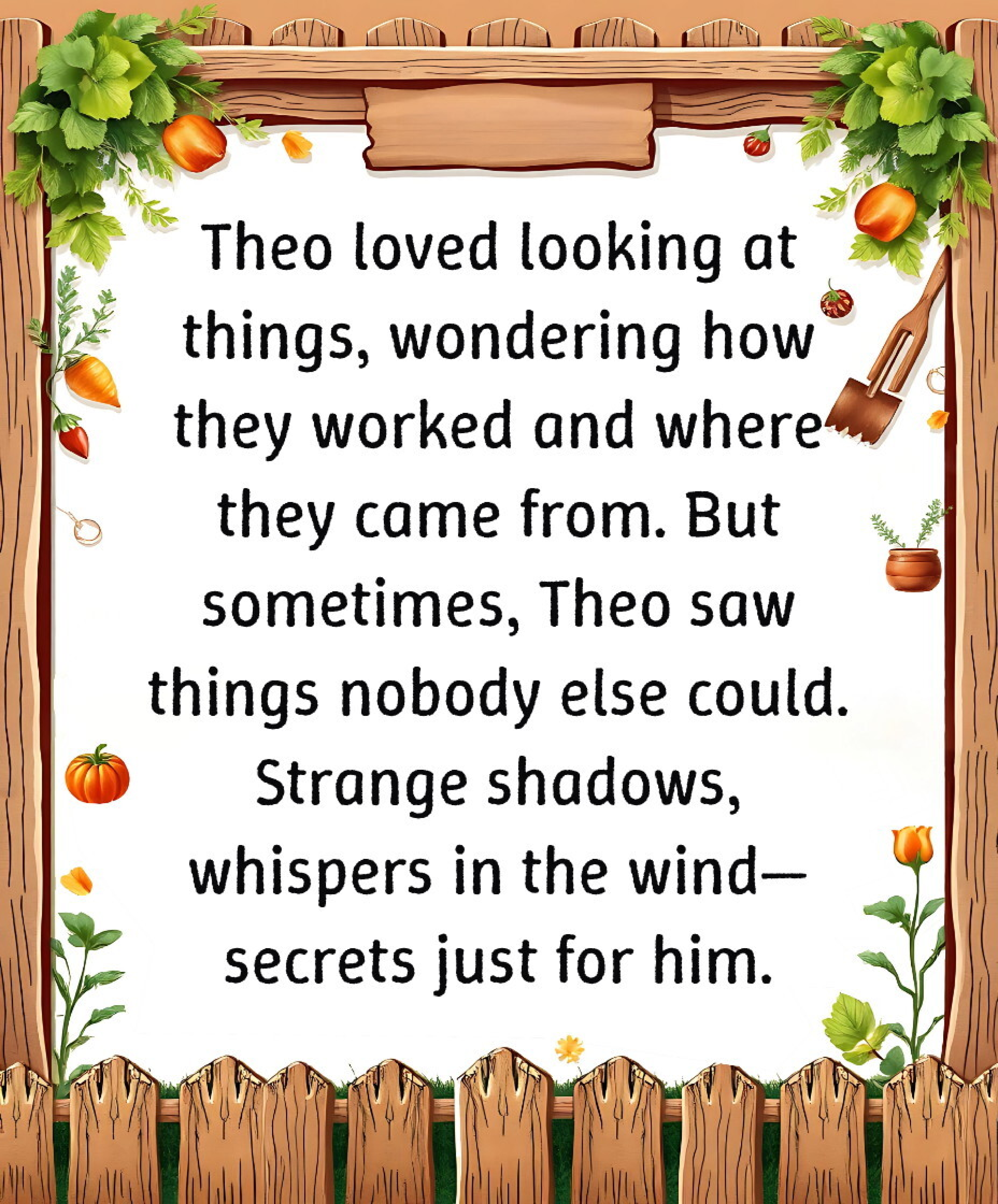


The Academy of Whispers

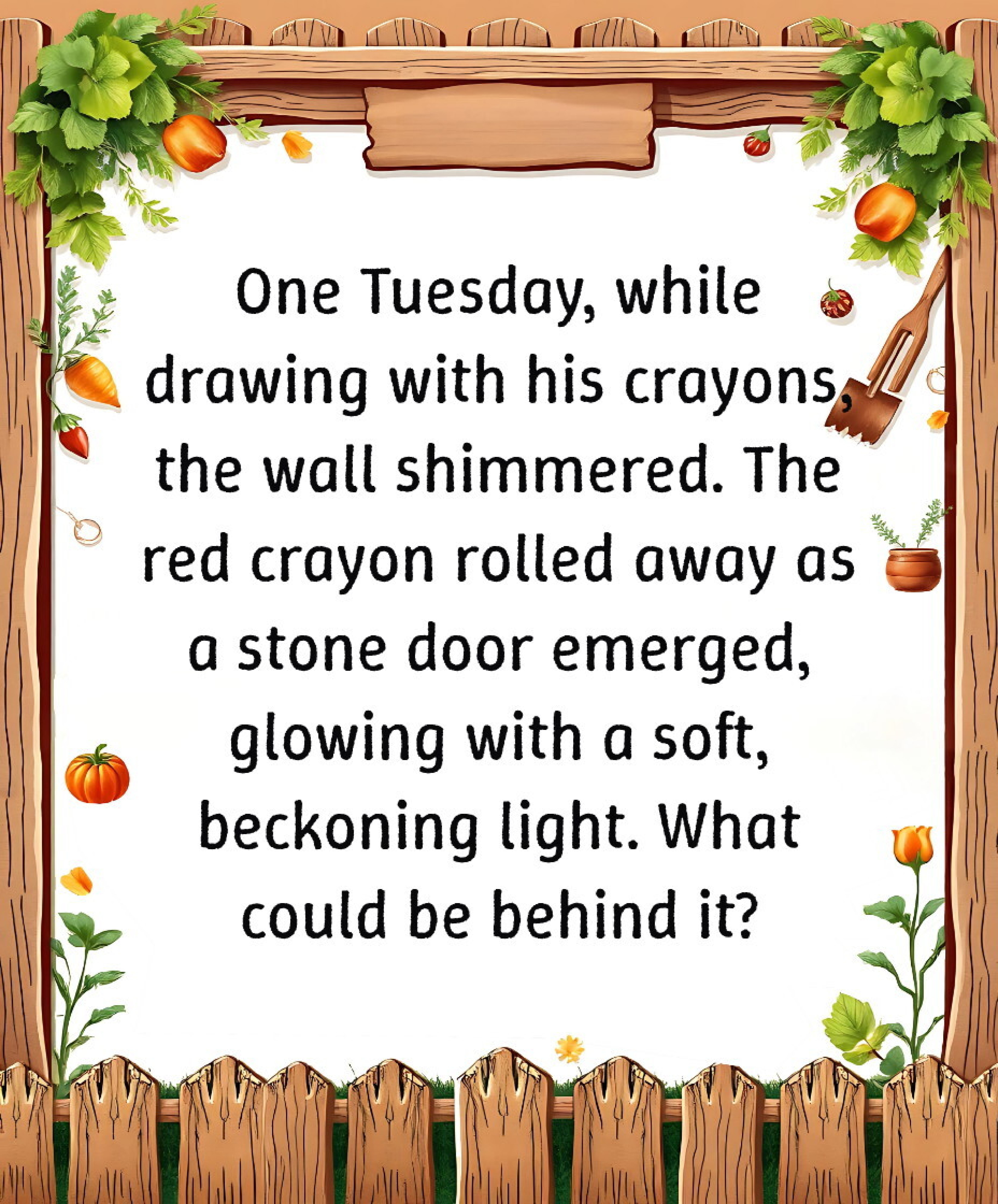






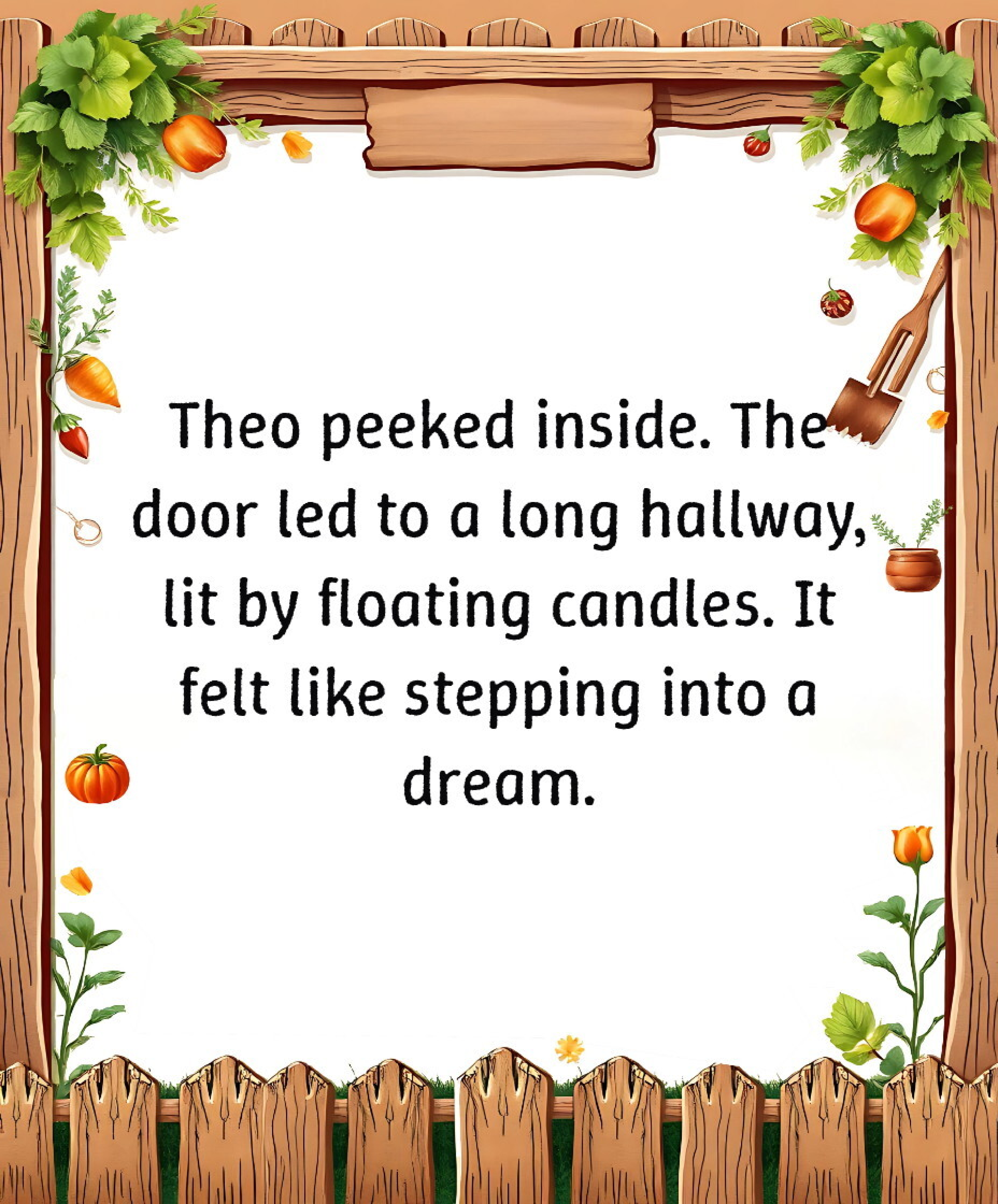
Theo loved looking at things, wondering how they worked and where they came from. But sometimes, Theo saw things nobody else could. Strange shadows, whispers in the wind—secrets just for him.





