

Where words become walls

What is shelter and where do we actually go to find it? People often believe that shelter is where we go to escape from danger, but does seeking shelter always mean running for your life from something that can physically hurt you? Sometimes, it's not the danger that we are running away from, it is simply the same intolerable noise of everyday life. When people around me become too overwhelming and my social life battery keeps going down until it reaches zero, I need my escape. My shelter is not found in a building where people go to escape storms and external dangers, instead, it is found inside the very bedroom I sleep in, the one that I turned into a library, because my ultimate shelter is found inside something that normal people would consider a book, but I call it my sanctuary, because when I read, I can escape the loudness of this world and completely recharge my social battery.

Noise isn't always a problem when I am surrounded by people talking to me, or to each other but it is when it gets to a point where it's too much for an introvert like me to absorb. People might think that I don't like talking to people or being around them but I just have a limit to how much I can endure. Honestly, it doesn't matter what I think because at the end of the day, I still have to go outside and talk more than I want to. After a while, this social performance starts to act as a continuous drain on my energy until it completely consumes my spirit. When my battery goes absolutely to its breaking point, I feel completely exposed to the life around me and that is when I unquestionably need my peace, my shelter, my books.

After a long day of trying to bear my unbearable surroundings, I finally come home. This is when life starts to get a little better because now I run straight to my bedroom and I lock the door behind me so that I don't have to feel life's disturbance anymore. I now look at the very large stunning shelves of the library that I built for myself and I can very suddenly feel my racing thoughts begin to slow down, feel my quick heartbeat start to go back to its normal pace. Pulling a familiar book from the shelf, I think to myself about how books are the only place that won't force me to talk, only urge me to listen, to take in the words it's saying, and how the noise of the world could never follow me to over here, because this is where I finally feel at peace, in my world of books. I open the book to the page I left off on yesterday and feel the familiar smell crawling up to my nose, relaxing my head of the irritation I've been feeling since this morning. I start reading and I instantly disappear into the other world, the life of the books they call it.

Inside these heavenly pages, I'm carried away to different types of worlds where the energy that my world drained slowly starts coming back. I can explore palaces, gardens, forests, galaxies and all the other beautiful things in life that are unfortunately not mine, without ever being forced to say anything. I can imagine the different people in the books, they are my companions, demanding absolutely nothing from me in return for their stories, they have such a fun life, they go out on adventures, not with people, rather they like going alone, and I would do the same thing, if I could. Now, if I get an opportunity, I would absolutely change the fact that none of this is real. If I could change the world, and make my imagination reality with all the palaces and gardens around me, then the world would undoubtedly become my shelter.

In conclusion, I would emphasize that I firmly believe that shelter has not been a building for me to go to, to escape danger. My ultimate shelter is found in a place where I go to hide myself from the outside world, so that my mind can finally rid itself of the noise and exhaustion and recharge itself for the days to come. I keep finding new books as my shelter and my library keeps growing. I will keep expanding it because after all it is the only place I find peace in. People say that reading books is a habit but in my mind, it's really not. It is my peace, my refuge, my passion, my inspiration, my recuperation and my defense to keep me strong and alive.

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