

Next door to Joe's house in the city a new boy and his family move in.

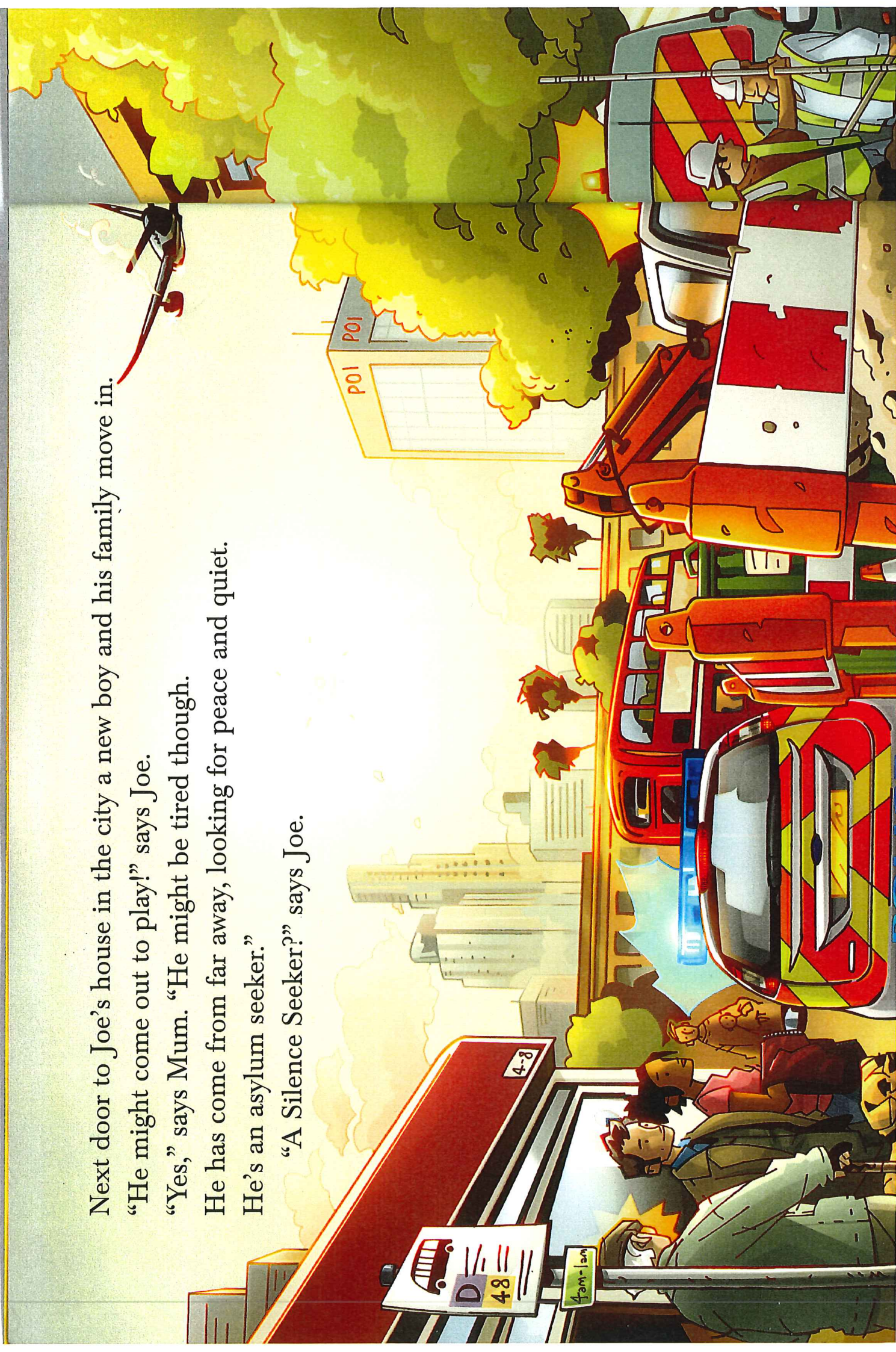
"He might come out to play!" says Joe.

"Yes," says Mum. "He might be tired though.

