



Silas sat very still. His body was a quiet, secret room. The world outside his room was bright and busy, but Silas didn't need to speak to feel it.

First, the light. It wasn't just yellow; it was warm, heavy gold. It rested right on his cheek, like a sleeping kitten waiting to be touched.



Then, the sound. Not the big, loud CRASH sounds, but the small, gentle ones. The soft click-clack of a rolling cart filled with toys across the floor.



And the low, steady hummmm of the fluorescent light above. It was a secret song, just for him, like the inside of a faraway beehive.



Next to him was his aide, Aura. She was a calm, soft colour, like the quiet blue of the ocean before the waves start. She never pushed or hurried his quiet room.



When the noise was too many things—
too many click-clacks and too many
high voices—Aura knew. She would
reach out her hand.



Touch was a language without words.
The spiky ball was sharp and safe. The
weighted blanket was heavy truth. It
helped his whole body remember where
it was.



Sometimes, a student named Finn would zoom past on a scooter board. Finn was fast and bouncy. Silas's eyes followed the blur of the wheels.



He didn't want to be fast. He liked being slow, a submarine deep underwater, watching the colourful fish swim by outside his glass.



Silas couldn't tell Aura, "Thank you," with his mouth. But when he gently squeezed the soft cloth in his lap, the quiet felt like a thank you, and she understood.