Michael the Mime

In a black and white town of mimes, nothing ever made a sound, nor a laughter ever rang out.

Michael the mime was a little boy with the sweetest smile. He lived in the black and white town of mimes. In the mornings, he would fish and hunt with his father and in the evenings, he would play games like tag and charades with his friends.

But one fateful day, the young mime’s father had to leave the village and move to a new town for his job.

So, Michael, his Mama, and his Papa packed their bags and left town. He signed goodbye to his friends and walked away with teary eyes.

That day, the young mime had left everything he had ever loved behind in his town of black and white.

Colors so bright and bold flashed everywhere! This town was not black and white. It was full of colors and a strange heavy beat Michael could feel in his bones.

The young mime soon began to like his new town. It had lush green parks, the tallest buildings, and a loud, pulsing energy he had never felt before in his old town.

But a surprise awaited him when he went to school.

In this new town, people could talk!

So, that was what the beat was all about, thought Michael.

Everyone talking. Talking all at once.

They chattered away all the time. They talked about this and that, about nothing and everything. They even made sounds when they yawned or slept!

The young mime felt confused and miserable. He was the only one in this new town who could not talk.

He signed a *Hello* to a pretty girl with yellow hair but she laughed at him. He signed a *Hi* to the boy who sat beside him, but he swatted at Michael’s hands.

When he wrote down *Good Morning* in his new teacher Miss Beth, she smiled at Michael and signed back in response. Michael felt relieved to know he was not the only one who knew sign language.

He had begun to feel alien in his new town.

“Why did you make me sit here?” he signed to Miss Beth, “nobody understands me.”

“It’s because you can hear,” she signed, “so, you can understand them.”

Michael shook his head at Miss Beth, stomping his foot. It made a thumping sound.

Michael jerked his foot off the floor in surprise. His feet had never made a sound before!

Miss Beth smiled at Michael the mime.

“They will learn to understand you too, Michael,” she signed, “just give them some time.”

“But I cannot speak like them!” argued Michael, his hands moving quickly as he struggled to explain himself to his teacher.

She gave him another smile. “Then they will learn to speak like you,” she spoke.

Michael heard her talking and his eyes widened in surprise. He really could hear people talking!

But unlike what his teacher had said, no one really wanted to learn the signs to speak to Michael. The kids in his class were either mean to him or they ignored him.

Michael felt hurt. He missed his old town of black and white.

One day, when Michael was walking down the school hallway, he heard an angel’s voice floating from the school’s music room.

It was a girl. And she sang like an angel!

Michael wished he could make some noise and sing like that. The next day, he heard the voice of an angel again. He sneaked into the music room to take a look and found a girl with pigtails and glitter on her face. She had a wide smile on her face as she continued to sing.

“Hi,” Michael signed, wishing hopefully that she would understand him.

 “Hi,” she signed back, the tip of her nose glittering under the lights.

Michael smiled in relief. That day he made his first friend in the new town.

And suddenly, he missed his old town a little less.

His new friend was called Angela.

“It’s the perfect name for you because you sing like an angel!” Michael had told her.

She had blushed. Michael found out Angela was also learning the sign language because her brother couldn’t talk like Michael and she wanted to be able to talk to him.

So, she was learning to speak like him.

Just like Miss Beth had said!

Angela taught Michael to play different instruments and he found that he was the best at playing a saxophone.

So, when he longed to speak, Michael would let his silent words drift through the tunes of a saxophone.

He joined a band and found out that even though the people in his band were able to talk, they loved to let their instruments voice their words!

“Sounds more musical that way,” a band member had told Michael when he asked him.

Michael finally felt that he fit in somewhere. He and Angela performed together at the school’s talent show and everybody loved them!

Soon, more people wanted to be friends with Michael. And more and more wanted to learn to speak like him.

When Michael gleefully told Miss Beth about this, she winked at him.

“I told you, Michael,” she said, “you only had to give him time.”

**THE END**