
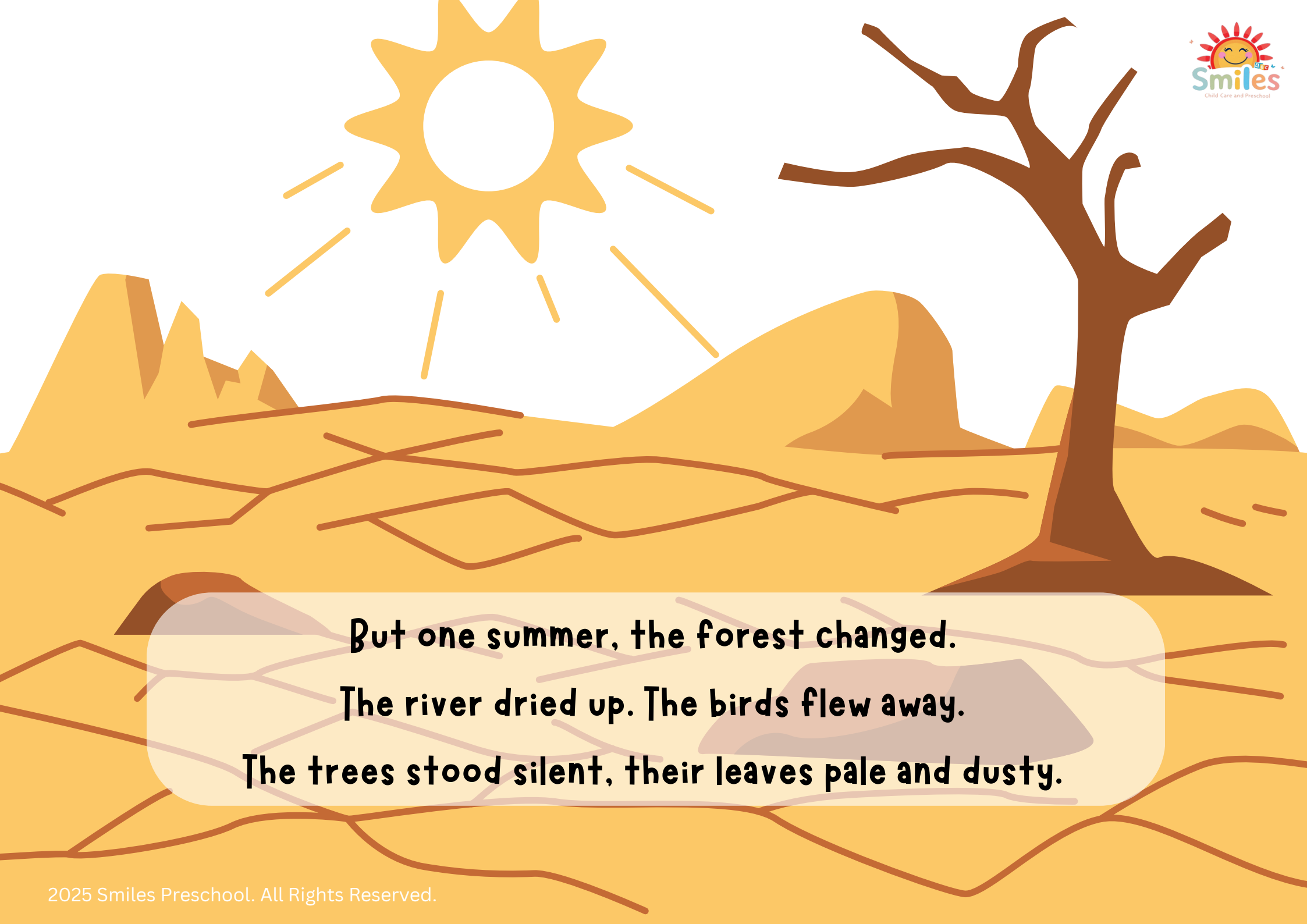


A Girl Who Spoke to Trees





This is Amara. She loves the forest behind her home, the rustling leaves, the bird songs, and the smell of earth after rain.




**But one summer, the forest changed.
The river dried up. The birds flew away.
The trees stood silent, their leaves pale and dusty.**



One windy afternoon, Amara heard something soft, a whisper.

"Help us", it said.


She looked around. No one was there... except the trees.




