

The broken realm of the silence is deadly for those who seek permanent safety. It was always meant as a temporary safety from the realm above, the one of sounds, the one that could drown someone if they did not know how to swim.

Take the girl in the realm of silence now, for example. She had become overwhelmed by the lights and sounds of the realm above, just like many others before her. Now here she wandered, wondering whether to go back at all.

The realm above, the realm of sound, was a tough and perilous journey that everyone must take. It is a roaring sea filled to the brim with many others like the girl, trying to stay afloat.

Trying to keep their voices heard.

The girl now marched in the realm of silence, the shadows following quietly at her heels. A comforting yet disturbing presence that made the girl shiver. She continued on.

Some others were natural born swimmers, made to conquer the sea and float above the rest. They hardly ever felt the need to journey through the realm of silence.

Others, like the girl who wandered blindly in the darkness, paddled with all their might. Yet no matter how hard they tried, the realm of silence called to them.

And so they went deep into the treacherous yet peaceful realm below. Sinking below the surface, allowing the waves they once fought so hard against to push them under.

The girl saw others like her. They were common, these silent wanderers. Yet no one dared to offer a word. This was the realm of silence, and a word would break the bliss they wished so hard for.

The girl could hear the murmurs of the realm above, quiet little sounds that all became a buzz if she concentrated too hard on them. She eventually walked away, shaking her head as though to shoo away the unwanted noise. The shadows began to climb up her leg.

She continued onward, to nowhere in particular, enjoying the silence and peace. Was there anything better? Well, yes, she thought suddenly. There is more to than the quiet she treasured, and yet to reunite with them she would have to enter the world above. She trembled at the thought. No, she thought, I must march on.

And so she continued her march to nowhere, the shadows sweeping across her body, around her waist, her neck, until she felt as though the air was leaving her. The peace of the realm of silence had begun to disappear. She shook her head, desperate to return to her bliss, and yet she could not.

Suddenly, she sees a light. It is faint, wrapped by tiny shadows trying to hide it. She follows the light. There she finds a wanderer, sitting still. They have stopped their march. The shadows had all but consumed them, to the point where the girl nearly missed the wanderer if not for the light above their head.

It blinked, welcoming and sad, its glow weakening with each flicker. The girl knelt beside the wanderer. Tentatively, she reached out her hand. She shrank back as one of the shadows wrapped themselves around her arm. What she would do would break the rules of the realm. She would have to leave, back to the realm of sound. It was terrifying, and yet the light above her made her feel safe. She felt as if she did not need to rely on the silence any longer. She thought a thankful goodbye before reaching for the wanderer.

“Hello.”

The wanderer blinked, watching the girl with wide eyes as she began to fade away. Then, slowly they turned to face the girl, hesitant and sad. They then smiled.

“Hello.”

The shadows fell to the floor of the realm of silence. To the realm of sound, where everyone must go back to, they went. The girl knew she would someday meet the silence again, only this time she had a light to help her find her way back home.