**Part 3 Romania**

But suddenly I remembered that my father’s suitcase had that same symbol which was on Damon’s schoolbag, which made me wonder if he could possibly know anything about my dad.

 “Alice! Would you like to present the school to our new student?”, the principle asked me, snatching me back to reality. The moment I realized what he just asked me made my eyes widened a little. Not knowing how to react, I accepted his offer by nodding lightly.

After all of my classes, I went to the place where Damon and I decided to meet - in front of the Principle’s office. As we were walking on the hallways of the school, I finally decided to ask him about the symbol. He simply gave me a startled look before replying: “My father gave me this bag. It is from where he works”. Then, a hundred of other questions popped in my head while I kept asking him about it, but I could clearly see his cheeks getting a slight tint of red as he was trying to switch the subject to something that was not related to his dad. It seemed pretty odd to me.

As soon as the school tour ended, we remembered that we had a project to work on, so I invited him to my place, trying my best to sneak in without being seen by my uncle. The moment we reached my bedroom, we started to talk about the materials that we needed for the project. I then realized that few of those materials were in the attic.

Asking him to excuse me, I sprinted upstairs, entering the old and dusty attic. It looked like a graveyard of memories. Cobwebs were all over the place, and it was dark as well, making it quite difficult to see. As I was looking for what I needed, my left foot hit a small box which contained some files. They had that symbol on them, driving me to read every line of them and carefully analyse each image - they were all about my dad’s failed mission in outer space.

After reading them all, I went back downstairs and found my uncle angry, but there was no sign of Damon. I could only assume that my uncle kicked him out, for he grounded me for being too sexual for my age by locking me in my room.

As I was lying on my bed and staring at the empty ceiling I picked up the phone and messaged Damon. Luckily, I had asked him his number earlier. Damon invited me to go for a walk in the park and, obviously, I said *yes.* Climbing out of the window, I ran to the park with a worried expression on my face.

I explained the situation to him. That my uncle was angered, and he invited me over at his place until my uncle calmed down. I smiled at him and let out a silent “Thank you”.

As I arrived at his place, I asked him for directions to the bathroom and, as I was heading there, I spotted a picture on the wall. In it there were my dad and his, wearing astronaut suits.