

Not all loud voices are heard... some echo in silence.

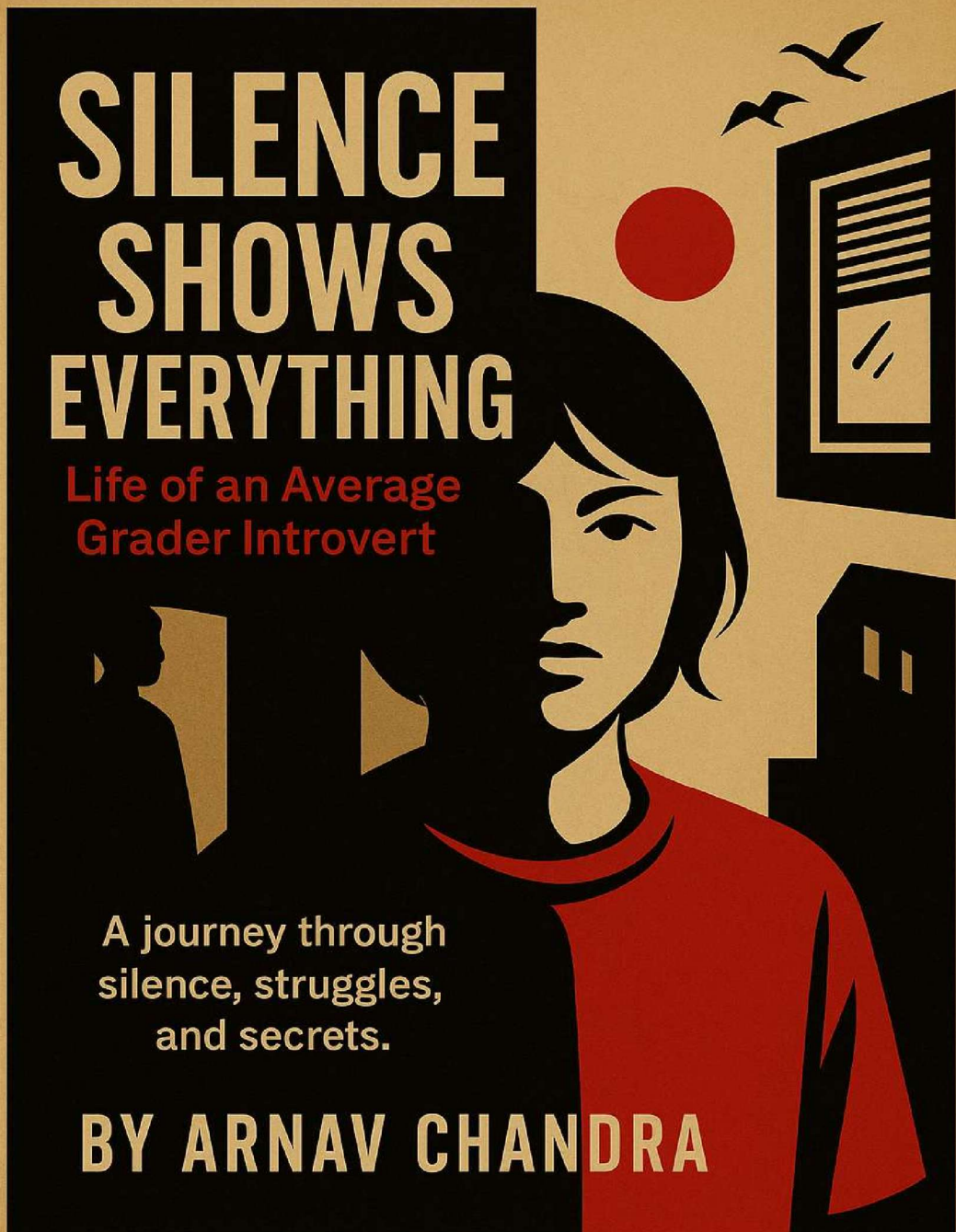
SILENCE SHOWS EVERYTHING

Life of an Average
Grader Introvert

A journey through
silence, struggles,
and secrets.

BY ARNAV CHANDRA

For everyone who ever felt unseen but never
stopped dreaming...



Preface

My name is Arnav Chandra, and I'm a student in 9th grade. I'm not someone who talks much, not someone who loves being the centre of attention. I'm more of the *quiet observer* — someone who likes to stay alone, lost in thoughts, watching the world silently.

I'm not the class topper. I'm not a failure either. I fall somewhere in the middle — an *average grader*. And honestly, that label? It carries more weight than people think.

This book is for everyone like me — the silent ones, the unnoticed, the introverts, the average students who feel like they're living in the background. We may not shine the brightest, but we still burn, quietly and constantly.

I'd like to thank the few real friends — just 4 or 5 — who always stood beside me, never made me feel alone even in my silence. And to my parents... I know they expect more from me, and maybe they don't show much support, but even that little bit of belief they hold, matters.

This isn't a story full of drama or fame. It's just my truth. And maybe, it's yours too.