**Amara touched a rough old oak.
"I can hear you", she whispered.
And the tree sighed, "We are thirsty... we are tried."**

A glowing, golden-yellow spirit made of tree branches and roots, with a simple face of two dots for eyes and a curved line for a smile. It is surrounded by several orange butterflies against a dark, textured background.

**From the oak's branches, a soft light appeared, a face made of bark and leaves.
"I am the Oak Spirit," it said. "The forest is weak. Will you help us grow again?"**

A glowing, golden-yellow tree spirit with a smiling face and a body made of intricate, branching roots. Several butterflies are flying around it against a dark, textured background.

Amara nodded. "I will help."
The Oak Spirit Smiled. "Then listen carefully, the forest remembers how to heal."

A young girl with dark skin and her hair styled in a bun, looking up towards the glowing tree spirit.


A young girl with curly brown hair, wearing a red dress over a white shirt, is smiling and holding a pencil and a notebook. She is standing in front of a window with light-colored curtains. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

Amara spent all night making notes:

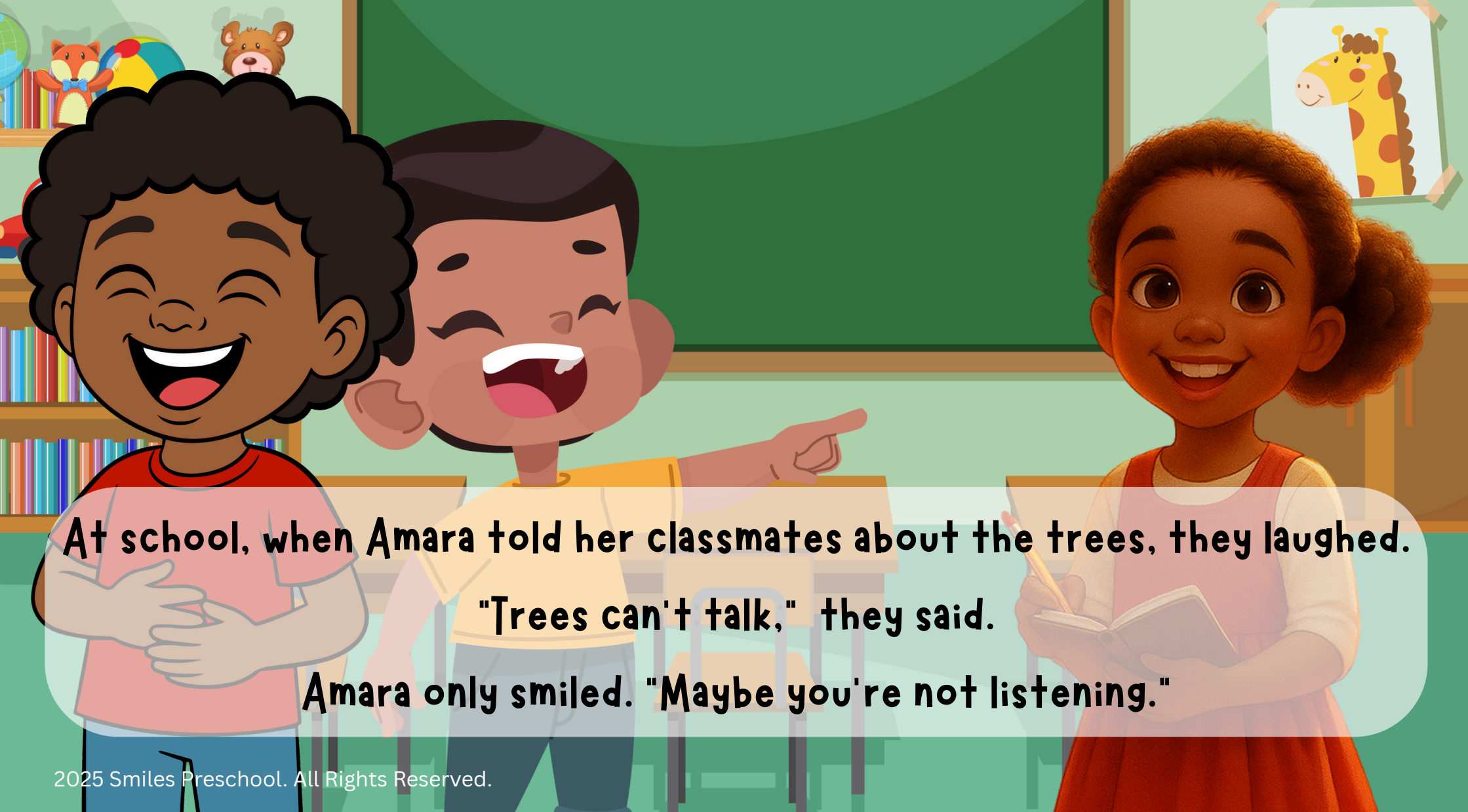
"Collect seeds."

