

## The silent friend

People were staring into me. All different kinds of people. A chubby man was tidying his jacket and straightening his tie, but his appearance didn't get any better. An elderly woman was checking her lank hair and she was applying lipstick on her shriveled lips. A young girl was trying to pose in front of me and snapped at least hundred lousy photos. A little boy was making crazy faces in front of me and his dog was sniffing my reflection. I saw all possible types of people. You know, a mirror in the shop sees everything. My presence tempts people to look into me and at least for a moment control their strange bodies. But she was different. She didn't look into me. Her eyes were staring at the floor while her parents were deciding if they should buy me or not. I looked with fascination upon this little creature. But she didn't even look at me, not once.

Later that day, I already stood in the hall of that family's house, which belonged to the strange girl and her parents. She quickly ran to her room and didn't come out, even when her parents called her that they finally had me in place. They waited for a little while, knocked on the door, but she still didn't come, so they gave up and left with eyes full of tears.

The first night was frightening. It was dark everywhere. Suddenly, the stairs started to crunch. The strange girl came to me with light, quiet steps. She finally raised her head. I could see her beautiful eyes. But they were also very sad. There was no hint of happiness in them. All of sudden, she began to talk, as if I was something (or better, someone) whom she had known for ages. She talked about herself. Her name was Heather and she was nine years old. With a sparkle in her eyes, she told me what she enjoyed the most. "Wait for a while," she whispered and after a while, she came back with a painting of a horse. The painting was gorgeous. She held it in her hands, as if it was the most valuable treasure. But then she started to talk about what bothered her. The girls in the school were bullying Heather because of her silent nature or appearance or because of painting. I didn't get it. Heather had nice childish eyes and her paintings were great. I wish I could tell her that the girls were jealous. She ran into her room with

teary eyes and didn't come back all night.

The next night Heather came again and began to speak. At first, she always described what she enjoyed. She got a good mark in school or painted a new and slightly better picture. Then her eyes were suddenly full of tears, because she was talking about cruel things. Somebody insulted her or laughed at her. And then she ran into her room again, sad.

It went like this every night.

I saw Heather growing up and changing in a young woman. Her painting was better and better. She successfully ended primary school and began to attend secondary school. But it wasn't the only thing that changed. I barely heard happy things or moments from her, and after some time they completely disappeared. Heather's eyes were still teary and puffy all the time.

Unfortunately, even in secondary school bullying didn't stop. She spent almost two hours in front of me every night. She needed to talk to someone. All I wished was that I could be able to touch her soft skin and wipe her tears.

She looked very annoyed one night. More than usual. She spoke with such a hatred, that I have ever seen. There was an anger in her eyes. Something came into her mind quickly. She removed me from the wall, went out, and slammed the door behind. The night was freezing and the stars didn't shine. She stared at me and whispered: "Even you can't help me anymore."

Heather threw me on the ground and discharged her long-held anger. But on the wrong one, on the only one who listened to her for years. I ended up smashed into a thousand pieces.