Prologue: The Power of Quiet

Everyone talks about the ones who speak loudly, top the class, win prizes, or are super popular. But no one notices the quiet ones — the ones who sit in the corner, don't speak much, and just try to get through the day without being seen.

I've always been that quiet type. I don't like talking much unless it's needed. I enjoy staying alone, and I observe things more than I say. It doesn't mean I don't have thoughts or feelings. In fact, I feel a lot. I just don't show it loudly.

People often think if you're not a topper, you're not doing anything great. If you're not active or outgoing, you're boring or weak. But that's not true. Silence has power too. It teaches your patience. It teaches you to understand things deeply. It shows you what others miss.

This book is my way of expressing everything I've felt as an average grader and an introvert. Maybe you'll relate to it, maybe it'll help you understand someone like me, or maybe... you'll feel less alone after reading it.

This is not a story of success. This is just a story of someone who's silently surviving and learning, one day at a time.

Chapter 1:

The Invisible Mode

I am a kind of student that no one really notices.

I am not the top who gets full marks and gets claps during the assembly.

I am not a back track that fails in all topics and is called to the principal's office.

I'm just ... an average classing in the middle.

Most teachers don't even feel whether I'm present in the classroom or not. I sit in one place every day, I get quiet, just look at that day. If I understand a lesson, no one asks me. If I don't completely serve, no one notices. I think in the amount of 40 students to be calm means being invisible.

It's not that I hate learning. I don't just like things they learn. I have never interested in remembering things or reading long answers from textbooks. But when it comes to computer coding, I become a completely different person. I can sit for hours, just write codes, learn new

things and try to solve problems. I feel like I'm doing something meaningful. This is my creative place. This is my rest area.

But no one sees my side.

My parents always ask me to score better. "Why can't you do what others do?" "Why don't you focus more on studies?" I listen to these lines almost daily. These are like the brands they care. But I've never heard anyone ask, "What do you like to do?" Or "are you doing happy?" I am not opposed to reform, but it is difficult to give my best in that you are not interested.

I spend most of my time seeing others - what my classmates do, how they talk, how they laugh, how they share jokes with each other. I see how teachers interact with them. I notice everything ... quiet. It's like I live in my quiet world, where I understand everyone, but no one understands me.

Most students don't bother me. They do not annoy

Chapter 2:

Conversation with the mind

I spend maximum of my time interior my head.

While others are busy giggling, shouting, discussing homework, or speak me approximately their preferred YouTubers, I simply sit down silently. Sometimes I smile at something they are saying, however I hardly ever be a part of the verbal exchange. Not because I don't want to — every now and then I do. But I don't recognize how to start. It constantly feels like I'll say something wrong or dull, and that they'll just forget about me once more. So, I live quiet.

But inner me? There's an entire world of thoughts happening.

I reflect on consideration on what I could've stated.

I reflect on consideration on how they would've reacted.

I believe them clearly noticing me, replying to me, along with me.

Then I remind myself, "They probably don't care."

I query myself lots.

"Why am I like this?"

"Why can't I simply be like others?"

"Why do I freeze while it's my flip to speak?"

And maximum of the time, I don't even have the solutions.

In faculty, I sit in my region and just have a look at. Not just the instructor — but also my classmates. Who's talking to whom, who were given scolded, who's making the trainer snort, who's copying homework... I see the whole lot. I don't omit an element. But nobody sees me.

I frequently feel like I'm just existing, now not definitely dwelling.

During lunch breaks, I either sit with my few near pals or simply consume quietly. I enjoy their corporation, however even there, I'm no longer the only who leads

the talks. I pay attention extra than I talk. Most of the time, my thoughts are louder than the noise round me.

My mind is like a loop — going backward and forward between my past errors and future issues. Sometimes I marvel how I'll ever match into this world. I wonder what sort of person I'll grow as much as be. I recognise one factor for positive — I don't want to lose myself looking to in shape in.

When I attain domestic, it's kind of the same.

My dad and mom anticipate loads. They inquire from me why I don't study like others, why my marks are simply "ok" and no longer "notable." I attempt telling them that I'm interested about computers, in coding, in creating matters... But they don't simply get it. They just say, "Do that when you end your research nicely."

But what if that's the only component I want to have a look at?

No one certainly asks me how my day changed into. No one asks me how I sense. They just ask approximately marks, homework, check outcomes. It's like no person wants to understand me. They handiest need to look the model of me that they want I turned into.

And so, I communicate to myself.

In my head, I replay moments. I give an explanation for matters to an imaginary version of someone who certainly listens. I inform myself,

"It's ok, Arnav. You're attempting."

"One day, people will see you for who you're."

"One day, your silence will speak louder than their noise."

These internal conversations are what hold me going.

They assist me continue to exist days in which I sense like I don't belong.