"Find clean water."

"Ask others to help."



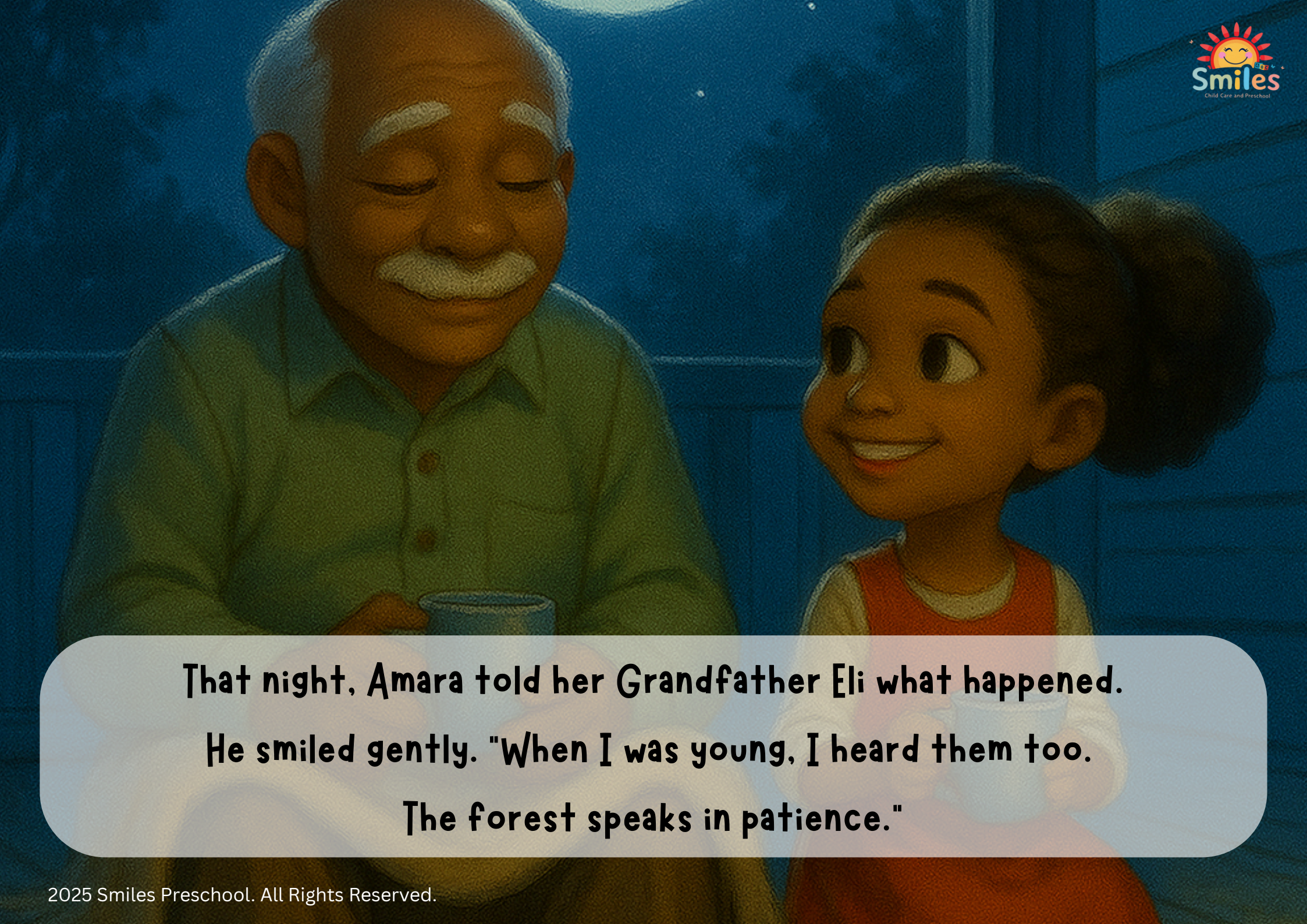
**She began with one seed.
Dig. Drop. Cover.
"Grow strong," she whispered.**



At school, when Amara told her classmates about the trees, they laughed.

