

Selected Value: Filial Piety and Empathy

An Empathy's Journey

They met one gray and quiet day, two turtles on a tired path. Not racing, not running just...moving. Just trying,
One had a scar down his back, like how time dragged a finger there.
The other's shell was dulled with age, faded by storms no one else saw.
"Some mornings," the first one said, "I wake up and wonder if I'll even move. Not because I'm broken, just tired of pretending I'm not."
The second paused. She didn't offer advice, didn't fill the air with better stories. Just nodded. Slowly, and honestly. "I get that," she said. Some days the world feels too loud, and I can't tell if I'm hiding from it or from myself." They didn't rush. They didn't fix each other. But, in that quiet, cracked companionship, something erased.
The shells were heavy, but not as lonely. And for a little while, that was enough.