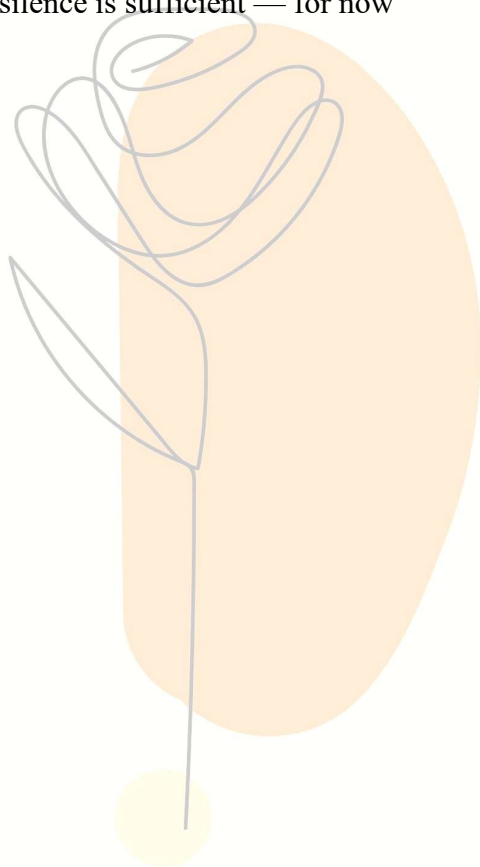
They strike a chord in me that simply due to the fact I'm quiet doesn't suggest I'm empty.

I have a voice. I have a story of my own. I have motive.

I'm simply now not prepared to shout it but.

And maybe... I don't need to shout in any respect.

Maybe my silence is sufficient — for now



Chapter 3: Behind The Benches

No, I don't sit in any corner.

I sit anywhere — third row, back row, sometimes even near the window.

It doesn't matter where I sit, because no matter the spot, I'm always quiet.

I don't talk much in class. Not because I'm scared or shy. I just don't feel like talking. I don't feel the need to jump into random conversations or force myself to laugh when something isn't even funny. I stay in my zone. And I'm okay with that.

When someone talks to me, I do respond — politely. I smile, answer shortly, maybe say a few words back. That's it. Then I go back to silence. I don't hate anyone. I'm not avoiding people. I just prefer being on my own.

You know what I've realized?

Observing is powerful.

While others are busy talking and running around, I notice the little things.

How the teacher's mood changes.

How the class behaves differently when a new teacher walks in.

How people treat each other — who's fake, who's real, who's just pretending.

All that you can't learn by talking. You learn it by *watching*.

Right now, I'm in class 9.

And honestly... I don't have any close or "real" friends.

Yeah, I know some people. I talk to a few classmates here and there. But no one who really knows me. No one I can call "best friend." And strangely, I'm not sad about it.

I don't feel ignored. I don't feel left out.

Because I've stopped expecting things from people.

I like working alone. I enjoy it, actually.

I don't need someone constantly by my side to feel complete.

I've got my own world, and I'm comfortable living in it.

Most teachers don't even realize I exist in their class.

Unless I directly look at them or go to ask a doubt, they barely notice I'm even there.

And I'm not mad at them. I get it — I'm quiet, not loud.

I'm average, not extraordinary.

Why would they notice me?

But still... it sometimes feels weird.

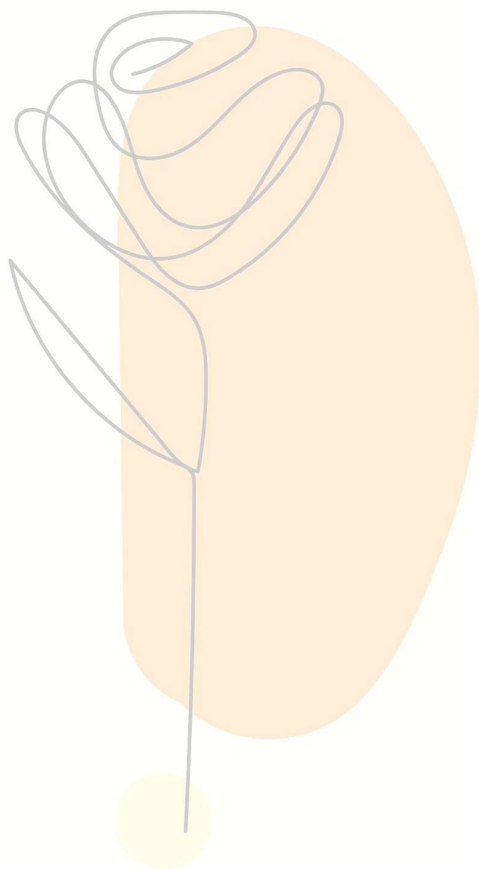
Like, how can someone sit in your class every single day and you still don't really *see* them?

Anyway, this is just how I am.

Not invisible. Not lonely. Not sad.

Just... silent.

And for now, I'm okay with that.



Chapter 4: The Family

They don't say it directly.
But I know it. I feel it.
And I guess you would have also felt that...
The comparisons...

