



Elara's Unwavering Faith

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In her cozy, humble cottage, Elara sat beside an old, crackling radio, her eyes filled with hope. She held a small microphone close, her voice soft but clear as she asked for help, believing deeply that her prayers would be heard. Though her home was simple, it radiated a quiet warmth, a testament to her resilient spirit.



Miles away, in a lavish, cluttered office, a stern-faced man named Mr. Grumble listened to the same radio program. A sneer played on his lips as he scoffed at Elara's plea, finding her unwavering faith amusingly naive. Surrounded by his many possessions, he felt a cynical distance from her simple hope.



A mischievous glint sparkled in Mr. Grumble's eye as he leaned back in his plush chair. He quickly dialed the radio station, his mind already spinning with a playful, albeit unkind, scheme. He secured Elara's address, eager to put his peculiar plan into motion.



With an exaggerated, almost theatrical smirk, Mr. Grumble gestured grandly to his secretary, Ms. Periwinkle. He issued his peculiar instruction, emphasizing with a pointed finger, "When she asks who sent the food, tell her it's from the devil!" Ms. Periwinkle listened, a flicker of surprise on her usually composed face.



Ms. Periwinkle, a picture of efficiency, began loading a comically large array of colorful food packages into a sturdy, old-fashioned delivery truck. The boxes were stacked high, overflowing with an abundance of goods, ready for their unusual journey. Each package promised a delightful surprise, bursting with vibrant colors.



The cheerful delivery truck, laden with its generous cargo, soon rumbled to a stop outside Elara's quaint, little house. Elara, peeking from her window, saw the unexpected sight, her eyes widening with a mixture of disbelief and dawning hope. Her heart fluttered with anticipation.



Beaming from ear to ear, Elara joyfully embraced the first few food packages, her face a picture of pure gratitude and relief. She carefully carried them inside, her movements light with happiness. Ms. Periwinkle watched, a gentle, understanding smile softening her features, touched by Elara's genuine delight.



As Elara bustled about, neatly arranging the newfound bounty in her small home, Ms. Periwinkle held the final box. Pausing at the doorway, she couldn't help but ask, her voice tinged with curiosity, "Don't you want to know who sent all this wonderful food?"



Elara turned, a serene and knowing smile gracing her face, her hands full of groceries. She met Ms. Periwinkle's gaze with calm conviction, delivering her profound reply. "No, I don't care who sent it," she stated simply, her voice full of quiet wisdom.



Elara stood amidst her new abundance, her small home transformed into a haven of warmth and plenty. She looked upwards, a gentle, radiant glow surrounding her, illustrating her unwavering faith and peaceful heart. Ms. Periwinkle observed her, a thoughtful expression now etched upon her face, perhaps having learned a silent lesson.