

Sheltered by Sound

Do you have something that makes the scary stuff feel smaller? I do. You might laugh when I tell you, because you cannot see it, touch it, or hold it in your hands. My shelter has no roof, no walls, and no door with a lock. But it has kept me safe more times than I can count.

My shelter is music.

The first time I really felt it, I was new at school. I did not know one single face in the lunchroom, and my stomach felt twisty. I sat at the very end of a long table with just my sandwich. Then I remembered "Try Everything" from Zootopia, the song I had listened to that morning. It was still playing in my head. I hummed it quietly. It was still noisy, but I felt calm inside, like the noise couldn't get to me. I breathed in slow and deep. That is when I understood, **music** is not just sound. It is a shelter you carry in your pocket. Music doesn't judge me. A sad song lets me feel sad and that's okay. A fast song makes me feel excited, like I want to run and have fun. A silly song makes me laugh.

Sometimes I play piano in our living room. I hit the wrong notes a lot, but the music still makes me feel good and cozy. When I sing in the shower, I sing as loud as I want. Nobody can hear me over the water. That feels good.

I am an only child, so sometimes my house feels very quiet. No brother to fight over the remote, no sister to share secrets with before bed. Just me and the silence. But when I press play, the quiet goes away. Music fills the room, and I don't feel alone anymore.

When things feel too much, I don't need help. I just need a song, a beat that makes my feet move. Music is my safest place. Not because nothing bad can happen, bad things still happen but because music helps me stand back up. It is the roof over my feelings, the door I close when I need quiet, and the home I carry in my ears. Nobody can take it away.

That is why music is my shelter. And inside that shelter, I am never really alone.

THE END

By,
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