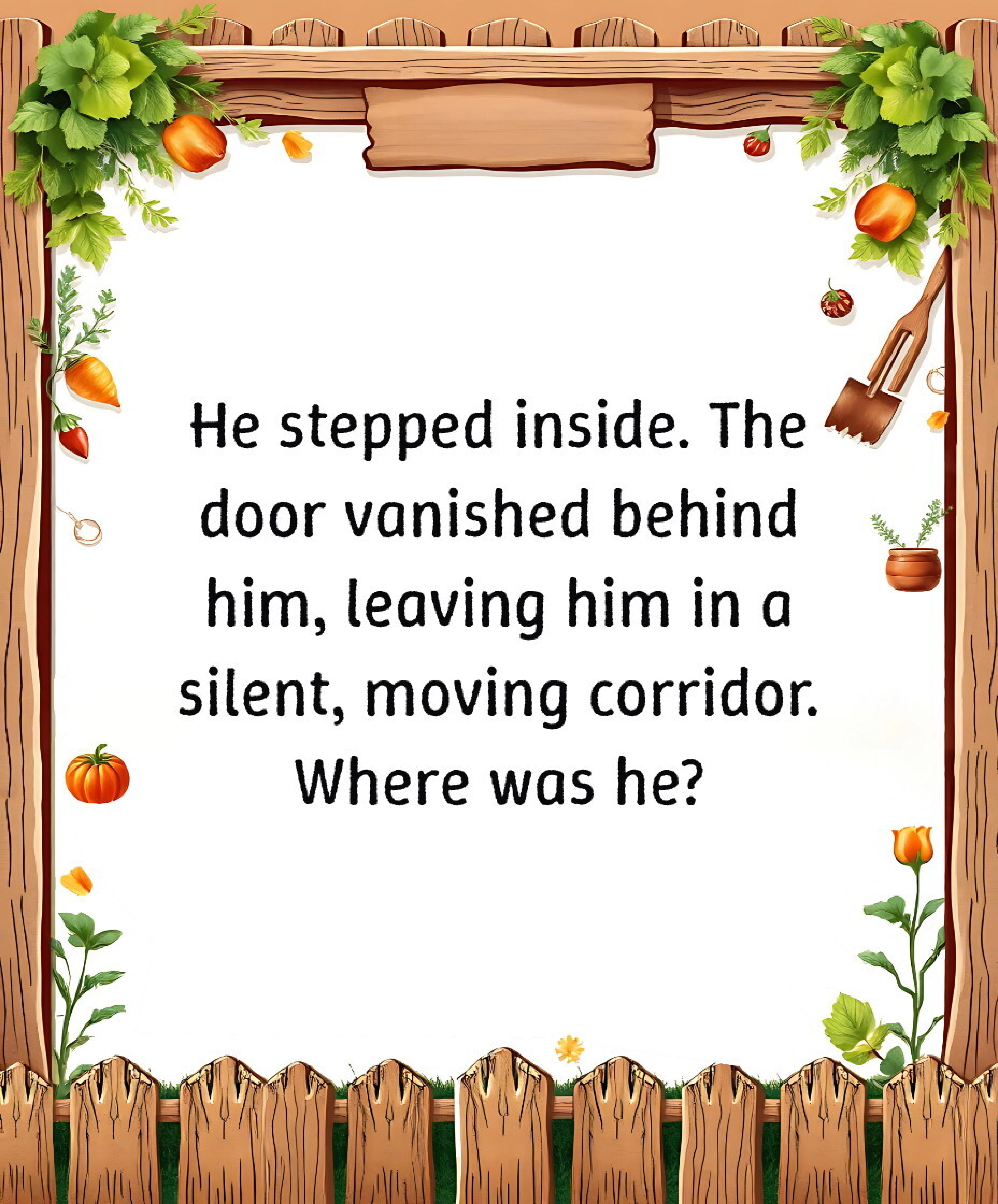
One Tuesday, while drawing with his crayons, the wall shimmered. The red crayon rolled away as a stone door emerged, glowing with a soft, beckoning light. What could be behind it?





Theo peeked inside. The door led to a long hallway, lit by floating candles. It felt like stepping into a dream.

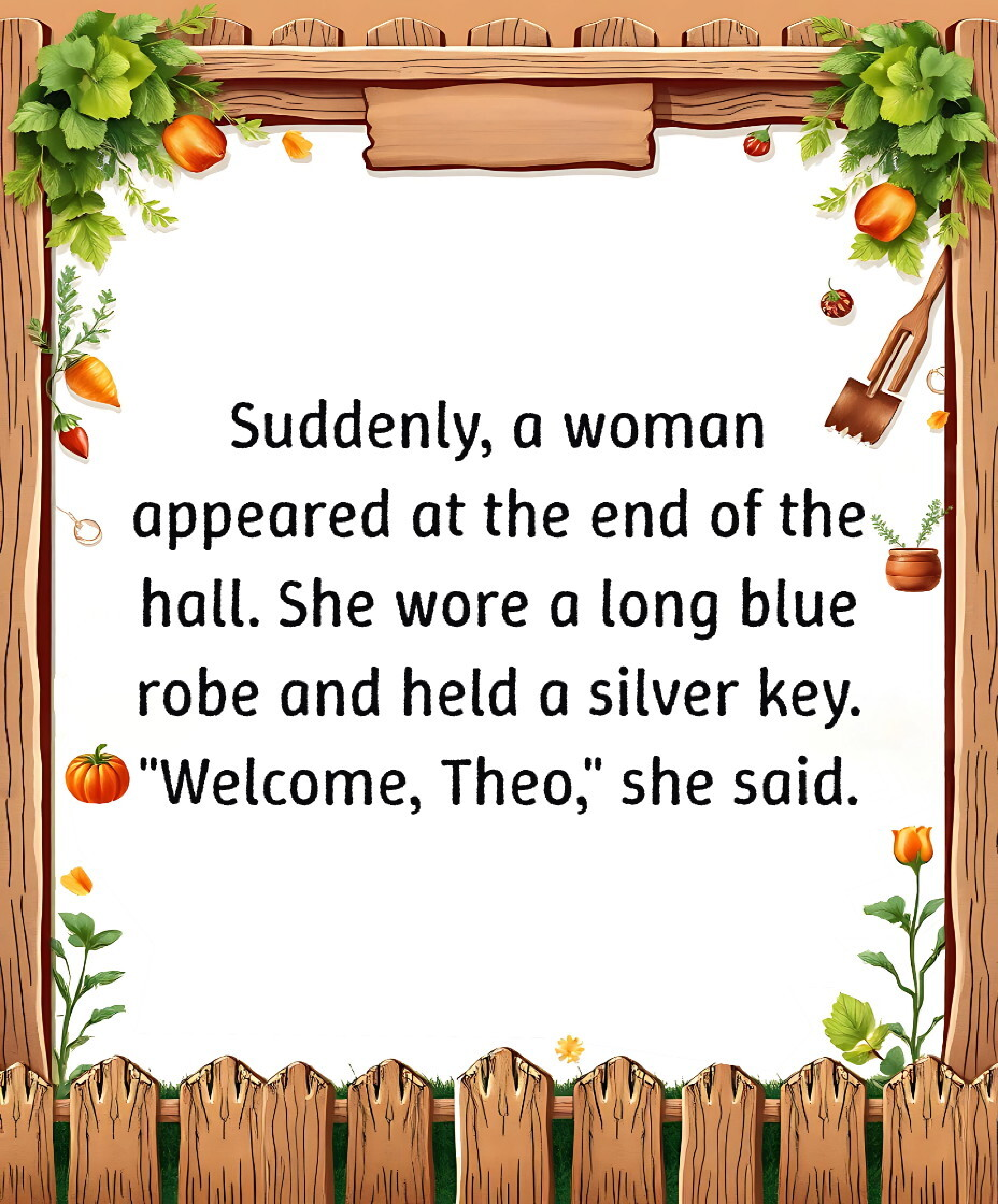




He stepped inside. The door vanished behind him, leaving him in a silent, moving corridor.

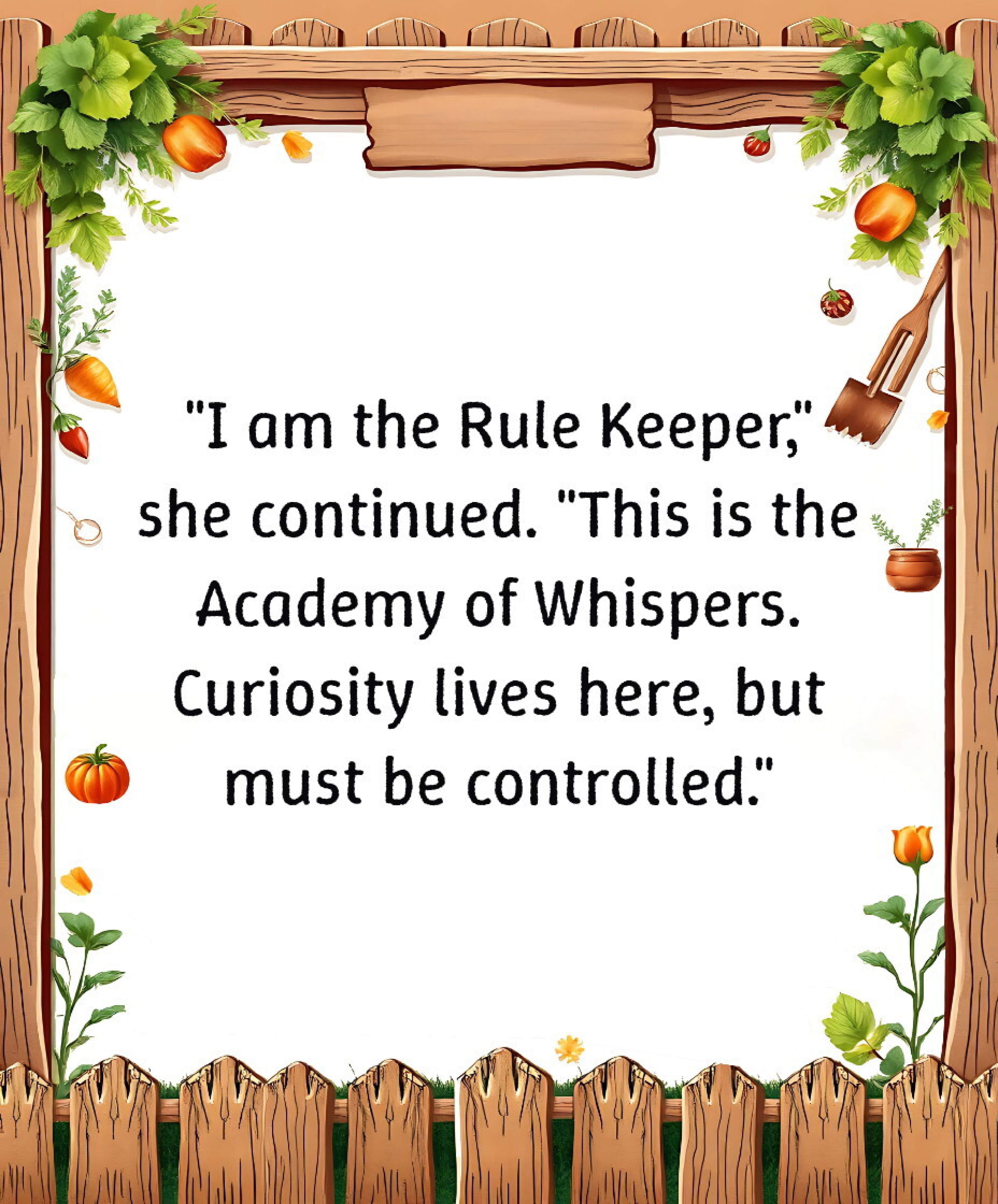
Where was he?