They never go like, "Why can't you be like her?" or
"Look what he's doing."
But I hear it in their tone.
I see it in their eyes.
The way they talk about my cousin sister's grades or my
friend's achievements...
It's not obvious. But it's enough.

They say I should focus more.
That I should improve.
That I'm wasting time.

But they never really ask me what I'm doing.
They assume.
They think I just sit and watch series, scroll through
random websites, or keep texting someone.
They think I'm lost. Unfocused. Unbothered.

But inside me, there's a fire — a whole world they don't
see.

A world full of codes, designs, edits, dreams.
A world that doesn't fit into report cards or family
WhatsApp groups.

They expect me to become "better" in their way — the
way they understand.

High marks. Good reports. Extra coaching.
That's the definition of growth in their eyes.

But no one ever tried to understand my way of
improving.

No one looked into what I actually enjoy.
No one thought that maybe, just maybe, I'm working
quietly on something bigger than they can see.

All I've ever wanted is a little approval.
Not praise. Not claps. Just someone to say —
"I see what you're doing. And I'm proud."
That's it.
But that never really came.

I'm not blaming them.
They're just wired differently.
But still... it hurts sometimes.

Because while they expect me to express more, they
don't notice — I don't know how.
I don't know how to be angry, how to cry in front of

people, or even how to show I'm disappointed.

My emotions stay inside.

I keep everything locked up inside me — not because I want to — I just don't know how to let it out.

I love deeply, but I rarely show it.

I care more than people think, but I don't speak it out loud.

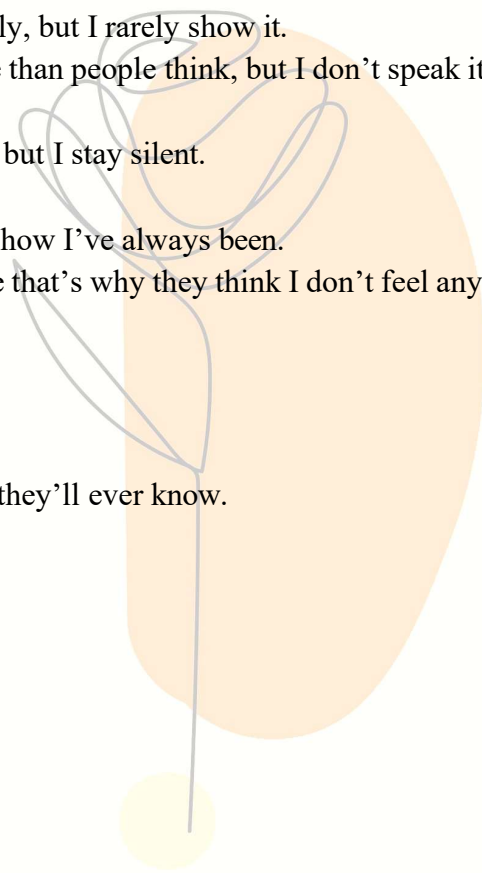
I feel a lot, but I stay silent.

That's just how I've always been.

And maybe that's why they think I don't feel anything at all.

But I do.

More than they'll ever know.



Chapter 5: Escaping the loopholes

Everyone needs an escape. Mine aren't people — they're things.

Not textbooks, not school events, not outings.

My escape portals are in my *laptop*, *phone*, and *imagination*. That's where I truly exist.

I've never been into talking much or being part of groups, but I've always had a thing for tech. It's like my second world — a world where I don't need to explain myself to anyone. I just create, learn, and stay busy.

When life feels too loud, I put on my headphones and edit a video. Not for school. Not for anyone. Just for *me*. Cutting clips, adding transitions, syncing beats to visuals — it's something that makes me feel alive.

Video editing is my favourite escape. It's not just a hobby; it's something I *feel*.

Every edit I make feels like stitching a part of my thoughts together.

I don't post them online much. They're just stored in folders, quietly. Like hidden memories.

Then there's **coding**.

Learning new things, solving logic problems, making small programs — it feels powerful.

Like, I may be silent in real life, but here, I control everything.

The screen listens to me.
It responds to what I write.
And even when nothing goes right in real life, a perfect
line of code running gives me peace.

I also love **graphic designing** — playing with colours,
layouts, designs.
It makes me feel like I'm building something beautiful
without needing to speak a word.
And sometimes, **audio editing** becomes a late-night
friend. Adjusting voice clips, removing background
noise, experimenting with effects — no one even knows
I do all this.
But I do. And I love it.

All these are my little escape portals.
They don't judge me, don't ask questions, don't expect
me to be anyone else.
They just welcome me every time.

Most people around me don't even know I have these
talents.
And honestly, I like it that way.
They don't have to know. It's not for " *them* ".
It's for " *me* "....

