

✕✕✕ *The Boy Who Had Lost His Voice* ✕✕

Johnny Wordsworth
Animals, Fable, Humor

It was in the early morning, and the daily practice of the village was to have the local choir sing on stage. Their heavenly voices were just the thing to perk up the villagers in the morning.

And on stage was the choir consisting of their leader, Leader; his second-in-command Tammy, their arrogant background pianist Tony, the friendly backup vocalist Richard and of course, last but not least, the talented Little Timmy.

And at once, they started to sing!

~~Leader: Do-re-mi-fa-so-la-ti-do!~~

Tammy, crescendo!

Use your beautiful voice!

Tammy: Tony on the piano,

Give us some background noise!

Tony: Richard, the tallest one!

Sing, chant to the skies!

Richard: And Little Timmy, it's your turn,

Time for you to shine!

~~But Little Timmy, gazing~~ at the large crowd, couldn't say a single word! He tried to sing, but nary a word fell out from his mouth. He tried to speak, even, but he had no voice!

Oh no, Little Timmy had lost his voice! He tried to speak, but no words tumbled out from his lips. He couldn't sing anymore! The crowd, realizing this, booed Little Timmy off the stage.

"Little Timmy! You can't sing, so you can't be a part of the choir anymore!" Tony sighed. "I'm sorry, but you have to go." The other choir members agreed with nods, as their leader ushered Little Timmy offstage, the audience throwing tomatoes at them.

They turned their attention to Timmy, before chasing him away.

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'Oh no!' Timmy thought, "I need to find a way to get my voice back."

Soon, as he ran away from the jeering crowd, he found himself in a magical forest.

Before he knew it, magical animals who could speak had emerged from the trees. There were birds, deer and even rabbits of all kinds.

The magical animals circled him, eyeing him with every step.

"Little Timmy, poor Little Timmy! He lost his voice; but do not worry. We are here, and let us sing!" They spoke in unison.

Timmy was flabbergasted. 'Sing?' He wondered, raising an eyebrow.

They could read his mind with their magic, it appeared. "Yes! With our magical song, your voice will return for sure!" They chanted. "Let's begin!"

'How convenient. Anything to get my voice back!' Timmy mused happily, agreeing, and the animals started them off.

~~"Today is a magical day,~~

A day of fun and laughter.

We will sing today together,

And who cares about what comes after." The birds chirped.

"Today is a magical day,

On this very day rejoice.

For we have a special friend,

Who is about to get back his voice." A deer caroled.

"And we'll sing,

AH-AH-AH-AH-AH-AH,

For this magical day's upon us.

And we'll sing,

..." The rabbits finished singing, prompting Little Timmy to continue.

~~All the animals stared at Little Timmy.~~

Silence.

'Oh no. I still can't sing!' Timmy thought, panicking. He had opened his mouth and screamed with all his might, but still no sound came out. Even with the magical powers of the forest animals' song, Timmy was unable to break the spell cast on him and regain his voice.

He cried, sobbing to himself silently. 'It's not working!'

He felt hopeless.

Not wishing to further upset him, the magical animals disappeared back into the forest.

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Timmy had nowhere to go after the song but home.

Pushing open the door, he realized that the house was deathly silent. Where was his mother?

She wouldn't be out at this ungodly hour.

'Mom!' Alarm bells rang in his head. He had found her, slumped over her chair, unconscious. Not a single breath escaped from her lips.

'Wake up, please!' He thought, shaking her limp body and trying to rouse her. 'Please tell me you're okay!'

No response. She continued to lay still, unmoving.

'I can't lose you...' He thought to himself, sobbing quietly. 'I can't give up... not just yet!'

Remembering his mother's favorite song, he gathered up all his courage, as his lips began to move, mouthing the words.

Magically, his throat croaked the lyrics out.

HIS VOICE WAS BACK!

~~Realizing this, he began~~ to sing, praying that she would wake up.

“When the whole world’s gone crazy,
And you really need some help,
You must always remember,
Don’t give up on yourself.

Oh keep on trying hard,
Never ever give up, oh.
Don’t give up on yourself,
Don’t give up on yourself.

Keep on living, oh.
Keep on breathing, oh.
Don’t give up on yourself,
Don’t give up on yourself.”

He finished singing, holding his breath as he watched her still body.

~~Her eyes fluttered open.~~ “LITTLE TIMMY! You’re back! Where were you? I’m so sorry, I just felt a little sick, but I’m magically better now.”

Was it the song? Timmy would never know. But his new found confidence had saved the day, allowing him to stir his mother from her endless slumber, and his voice would never leave him again.

The whole village was watching intently through the window, having heard his heavenly tunes; the choir invited him back to be their new leader, now that he could sing again.

And of course Little Timmy and his mother lived happily ever after.

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