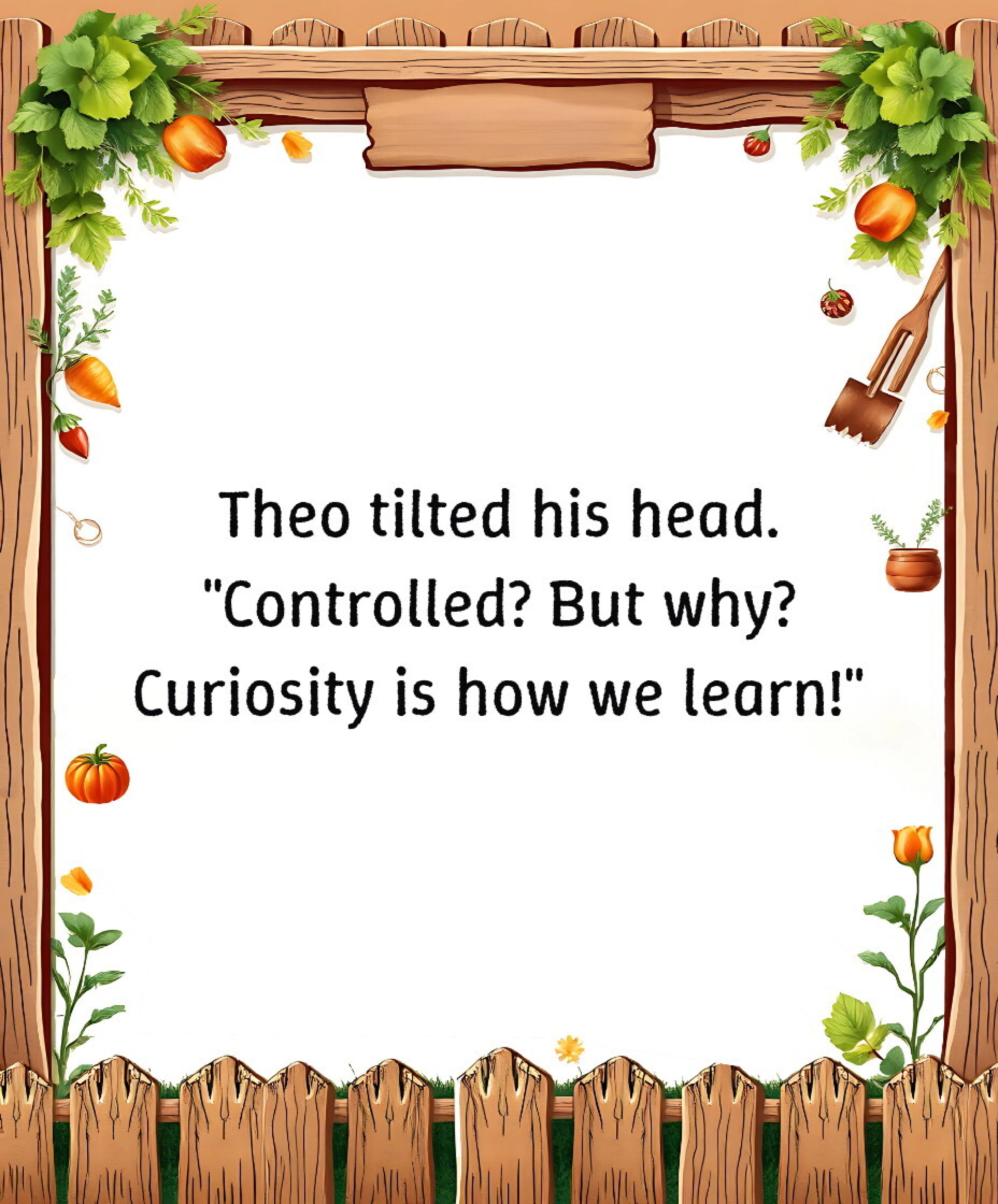
Suddenly, a woman
appeared at the end of the
hall. She wore a long blue
robe and held a silver key.
🍂 "Welcome, Theo," she said.





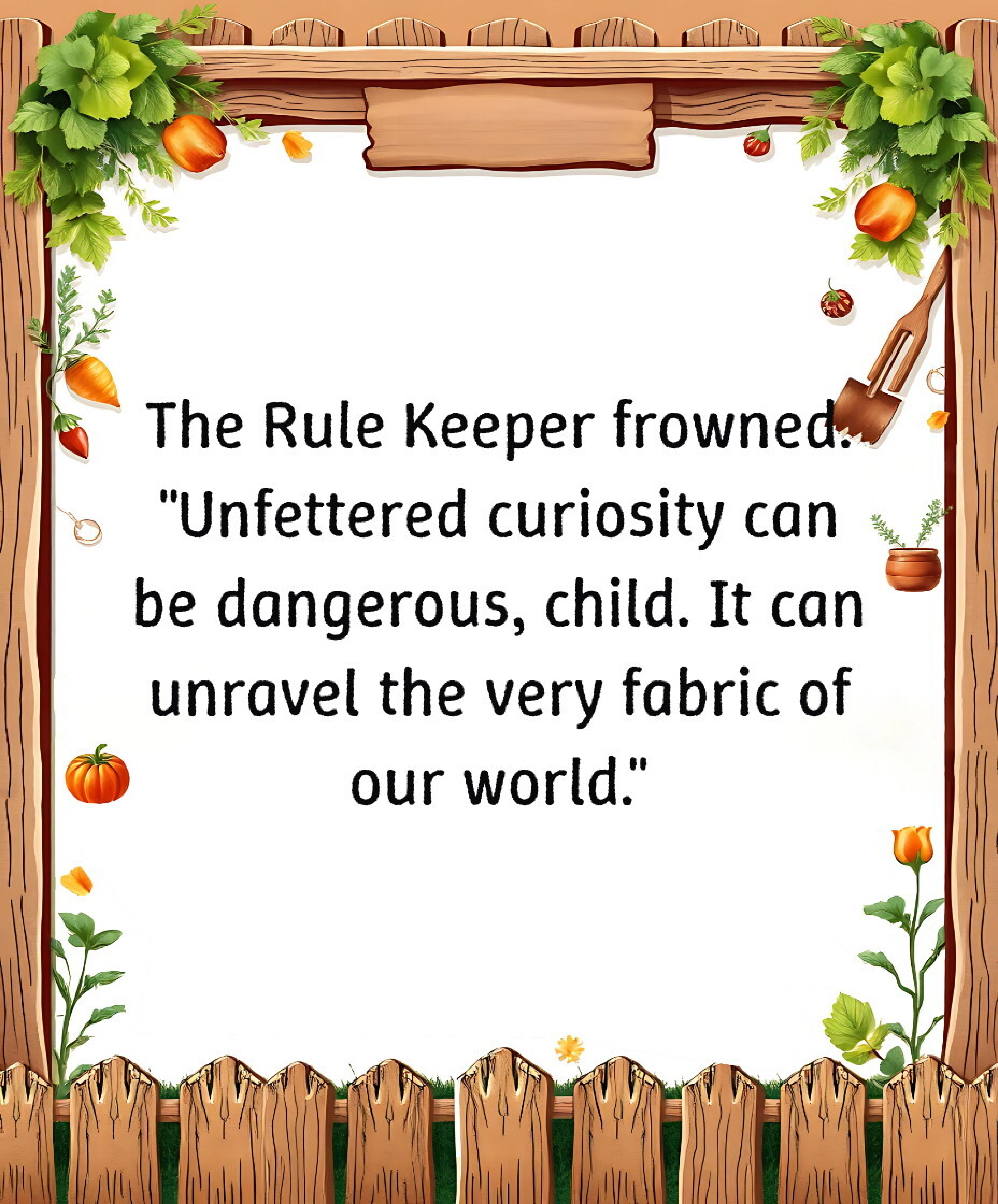
"I am the Rule Keeper,"
she continued. "This is the
Academy of Whispers.
Curiosity lives here, but
must be controlled."





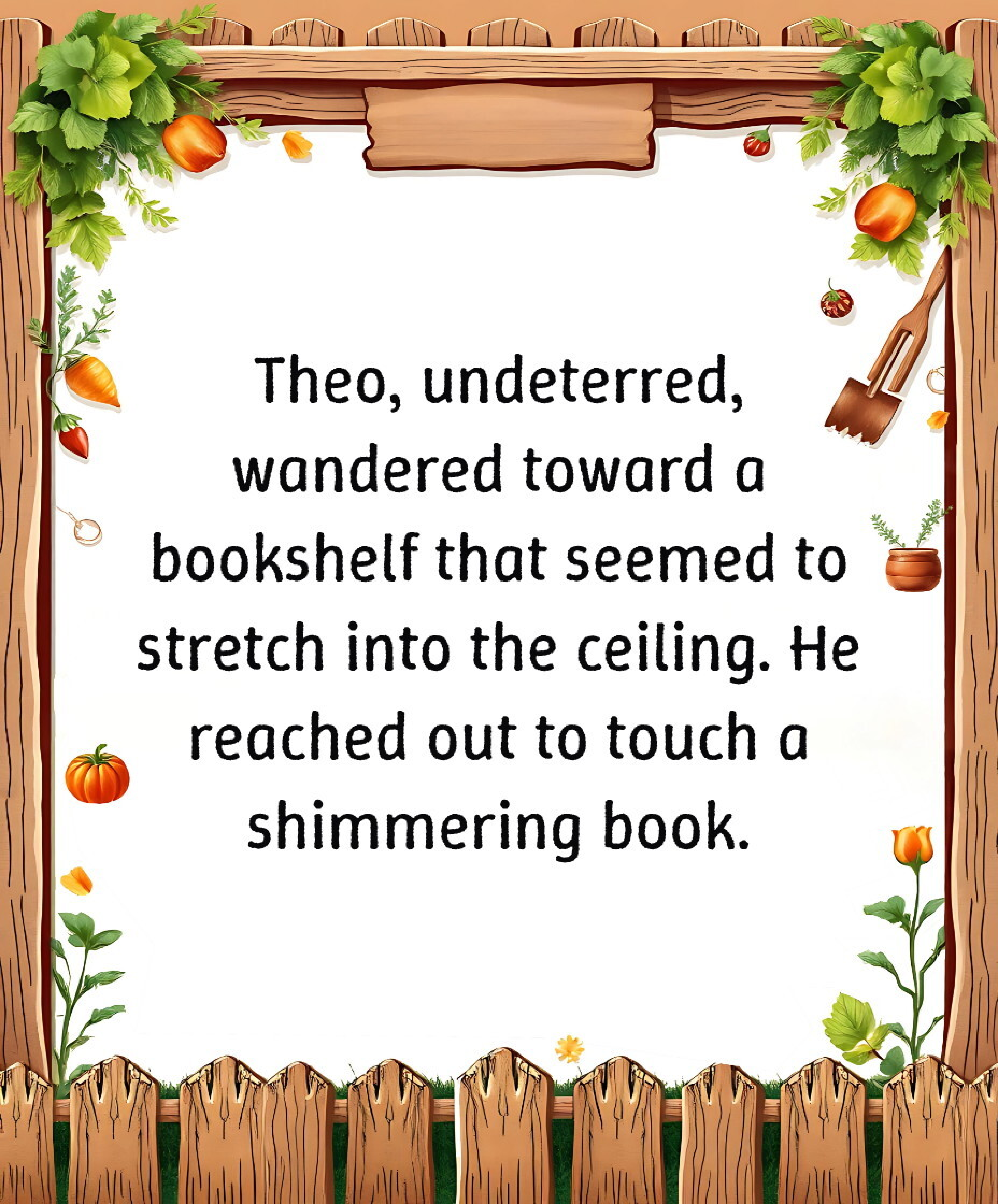
Theo tilted his head.
"Controlled? But why?
Curiosity is how we learn!"





