

Wendy's Silence

The day Wendy's puppy, Chispa, passed away, sadness filled the house. Wendy locked herself in her room, refusing to eat or speak. Her worried parents gently knocked on her door.

"Honey, if you want, we can talk about what happened," her mom said in a soft voice.

From the other side of the door, Wendy's voice was small and broken. "I don't want to talk," she said. "I don't want to see anybody either."

Her parents looked at each other, understanding they needed to give her space. They walked away and stopped in the hallway, with pained expressions.

The dad sighed and ran a hand through his hair. "I hate this," he whispered. "I hate that she's so sad."

The mom placed a hand on his shoulder. "I hate this too," she replied. "But in situations like this, there's no better medicine than time." And with that bitter truth, the two of them stood in the hallway, waiting for their daughter to heal.