

The dark silhouette of a house pops up at the other end of the field.  
The more I walk toward it, the more the wheat field grows. Every blade has a hushed voice and a story to tell. They touch my legs as if begging me to listen. They offer me gold and poppies.

The sky is also a rippling wheat field with its own stories and voices. It's so much noise, how can I make them stop?

*Everyone, hush!* I tell them. I sit criss-cross applesauce. Behind me, the house is lit and quiet in Grandma's kingdom.

*Now I'm ready, I say. Please speak one at a time.*