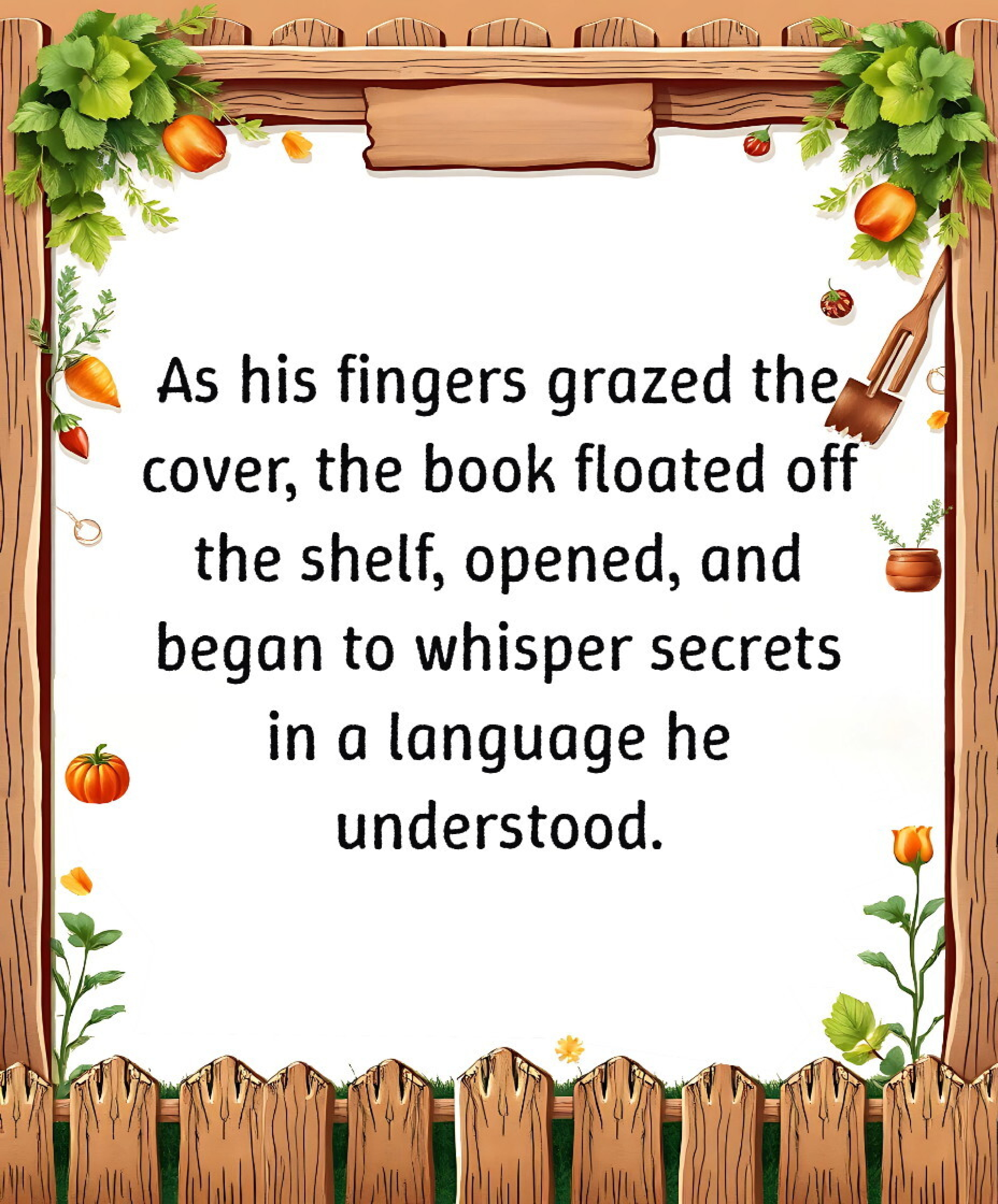
The Rule Keeper frowned.
"Unfettered curiosity can
be dangerous, child. It can
unravel the very fabric of
our world."





Theo, undeterred,
wandered toward a
bookshelf that seemed to
stretch into the ceiling. He
reached out to touch a
shimmering book.

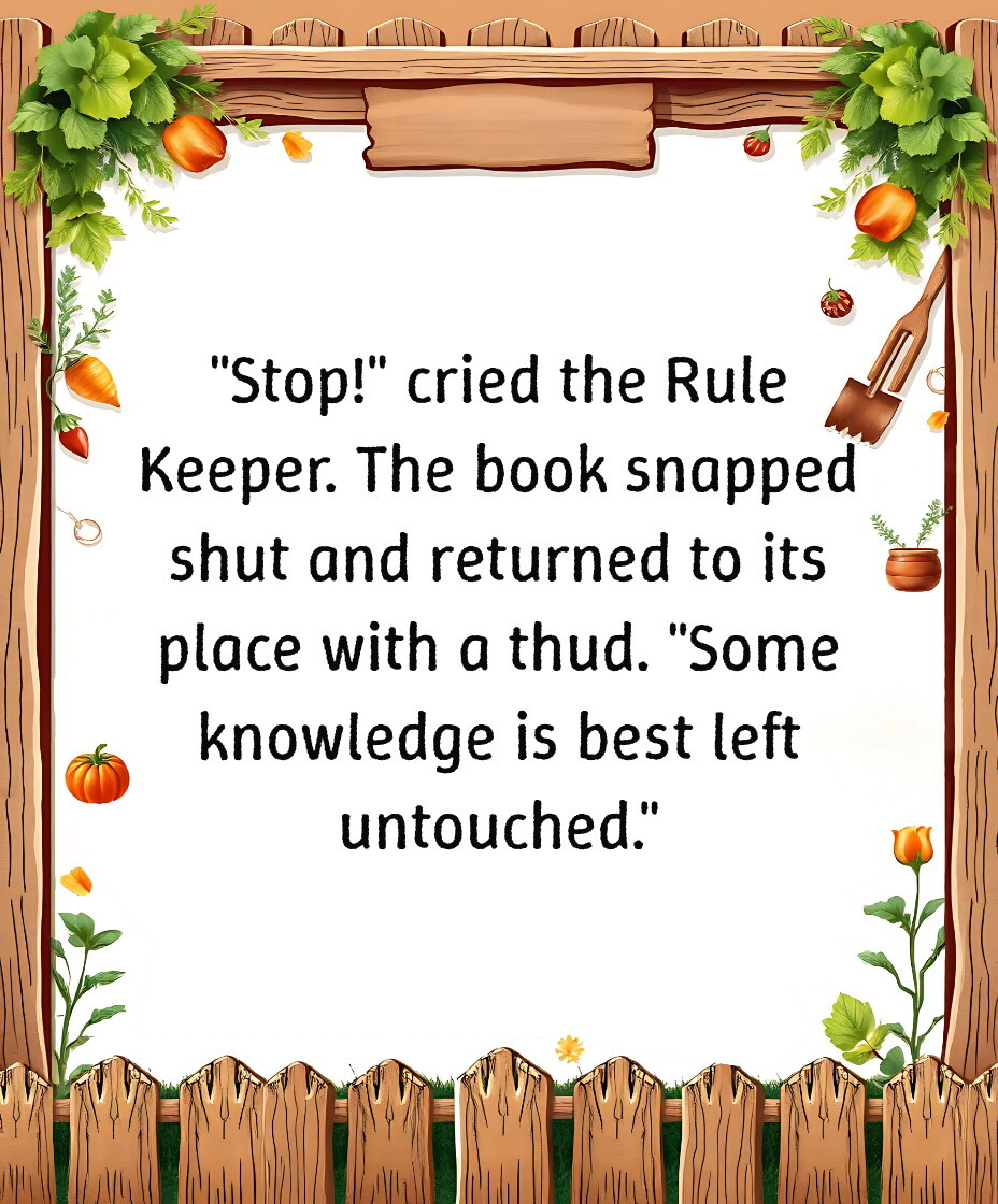




As his fingers grazed the cover, the book floated off the shelf, opened, and began to whisper secrets in a language he understood.

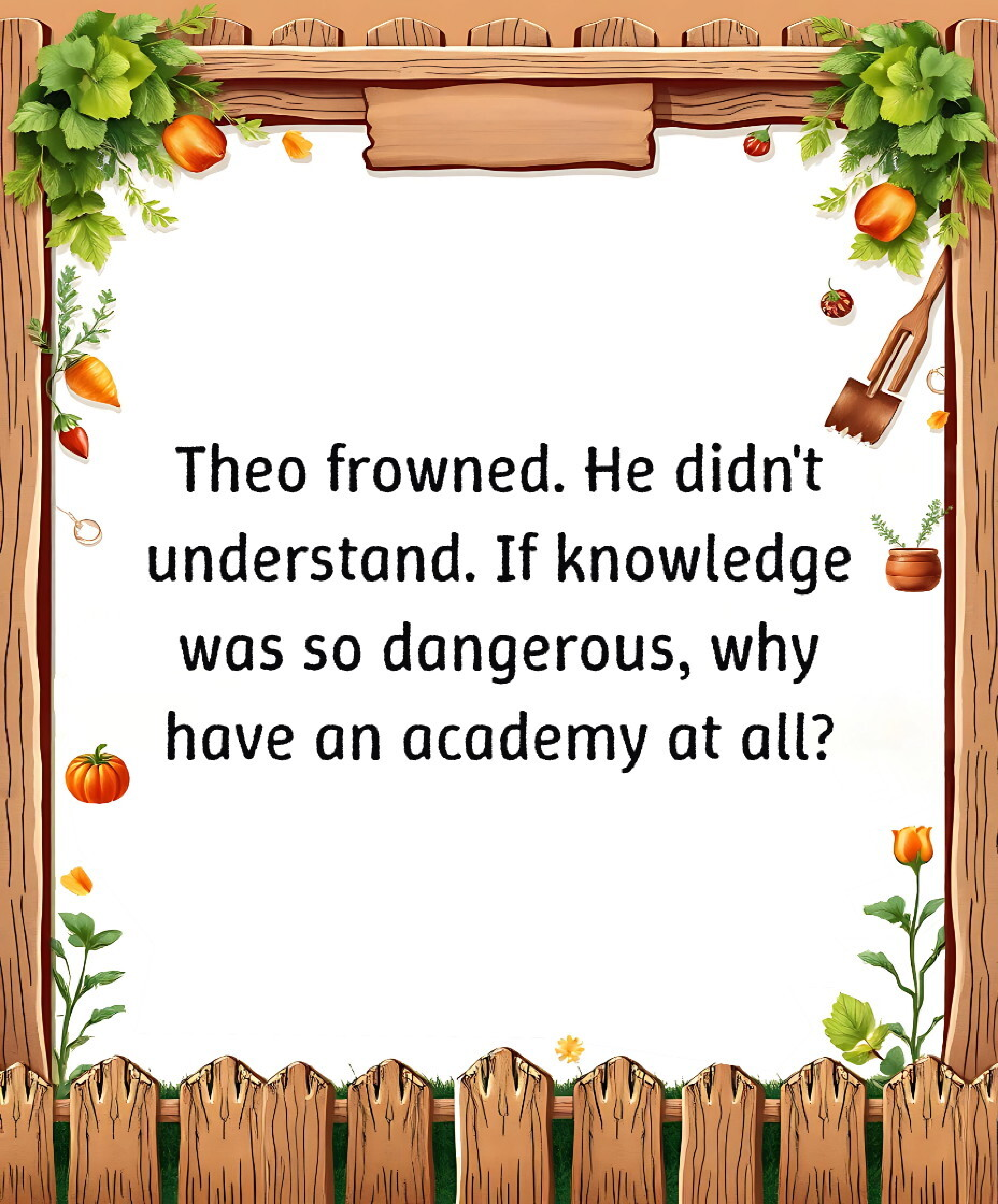


Art



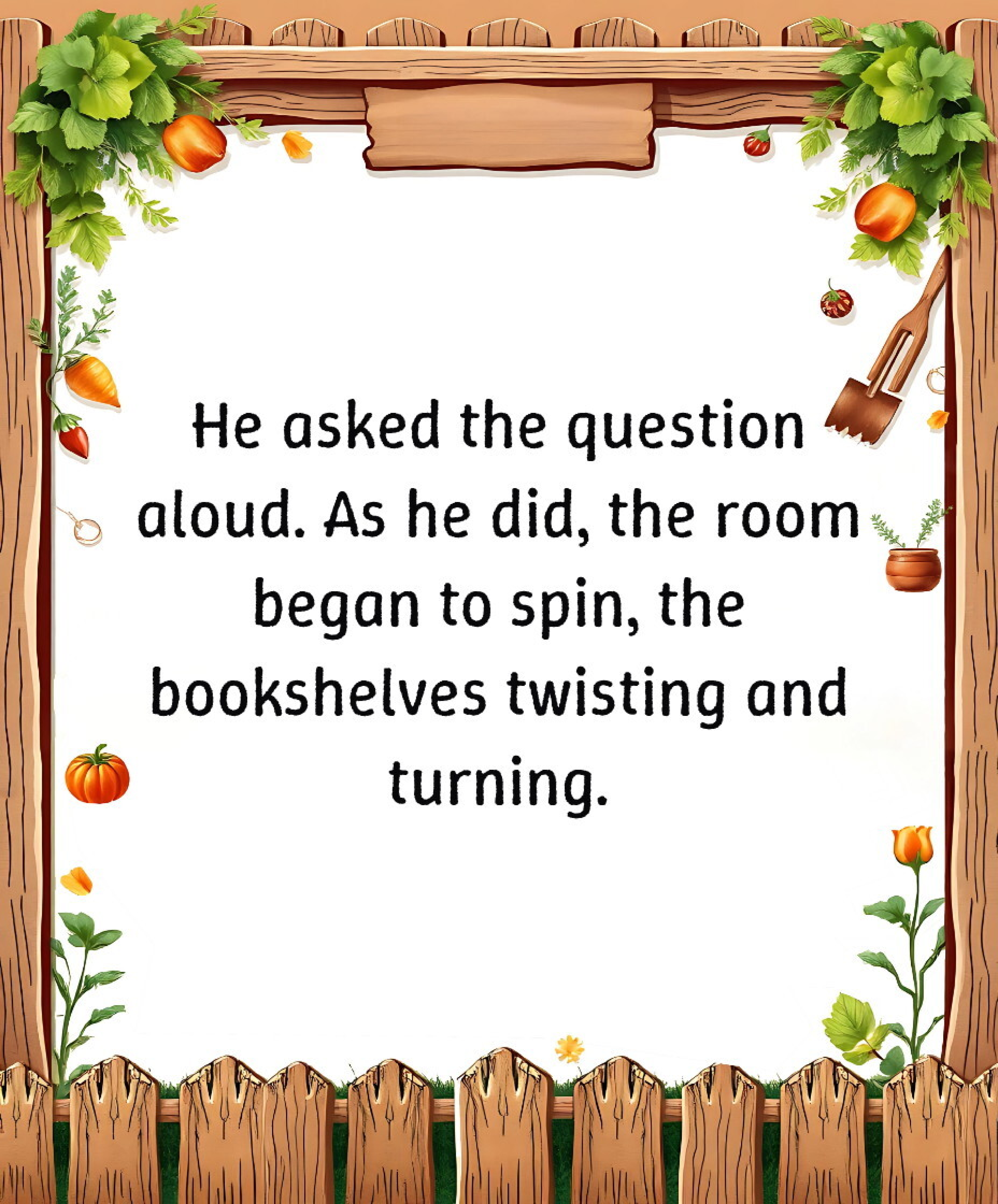
"Stop!" cried the Rule Keeper. The book snapped shut and returned to its place with a thud. "Some knowledge is best left untouched."





