

## Tasia

Hello? It's nice to hear from you! Have you arrived yet? Ooh, yes? Can you see the fountains and the statue of the Kashubian couple? You can go ahead and sit on a bench somewhere across from the statue, it's a nice view from there!

Does it ever happen that when you look at some small detail of the surrounding landscape, you get a rush of childhood memories? These snippets of memories, which are not connected to each other, fit together into a single nostalgic picture.

There are many memories hidden in the small details surrounding us.

You are now standing in a square in the city centre.

The square in the centre of Minsk, near the house where I grew up, is one of the first things I remember as an important part of my childhood. The town square of my childhood was four times bigger than the one here. There was a wide street nearby with noisy bustling traffic.

But we'd better listen to the sound of water. In the square of my childhood there were large fountains, it seemed as if the water was about to touch the clouds.

Oh, are there any pigeons near you? Next to the benches? Or on the balconies behind you? There were always many birds in the square of my childhood. All you had to do was throw a piece of bread and they would gather from all around: both from rooftops and balconies. Flapping their wings, they fought over the biggest chunk of dry bread.

Even when the fountains were turned off and the bread eaten, there was always something to do in the square of my childhood: playing with other children, eating ice cream, drawing with chalk on the asphalt...

It is difficult to understand when exactly this carefree time ended and the square became deserted... But let's return here! Take another look around you.

We are standing in Plac Kaszubski square. And although I do not know how the story of the square of my childhood ended, I clearly remember that here, where you are standing now, a new story has begun.

When I arrived in Gdynia, I had to be here and I got lost, it took a while to find that square. Well, this is how the story of moving to another place usually begins. When we arrive in a place where everything is new and unfamiliar, we feel lost. But after a while there are more and more chapters in the story, and even the author doesn't know what will happen next.

The fragments that make up these chapters are found in all the things which surround us.

For example, look down. Like a filmstrip, each paving stone captures moments of encounters with other people. Here, next to your right foot, is a frame of me running with great joy to my friend to share the latest news. And next to your left foot is a frame of me walking along the fountain, waiting for someone who is already 15 minutes late.

Now look ahead - scattered on these benches are words from books I've read here. This is because of the wind, which impatiently turned the pages and blew the words off them.

Look to the left - there are white and blue buses emerging from this corner, as if it were a special portal. The one I used to commute to the place that became my first home away from home also departed from there.

All these different fragments of memories create a beautiful picture. And the canvas for this painting is the sky.