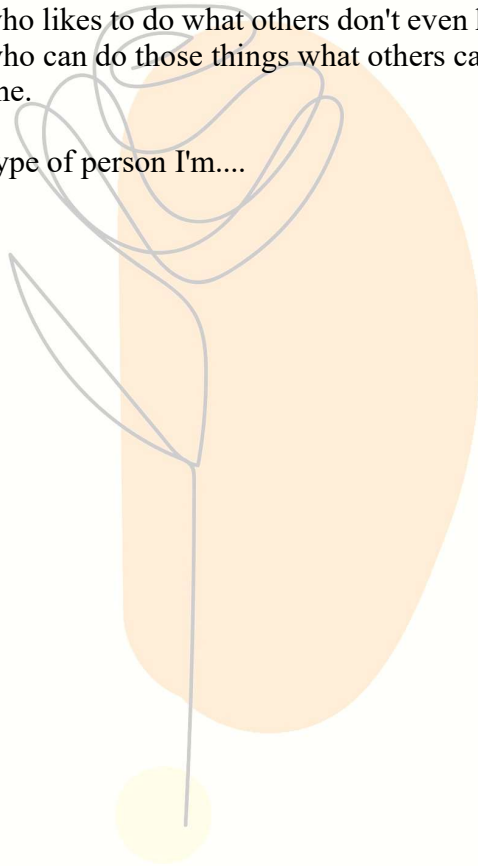
I may not be the most spoken guy in the room.
I may not top the charts in school.
But when it comes to these creative hobbies... I *know*
I'm someone.

In a world that rarely listens, I found a space where I can
create.

And that's more than enough for someone who can't fit..
Someone who doesn't want to be the part of this world.

Someone who likes to do what others don't even know,
Someone who can do those things what others can't
even imagine.

That's the type of person I'm....



Chapter 6: The Missing Piece....

There was always something I felt missing in me. Not like a talent or a skill, not like marks or recognition, but something deeper. Like a connection. A kind of emotional calmness I never had. People saw me as silent, quiet, and alone. But no one ever saw that I was also waiting. Waiting for something or maybe someone... who would understand my silence without needing an explanation.

And then, that person appeared.

Not with fireworks. Not like a movie scene. Just like a simple moment that quietly changed everything.

That person didn't walk into my life like a storm. It was more like how winter slowly turns into spring. I never expected anyone to understand the thoughts I never spoke or the emotions I never expressed. But somehow, they did.

That person noticed the things I never said. The days I was low, the moments I needed someone, the times I was pretending to be fine. They never forced me to talk. They just stayed. Like presence was enough. And for someone like me, who doesn't trust words too easily, that meant everything.

We never had loud conversations. We didn't need to. Even silence felt like talking when it was with that person.

That person knew how to guide me without ordering me. How to make me smile without cracking a joke. How to calm my storms without saying "calm down." That person made me realise that care doesn't always come with a label. Sometimes, it comes quietly. Softly. Just by being there.

And you know what's strange? I never asked for this by myself. I never expected it. But deep down, I think I always needed someone like that. Not a hero. Not a solution. Just someone who can understand me and my thoughts.

In school, where I was just another student, where no one noticed if I was present or absent, where even teachers barely remembered my name unless I did something wrong, this person noticed everything. Not because I was loud, but because they listened even when I didn't speak.

They reminded me of my value. They believed in me when I doubted myself. They never said, "You're amazing," loudly, but their actions made me feel like I mattered. That I wasn't invisible.

Some people ask me, "Why do you smile while texting sometimes?" or "Why do you seem in a good mood these days?" But I...

never answer. Because the answer is something I like to keep safe. That person is my safe space. My quiet understanding in a loud world.

They aren't with me all the time. And no, we don't have picture-perfect moments. We don't fight, we never miscommunicate, we stay silent sometimes. But we always find our way back.

That guy doesn't need to say "I care." I feel it. In the smallest gestures. In the messages. In the "Did you talked to anyone?" and "How was your day?" In the random jokes and the genuine check-ins. It's not about the words. It's about the way they make me feel less alone.

And maybe they don't even know what they mean to me . Maybe they're just being themselves. But for me? That person is the part of my story I didn't know I was missing.

Sometimes, we don't need a crowd. We just need one or two person. The right person. The missing piece.

And I found mine.

Even if the world doesn't know. Even if I never say it out loud.

That person knows.

And that's enough.

Chapter 7: The Inner Power of Strength

Most people think silence is a weakness.
Like, if you're not talking, not arguing, not proving your point — you're losing.

But that's not true.
Not for me.

Silence isn't my escape. It's my weapon.
It's the place where I think, observe, and collect myself.
It's the place where I become stronger, even when the world sees nothing.

You see, I've never been the type to shout my thoughts.
I don't raise my hand in class unless I *have* to.
I don't jump into every conversation just to feel included.

And you know what? I'm okay with that.

Because while others are busy talking, I'm watching.
Understanding.

Picking up on things they miss.

Learning how people move, how they think, how they act.... and how they actually are on others back..

And that gives me something powerful — perspective.

I've been silent through moments that hurt.
When people said things behind my back.
When teachers overlooked me.
When they treated me like just another classmate. But I
stayed quiet.
Not because I had nothing to say — but because I didn't
need to say it.

