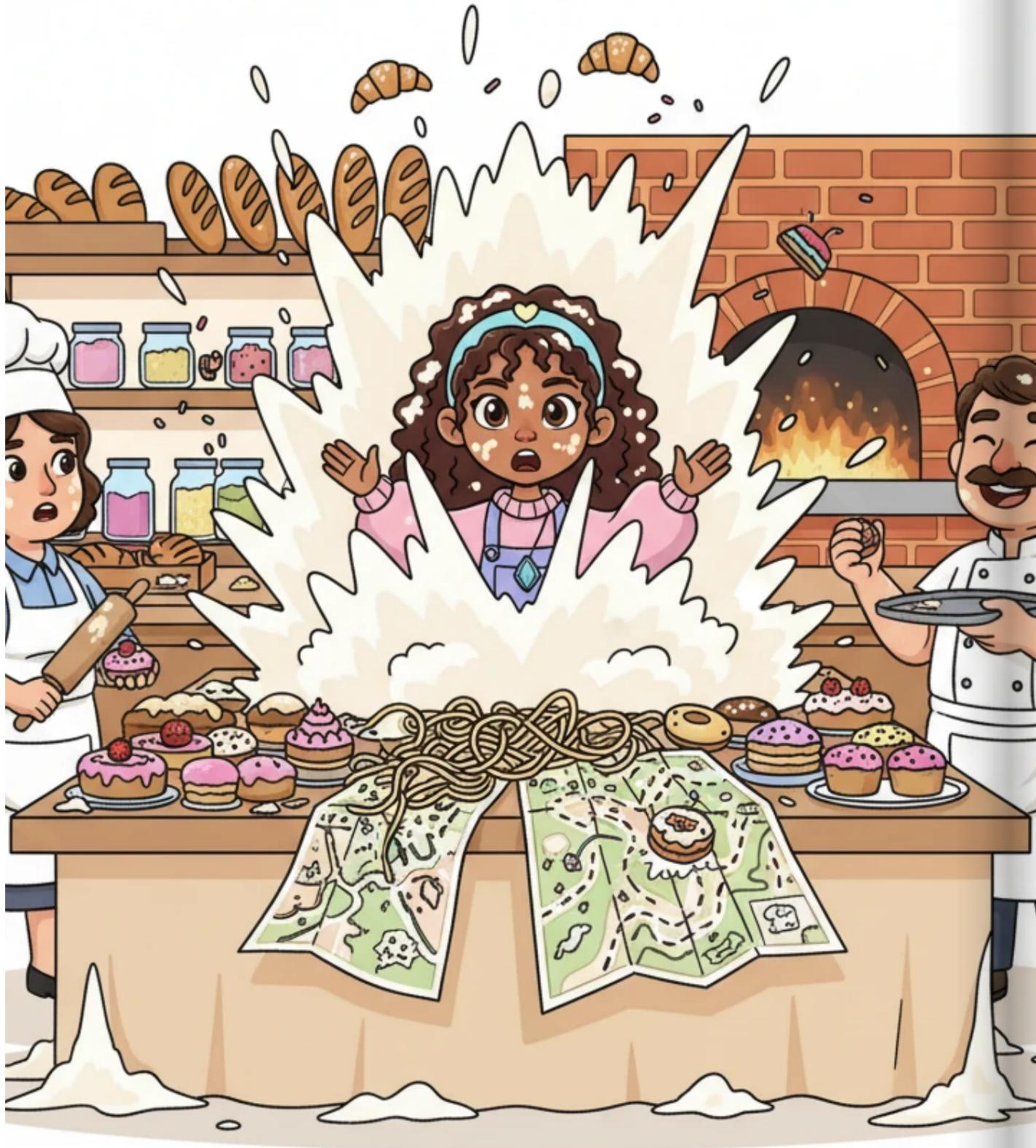
Later, Lumi spotted a small child looking sad, clutching a dropped ice cream. An older woman approached, her face kind and gentle. As their eyes met, Lumi saw a muted, tangled map of blue light flow from the child, slowly connecting with a warm, comforting orange map from the woman.



Lumi realized these "heart-maps" changed with every feeling! Joyful maps were bright and swirling like confetti, sad ones were soft and flowing like gentle rain, and angry maps were sharp and spiky, like little red lightning bolts. It was a secret language of light.



A new student, shy and quiet, sat alone with a tiny, hesitant heart-map around them. Lumi saw another child, whose map glowed with friendly curiosity, but they didn't know how to approach. Lumi, with a gentle nudge and a warm smile, helped them exchange a friendly glance, and their maps began to reach for each other.



One day, Lumi saw two bakers whose maps looked like confused, tangled spaghetti. Thinking one was upset, Lumi tried to 'fix' it by moving a misplaced pastry. Instead, it caused a flour explosion, and Lumi learned that some maps needed careful, gentle understanding, not quick fixes.



Determined to understand better, Lumi spent hours in the town park. She watched families, friends, and even pets, observing how their heart-maps pulsed, intertwined, and changed with every shared moment. Her understanding grew with each passing day.



Then, Lumi saw two best friends, usually inseparable, standing apart with sharp, spiky red maps clashing between them. Yet, beneath the angry colors, she could still glimpse faint, shimmering threads of deep affection, tangled but unbroken. Their unspoken feelings were a complicated knot.



Knowing what she saw, Lumi didn't try to fix their argument. Instead, she gently reminded them of a happy memory they shared, a playful story that made their eyes meet. Slowly, their spiky maps softened, and the caring threads began to untangle, allowing their true feelings to shine through.



From that day on, Lumi continued to see the beautiful, invisible heart-maps. She understood that every glance, every connection, held a story. And in Glimmerbrook, thanks to Lumi's special gift, people learned to look at each other with a little more understanding and a lot more heart.