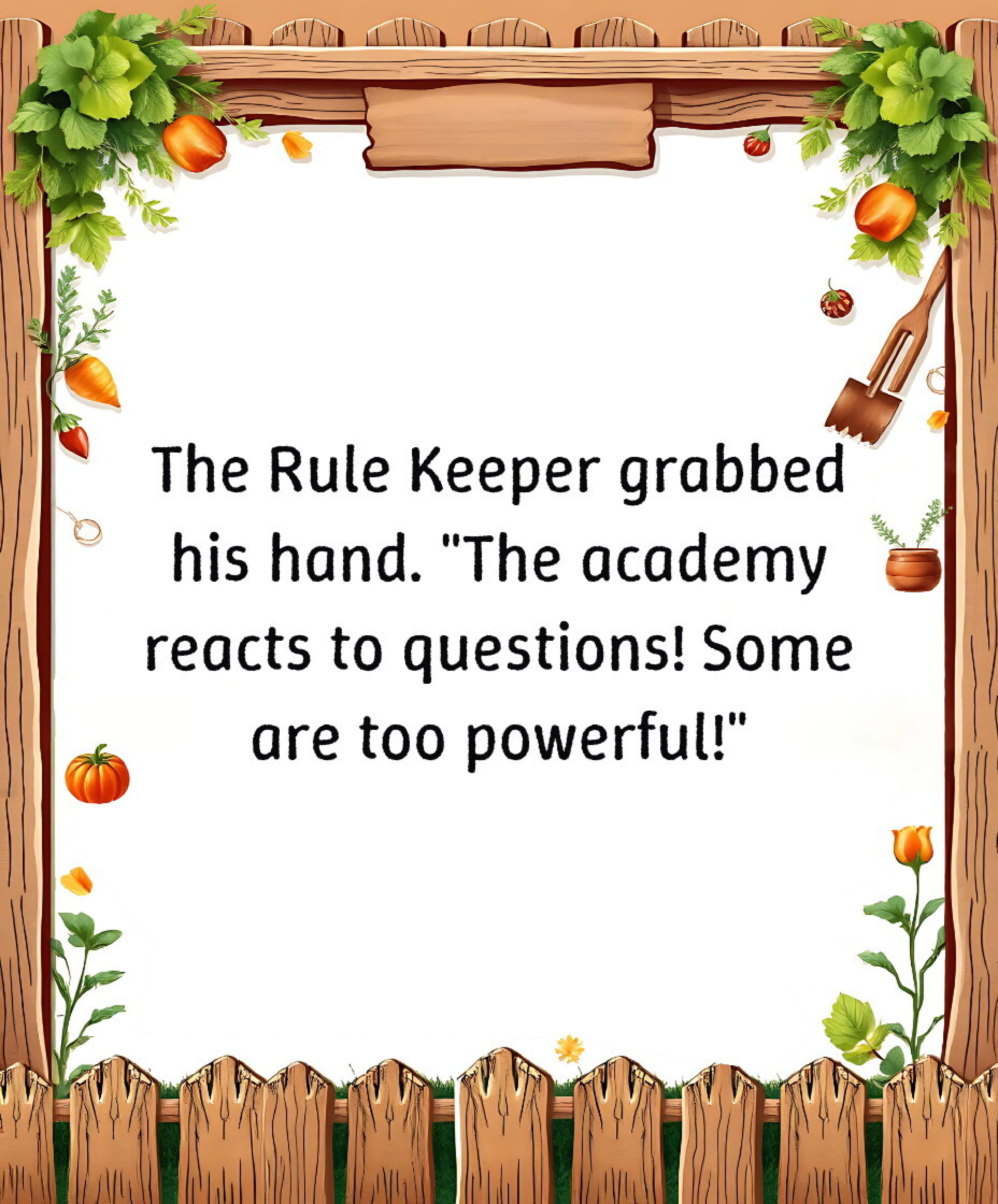
Theo frowned. He didn't understand. If knowledge was so dangerous, why have an academy at all?





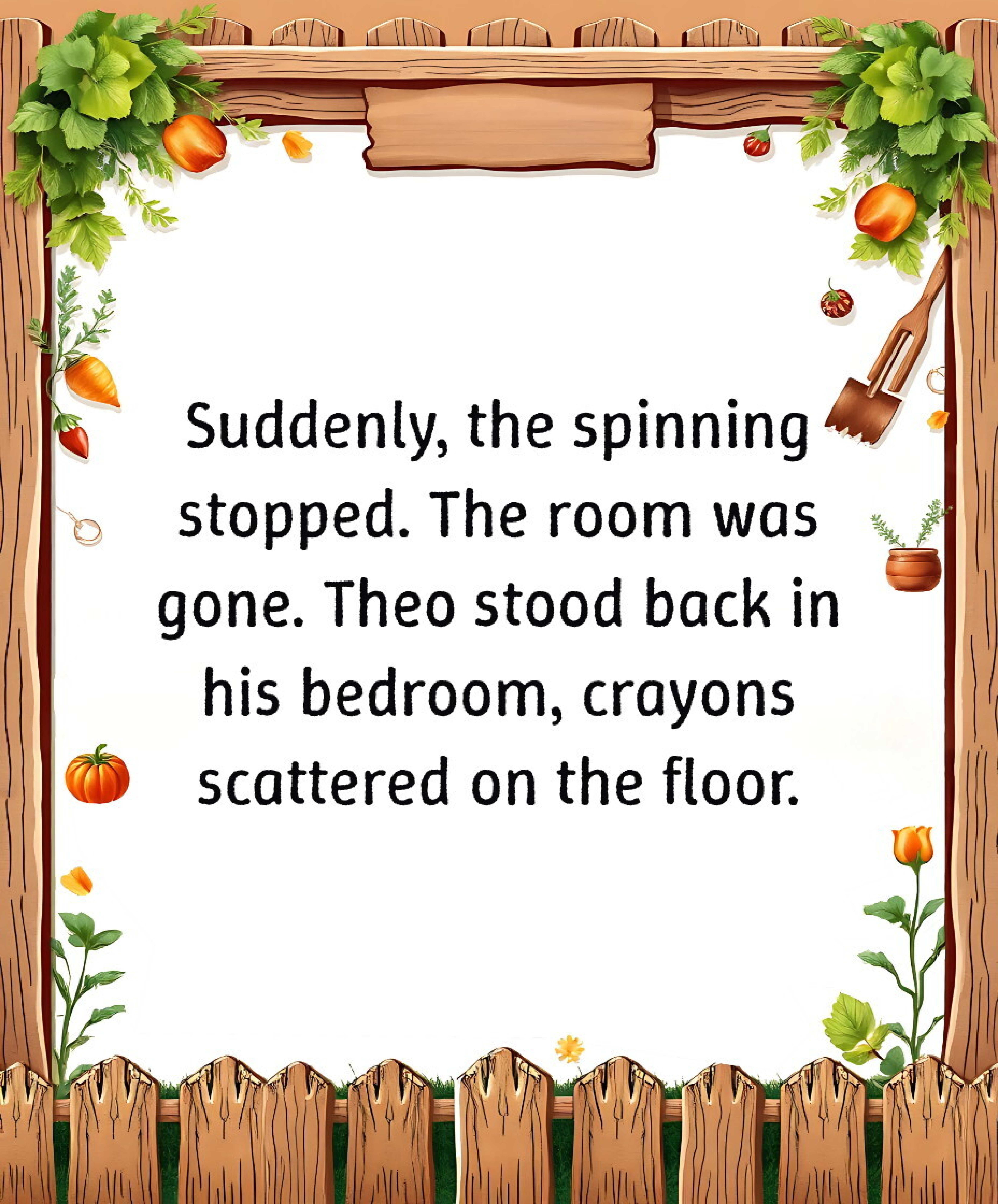
He asked the question
aloud. As he did, the room
began to spin, the
bookshelves twisting and
turning.





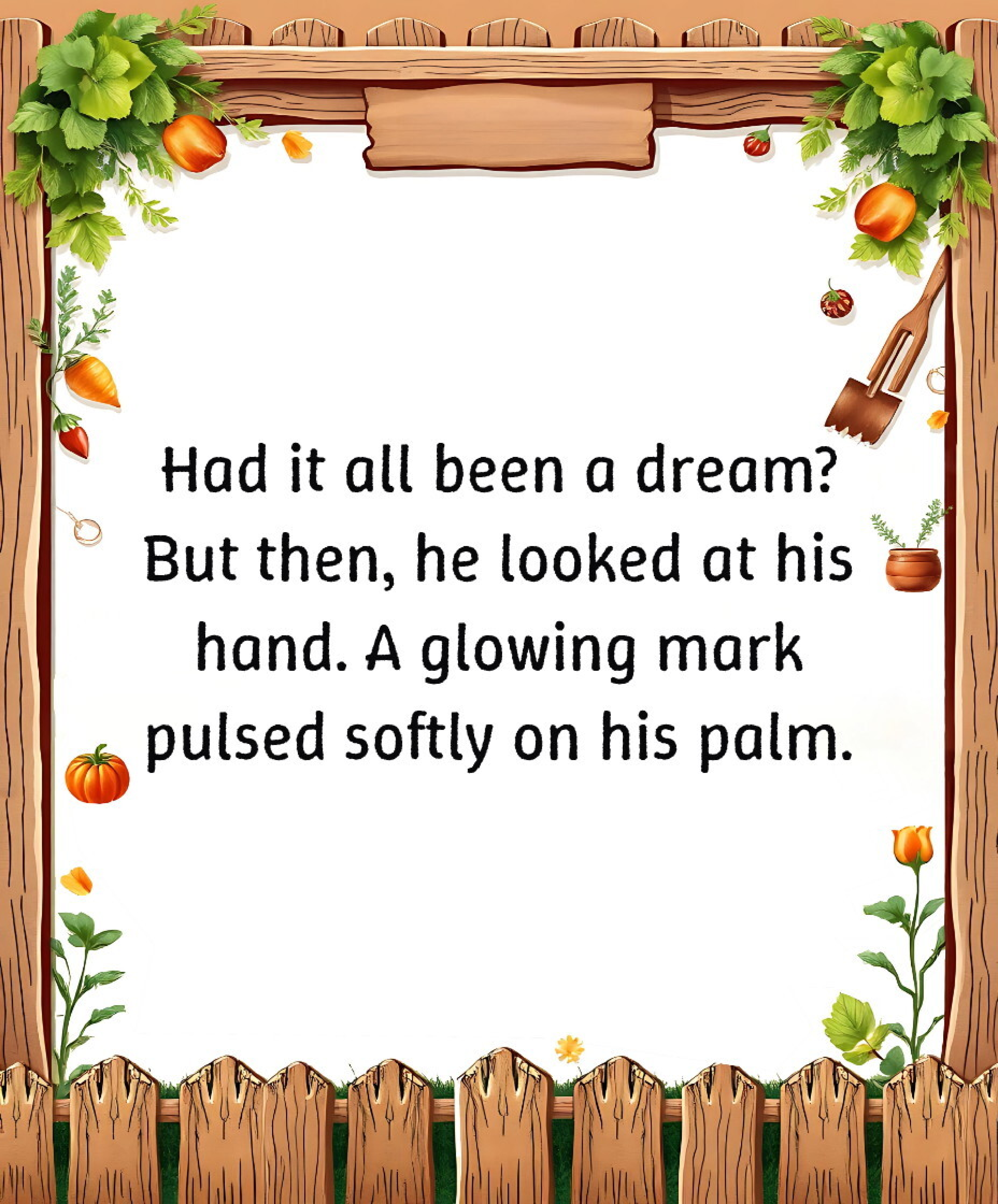
The Rule Keeper grabbed his hand. "The academy reacts to questions! Some are too powerful!"





