No one notices. They won’t notice this. I repeated the words to myself every time I did something helpful. And it was always true. Until one day someone did notice. They noticed right away. They noticed all of the helpful things that I did. They noticed me picking up trash on the playground. They noticed me putting stuff away. They noticed and noticed and noticed. Until one day they confronted me. They said one simple word.

“Hi.”

I looked down, feeling the words were spoken for someone else. No one ever talked to me.

“Hi.” They simply said again.

So they *were* talking to me. For that moment I couldn’t speak any of the words I had been holding back for years, even though it was what I had wished for my entire life. The kid seemed to understand.

“Not a talker- got it.”

I finally forced myself to look up at their face. They had peachy hair and forest green eyes, and skin the color of sand. A pleasant face. A welcoming face, inviting me to speak my unspoken words that I had so many of.

“Hi,” I said, somehow managing to say something. I was stunned at my own voice. It was soothingly melodic and made of quiet whispers yet somehow big and powerful made of thunder and rain.

They also seemed to understand that. So they asked me a question.

“What’s your name?”

“Tai.” I said, somehow being able to speak more of my unspoken words. But I didn’t like the word I had just spoken. It was a girl name, and I hated it. The kid also understood that, like they could read my thoughts.

“My name is Finn, but I don’t like Finn. It’s a boy name.” They said, pretty much repeating my thoughts.

“So are you a girl or a boy?” They said, Voicing my unspoken question.

“Neither. I’m non-binary.” I said, feeling speaking become easier and easier.

“Hm. So am I.” Finn said.

Finn started to ask a question, but I interrupted them, Wanting to speak a question of my own.

“Do you have a name you’d rather be called?” I asked Finn.

“Yeah, I’d prefer if you called me Quinn. I like it better. But do *you* have a name you’d rather be called?” They asked me.

“Yeah, please call me Moon,” I said. I liked Moon. It was a good name. It reminds me of the stars and how there is a bigger world out there. Much much much bigger than we know. And how I am small and how all the helpful things I do are even smaller and what we are made of is even smaller. And how we may be small we can do big things, that can change the worlds we have so many of. I learned to speak today. I am glad I learned to speak. Now I can change our world with words. I will speak words of change. Of peace. Of inspiration. Of all.