



Echo

She never spoke — yet she always knew she was different.
In a world that never listened, she found herself in the gaze of a quiet fox.

Memories drift. Labels scatter like notes in the air.
A child walks in silence, seeking a place to belong.

This is not a tale of defiance, but of quiet revolution —
A journey of being seen, of simply being.

Some identities bloom in silence — yet leave the deepest echo.

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