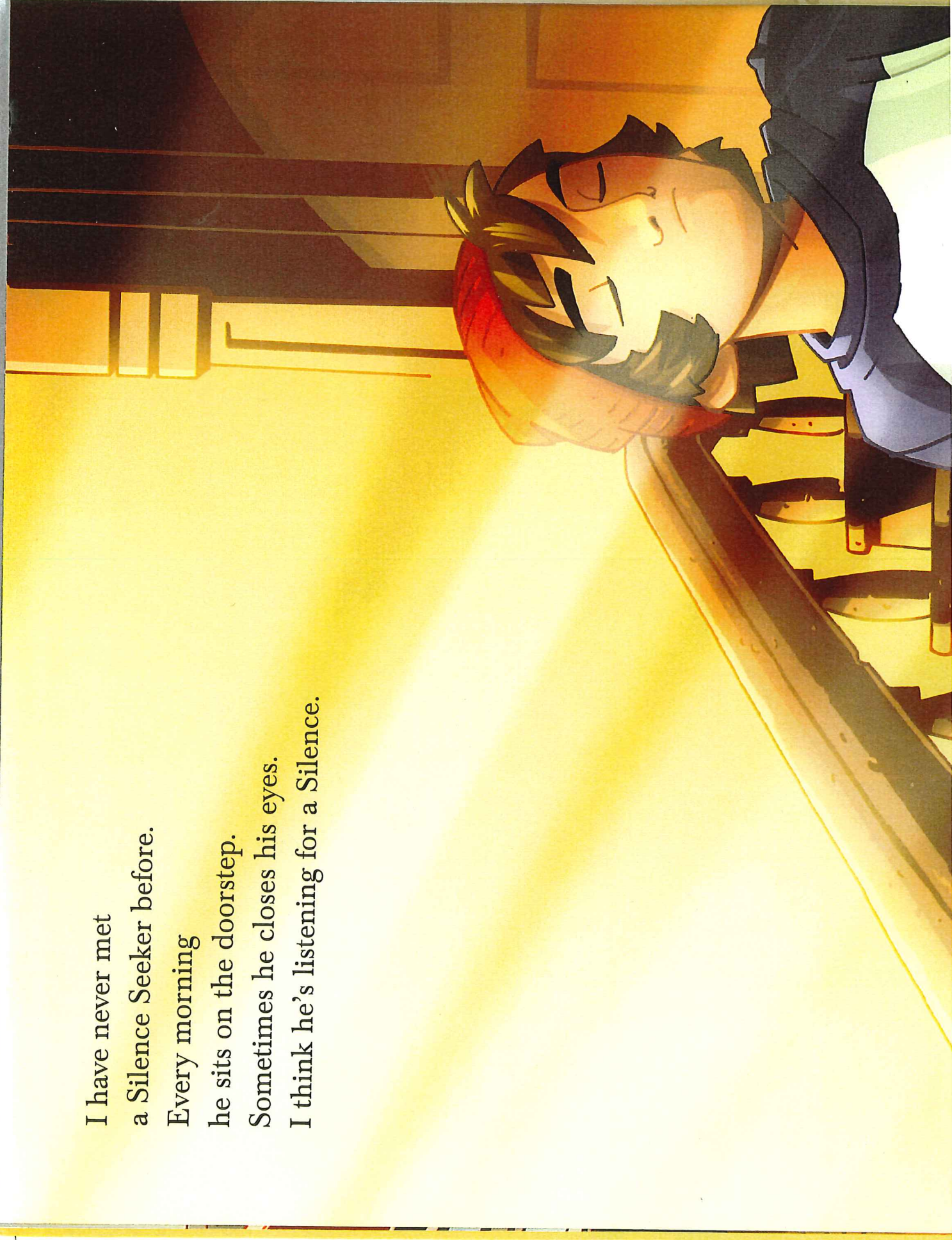
He has come from far away, looking for peace and quiet.

He's an asylum seeker."

"A Silence Seeker?" says Joe.

