

The summer heat blazed down on the park. Children all around laughing and playing about. But one child did not. A creek ran through the middle of the park and a young girl was sitting on a rock beside it. Her pink crocs splashing in the water as she hummed a little tune to herself. She didn't mind being alone, not really; for at home she was always alone.

She had been at the park every day for the whole summer. She loved the smell of the fresh lavender lining the gates and the picturesque green grass hills. And every day she was alone. Sometimes she sat on her little rock and sometimes she walked down the creek looking for tadpoles. She was always alone.

On the other side of the creek sat a young boy with brown curly hair and overalls. He had been at the park every day for the whole summer. Well, since he had seen her. He was fascinated by her calm demeanor and quiet facade. He had been building up the courage all summer to go over and talk to her, and today was the day.

He sat up and started trudging through the mud toward her. She didn't notice of course; for she was too absorbed in her own mind. As he got closer and closer he started to notice her pale white face had a smattering of freckles from all those days in the hot summer sun.

He was standing right beside her and she still hadn't noticed him. She was picking at her nails. He decided to finally do something about it and tap her shoulder. As soon as he made contact she seemed to jump two whole feet into the air, which was a lot for her 7-year-old body.

“Hello.” The boy said. The girl looked at him inquisitively. She tapped on her ear and shrugged her shoulders. *She was deaf.* The young boy had never met a deaf person before but knew that there was nothing wrong with them, just their ears. So he settled for a quick wave and in a work of magic the young girl waved back.

The girl looked around as if trying to find something and then plopped down into the sand. She traced her finger in long lines through the sand until it eventually spelled a name, Margaret. The boy understood. He sat down next to her and traced his own name, Everett. From that day forward Margaret and Everett would never play alone again.