

Feeling just the same

Feeling just the same I felt back then,
oftentimes hoping I would not feel that way again.
Without freedom, without a chance to go outside,
praying to never again feel this power of pride.

Nightmares waking me up throughout the night,
keeping myself together, trying to fight.
Even though I was suffering a lot,
can not even imagine how many other souls were lost.

In spite of being in constant apprehension and danger,
the one who helped could be a complete stranger,
stranger with a heart filled with self-sacrifice,
would help you and risk it all for any price.

Wishing that the events which happened during these times,
will never happen again as the time flies.
But people do remember,
they remember forever.

In defiance of horrible events which took part,
recently, in recent past,
people have not had to live in anxiety and fear,
who or when will see them, or hear.

Memories enduring in deep inside of me,
even though I want to forget them,
they will never leave.

People are born in different times. Some are tougher, some easier. But whatever happens, they create how a generation lives, how they think, how they act. Sometimes it is for the better, sometimes for the worse.

My whole life felt lonely. From my childhood, through my teenage years and now it's all coming back. My house is empty, cold and gloomy. I have lived here for many years and only a few times have I had any visitors. As a result I have tried to find comfort in many books, but I can truly relate to only one. A journal from the time I was a child. Sometimes I open it and read stories from people who had the same experiences as me.

Maria

Me and my friends were protesting. We were standing in front of the parliament, holding the transparencies expressing what we believe is right. Adam stood up on the stairs and was giving a speech until the police came up. It started to clash between them and us, which resulted in most of us being arrested. Luckily, I managed to escape and now I await for any sort of communication with them. After these events, I felt anxious about what could happen to them. The future seems bleak as it is now and I am trying not to think it will end as a tragedy.

Šimon's brother

Today, we got a letter from Šimon. He wrote his full name, so as he signaled to us, the place he got sent to is not good. As much as we want to help him, we can not do anything about it, we do not even know where he is. We know it is atrocious, but we do not know how horrible it really is. What is happening there? What are they doing to him? Is that what he wrote in the letter the opposite of reality?

Our mom is walking back and forth the house. She won't let herself rest, constantly thinking about what is happening to her son. I am worried about my brother too. I am trying to comfort my mom, but the paranoia is too overwhelming. I feel crushed by the weight of guilt that is looming over me. If only I could have gone there instead of him, he would be safe here. I will try my best to find out where he is kept.

It has been three days since I have seen my friend Katka. Last time I saw her, we were playing in the yard next to our houses. I do not remember much, because we woke up early, but I remember we were in a big hurry when we were leaving the house. I was sad because I could not bring all of my toys with me, my mom allowed me only to bring one of them. I was confused and now I am confused even more. In this basement we are in, there is no sunlight. Everything is so dark and grey. Everyone is so mean. My parents are trying to play games with me but they do not bring me any fun. My tummy aches all the time, and we do not have any sweets. I hear footsteps and screams upstairs. Everyday.

My parents told me they are monsters, that want to eat us. I am scared of them and I cry everytime I hear them. Mum says that I will probably never see Katka again.