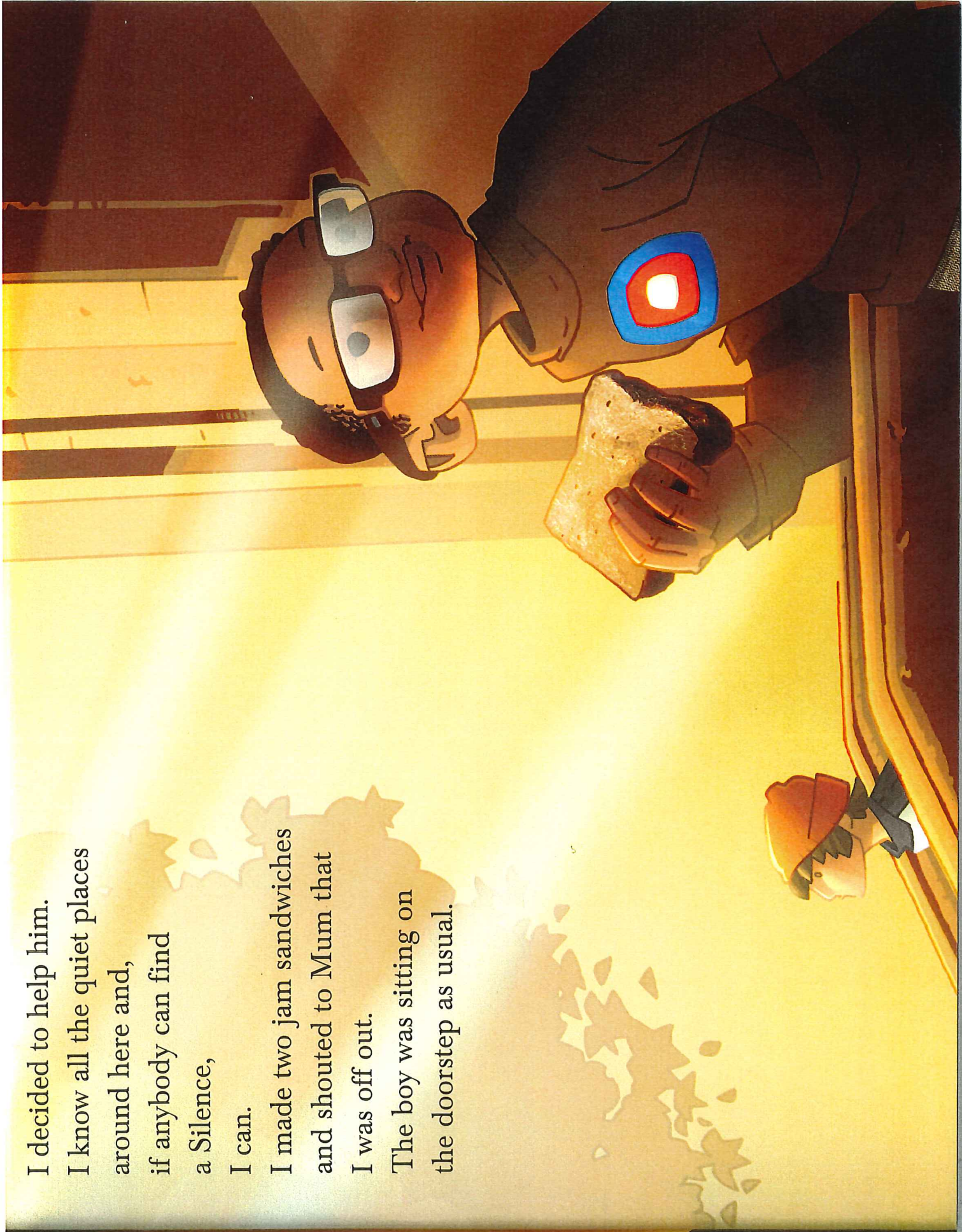


I have never met  
a Silence Seeker before.  
Every morning  
he sits on the doorstep.  
Sometimes he closes his eyes.  
I think he's listening for a Silence.



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I decided to help him.  
I know all the quiet places  
around here and,  
if anybody can find  
a Silence,  
I can.  
I made two jam sandwiches  
and shouted to Mum that  
I was off out.  
The boy was sitting on  
the doorstep as usual.