My silence is my decision.
Not a lack of courage, but the presence of control.

Inside, I feel everything.
Every comment. Every comparison. Every expectation
thrown at me "for their own will".
But I don't break... I just adapt them.
And I keep going — in silence.

People think those who stay quiet are soft.
That we don't stand up for ourselves.
But honestly? It takes *way more* strength to stay calm
than to react.
It takes strength to walk alone, do your own thing, and
keep growing — quietly.

That's the thing no one sees.
While the world is running in noise, I'm building myself
in the background.
In silence.

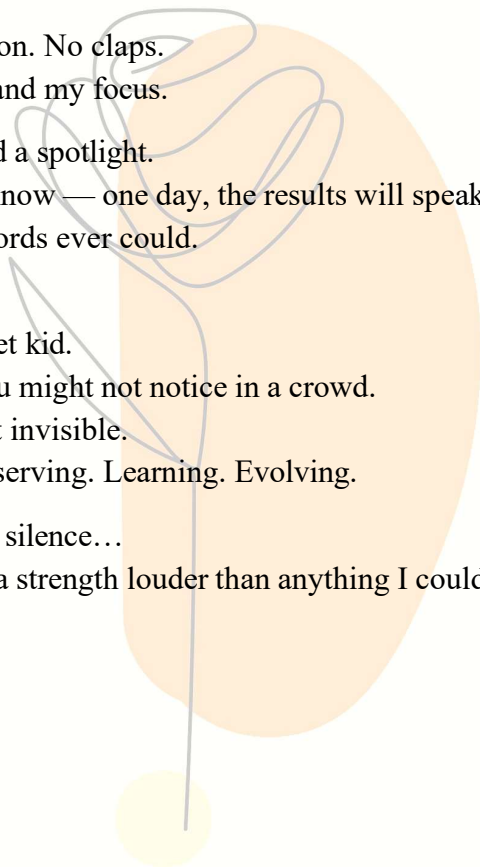
Coding late at night.
Designing something new.
Editing videos for fun.
Learning things just because I enjoy them — not because
someone told me to.

No validation. No claps.
Just me... and my focus.

I don't need a spotlight.
Because I know — one day, the results will speak louder
than any words ever could.

So yeah...
I'm the quiet kid.
The one you might not notice in a crowd.
But I'm not invisible.
I'm just observing. Learning. Evolving.

And in that silence...
I've found a strength louder than anything I could ever
say.



Chapter 8: The Silent Rise

I never had big dreams of being famous.
Never thought of standing on a stage or being the centre of attention.

I was never the kind of guy people looked at twice in school — and honestly, I was okay with that.

But there was always something inside me.
A fire that didn't burn loud... but steady.

While others chased marks, I was chasing passion.
While they focused on ranks, I focused on *skills*.
Coding. Editing. Designing. Learning about tech.
I was building something — slowly, silently, without telling anyone.

And for a long time, no one noticed.

No teacher walked up and said,
“Arnav, you're doing great.”

No parent clapped for the code I wrote.

No one even knew how many sleepless nights I gave to things I loved.

But I didn't stop.

Because I wasn't doing it for *them*.

I was doing it for me.

There's a certain peace in being underestimated.
No expectations. No pressure.
Just you, your time, and the freedom to grow without
noise.

I know what it feels like to be the “average kid.”
To be told “*Why can't you be like him?*” or “*Look at
your cousin, she's doing so well.*”
I've heard it.
From relatives. From my parents. Even from myself
sometimes.

But here's what no one sees —
I *am* doing well.
Just not in the way they understand.

I'm not scoring highest in my exams and tests.
But I'm learning skills that no one in class even talks
about.
I'm not speaking in debates.
But I'm writing lines of code that actually *do* something.
I'm not showing off what I know.
Because I don't need to prove anything.
I just need to keep moving.

That's the silent rise.
It's when you stop asking for permission to be yourself.
When you stop explaining your interests, your hobbies,
your choices.

It's when you quietly build, quietly fall, quietly stand up again.

No show-off. No claps. Just self growth.

One day, I'll look back at all this and smile.

Not because I proved them wrong —

But because I proved *myself* right.

I'll see the guy who didn't fit into anyone's expectations

—

But still carved out his own path.

People won't remember the marks I got.

But they might remember that quiet kid...

The one who stayed low, worked hard, and built something big from nothing.

That's my story.

I'm not loud. I don't shout. I don't announce my dreams.

I just believe...

That even the softest voice,

When focused and consistent,

Can entirely shake the world in an instance.

So, this is it.

The end of the book.

But not the end of the story.

I'm still rising.

Still learning.

Still moving forward — one quiet step at a time.

And maybe someday, someone will read this...

and realize they're not alone.

