



## Saikal's Brave Heart

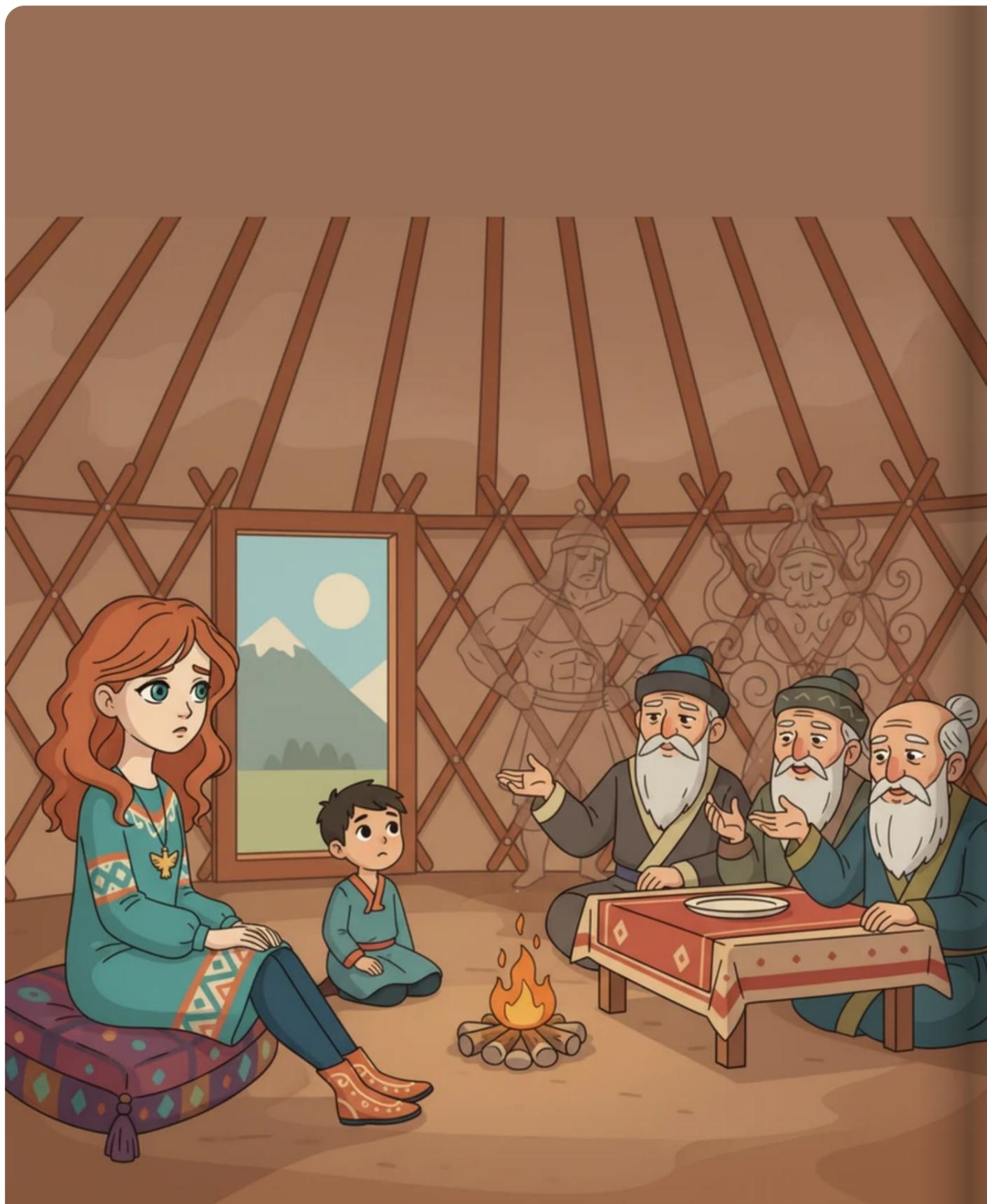
Dayana



High in the mountains where the sky touches the peaks, lived a girl named Saikal. Her name meant "pure soul," and everyone in her village knew her for her kind heart and bright eyes. Despite the beauty around her, Saikal often felt small and fragile against the vastness of the peaks.



Saikal believed she was not brave at all compared to the others in her village. When the wind howled through the deep canyons at night, she would hide under her warm blankets, trembling at the sound of the mountain's voice. She felt like a shadow in a world of giants.



When the elders gathered to tell legendary stories of mountain spirits and heroes, Saikal would look away and stay silent. She whispered to herself that she was nothing like the brave warriors in those ancient tales. To her, a hero was someone who never felt a single spark of fear.



One cold evening, tragedy struck the village when a shepherd's young son went missing in the high peaks. As night fell and a thick, milky fog rolled in, the trails became treacherous. Even the most experienced hunters hesitated to step into the blinding white mist.



Saikal stood among the worried adults, her heart pounding like a drum against her ribs. She was terrified of the dark, but she couldn't stop thinking about the small boy alone in the freezing cold. The thought of his fear began to outweigh her own trembling.



To everyone's surprise, Saikal took a trembling step forward and volunteered to find the boy. "I am afraid too," she said softly to the elders as they stared in disbelief. "But the little boy is out there alone, and he must be even more frightened than I am."



Carrying a glowing lantern and wrapped in a thick shawl, Saikal ventured alone into the dark mountains. The wind tried to push her back and the fog clouded her path, but she kept moving. She whispered to herself that courage is walking forward even when your knees are shaking.

## SAIKAL FINDS ALIKHAN



After a long search through the silence, she heard a faint, rhythmic crying coming from behind a massive jagged rock. There sat the little boy, shivering and lost, his face pale in the moonlight. His eyes lit up with hope the moment he saw the warm glow of Saikal's lantern.

## THE LEGEND BEGINS



Saikal knelt down, wrapped her warm shawl around the boy, and took his hand firmly in hers. The journey back to the village felt shorter and the wind felt calmer, because she was no longer alone. She realized that helping another made her own fear feel much smaller.



## SAIHAN

The village met them with cheers and tears of joy, calling Saikal the bravest soul in the mountains. Saikal smiled, finally understanding the secret of the legends she used to fear. Bravery lives in those who choose to keep going, no matter how much their hearts might tremble.