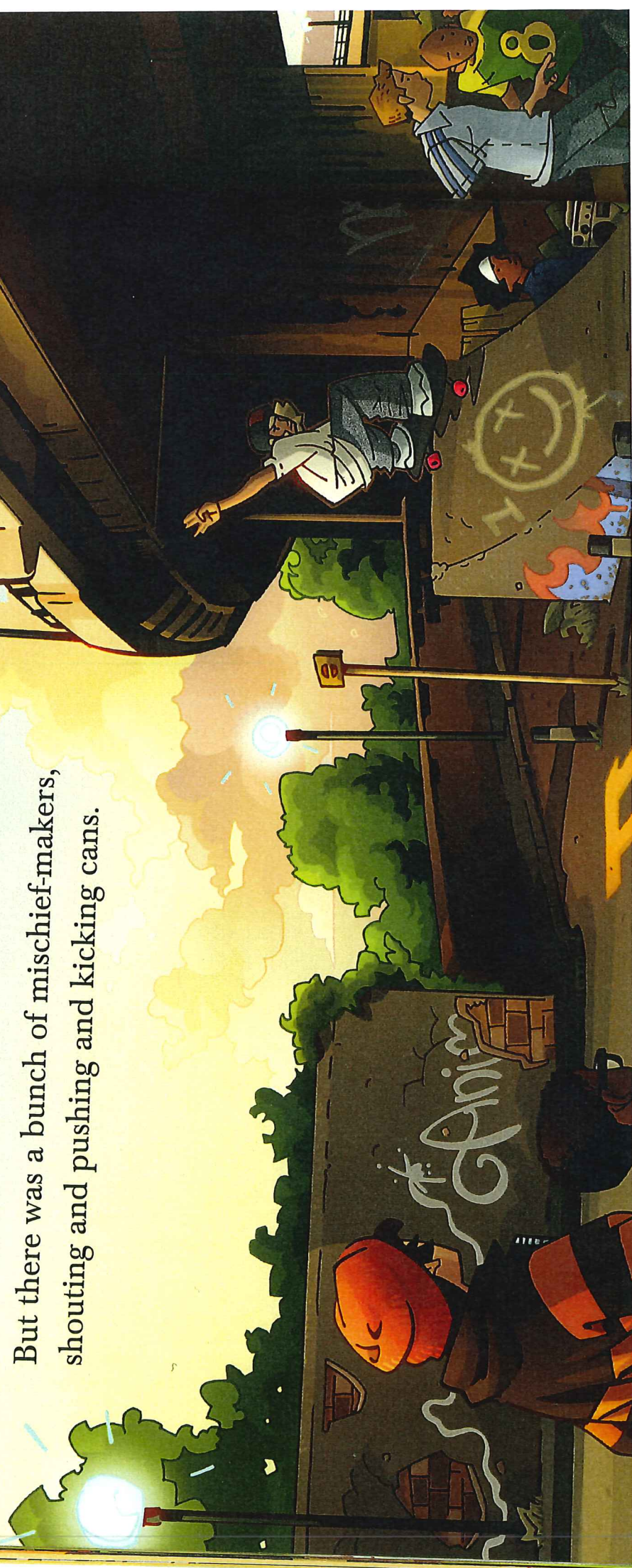


The boy looked at me but  
did not say a word.  
I waved for him to follow and,  
after a long while, he did.  
He followed me like a shadow and  
we went to all the quiet places  
that I knew.



When the street lamps buzzed on,  
we went down under the flyover  
where the only noise is the hum-humming of  
cars overhead.

But there was a bunch of mischief-makers,  
shouting and pushing and kicking cans.



The boy did not say a word  
but he took my hand and smiled.  
It was the first time he had smiled all day.

“Well, good night then,” I said.

“I’m sorry we didn’t find a Silence

but we can keep looking tomorrow...

If you like!”

The boy smiled again and  
went inside.



Maybe it was too noisy for him here.  
Maybe he has gone to look  
for a Silence somewhere else.

I hope he finds it.

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