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CHAPTER 01 · WHY

The Boy Who Looked Everywhere

A story for curious minds

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There was once a boy named Tiago who decided, on a Tuesday morning, that he was going to find the answer to the most important question in the world.

"What are we looking for?" he wrote at the top of a blank page. Then he put on his coat and left the house.

He walked to the harbour first, where the fishermen were pulling in their nets. "Excuse me," he said to the oldest one. "What are you looking for?"

The fisherman squinted at the horizon. "Fish," he said. Then he paused and smiled. "And something to come home to."

Tiago wrote that down.

He walked to the school next, even though it was a holiday, and found the teacher watering the window boxes. "What are you looking for?" he asked.

She thought about it for a long time. "The moment when something clicks," she said. "When I can see in a student's eyes that they understood something they didn't understand before."

He wrote that down too.

He asked the baker, who said warmth. He asked the librarian, who said the right book at the right time. He asked the old woman who sat by the sea

every afternoon, and she looked at him strangely and said, "I'm not looking for anything anymore. I already found it."

"What was it?" Tiago asked.

She gestured at the water, the sky, the street behind them where two small children were chasing a cat. "All of it," she said. "Exactly as it is."

Tiago walked home slowly. His mother was in the kitchen, and she looked up when he came in.

"Where have you been?" she said.

"Looking for something," he said.

She put a bowl of soup in front of him and sat down across the table.

Outside, the sea was turning gold in the late light. His father's boots were at the door. Somewhere upstairs, his little sister was singing to herself, something wordless and private and sweet.

Tiago looked at his blank page. Then he put his pen down.

He thought maybe the answer to his question was not something you could write down. Maybe it was something you had to sit very still to notice — something that was already there, all the time, waiting for you to stop looking.

He picked up his spoon and ate his soup.

*Every great question already has an answer hiding somewhere
close. Sometimes the search is just how we learn to see it.*

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A companion to “Why”

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