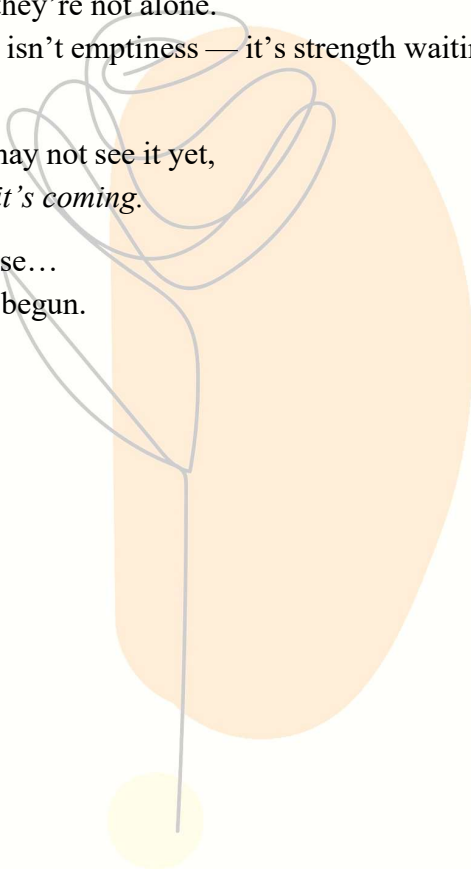
That silence isn't emptiness — it's strength waiting to bloom.

The world may not see it yet,

But *I know it's coming.*

The silent rise...

Has already begun.



Epilogue: A letter to Myself

Hey you,

Yeah... the one sitting quietly in class, not really part of any group, not raising your hand to answer, not trying to stand out.

I know you're there.

You're not the one teachers remember at the end of the day.

You're not the one everyone's messaging in class groups.

You just... exist.

Quiet. Regular. Average.

But I want you to know something important — *I see you.*

You're not invisible.

You're just unnoticed.

And there's a big difference.

You don't talk much — not because you have nothing to say — but because you choose silence over meaningless conversations.

You smile quietly when someone talks to you, give small replies, and that's it.

You're not trying to avoid people, you're just okay being

alone.

You observe. You listen. You feel deeply.

You don't need attention to feel alive.

You don't need 20 friends to feel complete.

You're not someone who complains or explains.

You just keep everything inside — thoughts, emotions, even pain.

And I get that.

You're in 9th grade now. Not having much close friends.
Not because people hate you, but because no one *understands* you.

You're not ignored — you're just not involved.

You've built a world where you function best — alone, peaceful, doing your own thing.

You like learning — just not the way schools expect you to.

You're not memorizing history or solving tough equations for fun.

You're reading tech articles, designing graphics, editing videos, writing code.

That's your zone.

That's your identity.

And yet... no one sees that.

Teachers don't notice unless you're called out.

Parents think you're wasting time when you're deep-

diving into a project.

They expect more marks, more effort, more visible success.

But they never ask, “What do *you* like doing?”

They never ask what keeps you awake at night — what you love so much that you lose track of time.

You’re not lazy.

You’re not irresponsible.

You’re just *different*. And that’s okay.

People underestimate you because you’re not loud.

They assume you’re doing nothing.

They never see the silent effort, the late-night work, the hours spent learning what no one is teaching.

And maybe that hurts a little.

Not because you want praise — but because deep down, you want someone to *get it*.

To look at you and say,

“Hey... I see what you’re trying to do. And I believe in you.”

Let me say that to you now:

I believe in you.

You don’t need to change.

You don’t need to act louder or smile wider just to fit in.

You don’t need to prove anything to anyone who doesn’t bother to look beyond your silence.

You are growing.
You are learning.
And you are building a future that only *you* can see right now.

So don't let go.
Don't doubt yourself just because they do.
Because one day, your silence will speak louder than all the noise around you.

One day, your work — the edits, the designs, the code, the quiet hustle — it'll all scream one thing:

“This is the guy no one noticed... until he made it impossible to ignore him.”

So hold on, silent self.
You're not lost. You're just on a path no one else understands yet.
But someday... they will.

And when they do — you won't need to say a word.

— **Arnav Chandra**

Conclusion: The Story Continues

So this is in which the ultimate place where the end arrives.

But no longer the give up.

Because this turned into by no means a complete stop — just a pause.

A little bookmark within the middle of my silent adventure.

I didn't write this book to reveal achievement. Because clearly, I'm still figuring things out. Not the topper, now not the failure, I'm still that same ninth-grade scholar — Just someplace inside the middle... looking to breathe.

Each chapter came from the heart:

From moments of being unheard...

To secretly dreaming big...

To being in comparison quietly...

To finding comfort in code, modifying, designing...

To smiling at someone who understood me while not having words.

It's strange —

How silence may be louder than a speech.

How simply being yourself can feel so brave in a world that expects more.

And yeah, perhaps I'm not "visible" yet.

Maybe the arena nonetheless doesn't understand what I'm able to.