"Trees can't talk," they said.

Amara only smiled. "Maybe you're not listening."

An illustration of an elderly man with a white mustache and closed eyes, wearing a green shirt, holding a blue cup. He is looking down at a young girl with dark hair in a bun, wearing a red dress, who is smiling and looking up at him. The background is a dark blue wall with a window showing a night sky with a moon and stars.

**That night, Amara told her Grandfather Eli what happened.
He smiled gently. "When I was young, I heard them too.
The forest speaks in patience."**

Grandfather gave her a small tin box.

Inside were old seeds, sunflowers, oak, and pine.

"Plant them with love", he said.





**Days passed. Then a green sprout peeked through the soil!
Amara clapped with joy. "Hello, little one!"**



The trees whispered again. "Thank you, Amara."

And the wind carried their whispers far to the hearts of children nearby.

A colorful illustration of two children, a girl and a boy, kneeling on a sandy ground under a blue sky. The girl, on the left, has brown hair in a ponytail with a pink headband and is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and a pink skirt. She is smiling and looking towards the boy. The boy, on the right, has brown hair and is wearing a white long-sleeved shirt and blue pants. He is smiling broadly and holding a small green sapling. A blue bucket is on the ground to the left, and a grey watering can is on the right. There are two trees being planted: a larger, bushier one in the center and a smaller one to the right. The scene is bright and cheerful.

Soon, her classmates came to help. They called themselves "The Tree Whisperers Club!" They planted flowers, watered roots, and painted signs that said, "We Grow Together."

An illustration of three children in a forest setting. In the foreground, a girl with dark curly hair, wearing a red dress over a white shirt, smiles while holding a tablet. Behind her, a boy with brown hair and a girl with glasses and a pink shirt are also looking at tablets. Two solar panels are mounted on stands in the background. The scene is lit with warm, golden light, and there are falling leaves and a butterfly.

**Leo built a solar watering system. Tara designed a forest blog called "Leaf Life".
Even their teacher joined to share updates with other schools!**

A vibrant illustration of four children dancing joyfully in the rain. The central figure is a young girl with dark skin and curly hair, wearing a red dress over a white long-sleeved shirt, with her arms outstretched. To her left is a boy with light skin and brown hair, wearing a green t-shirt. In the background, there is a girl with dark skin and glasses, wearing an orange top, and another boy with dark skin wearing a green t-shirt. The background is a soft, greenish-yellow color with white raindrops falling around them.

Then, one gray afternoon...a drop of rain fell.

Then another.

The trees danced with joy!



**Birds returned, flowers bloomed, and the forest hummed again.
Amara could feel the heartbeat of the earth, soft and steady.**

LISTENING GROVE



**People began visiting the forest again.
They brought benches, picked up trash, and planted even more.
The mayor named it "The Listening Grove."**



One night, the Oak Spirit appeared again.

"You have done well, little one," it said.

Amara smiled. "The forest spoke. I just listened."

A vibrant illustration of a forest scene. In the foreground, four children are singing joyfully. From left to right: a boy in an orange shirt and blue shorts, a girl in an orange dress with pigtails, a boy in a blue shirt and grey shorts, and a girl in a blue dress with a white collar. They are all singing with their mouths open and eyes closed. The background is filled with lush green trees and bushes. Numerous butterflies of various colors (white, yellow, orange) are fluttering around the children. The ground is a light brown path.

As the wind passed through the branches, Amara heard a new whisper.

Not the trees this time...

The children were singing.



Their club won the Smart City Eco Award!

But amara said, "The best reward is seeing the forest smile again."

**Amara placed the empty seed box under the oak tree.
"Someone else will find you one day," she whispered.**



**Years later, a new child found the box.
And far away, the forest whispered once more,
"Will you help us grow again?"**



**Every tree begins with one seed.
Every forest begins with one listener.
Will you be the next to listen?**

