

I don't want to take too much of your time, so I'll get straight to the point.

I can speak 7,004 languages. That's nearly every living language on Earth. Spanish? Sure. French? Absolutely. Mandarin? Child's play. German? Been there. I can prove it, too.

Tôi có thể nói hầu như bất cứ điều gì bằng hầu hết mọi ngôn ngữ.

*I can say practically anything in almost any language.* Vietnamese is tricky with its tones, but thankfully, that's part of the package now.

Even the obscure ones are in the database. Take this:

**“Ni allaf ond dweud mai am fy ysgyfaint uchaf y mae fy awydd. Byddai grŵp hyd yn oed yn fy lladd dim ond i gael eu dwylo arno.”**

*(“I can only say that my desire is for my upper lungs. A group would even kill me just to get their hands on it.” – Welsh.)*

Keep it safe. You'll understand later.

So... how did I end up like this? How did I unlock a mutated multilingual mind?

It started in sixth grade. My friend Johnathan handed me a jelly bean. Not just any jelly bean — this one was weird. It was glowing a faint green and smelled faintly of static electricity. I didn't eat it right away. It sat in a gum container on my desk for days, collecting dust and mystery. Then, one sunny April afternoon, I just... ate it. Like it was no big deal.

For a few days, nothing happened. No transformations, no sparkly eyes, no alien visitations. I thought it was just candy. But then, the Friday after, I woke up with a splitting headache. Not the normal kind — not even the “I-haven't-slept” kind. It felt like my entire brain was being... rewritten.

I remember the moment it all changed. At lunch, I saw a tray with strange lettering etched into it. Somehow, I *knew* what it said.

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***Tibet's Mountains.***

On a side note, who would even carve *Tibet's Mountains* in an ancient language into an American public school lunch tray?

From that moment on, it happened over and over. German warning signs. French posters. Even road signs in Mongolian. I just... understood. As if I'd always known.

I kept it a secret at first. I mean, who wouldn't? If word got out, people might start poking and prodding. But eventually, I told my family.

### **Big mistake.**

Mom dove into research like it was her thesis. Dad went full Sherlock, trying to “analyze” me like I was some puzzle box. And my siblings? Piper and Jameson? Piper went berserk. She had me doing all her Spanish homework. Jameson was chill — he's a good kid — but Piper? She doesn't get that copying answers isn't the same as learning.

No sé por qué es así. Quizás solo quiere aprovechar al máximo esta extraña habilidad, o está celosa.

Sinceramente, no ca—

*I don't know why she's like this. Maybe she just wants to milk this weird ability, or maybe she's jealous. Honestly, I don't even ca—*

Oops. See? It slips out sometimes. I'm always mid-translation.

But the truth is, having this gift... it's more than just cool. It's powerful.

I know what everyone's saying. No secrets. No locked doors. Unless someone speaks one of the 36 languages I *don't know* — those are still scrambled. But 7,004 is more than enough.

You could be Macedonian and whisper,  
“Сакам сладолед! Тато, купи ми сладолед!”  
And I'd smile knowingly. You want ice cream.

In school, I'm crushing Italian class. My grades are untouchable. So good, in fact, my teacher suspects I'm cheating. My parents are sorting that out.

Non è colpa mia se parlo un italiano migliore di alcuni madrelingua!  
*It's not my fault I speak better Italian than some natives!*

### **But then... things got weird.**

One night, I was mumbling in my sleep — in a language nobody recognized. That's when they came.

“OI! Döyddfřähkreņkoow!”

That wasn't a language from Earth. It was them.

The Krenjarvs. Interdimensional language harvesters. They've been tracking me ever since I activated the power. To them, my mind is priceless — a universal translator that shouldn't exist outside their realm.

I don't have time. They're listening. Watching. I need to pass this gift on — to someone who can keep it safe. That someone... is you.

The jelly bean? It wasn't candy. It was called the Lingoball — a seed of forbidden understanding, smuggled across space-time. It grew in me. But now it's unstable. And they want it back.

**Here. Take it.**

I'm out of time. They're already—

“HUH?! EEEĚĜTǼŘ!”

go.

they're looking for you now.

don't let them take the lingoball.

**never chew green jelly beans.**

not unless you're ready.