

OLIVIA'S RESPONSE to *Incidental Mur-murings*

I sit here on these containers of wisdom, I absorb knowledge. They lean to the wall, they absorb gossip. I watch their constant mur-murings. The fiction that constantly passes through those confining walls. I don't engage in that sort of activity, the act disgusts me. To eavesdrop on speculation and disturb the happiness of others through shame. The elegance of their scheming broken by their actions.

The forest of unfair lies they share is truly horrible. My listening glass is only for the purest of whispers. I listen to the song of nature and the beat of life. I listen to the calls of the birds and the screams of organic destruction, I listen to the languages of communication and the transporting of people to each other.

I listen mur-murings of truth.

By Olivia Hobbs (12 years old)