

I built the walls for myself, I didn't use straw, because I never wanted anyone to blow down something I have built. I did it for years, with care I felt save there. It was only for me. I let others near, but never too close, never to touch my walls. I told them stories of me, but never too much, never revealed my secret. I let them look at me, let them know me, but I never invited them in. I wanted them to believe I was as they were, perfect. I did not want anyone to notice my weakness. I had to be strong, protect with care my walls. As years past by my walls got stronger and my secrets stayed in save, save from them. I enjoyed moments when I did not have to think or listen the real me. But there was always a fear the fear that all my well-built walls will trumbling down exposing me. It was so much simple to not to tell all about me. I thought it would be better for them. Without telling to them made me forget weakness in me and my secret. When I got older my walls started to craking, revealing parts of myself. I tried to patch them but I did not have enough willpower to fix it properly. I was ashamed of myself, I scared so much that they will find out the real me, which I protected from the others. I know it now, that keeping secret in me I did not spare the others, I protected myself. I couldn't bear the idea of they find out. I knew I would be vulnerable then when the real me will revealed, I was not ready for it, not then, not now. The time past and walls kept cracking down, I felt so defenseless, naked. People around me changed and I was ready to reveal my secret myself, but it was too late. The secret was now part of me, it was more than half of me. It was not heavy to carry, but I never felt free, not like the others felt. I never, never ever believed that the one who will broke the very last piece of walls would be me.