

WRITTEN BY: DEVANGANA SHARMA
ILLUSTRATED BY: ARIELA WHITE



The next morning, the clouds set dull against the sky.

A frustrated musician searching for inspiration came across the little tree.

She stopped. She stared. She wondered.

The musician strummed her guitar, but the notes felt futile. The tree stayed still and patient, as if it knew a secret.

The musician tried again: she closed her eyes and listened. Suddenly, the chirping of the birds, the calmness of the waves, and the howls of the wind brought a song to her mind.

She smiled and left her guitar pick at the tree. "For the hope you gave me," she whispered.

The tree moved, leaning into the musician, as if it said, "I knew you could do it."

