

## THE SECRETS WE KEEP

Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> of February. It was cold outside, not only because of the weather, but also because the listless and shallow atmosphere you could breath there.

As soon as his photograph was published on the main cork at the building's façade, more and more relatives, acquaintances, and those who were just strangers got closer to the lobby of the funeral parlour. Even though most of them seemed concerned, honestly, they just cared about their polite set expressions which far away from good manners radiated insolence. In the meantime, two middle-aged boys who wore ripped clothes, were walking down the main street with a mild dizziness, apparently caused by the effects of the alcohol. No one expected them to stop in the crowd, but they did it, and under the eye of them all, the two boys were moved to tears by my brother's death announce, when they got to that gloomy place.

Did they know him? Was he related to them? Did he take other drugs apart from alcohol? Thousands of questions which I will not be able to answer stormed my mind, because we all hide secrets that will never be revealed.

Patricia Pérez Porca