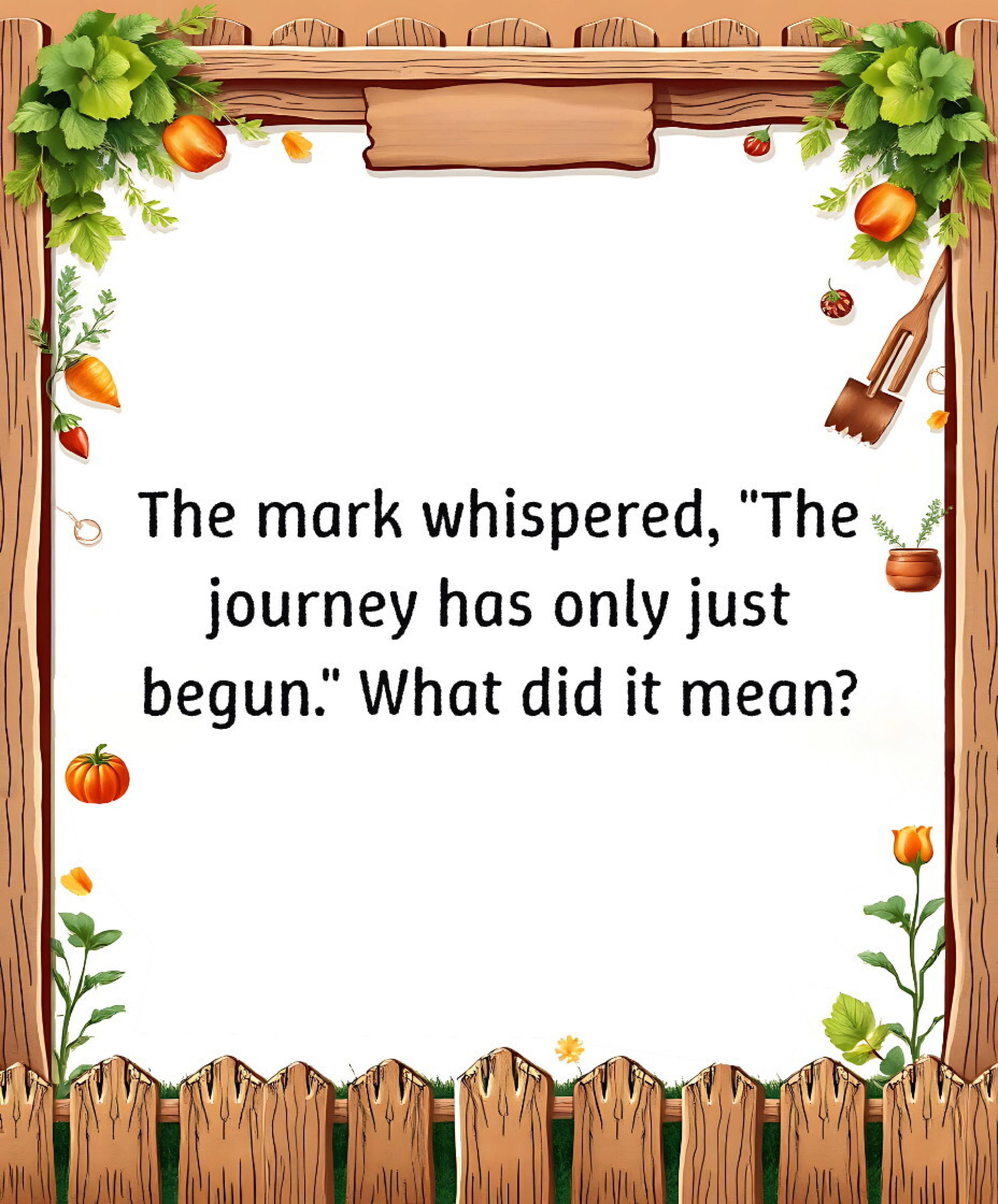
Suddenly, the spinning stopped. The room was gone. Theo stood back in his bedroom, crayons scattered on the floor.





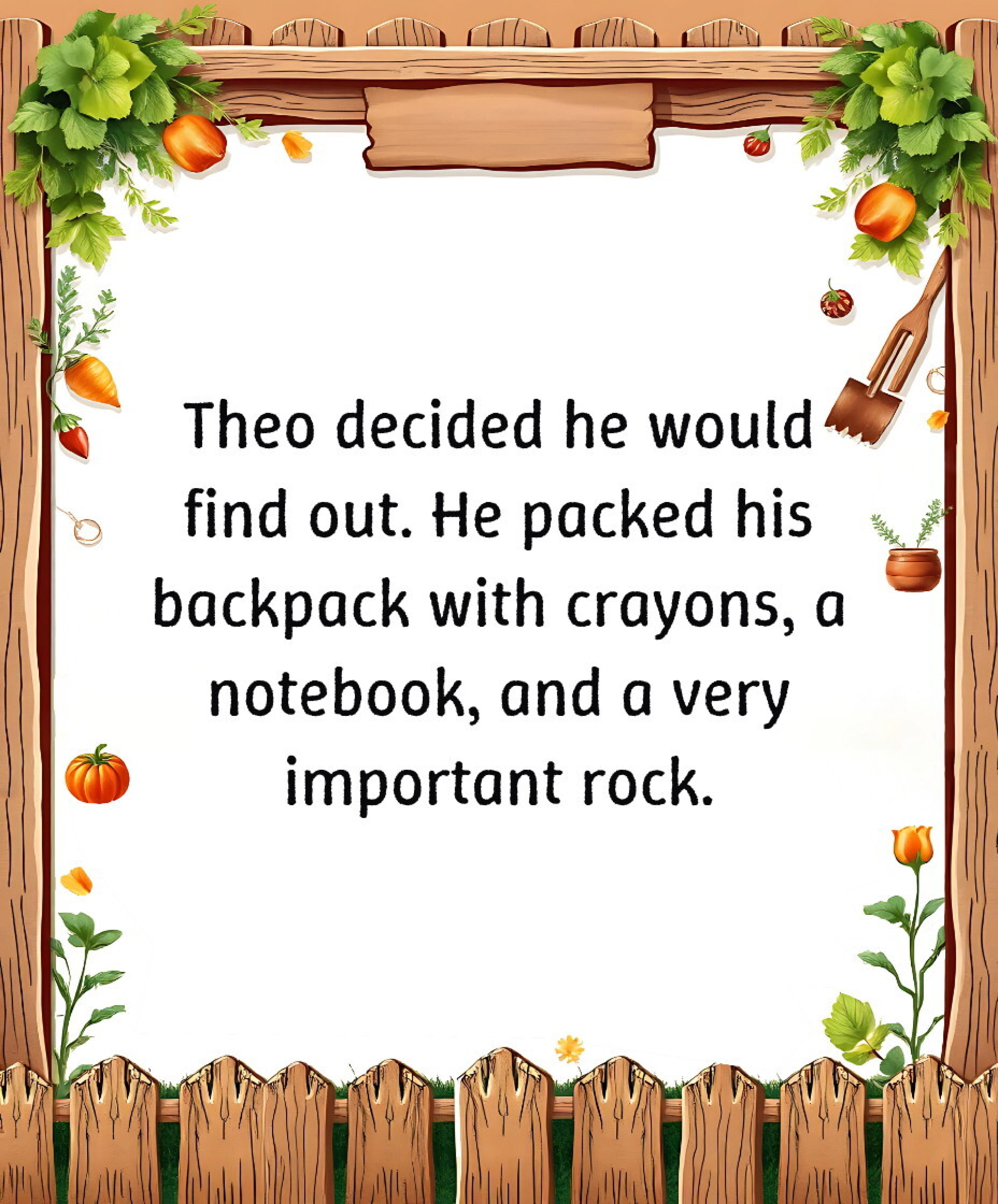
Had it all been a dream?
But then, he looked at his
hand. A glowing mark
pulsed softly on his palm.





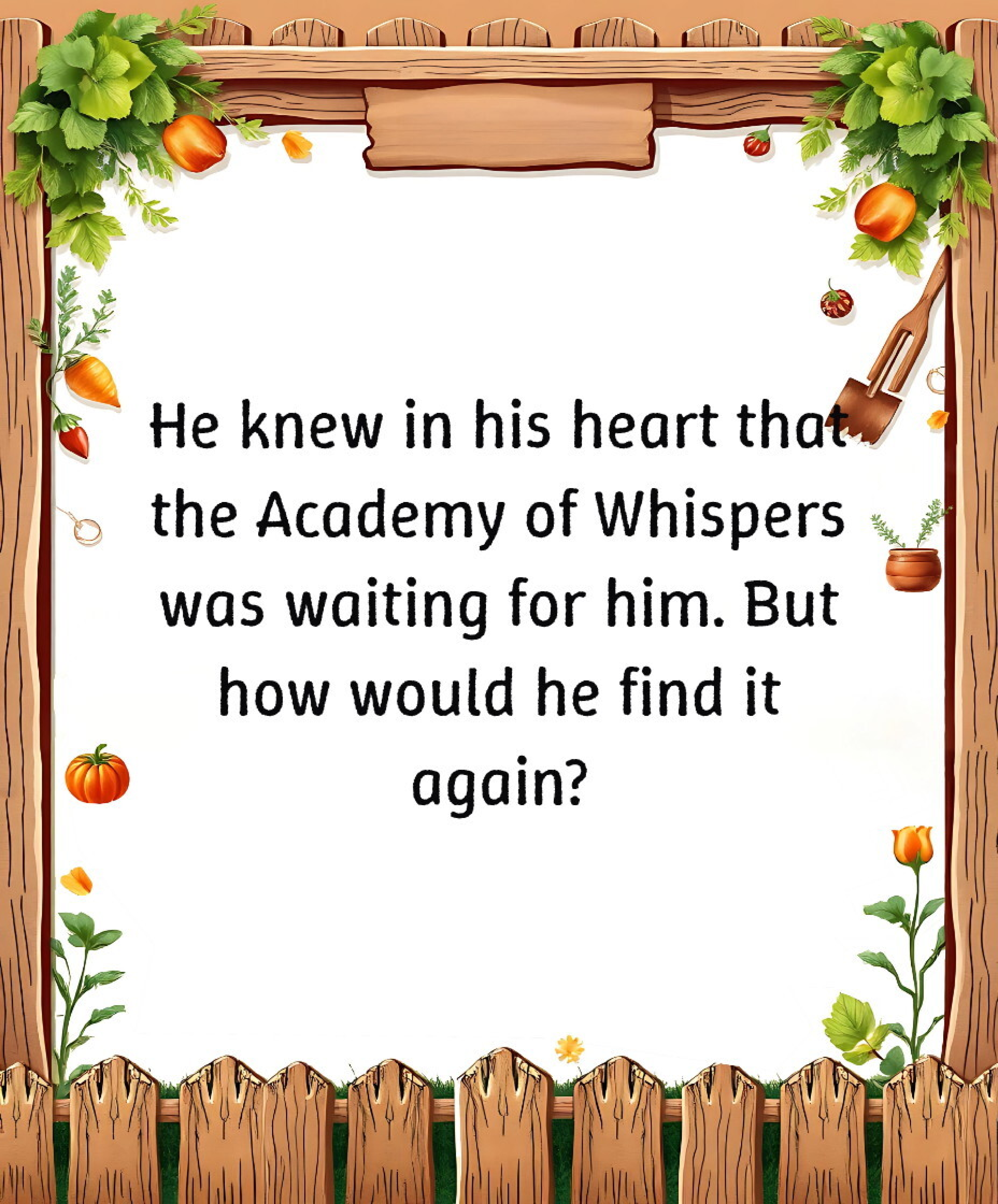
The mark whispered, "The journey has only just begun." What did it mean?