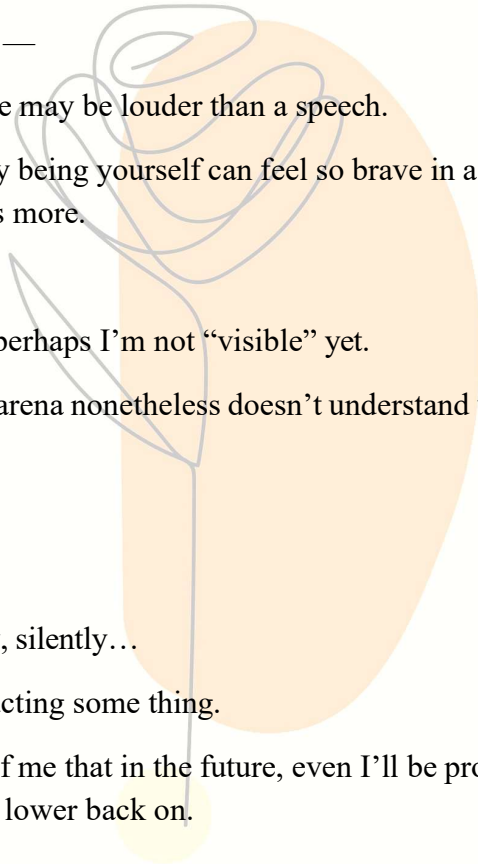
But I do.

And slowly, silently...

I'm constructing some thing.

A version of me that in the future, even I'll be proud to appearance lower back on.

This book would possibly cease right here,



however the mind gained't.

The struggles gained't.

The dreams won't.

Because I'm still studying.

Still developing.

Still surviving in silence.

Still hoping.

Still loving... quietly.

So in case you ever felt like me —

Unnoticed, underestimated, unheard —

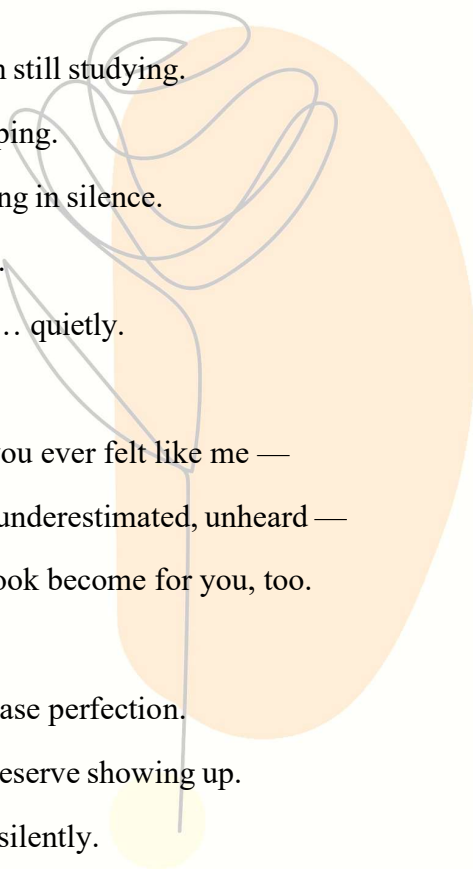
Then this book become for you, too.

Let's not chase perfection.

Let's just preserve showing up.

Even if it's silently.

Because a few stories don't want to be
shouted.



They simply need to be written.

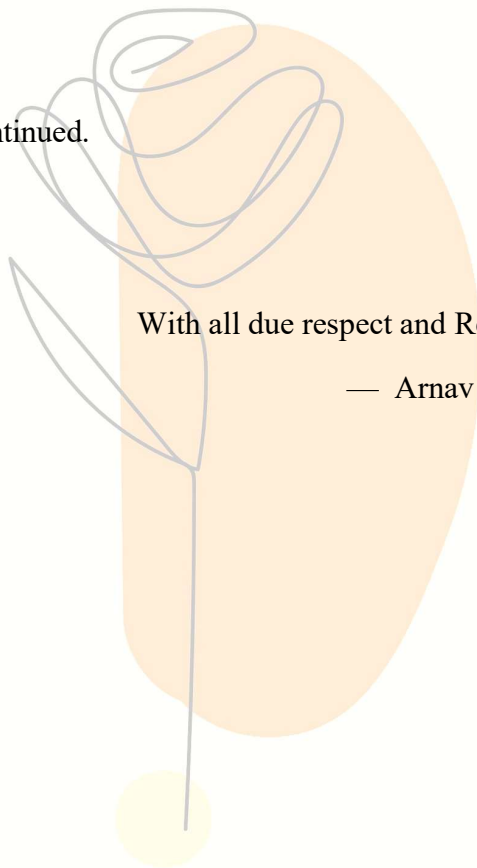
And this story?

Yeah...

It's still continued.

With all due respect and Regards...

— Arnav Chandra



WITH THE GRATITUDE OF “THE MISSING PIECE PERSON”

for always being there with me and
helping me and understanding me.



Through tall dreams to master the
complexities of programming and
endless patience to conquer in e-sports,
my quiet perseverance echoes.

Breaking barriers in silence – this is who I am