

Ellie Elephant's Listening Ears



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Ellie Elephant woke up with her big, floppy ears all a-wiggle and a-wobble. The sunlight peeked through the leaves of her jungle home.

She stretched, yawned, and gave her ears a happy flap.

The morning air was full of sounds—birds singing cheerful songs, monkeys chattering high in the trees, and the soft slurp of river water nearby.

“What would I hear today if I really listened?” Ellie wondered with a sleepy grin.



She plodded down to the river, where Sammy Squirrel was wobbling on a floating stick.

“Watch this, Ellie!” Sammy called.

SPLASH!

He tumbled into the water with a squeaky giggle that echoed off Ellie’s giant ears.

Her trunk wriggled with laughter.

“That splash tickled my ears!” she said, chuckling.

Sammy popped up and grinned. “I’m great at noisy landings!”



Continuing through the tall grass, Ellie slowed her steps.
She closed her eyes and opened her ears, letting each sound paint
a picture.

She heard tiny bugs crawling through dirt, butterflies flapping like
paper fans, and the quiet squish-squish of her own big feet.

“I can hear the world like a gentle drum,” she whispered, feeling
peaceful and proud.

Even the wind seemed to soften just for her.



Next, Ellie passed by Chipper the Chimp, who was sitting under a tree with a pout on his face.

“Hi Chipper,” she said gently.

“Nobody listens when I try to tell my story,” he sniffed.

Ellie sat beside him and wrapped one of her big ears softly around his shoulders.

“Try telling me your story,” she said. “I’ll listen with both my ears and my heart.”



Chipper's eyes lit up.

He began to talk about the time he discovered a golden mango
hidden in a tree knot.

He used his hands, his tail, even sound effects to tell the tale.

Ellie didn't interrupt. She just listened—quietly, kindly, completely.

When Chipper finished, he beamed.

“Thanks for hearing me, Ellie,” he said. “My story sounds even
better out loud.”



Later that day, Ellie came upon a noisy clearing.

Birds were singing, frogs were croaking, bugs were buzzing.

It was so loud, her ears almost flapped off her head!

She sat down in the middle of it all and squeezed her eyes shut.

She waited.

Then listened.

And slowly... she heard something small.

A soft hum. Gentle and low.

She leaned closer and spotted a garden snail, humming calmly as
it slid along a leaf.

Amid all the noise, Ellie had found quiet.



Back at the riverbank, Ellie dipped her ears in the cool water,
sending little ripples outward.

Sammy Squirrel joined her and plopped down on a rock.

“Let’s play a game,” Ellie said. “No talking. Just listening.
Whoever hears the most wins!”

Soon, all their friends gathered round—Chipper, the frogs, even a
curious butterfly.

They listened to the rustle of trees, the ploop of water, the faint
buzz of dragonfly wings.

Even the river seemed to giggle.



As the sun began to set, painting the sky with golden pinks, Ellie
lay beneath her favorite leafy tree.

She folded her ears like a cozy blanket.

She thought of all the sounds she'd heard that day—splashy
laughs, gentle whispers, a friend's story, a humming snail, and
peaceful ploop-plops.

Listening had helped her notice so much more than she ever
expected.

It made her feel close to the world.

It made her feel full of heart.



That night, Ellie drifted into dreams with happy ears and an even happier heart.

In her sleep, she could still hear the river's lullaby, Chipper's mango story, and the soft hum of a very wise snail.

“Goodnight, world,” Ellie whispered.

“I’m listening.”

Before You Drift Off...

What's a sound you heard today that made you smile or feel calm?

How do you think someone feels when you really listen to their story?