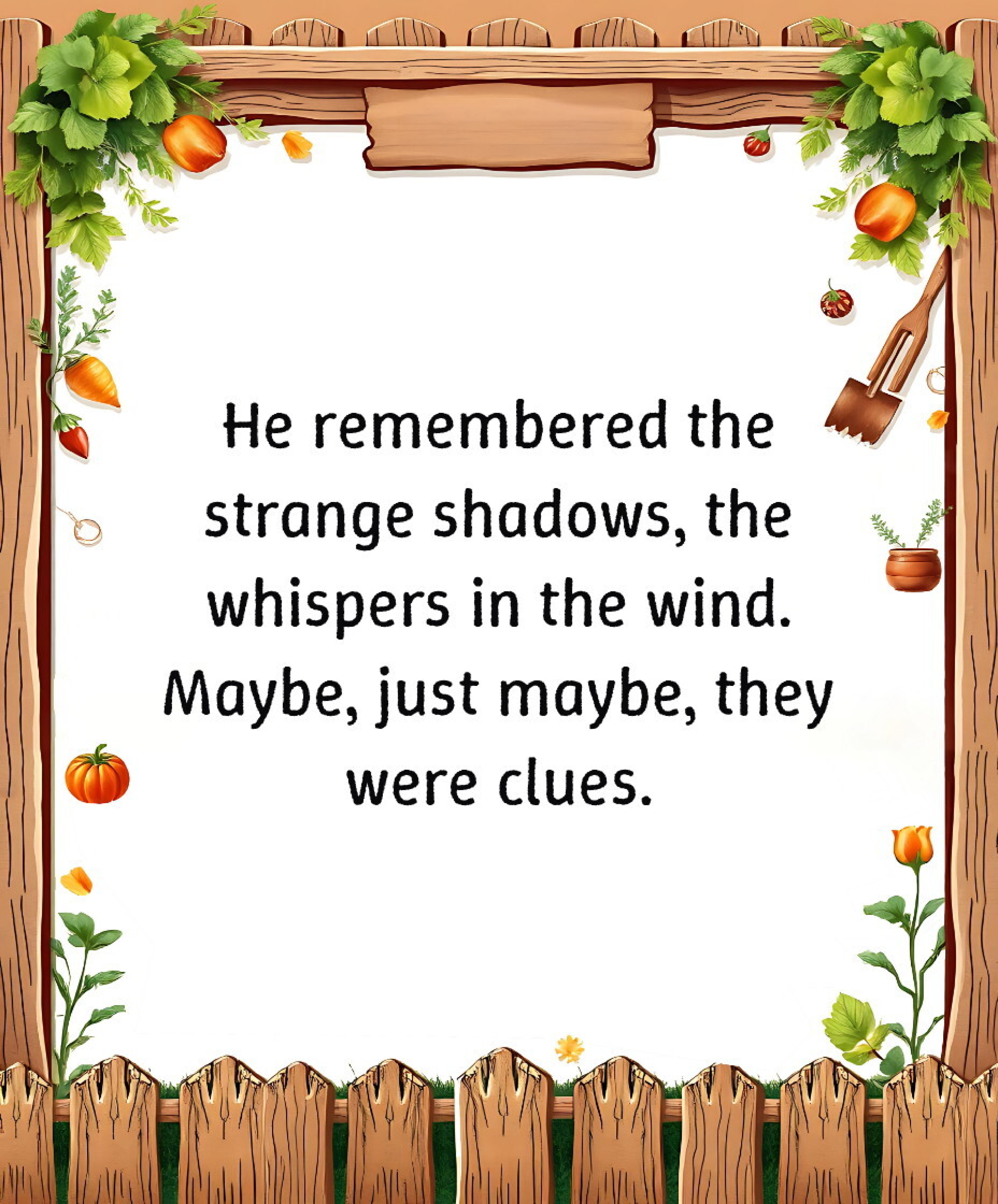
Theo decided he would find out. He packed his backpack with crayons, a notebook, and a very important rock.





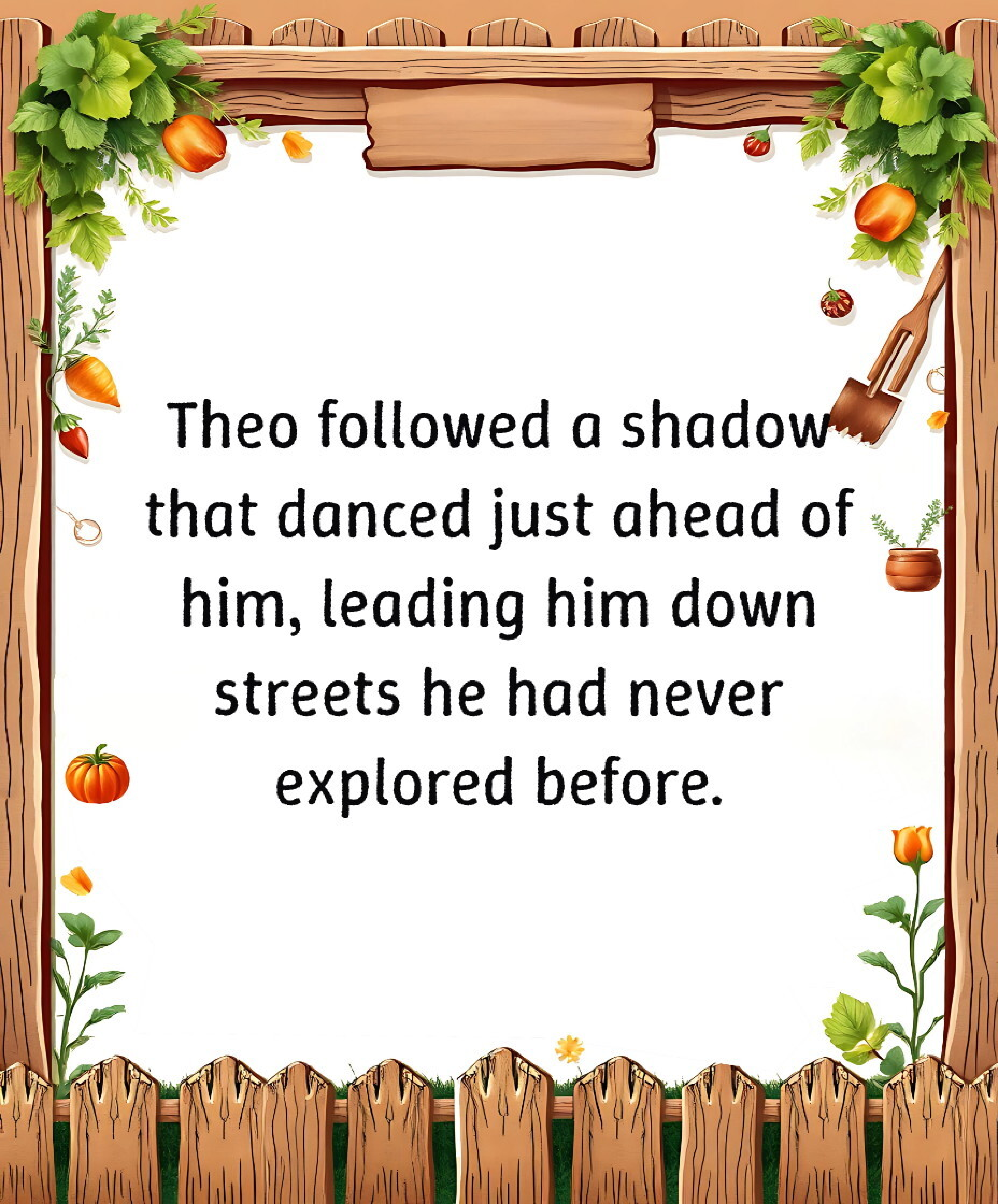
He knew in his heart that
the Academy of Whispers
was waiting for him. But
how would he find it
again?





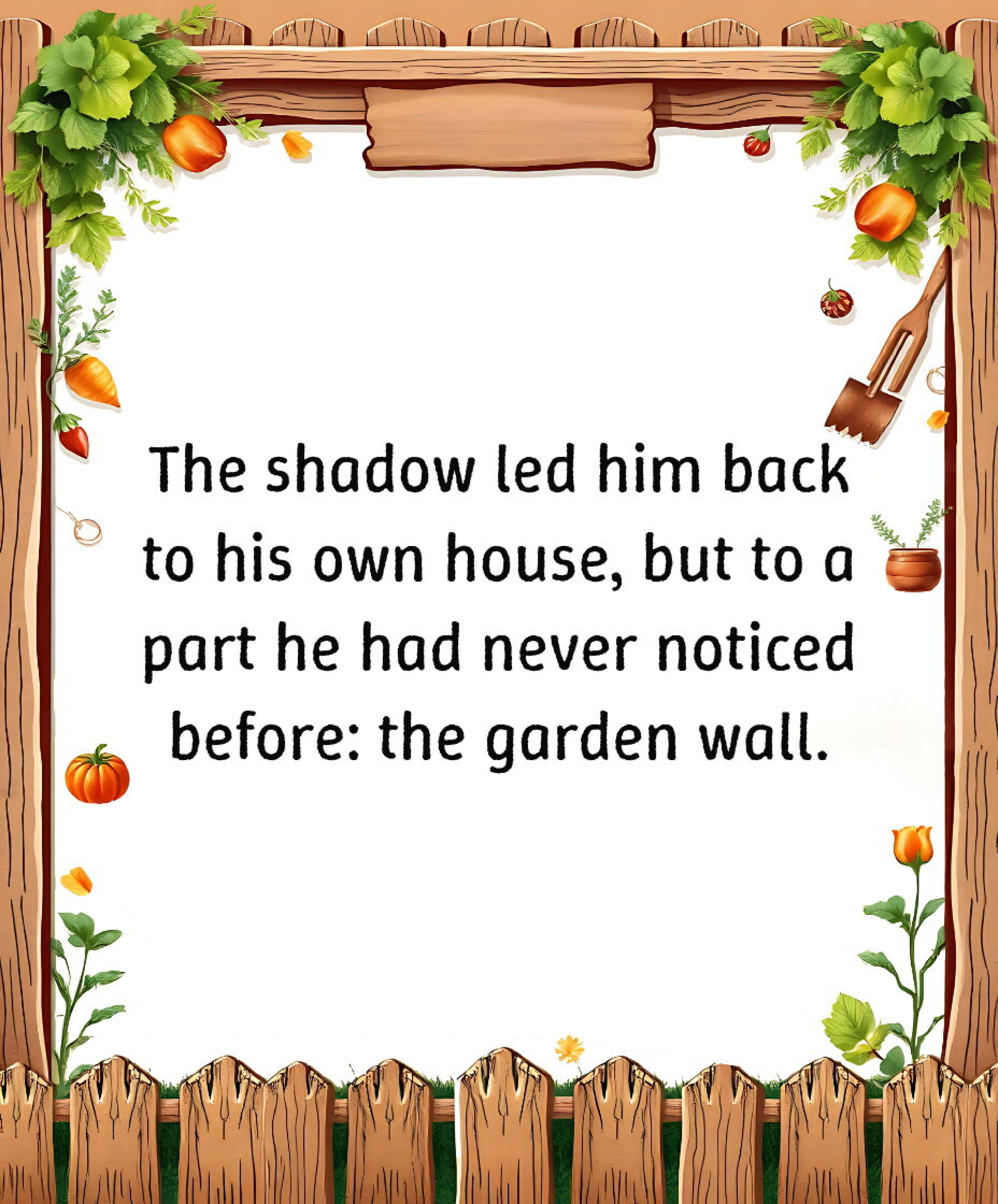
He remembered the
strange shadows, the
whispers in the wind.
Maybe, just maybe, they
were clues.





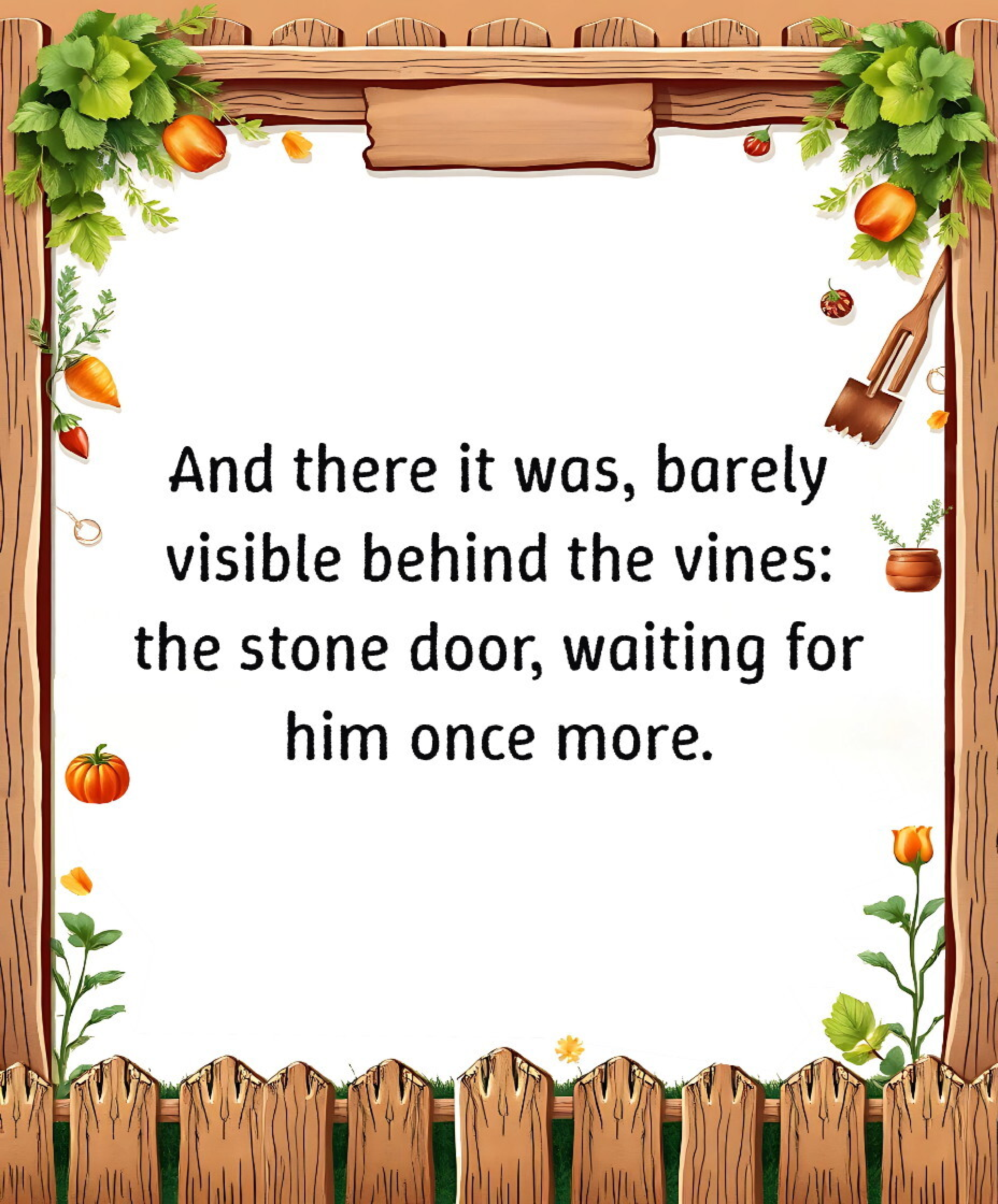
Theo followed a shadow
that danced just ahead of
him, leading him down
streets he had never
explored before.





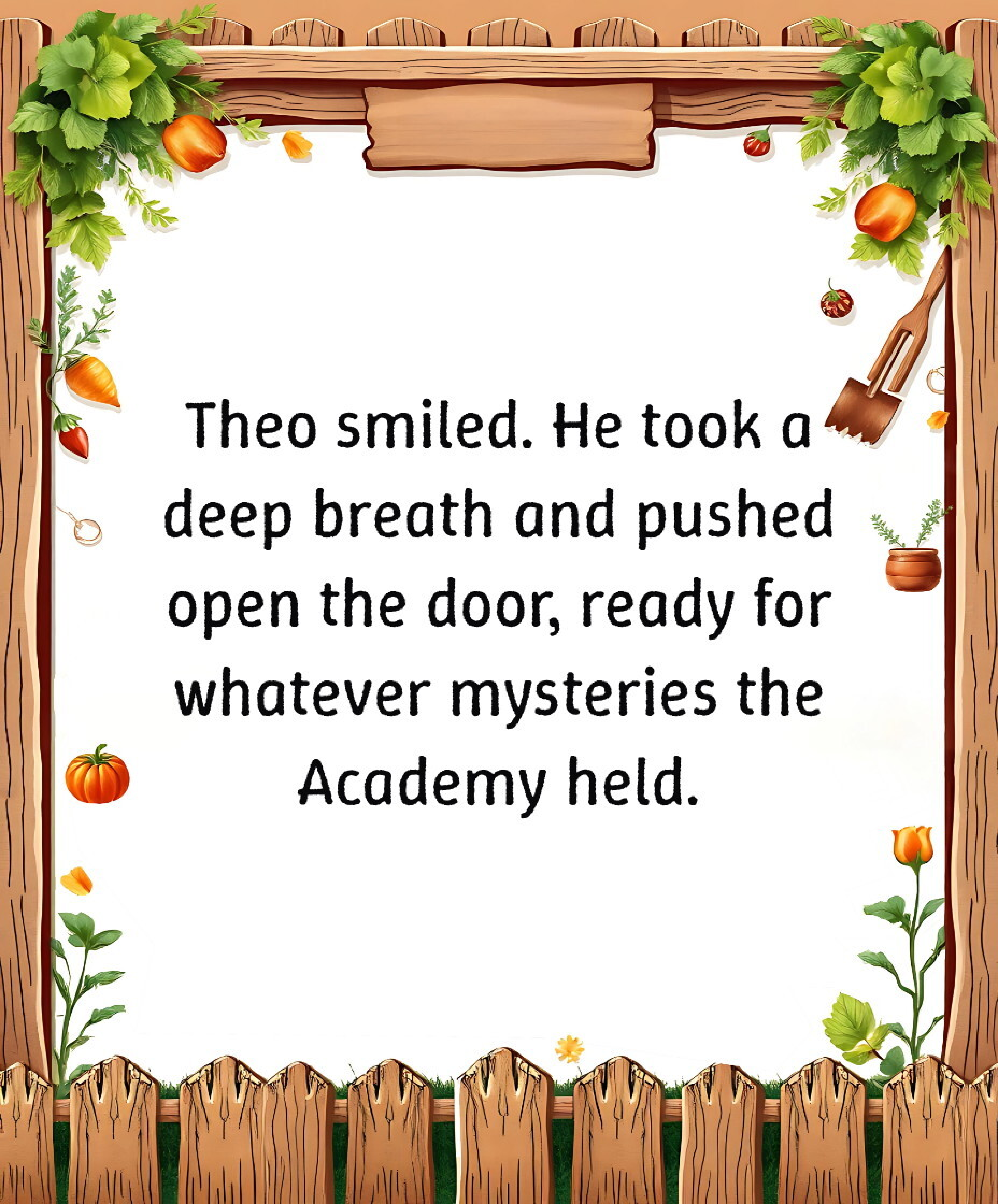
The shadow led him back to his own house, but to a part he had never noticed before: the garden wall.





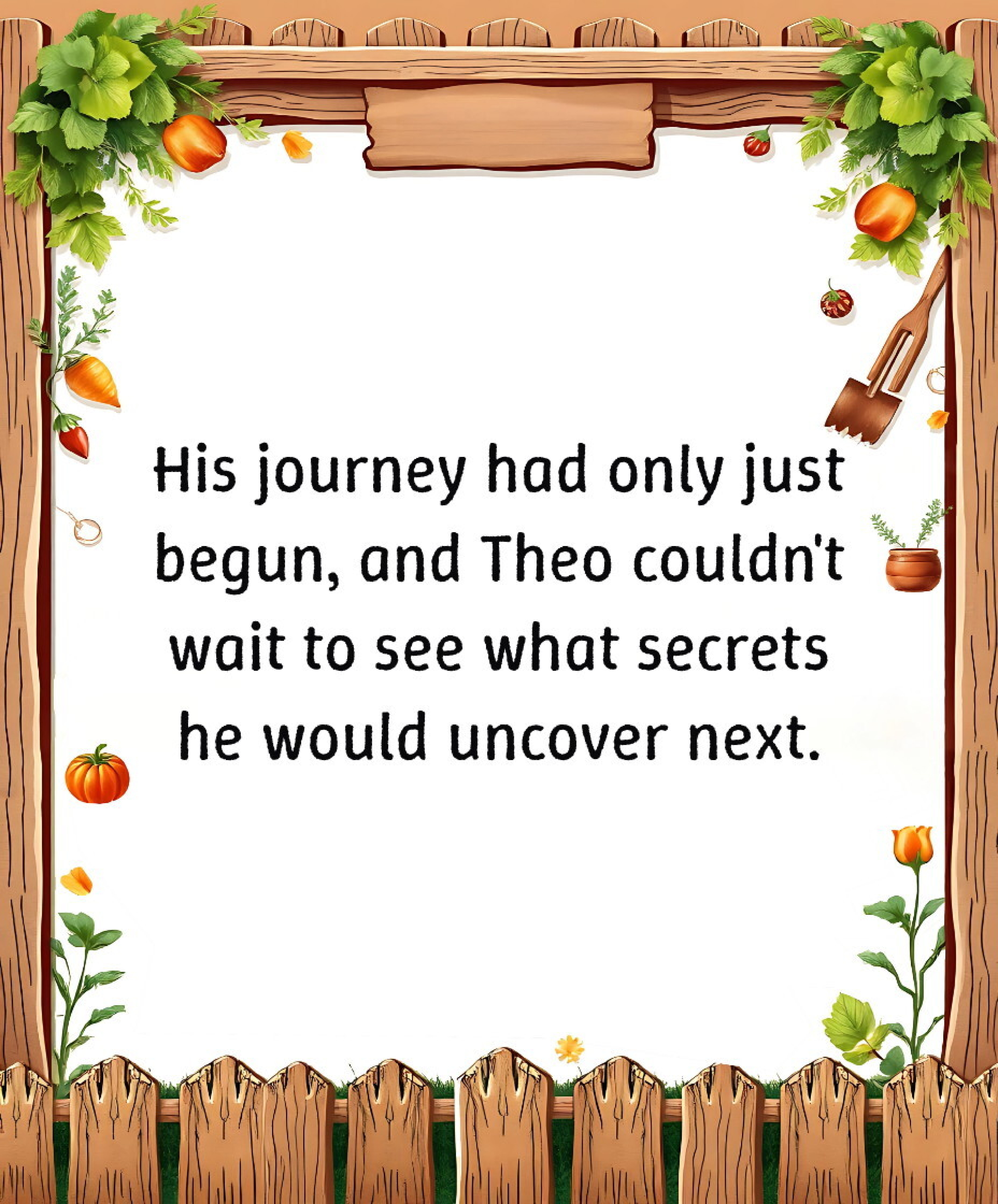
And there it was, barely
visible behind the vines:
the stone door, waiting for
him once more.





Theo smiled. He took a deep breath and pushed open the door, ready for whatever mysteries the Academy held.





His journey had only just begun, and Theo couldn't wait to see what secrets he would uncover next.



The End - Part 1

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